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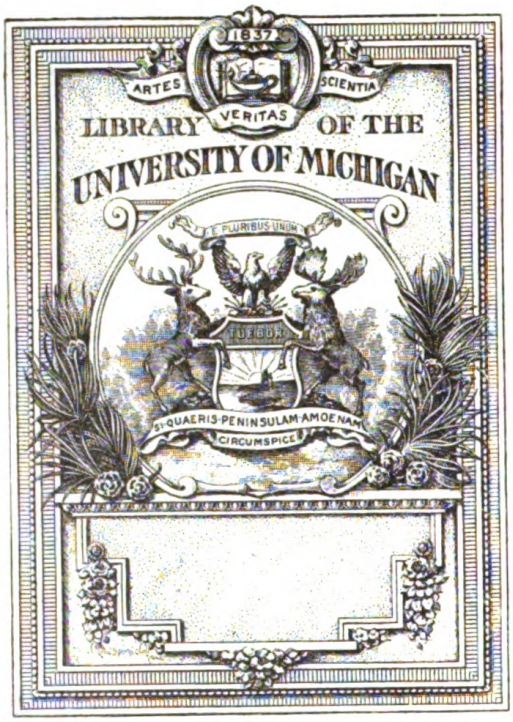
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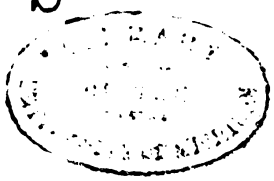
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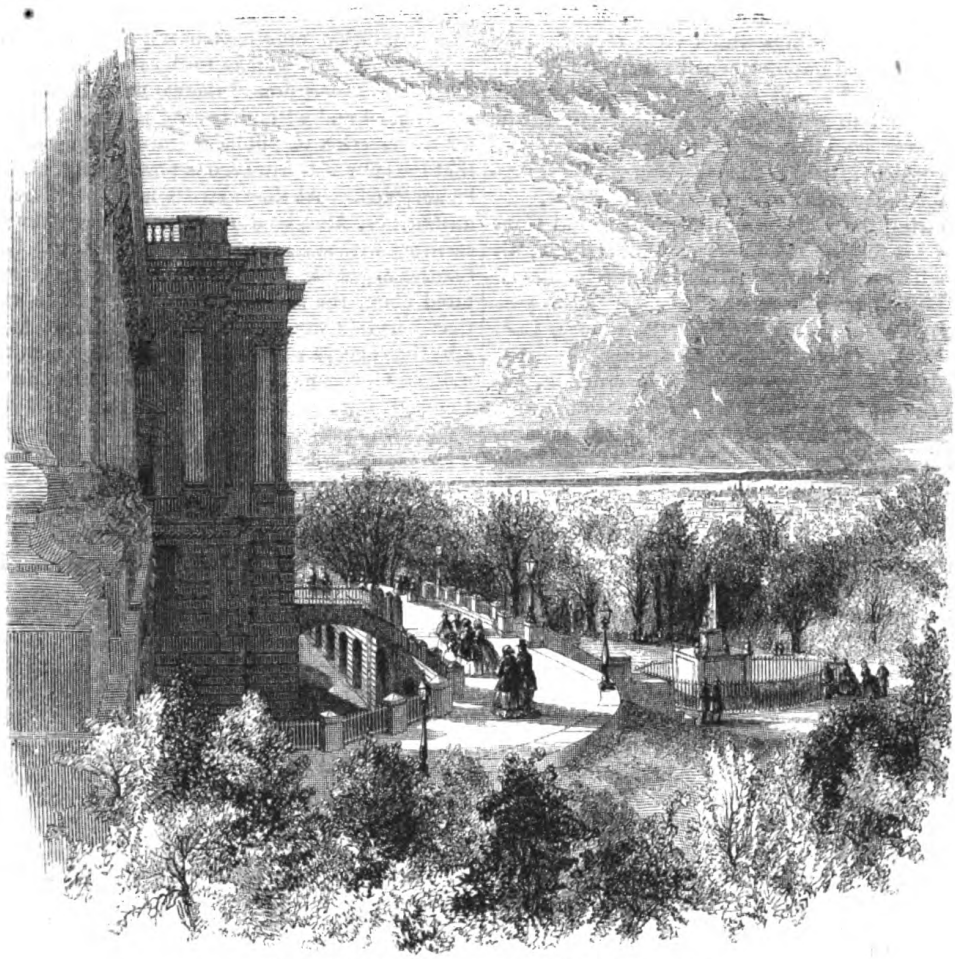
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXV.—DECEMBER, 1859.—Vol. XX.



VIEW FROM THE UPPER TERRACE, CAPITOL GROUNDS.

WASHINGTON IN 1859.

BY referring to the number of *Harper's Magazine* published in December, 1852, our readers will find an accurate portrayal of the Federal Capital as it then appeared. We know of no fact which can supply so much reason for the patriotic pride of every citizen as the immense changes which, even in the short period that has since elapsed, our political metropolis has undergone. Seven years of American progress might furnish material for an epic. We count our cycles not by centuries but by months. It is a wonderful thing, and instructive, to be permitted to witness the process of that new creation which records the work of its days in the completion of stately marble palaces and lofty domes; it is also a very inspiring thing to feel that every grand building, every noble avenue, and the constantly repeated demands for a broader area of beauty, are but faint symbols of the working of that mighty providential fiat which, from the chaos of a continent overbrooded by the still darkness of barbarism, has in two short centuries called forth villages, towns, cities, states—a whole nation—full of restless enterprise, and led continually forward by the prompting of some yet unrecognized purpose. During the last five years Washington has made amazing strides toward permanent grandeur; and al-

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ready the "City of Magnificent Distances" has become more remarkable for its magnificence than for its distances. No longer are our legislators compelled to wade through a morass in order to pass from the Capitol to the White House, and the sportsman must find his quarry in regions more remote than the Centre Market, although malice asserts that some incipient Nimrods still find that the surest place to obtain their game.

Before entering upon a description of the beautiful public buildings which have recently lent such a marked improvement to the capital, perhaps it may be well to rescue from dusty archives, and to place on record where they will be forever accessible to the people, some of the facts which attended the selection of Washington for the seat of the Federal Government.

During the Revolution the Continental Congress sat for the most part at Philadelphia, although it was compelled by the movements of the British army to vacate that city, and to pass through a migratory career at Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton, and New York. The Federal Government, under the present Constitution, was inaugurated at New York in 1789. At the first session, which commenced immediately, petitions came in from various town and state governments in regard to the permanent location of the seat of Government. The Eastern States and New York were opposed to the premature agitation of the question when there were other measures which their representatives considered of greater national importance demanding immediate attention. Among these important matters was the proposition to assume the debts of the States by the Federal Government—a measure in which the New England States were doubly interested: first, because, as they alleged, they had made the greatest pecuniary sacrifices in support of the war; and, secondly, because their citizens were in possession of an undue share of state securities. They were also averse to the removal of the capital to any point south of New York; and the latter State, as a matter of course, concurred with them in this policy. Pennsylvania was divided between Philadelphia and a point on the Susquehanna called Wright's Ferry, not far from Havre de Grace. New Jersey was for Philadelphia; Delaware would perhaps have preferred a point lower down the river; Maryland was divided in its preferences between Baltimore and some point on the Potomac. The Southern States, including Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, were unanimous for the Potomac.

In the first session the House passed a resolution for the permanent establishment of the seat of Government at Wright's Ferry, on the Susquehanna, as soon as suitable buildings could be erected; and in the mean time the Government was to remain at New York. This resolution was matured into a bill and was sent to the Senate, where it was amended by the substitution of Germantown for Wright's Ferry. Going back to the House, this important amendment was agreed to. But an amendment being added, that the laws of Pennsylvania were to remain in force until repealed by Congress, by preventing the immediate consummation of the plan, spoiled Germantown of its destiny. The Senate, availing itself of this trifling amendment, postponed the whole subject until the next session of Congress.

In the mean time, before the meeting of the next Congress, the Legislature of Virginia adopted a resolution offering ten miles square of its territory on the Potomac to the Federal Government for the location of the capital. It also offered one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the erection of public buildings on condition that the offer of territory, or a portion of it, should be accepted. At the suggestion of the Virginia authorities, Maryland made a similar offer of territory with seventy-two thousand dollars. The Southern people were deeply aroused and agitated about the subject; and Mr. Madison said that Virginia would not have ratified the Constitution except with the understanding that the seat of Government was to be located south of Pennsylvania.

A compromise was at length agreed upon. The capital was to be permanently located at some point on the Potomac "between the East Branch and some point on the Conecogeague;" and until suitable buildings could be erected, the Government was to reside at Philadelphia. By an amendment, the ten miles square might extend below the mouth of the East Branch, so as to include Alexandria on the Virginia side of the main Western Branch, but the public buildings were to be on the Maryland side. The unpronounceable Conecogeague, which is "named in the bill," was forgotten in the execution of its provisions, and is practically as far from the seat of government as the jilted Germantown; and, we believe, it has never ceased to murmur its discordant complaints to the hills and gorges of Washington County, Maryland, beyond the Blue Ridge.

Immediately after the settlement of this question the Funding Act, with an amendment providing for the assumption of the State debts to the amount of twenty-one millions, was taken up in the House and passed, "two members representing Potomac districts" changing their votes and coming to its support. "Others," says Judge Marshall, "would have done likewise if necessary to carry the bill." He subjoins, by way of apology, that the gentlemen who changed their votes were understood to have been all the while favorable to the policy of assumption; but if the capital was to be located north of Maryland, they were opposed to any measure calculated to strengthen the Federal Government.

Mr. Jefferson, whose writings were not published until long after Judge Marshall wrote, gives a full explanation of the transaction in his "Anas," substantially agreeing with the above, except as to the feelings which governed the "Potomac members" in changing their votes.

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He states that never, in his day, was the Union so near its dissolution as at the date of the above transactions. The most serious grounds of sectional discord were the questions of assuming the State debts and the location of the capital. The North laid great stress upon the former, the South upon the latter. The President and Cabinet were at their wit's ends for some plan of adjustment. He (Mr. Jefferson), then Secretary of State, met Mr. Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, opposite the President's mansion. The latter, with an air of grave solicitude, took Mr. J.'s arm, and walked him back and forth for half an hour in earnest conversation upon the perplexing state of affairs. Hamilton thought that an accommodation or compromise might be effected by connecting the two vexed questions with each other. Jefferson, who had just returned home after a long residence in Europe, was wholly unacquainted with the financial affairs of the country, and complains that General Hamilton tricked him into the support of his plans. At any rate he invited General Hamilton to dine with him the next day, and promised to have other parties present who could join in the friendly conference. He only listened, or exhorted to moderation. Hamilton thought if the South would concede the assumption of the State debts, the North would consent to the location of the capital on the banks of the Potomac. "So," says Mr. Jefferson, "two of the Potomac members (White and Lee; but White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes, and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point."

Hildreth connects the name of Robert Morris with that of Hamilton in the negotiation of this compromise, and concedes to the former the merit of its suggestion. We may observe, in passing, that, according to Mr. Jefferson's own statement of the case, it is difficult to understand how he was cheated by Hamilton into the office of "candle-holder" to his plans of stock-jobbing. The matters seem to have been arranged in the most business-like manner, with no other disagreeable incident than the "convulsive revulsion of stomach" of one of the "Potomac members;" whose travail, considering that he was giving birth to a great capital, will excite but little wonder.

Washington is situated at the head of tide-water and of navigation—or, more accurately, these points are included within the District of Columbia, but extend a short distance above the city. The ebb of the tide is arrested at the Little Falls, about three miles above the corporate limits, and navigation ceases at Georgetown, which is separated from Washington by Rock Creek, the streets of the two places being connected by the bridges which cross the stream. On the east the city is bounded by the East Branch, a small tributary from the northeast, which, penetrated by the tides, was formerly navigable for sloops as far as Bladensburg, six miles from the Capitol. Seventy-five years ago this town shipped tobacco to London; but for many years past all navigation, except by canal boats, propelled by poles, has ceased, in consequence of the filling of the channel with the accumulated washings of the neighboring fields. The town, however, notwithstanding its traditional glories as a sea-port engaged in the foreign trade, probably never had more population than at the present moment—viz., about five hundred.

Georgetown was, and still is, a place of much higher pretensions. Like Bladensburg, its commercial glories have departed. It no longer boasts of its commerce with London and Liverpool; although the harbor is good, and it still carries on a languid West India and coasting trade in coal and flour; with return cargoes of groceries, furniture, etc. The population increases slowly, and is now two or three times greater than when the town had a brisk and prosperous foreign trade. As a suburb of Washington it is destined to become famed for its princely private residences, the abodes of foreign ministers and wealthy citizens.

Alexandria, town and county, which were included within the original limits of the District, were, in 1846, retroceded to Virginia. It is difficult to understand why they were made a part of it, in the first instance, coupled with the condition that no public buildings were to be erected on that side of the river. Since its re-annexation to Virginia its prospects have greatly improved. The State has granted charters to railroads terminating at this point, which were refused so long as it remained a foreign territory; and these works have been prosecuted with vigor. The improvement in trade has been marked; and the town has now a population of about fifteen thousand. It has a high and healthy location, with a fine grain-growing region back of it, which is rapidly improving under the spur of railroad facilities as well as of Northern immigration.

The situation of Washington itself is one of great beauty. From the top of the Capitol, or of the unfinished Washington Monument, the city is seen to be situated in an amphitheatre surrounded by graceful hills on the east, north, and west; while on the south the broad and beautiful Potomac opens out a magnificent vista, where placid waters mirror the hills and tree-tops of Virginia and Maryland for many miles. The view down the river, of a fine summer morning or afternoon, from any elevated point in Washington or Georgetown, is one of surpassing loveliness.

But the most essential advantage of position possessed by Washington is the salubrity of its climate. No city in America of equal age and population, perhaps, has suffered so little from pestilence. The cholera, that terrible plague, which has repeatedly scourged other cities, North as well as South, has paid only one visit to the National Capital; yellow fever, we believe, has never made its appearance. Small-pox has never produced a panic; and notwithstanding the many swamps, marshes, and standing pools by which the sparsely-peopled city is surrounded,

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WASHINGTON, FROM THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

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the whole family of febrile diseases barely gives wholesome exercise to the physicians.

It was argued by those who favored the location of the capital on the Potomac that it was important for the Legislature and Government to be beyond the control of large commercial cities. It was insisted that at Philadelphia or New York the ruling powers would be liable to intimidation by mobs, and to be biased in their acts by the proximity of wealthy merchants and bankers. How keen must have been the strife for the settlement of this question we may learn from the contemporary newspapers and correspondence, as well as from the various magnificent plans for laying out the city and for building the public edifices; showing that the prize must have been regarded by all interested in the location as of incalculable pecuniary value. It may serve to allay any alarm that may have been created in rural districts by the large sums recently expended on the improvement of the capital to remind the reader that, even to this hour, great as have been the expenditures of the last five or six years, many of the plans submitted by General Washington have not yet been attempted; although perhaps the size of the buildings, which the unparalleled and unexpected growth of the country has forced the nation to construct for the public service, far exceeds the wildest speculations of the projectors of the city.

Our engraving is a faithful representation of the new Capitol. The corner-stone of the old Capitol was laid on the 18th of September, 1793, by George Washington, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens, public officers, the Masonic fraternity, and many military companies. The building was designed by Dr. William Thornton, who, although not a professional architect, was well versed in architectural matters. His plan had been submitted to the President the previous year, and was approved, but referred to Mr. S. Hallet, who, after some slight changes in the design, commenced the construction of the edifice. He was soon removed, and his place supplied by Mr. Hadfield; who, in turn, was superseded by Mr. James Hobson, the architect by whom the President's mansion had been erected. Under Mr. Hobson's direction the north end of the building was completed. Again the designs were modified, but this time to a much greater extent, by Mr. Latrobe, who, in 1803, was appointed by President Jefferson architect of the Capitol.

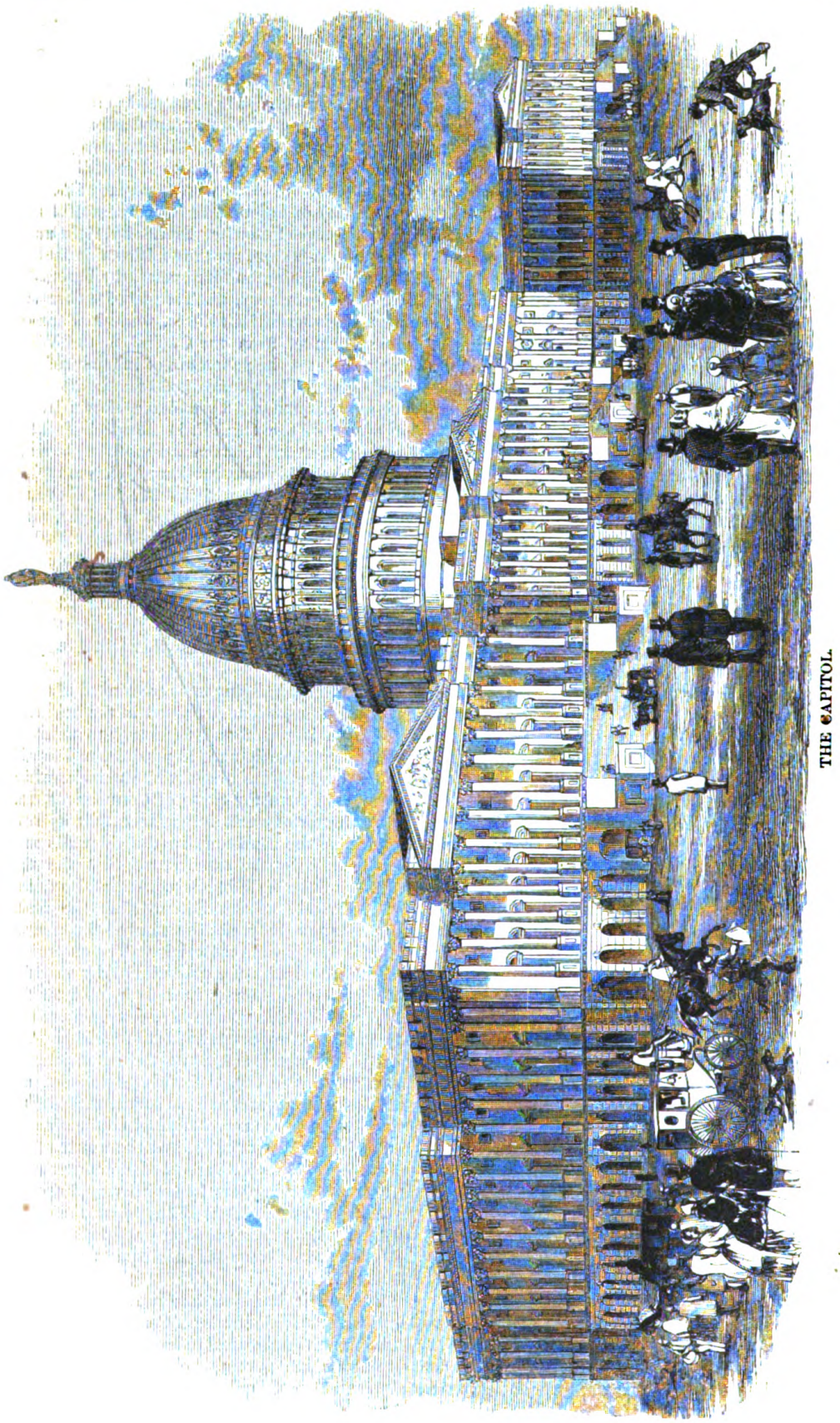
In 1811 the south wing was completed; but the breaking out of hostilities between England and the United States caused a suspension of the work. It was in this unfinished condition when those ever-to-be-deplored acts of spoliage took place which were more disgraceful to the British arms than injurious to this country.

When peace was restored, Mr. Latrobe having resigned his position, President Monroe appointed Mr. Bulfinch to fill the vacancy, and under his faithful oversight the work was at last completed in 1825. The length of the old Capitol, which now forms the centre of the new edifice, is 352 feet 4 inches; in width, the wings are each 121 feet; and the centre, including the portico and steps, is 290 feet deep. The west front has a receding loggia 100 feet in length, and containing ten columns. This recessed portico is approached through the library, and affords a magnificent view of the city and its environs; southward, the vision is carried to Alexandria, Fort Washington, old Arlington (the seat of the late Mr. Custis), and along miles of the beautiful sloping banks of the Potomac. In the city, right under the spectator's gaze, are the Smithsonian Institution, the Washington Monument, the Patent-Office, the Observatory, the Treasury Department, and various beautiful edifices, while in Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol to the White House, he sees the panorama of life reduced to a mimic scale. The rotunda is 96 feet in diameter, and was surmounted by a dome, shown in the engraving of the Capitol, in *Harper's Monthly* for December, 1852, but now demolished to make way for the noble construction which is to replace it. The new dome will rise 241 feet above the building, which is itself 69 feet in height, making 310 feet above the level of the ground, to which must be added the terracing, which increases the height above the ordinary level 86 feet, making a total elevation of 396 feet, being 4 feet less than the height of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and 36 feet less than St. Peter's at Rome.

The original building was constructed of a very poor yellow sandstone, obtained in the neighborhood, and it was found necessary to paint it, both to preserve it and, if possible, to beautify it. The extensions are of white marble, which is procured from the State of Connecticut, and it is a matter of great importance that as soon as possible the sandstone in the old walls may be replaced by the same stone that the new portion of the building is constructed of, and that here and at the Patent-Office the really grand design may not be marred by a want of uniformity in the materials. The extensions are connected with the old building by very fine corridors, each 44 feet in length, and 26 feet wide, with outside colonnades, consisting of four columns, making a total width of 56 feet. The new wings, which constitute the extension, are each 324 feet in length from east to west, and 152 feet wide from north to south, making the total length of the new building, comprising the old edifice, the corridors, and the width of the extension, 745 feet 8 inches. The corner stone of the south wing was laid with very imposing ceremonies by President Fillmore, on the 4th of July, 1851, and the occasion was made memorable by the delivery of an eloquent oration by Daniel Webster.

The whole building has a rustic basement, supporting an ordonnance of Corinthian pilasters. A noble portico, 160 feet in length, supported by a double row of columns, each 30 feet high, adorns the centre on the east front, and furnishes a fitting Forum for the inauguration of the Presidents

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THE CAPITOL.

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PEDIMENT OF THE NORTH WING.

of the Republic. This is really the main entrance to the Capitol, although from its relation toward the city it is generally supposed by strangers to form the rear of the building. A grand flight of steps leads us up to the porch, which contains two singularly inappropriate representations of Peace and War (by Persico); War being represented by an individual in ancient armor who, despite his Roman garb, seems to have violated the military law by falling asleep at his post; while Peace, though clad like a lady, has a more masculine and forbidding countenance than we usually assign to the gentle goddess. The Discovery of America is fitly symbolized by the figure of Columbus with a miniature globe in his hand, while an Indian maiden crouches at his feet; the latter work is by the same artist, and does more justice to his fame. On the other side, the early struggles of our Pioneers are symbolized by a group representing the rescue of a mother and an infant from the scalping-knife of an Indian; executed by Greenough. Overhead is a pediment 80 feet in length, ornamented with a group of statuary, representing Liberty, attended by Hope and Justice, while in the beautiful garden which lies before the portico is Greenough's colossal statue of Washington.

On the eastern or main side of the new wings are porticoes in the centre of the façade, supported by twenty-two Corinthian columns; the pediment of the north wing (which contains the Senate chamber) is one of the triumphs of American art; it contains twelve exquisite figures, designed by the lamented Crawford, and executed in American marble by Italian artists resident in Washington. In the centre of this beautiful work of art is the genius of America, behind whom the rising sun typifies youth and prosperity, and on either side are figures emblematic of the mechanic, the pioneer, the soldier, youth, education, commerce, the hunter, the Indian chief and his family (whose posture near a grave, with the abandoned tomahawk by his side, sadly pictures the passing away of the aborigines).

On the western front of both wings are porticoes, 105 feet in width, with Corinthian columns. On the south side of the south wing, and also on the north side of the north wing, there are porticoes 121 feet in width, and having ten Corinthian columns. The exterior of the edifice is one of the finest achievements of architectural science in modern times. Without the pretension of the British Houses of Parliament, it stands grand, solitary, overlooking the city, while on the highest point, a landmark visible far down the river, is to be, unmoved by storm and sunshine, the last and best work of Crawford, the colossal figure of "America," crowned with stars, bearing the arms of the warrior and the wreath of victory, and forming a fitting apex for the majestic fabric!

The present inclosure around the Capitol contains only thirty-five acres, a space quite too contracted to permit the construction of the ornamental grounds necessary to do justice to a building which itself covers 62,000 square feet. The necessity for purchasing several squares of land adjoining the present grounds is so manifest, and has been so frequently admitted by the successive administrations, that persons owning the property necessary for the enlargement have from year to year delayed the erection of buildings, so that at this time the houses immediately surrounding the Capitol are of the commonest sort, with a few exceptions. During the thirty-fifth Congress an attempt was made to bring the negotiations to a close, but although well advanced when the adjournment occurred, the all-absorbing Kansas discussion occupied so much time that this important matter was again deferred. It is to be hoped that the new Congress about to assemble may determine to purchase the required land; for as the matter lies, it commits a double injustice. The demand for land for the erection of first-class dwellings has been forced to seek the west end of the city, from the prospect that Congress will condemn the larger part of "Capitol Hill;" while, on the other hand, the value of the property is annually increasing, and public policy would seem to dictate an early purchase, because the public necessity should be supplied with the least expense.

The interior decorations would require more space for their description than we can afford in a single article; the corridors and committee rooms are richly ornamented, the visitor walks upon the finest encaustic tiles, carved marble columns are on either side of him, and beautifully frescoed and gilded ceilings are over his head. The Representatives' Hall, in the south wing, is 139 feet long, and 93 feet wide, and although at first regarded as too ornate, in a few years, when time shall have toned the colors, it will be found as nearly faultless in its ornamentation as can be expected from so vast an undertaking. The criticisms upon its acoustic properties we believe to be exceedingly unjust; standing in the clerk's desk we have found no difficulty in being distinctly heard, with a very moderate exercise of our vocal powers, in any part of the vast cham-

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ber. The true reason of the imaginary acoustic defects will be found, we fancy, in the absurd arrangement for giving each member a desk. On the opening of the next Congress a very salutary and long-desired reform is to be inaugurated by the removal of all reading and writing facilities from the floor of the House. Formerly, instead of watching the debates, each member was engaged in franking, writing, or reading his correspondence. The business of the country will be expedited, and the comfort of the members vastly enhanced, by the adoption of the English system. Moreover, being brought into near contact, less space will be required; and having no unnecessary noises to distract their attention, members will find the new hall a very easy place to speak and hear in. A new plan of lighting the hall from above has been introduced, and is found to work admirably, except that the heat generated by the burning gas is sometimes very oppressive. The arrangements for heating and ventilating are excellent, and reflect great credit upon the architects. The new Senate Chamber is even richer in its appearance than the Hall of Representatives. It was occupied last winter, and gave entire satisfaction; the Senators, however, vacated their cheerful hall in the old building with great reluctance, and still regret the loss of their old-fashioned fire-places and the pleasant outlook from the windows. The approaches to these two halls are worthy of the great nation whose strength the Capitol so well symbolizes. The display of marbles, all from American quarries, could hardly be surpassed by any of the older countries. But, delightful as we find the theme, we must leave the description of the interior, with a single word of thanks to the architect, Mr. Walter, and the superintendent, Captain Meigs, for the excellent service they have done the State.



"AMERICA," THE APEX OF THE DOME.

The Congressional Library, which was destroyed in 1851, has been replaced by a perfectly fireproof building of great beauty, in which a superb collection of books is already classified and arranged. Immediately after the destruction of the former Library, Congress made an appropriation of $75,000 for the purchase of books; the judicious expenditure of this sum, and the annual appropriation of $7500, places at the disposal of Congress a very large and excellent library, to which access is, by courtesy, granted to literary men and others. The necessity for such an arrangement was foreseen by Mr. Jefferson, who succeeded in obtaining about 2500 volumes, which were all consumed in the British raid upon Washington in 1814. Under the management of the very efficient Joint Committee of Congress the present Library bids fair to become all that could be desired in a national collection of books.

In the article to which we have twice referred the hope is expressed that in five or six years what is known as the Mall would be improved so as to furnish a park worthy of the capital of the great republic; but, alas! even while the anticipation was being penned the master-spirit of that noble enterprise was passing through a painful exit from the beautiful, which always surrounded him below, to the beautiful above. In the melancholy death of Downing, America lost a man who had the wide vision to perceive, and the genius to execute, a work such as would have done honor to the nation. Since his decease but little has been done toward beautifying the space between the Capitol and the Potomac which is set apart for the people's park. It is only justice, however, to except the Congressional green-house, which has been vigorously and untiringly advocated and fostered by the Hon. James A. Pearce, Senator from Maryland,

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whose refined taste and true gentlemanly instincts make him the unwavering friend of all that appertains to literature, art, or beauty. Under his judicious management the Congressional green-house, instead of being a mere flower-shop, has become, in floriculture, a central influence felt to the remotest verge of the country, wherever people love flowers, and wish to increase the number or virtue of these gentle ministers of the good and loving in nature.

Midway of the Mall stands the Smithsonian Institution, which has undergone little change, except that the various objects of curiosity, including articles brought home by the Japan and other exploring expeditions, have been removed from the Patent-Office, and placed here. In front of the building is the monument erected to the memory of the lamented Downing.

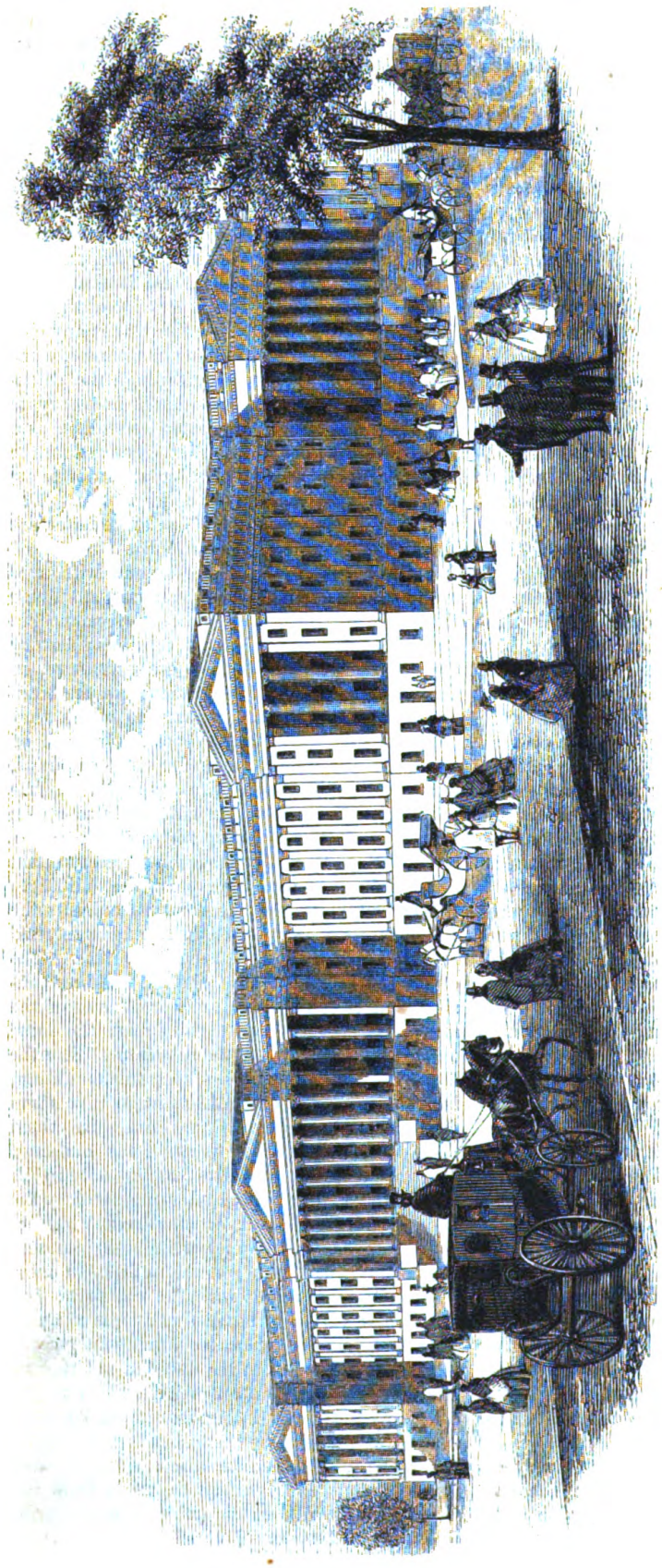
Just beyond the Smithsonian Institution, going toward the President's mansion, is the unfinished shaft which was originally intended to be a monument to Washington; but the spacious gallery which was to furnish us an American Walhalla exists only on paper, and the shaft seems to grow no higher. However, as the direction of this commendable enterprise has been recently returned to its original managers, we hope for more active measures. It would be a relief to those who have seen this unfortunate affair day after day, for seven years, to witness some energy expended upon it, even if it were only to pull down what has been erected.

In point of magnitude the extension of the Treasury Department, so as to form a suitable building for the Department of State, is, perhaps, the greatest undertaking at present in progress. The following engraving shows the south and west fronts of the new edifice. The work has been going on about three years, and is rapidly approaching completion. The original building is 342 feet long, fronting on Fifteenth Street, immediately east of the President's mansion. It presented an unbroken colonnade, the ends having been purposely left unfinished with the expectation that the present extension would ultimately be built. It produced a very unsatisfactory impression on the mind of the spectator, the imposing nature of the attempt not being fulfilled in the execution. The style of architecture is that known as Grecian Ionic—a perilous selection, for the attempts made in this country and in Europe to apply the Grecian style of architecture, either to public or private edifices of the present day, have generally been failures, so far as harmony, appropriateness, simplicity, and gracefulness are involved. Neither the taste nor the invention of the architects have usually been able to retain the spirit of the original when applied to buildings constructed for modern use.

Perhaps in no case is this more strikingly exemplified than in the old part of the Treasury building, as it stood when the extension commenced. The east front was a portico or colonnade, consisting of a long, uninterrupted line of Grecian Ionic columns, adopted for this work from the most elaborately ornamented examples of that order, but deprived of their entases, and mostly denuded of their proper ornamentation; both of which are essential to give to the columns their true dignity, grace, and character. Those columns are placed upon a perfectly plain base or podium, forming the basement story of the building, to light the rooms in which its face is pierced between the columns with plain rectangular openings for windows. This podium has neither base, die, nor cornice, but rises smooth from the foundation, and is terminated at the top by the square arris or edge of the portico floors; nor have the windows in it any casings whatever. To add to its uncouthness, when an entrance to the building through the colonnade was required, it was found necessary to bring forward the podium some seven feet, as a screen to the stairs and platform required for the use of the public; thus making an unfortunate adjunct to the architecture of its façade. The wall under the portico (in Grecian architecture known as the wall of the cell) has a series of antæ, or pilasters, which correspond with, and are immediately in rear of, the columns. These antæ should have had a close correspondence, in style and character, with the columns; but by depriving their capitals, in a great measure, of their ornamentation, they detract from the beauty and harmony of other parts, to which they ought to add relief and support. In each of the spaces between the antæ are three openings, one above the other, for windows and doors, the upper tier being but one half the size of the two below. The three openings for doors are characterized by a very meagre architecture, not at all in keeping with the style of the building.

The entablature of the columns exhibits the fewest faults of any part of the arrangement, and the balustrade is tasteful and appropriate. The ordonnance of the rear of the old building consists of a Grecian Ionic anta or pilaster of the same intercolumnation, derived from the same example of the order as the east front. But the capitals, though composed of the same moulding, lack the necessary embellishment to give them distinctive character, and to harmonize them with other architectural parts of the building. The design for the extension, as prepared by T. U. Walter, Esq., upon the plan suggested by the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, Senator from Virginia, and approved by committees of both branches of Congress, gave the general outline, in most respects corresponding with the old part; but the details varied so much that it was not possible to harmonize them, or intelligently carry them out. This led to the decision not to confine the details of the extension strictly to the details of the old building, but to make them such as would give the best effect to the style of architecture. It then became a question how far deviations could safely be made from the original work without departing from the principles of good taste. By reference to various buildings, ancient and modern, it was found that

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SOUTH AND WEST FRONTS OF THE TREASURY EXTENSION.

great latitude has always been used in architectural details. And if authority is wanted, sufficient is found in the single example of the Erectheum (the temple of Minerva Polias, and the Pandrosium being but parts of it), to warrant far greater deviations than it has been found necessary to make in this case. The general design of the exterior was to flank the eastern front of the old building by pavilion terminations of the south and north wings, projecting some seven feet in front of the face of its columns. By this means it was to a great extent isolated from the extension, and all necessity for following its details avoided. Thus being left at liberty to make any judicious changes, the first point was to arrange the basement story so that it would not be liable to the objections of dampness, want of light and ventilation, incident to the old part. To effect this the floor was lowered two feet, which the gradual slope of the ground renders appropriate, and thereby the story is increased to 13 feet in height, and the windows, instead of being square and unsightly holes, are enlarged to proportions suggestive of comfort and elegance. Beneath this basement there is a cellar 12 feet in height. By this arrangement there is an extra wall of hammered gneiss extending from one foot above the cellar bottom to the grade of the surrounding ground. The walls of the extension, from the bottom of the cellar to the top of the building, viz.: cellar, basement, second and third stories, with the attic above, are of

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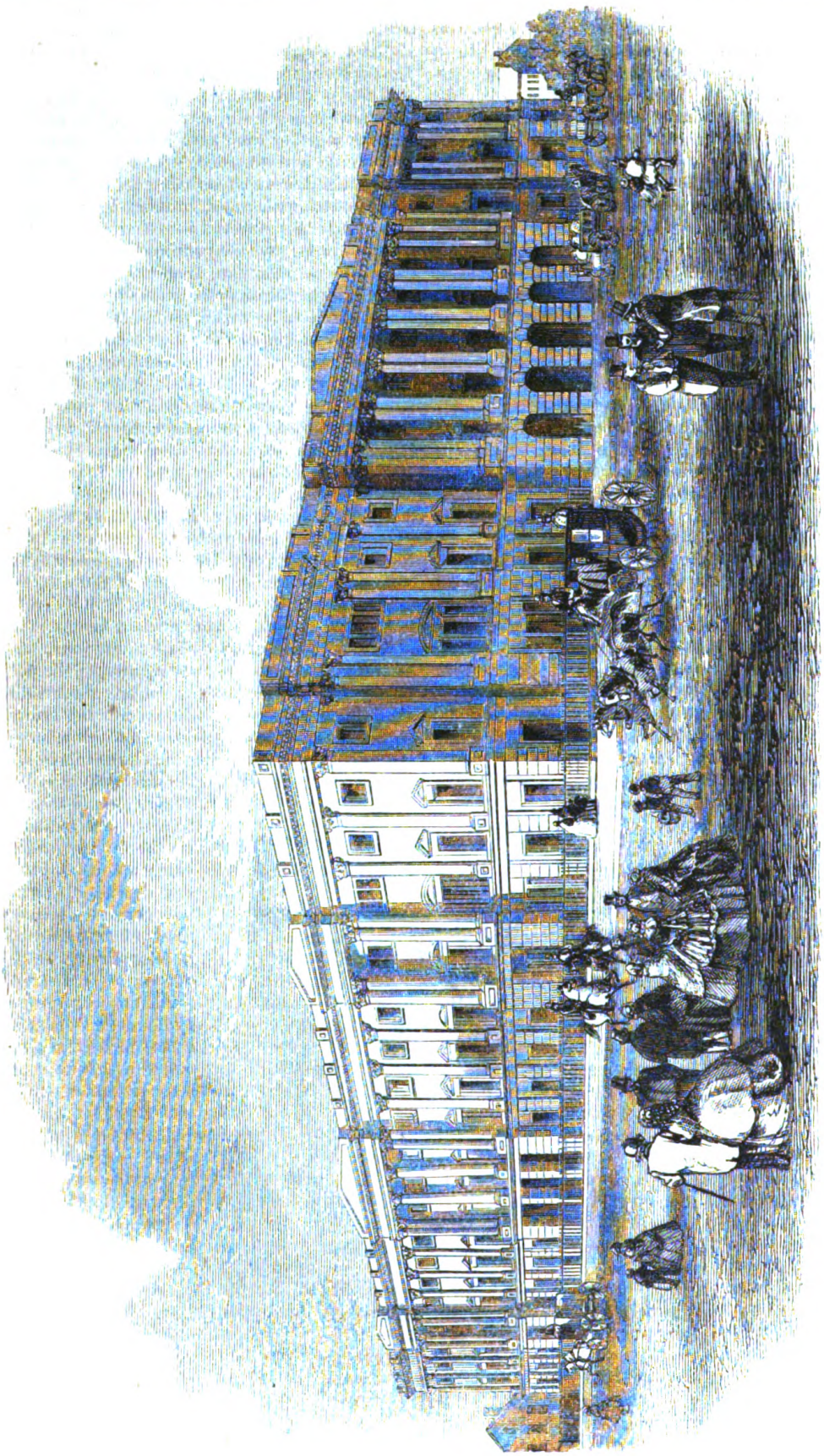
hammered granite. For the cellar wall the coarse granite, or gneiss, from the quarry at Port Deposit, Maryland, was originally selected, on account of its strong and durable character; but, after innumerable delays, it was found that sufficient quantities from that quarry could not be delivered with a rapidity consistent with economy in the prosecution of the work. Attempts were then made to obtain it from other points in the vicinity, and also from Richmond, Virginia, but without success; and the superintendents were compelled to procure much of the large stone for this purpose from the same quarries from which the material for the superstructure is delivered. The entire granite for the superstructure, and most of that for the foundations, is obtained from a quarry at Dix Island, near Rockland, off the coast of Maine. This is a barren island of granite, cresting out of the ocean, about five miles from the main land. The large blocks of granite taken from that quarry have a beauty, compactness, and uniformity nowhere else equaled in the world. So steep and sheer are the sides of the island that vessels drawing thirty feet of water come in direct contact with it, and the large masses of rock are quarried out and swung aboard without intermediate hauling. Vessels of peculiar construction and of great strength are made for the special purpose of shipping the immense pilasters, columns, and other large stones to Washington. The absence of all necessity for land-carriage renders this stone cheaper than that from Quincy and other places, much nearer the seat of Government than Dix Island.

The walls of the Treasury Extension above the cellar, are: a basement story forming a stylobate, and, resting on it, an ordonnance of antæ of the Grecian Ionic order, 45 feet in height. The stylobate is intended to be decidedly of a Grecian character, its base, die, and cornice, are beautiful in themselves, but as here brought together they have an effect peculiarly appropriate and pleasing. The window openings in the die are managed so as to give them all the character needed, without loading them with ornament; and the whole arrangement of sills and piers, and the continued cornice, which serves as a window cap, is entirely novel. The antæ, and the filling of the spaces between them, are so arranged as to accomplish the very difficult combination of the adaptation of Grecian architecture to modern uses, without spoiling its inherent beauties. The style of architecture is more fully preserved, and its design carried out by the use of single blocks for the columns and antæ. These enormous masses are raised by means of machinery, designed by the superintending architect of this work, and used in raising the pillars of the Boston Custom-house, which was also built under his superintendency. The arrangement of the interior of the new building varies essentially from that of the old, and from public offices generally, in being divided into larger and more commodious rooms. Instead of the narrow, cell-like apartments, with one or at most two windows, into which the public departments in Washington are subdivided, the Treasury Extension will present the health-promoting novelty of spacious and airy saloons, capable of accommodating the clerical force of a bureau. The superintending architect has made a laudable and successful attempt to nationalize the interior embellishments, without in any degree impairing the general architectural effect. Indeed, in many cases, the elegance and symmetry of the details are improved by his national adaptations; for instance, the moulding, known as the "egg and dart," is substituted by an acorn and Indian's arrow-head; and while the transformation is too slight to alter the general effect, the symbols to the close observer are more satisfactory because more significant. This attempt to characterize by some well-known American emblem the leading points of the ornamentation, has also been successfully applied to



AMERICAN CAPITAL IN THE INTERIOR OF TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

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THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE, NORTH AND EAST FRONTS.

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the elaborate capitals of the interior columns. In these, while the general character of Grecian architecture is followed, in the composition the national eagle is made to perch proudly under each of the graceful volutes, surrounded by other characteristic emblems, adroitly blended, so as to produce an effect similar to other composite capitals adapted to this style.

In this way, through the whole interior, the common error has been avoided of adopting for the ornamentation the stereotyped scroll work, which, though graceful in itself, has no special significance, and has, besides, been degraded by its uniform application to the decoration of eating saloons and barbers' shops. In its place elegant designs of fruits, flowers, and other products of the American soil have been substituted. These details were designed by A. B. Young, Esq., the supervising architect. The old unfinished edifice was 342 feet in length, from north to south, the building as enlarged is 465 feet long, exclusive of the porticoes, by 266 in width; when completed it will present four fronts upon as many streets; and the long rectangular space between these four fronts is subdivided by a centre building, extending from east to west, into two courts, each about 130 feet square. These large interior courts, which are essential to the occupants of the range of interior apartments for purposes of light and air, will be adorned by grass, flowers, and the play of fountains of pure water.

The material of the old building is a very inferior, as well as unsightly sandstone, similar to that of which the old portions of the Capitol and Patent-Office and the President's House are constructed. Paint and putty, or mortar, have been resorted to for the double purpose of preventing disintegration, and of disguising the deformities of the walls; and in all the cases, except that of the Treasury, with decided success. Numerous, or, more properly, innumerable holes, from the size of a pea to that of an apple, have been plugged, and the sickly yellow of the stone in the other buildings has been covered by pure white. But less taste has been displayed on the Treasury. The columns and the pilasters are a pale or whitish yellow, and the walls between the pilasters are a dark yellow, or brown color. The gray granite basement has also been desecrated with paint, whether for the sake of uniformity or variety it is difficult to say—the result a very pale blue, being near enough to that of the colonnade above to leave the matter in doubt.

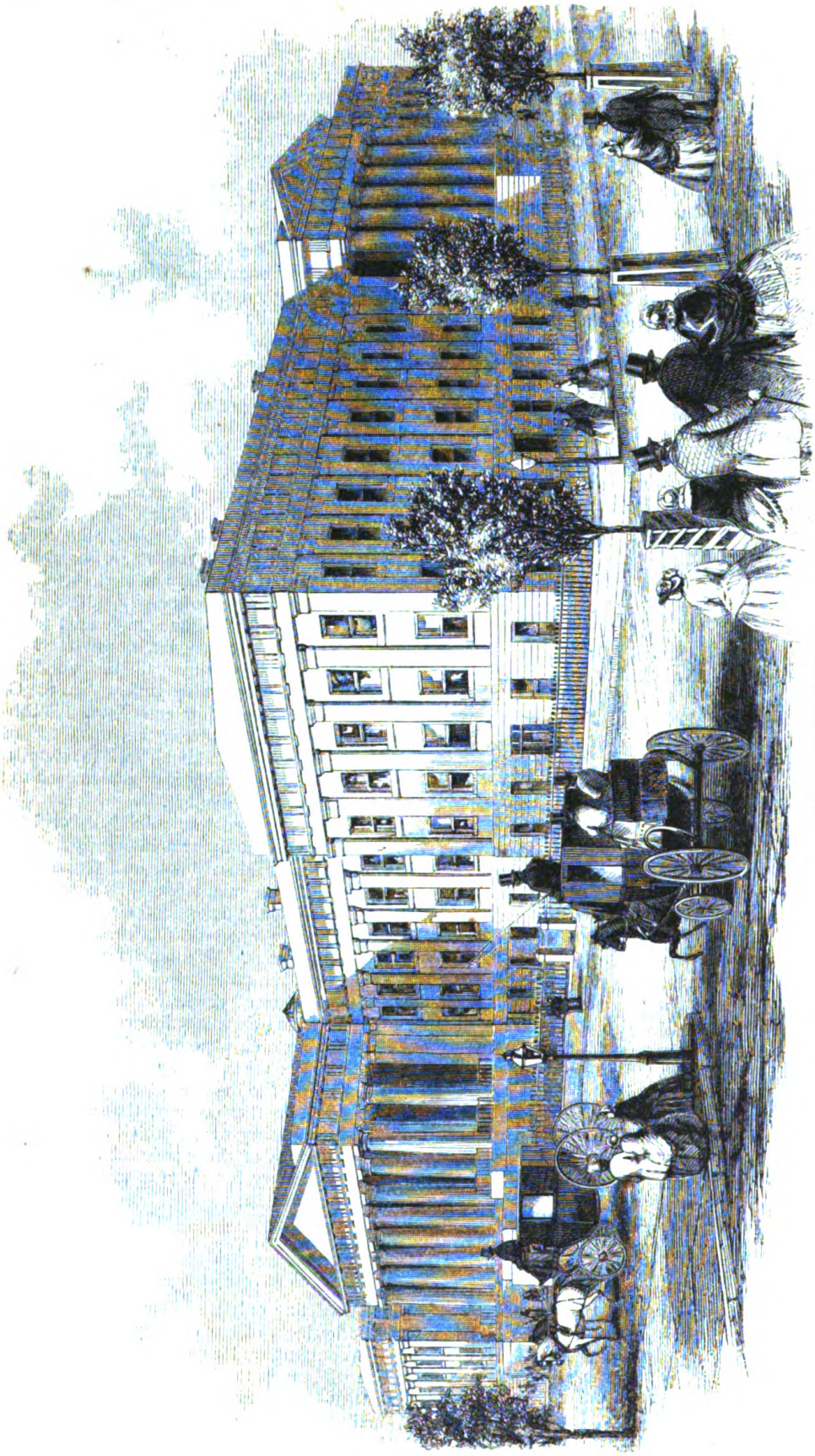
The General Post-Office has been enlarged by extending the building around the entire square, leaving a court-yard in the centre of 95 feet by 194 feet for light and air. The architectural style is palatial, and the order a modified Corinthian. The columns of the new portico each consist of a single block of Italian marble very beautifully chiseled, the capitals are of the same material, the design and the execution of these columns affording the most cheering evidence of the advance of American Art. On the Seventh Street front there is an open vestibule, the ceiling of which is composed of richly ornamented marbles, supported by four marble columns in the Doric order; the walls, niches, and floors, are also of marble, all being finely polished except the floor, which is richly tesselated in white and black. This is the grand entrance for the General Post-Office department, and harmonizes with the entrance to the Patent-Office which is on the next block north in the same street. The entrance for the mail wagons on Eighth Street consists of a grand archway, the spandrils of which are ornamented with sculpture representing Steam on one side, and on the other Electricity, while a mask representing Fidelity forms the key-stone. The F Street front is arranged for the accommodation of the City Post-Office; it has a deeply-recessed portico in the centre, consisting of eight columns grouped in pairs, and flanked by coupled pilasters, supporting an entablature which girts the entire work. The portico is supported by an arcade, which furnishes the most ample convenience for the delivery of letters to the public. Mr. T. U. Walter, the architect of the Capitol, who designed this extension of the Post-Office, has given the best evidence of his ability to discharge fitly his important obligations to the people, in the excellent arrangements he has here devised to combine simplicity, convenience, and beauty. We doubt if there is a building in the world more chaste and architecturally perfect than the General Post-Office as now completed. Without the imposing grandeur of its neighbor the Patent-Office, it is so symmetrical, and the details so faithfully executed, that it carries us back to the palmy days of Italian Art.

The immense building which is devoted to the Department of the Interior, including the Bureau of Patents, Indian Affairs, and General Land Office, has been enlarged, and its capacity more than doubled, the extension being demanded by the incredible amount of business transacted in the Department. We have not at hand the statistics of the patents issued in America since the establishment of the Government; but we venture to say that, startling as is the following statement, which we extract from a work published under the authority of the British Government, of the increase of the mechanical development in that country, the same period in American history would exhibit a more remarkable evidence of the wonderful impetus which the last century has given to material progress. In Great Britain,

From 1610 to 1700	there were patented	267	inventions.
" 1700 to 1800	" "	2,067	"
" 1800 to 1851	" "	11,000	"
" 1851 to 1855 (only four years)		10,000	"

Admitting only a similar increase in the patent business of our country, bearing in mind the constant and rapid opening of the Western wilderness to civilization, and the majestic Patent-Office, as now completed, will not seem unduly magnificent. It stands indeed as a very hopeful and significant sign of the growth, en-

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THE PATENT-OFFICE.

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terprise, and keen intellect of the nation. On a clear moonlight night there is nothing more beautiful than this immense edifice of pure marble, glistening with the moonbeams, and almost speaking to the beholder of the vastness of his country's power and the worth of its Union. The order of architecture in which this grand edifice is built is Grecian Doric; there are porticoes on the south, east, and west sides—the south portico being copied from the Pantheon. The total height is 74 feet 11 inches; it is 275 wide by 406 feet 6 inches long. In the third story are saloons for the exhibition and preservation of models, although until recently the space was occupied by an immense collection of curiosities which is now more properly deposited in the Smithsonian Institution.

We have been thus particular in describing these new buildings, because the architecture and taste of the nation ought to be represented by its public edifices. If it is true that the architecture of a people records their mental and moral condition, then certainly the contrast between the new and the old public buildings in Washington must be gratifying to every patriot. And we say this, not only as regards the greater size, but the marked regard for truthfulness in the designs, and the employment of material. We regret that at the Capitol, Treasury, and Patent-Office, the granite and marble should still be obliged to endure the company of the wretched sandstone used in the older portions of those buildings, and we are not without hope that the day is not far distant when this decaying stuff will be removed to make room for stone that needs neither paint nor putty to make it endurable. Unfortunately the General Post-Office, though built of marble, exhibits two very distinct kinds in the old and in the new portions of the edifice.

There is one other public work, which has just been completed, to which we beg briefly to call the reader's attention. The idea of supplying the City of Washington with water by an aqueduct extending to the Great Falls of the Potomac, is an enterprise which dates back to the beginning of the Federal Capital. It was a part of the original plan, approved and submitted to Congress by President Washington, and was then considered necessary as a safe-guard against fires, as well as for the purposes of health, convenience, and ornament. In that plan large and beautiful parks were to be laid off around the public buildings, to be ornamented with trees and shrubbery, and to be refreshed with fountains. It was probably Mr. Jefferson who proposed the Great Falls as the most proper source of the supply. His residence in France had given him large and liberal ideas as to the scale upon which such works should be planned, and satisfied him, economist and strict constructionist as he was, that any thing small or contracted in the display of national taste would be ten-fold worse than actual barbarism. Those who object to the expenditure of public money upon works of art and ornament about the national capital do so generally for want of reflection. They ask, "Why should the citizens of Washington be favored above those of all other cities in the Union? Why should the Government build streets, and parks, and aqueducts for Washington, and give not a cent for such purposes to Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans, or St. Louis?" The answer is easy. Nothing is given for the people of Washington. They may reap incidental advantages greater than the citizens of other places, because they have chosen Washington for their abode; but all such expenditures are made in order to render the seat of Government worthy of the nation.

Washington was founded in the wilderness. The President and Cabinet and members of Congress found it difficult to traverse the "magnificent distances," either in carriages or on foot, for many years after the Government resided here. The population was small and poor, and utterly incapable of paving any one of the immense streets, which the accommodation of the public officers demanded. What was to be done? Whose duty was it to provide for the public accommodation? Was it not, and is it not, as clearly the duty of the Federal Government to incur these expenses as to build a Capitol? To this day there is but one street in Washington paved by the Government for more than a few squares. Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol to Georgetown, a distance of about two miles and a half, is the exception. The other paving, save that around the public buildings, has been done by the citizens, and that without the privilege of taxing public property.

It is due to the national dignity that Washington should be, if not a great city, a great centre of whatever is noble and beautiful in architecture and the fine arts. The President could live in a log cabin, and Congress might meet under a tent, in good weather, or perhaps your rigid economist would grant a large square brick building, such as is used for cotton factories. But the public intelligence and taste demand that the halls of legislation and the departments of Government shall be noble in construction and of the best materials; combining the greatest degree of comfort with the highest style of beauty. Any thing short of this would be derogatory to the national character, and for that reason we might almost say unconstitutional! Hence the Capitol, the President's House, and the Departments must be marble palaces, adorned with statuary and painting, and surrounded by parks, and trees, and flowers, and fountains. There should be libraries, and picture-galleries, and museums, and whatever illustrates civilization in its highest walks. This is what people expect to find when they visit Washington, and they never fail to complain when they are in any respect disappointed.

The aqueduct now being constructed was projected during the latter part of Mr. Fillmore's administration. The President, in a letter dated September 13, 1852, committed to the Engineer Department the duty of making a survey and

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estimates of the best manner of introducing into Washington and Georgetown "an unfailing and abundant supply of good and wholesome water." Captain Frederick A. Smith, of the corps, was assigned by Colonel Totten, its chief, to the performance of this duty, from which he was removed within a few weeks thereafter by sudden death. He was succeeded on the 3d November of the same year by the present Superintendent of the work, Captain, then Lieutenant, Montgomery C. Meigs, of the same corps. The Report of this officer, dated February 12, 1853, presents an elaborate statement of the advantages of three available sources of supply: Rock Creek, a small tributary of the Potomac, which divides Washington from Georgetown; the Little Falls of the Potomac, at a distance of four miles above the city; and the Great Falls, sixteen miles above. The latter was adopted. To bring the water from this place it was necessary to construct a conduit fourteen miles in length. But the elevation is such as to render pumping unnecessary. The height of the water above the dam which turns it into the aqueduct is 150 feet above high tide at the city wharves; and the inclination of the conduit is only about nine inches to the mile; so that the head of water in the distributing reservoir is nearly 140 feet above tide-water, and 14 feet above the upper floors of the Capitol. The dam across the Potomac is 2100 feet in length and 8 feet in height. The water thus diverted from the river passes by a tunnel or culvert under the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal into a receptacle known as the Gate-House. It is excavated out of the solid rock, and will be surmounted by a structure of beautiful sandstone from the Seneca Quarry, a few miles above. This Gate-House will exclude drift-wood and other foreign substances from the conduit.

The river, from the falls to Georgetown, passes between high ranges of hills, often rugged and precipitous in outline, but always picturesque. "The traveler," says Captain Meigs, "ascending the banks of the Potomac from Georgetown to the Great Falls, would conclude that a more unpromising region for the construction of an aqueduct could not be found. Supported by high walls against the face of jagged and vertical precipices, in continual danger of being undermined by the foaming torrent which boils below, the Canal (the Chesapeake and Ohio) is a monument of the energy and daring of our engineers. The route appears to be occupied, and no mode of bringing in the water, except by iron pipes secured to the rocks, or laid in the bed of the canal, seems practicable. Such were my own impressions; and though I knew that in this age, with money, any achievement of engineering was possible, I thought the survey would be needed only to demonstrate by figures and measures the extravagance of such a work. But," he continues, "when the levels were applied to the ground, I found, to my surprise and gratification, that the rocky precipices and difficult passages were nearly all below the line which, allowing a uniform grade, would naturally be selected for our conduit; and that, instead of demonstrating the extravagance of the proposal, it became my duty to devise a work presenting no considerable difficulties, and affording no opportunities for the exhibition of any triumphs of science or skill."

The obstacles encountered in the construction of the aqueduct may have been less serious than an engineer would have anticipated upon a casual inspection of the ground; but they can not fail to astonish the unscientific spectator; and it is not impossible that Captain Meigs's decided preference for the Great Falls as a source of supply, may have caused him, in his report of surveys, from which we quote, to underrate obstacles of which he had in the first instance formed an exaggerated estimate. The original plan was to make the conduit, which was to be tubular in form, seven feet in diameter; but at the same time one of nine feet in diameter was suggested as preferable, and was adopted. The difference of only two feet in the width of the conduit makes the immense difference of nearly two to one in its capacity. One of seven feet will discharge but thirty-six millions of gallons in twenty-four hours, while a nine-foot conduit will supply above sixty-seven and a half millions. The larger dimensions adopted of course adds something to the expense of the work, but not in any proportion to the additional supply of water. There are in all eleven tunnels, some of them several hundred feet in length, and six bridges. The largest of the bridges is one of the most stupendous achievements of the kind in this country. It spans a small tributary of the Potomac, called the Cabin John Creek, by a single arch 220 feet in span, and 100 feet high. The receiving reservoir is formed by throwing a dam across a small stream known as the Powder-Mill, or Little Falls Branch. The dam is of pounded earth and floods above fifty acres, making a reservoir of irregular shape, containing, at a level of 140 feet above high tide, 82,521,500 gallons. The water leaves it at a distance of 3000 feet from the point where it enters, and, in slowly passing across this pool, which deepens to 30 or 40 feet near the exit, it will deposit most of its sediment. The Powder-Mill itself supplies two to three millions of gallons of pure water daily to the reservoir. The estimated cost of the Washington Aqueduct is $2,500,000, and the daily supply 67,596,400 gallons; the Croton Aqueduct cost $10,375,000, and furnishes New York with a minimum supply of 27,000,000; Philadelphia is provided with a daily supply of 15,000,000; and Boston with 10,176,570 gallons. These comparisons give the best illustration of the magnitude of the work undertaken and nearly brought to a successful completion at Washington.

In the midst of all the magnificence of the public buildings, it is a little surprising that, with a population of sixty-five or seventy thousand, there should not be a single church whose architecture justifies ever so brief a notice; without exception, the church edifices present an ap-

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pearance that would be considered a disgrace to a Western city of twenty thousand inhabitants.

Among the ancients the capital city, or seat of empire, was the State. The denizens of the country, even in the republics, had no political rights except such as the city to which they owed allegiance chose to concede to them. We read of the republic of Athens, not of Attica, of Sparta, not of Laconia, of Carthage, of Rome, and so on, not of the subject provinces. The Roman empire, in the first centuries of the Christian era, embraced nearly the whole of the then civilized world, with a large portion of that which was recognized as barbarous, and all the immense countries from the Pillars of Hercules, or Straits of Gibraltar, on the west, and the frontiers of Caledonia on the north, to the confines of Persia, acknowledged the sway, and bore the name of the imperial city of Rome. Under the more ancient despotisms we discover the same pre-eminence of the cities over the country, in the histories of Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre, and the Egyptian capitals. In the modern nations of Europe, which have risen upon the ruins of the Roman empire, new elements of power have come into play—new elements of race, of language, of religion, and of political principles—society, in fact, resting upon a stronger foundation of ideas. The most powerful and extensive of modern empires is not the "London empire," but the British; the power and importance of a whole people are thus recognized in the style of the empire, and London, though perhaps more wealthy and populous than Rome in her palmiest days, has less political power than any half-dozen representative boroughs. The city has not made the kingdom, but has grown up with it, and been fostered by its trade. It has been the seat of government immemorially, though not uninterruptedly, simply as a matter of public convenience, and by the choice of the rulers of England. The same may be said of Paris; the proverbial saying that "Paris is France," is a scarcely warrantable exaggeration. Whatever liberties are enjoyed in France, are enjoyed equally by the whole population without regard to locality. The representation is apportioned with reference to population, and we believe that Paris, like London, is not particularly favored in this respect. The American capital, although voted into being by a free people, occupies the anomalous position of being the only one in history which is denied the privileges that are accorded to the meanest hamlet in the remotest department of the empire. For even our Territories may each send a delegate to the National Legislature; and being incipient States, sovereignties in embryo, may look forward to the time when they are to participate in all the privileges of the proudest of the Old Thirteen. Not so the capital. She may rival Rome in populousness, wealth, and magnificence; her citizens may live under the shadow of marble palaces, or promenade on avenues paved with mosaic work, or stroll through gardens shaded with evergreens and exotics, perfumed with flowers, and cooled with fountains and sparkling waterfalls—but *they can not vote!* They can have no Senators, no Representatives—no voice in the election of President. This anomalous condition of the national capital, so different from the capitals of the ancient republics, illustrates the complete revolution which has taken place in the affairs of mankind and the policy of nations in the course of two thousand years.

We have endeavored to confine our article to a review of existing things, and yet, in examining it, we perceive that we have slightly drawn upon our anticipations; but we are comforted with the reflection that America is entitled to a large use of the future tense. Foreign criticism properly wonders at our constant employment of the phrases, "going to be" and "going to do," but it is also true that abroad—except in Russia—they can only use the past tense; for their noblest monuments and most beautiful surroundings are only the heir-looms and old clothes of departed generations. Their noblest mission is preservation, ours is creation. For a long period Washington expectancy was a laughing-stock for every wandering Englishman, who chose to dish up our national peculiarities in a hash of guide-books, private journals, Munchausen stories collected in cars and stage-coaches, and confused recollections of three months devoted to diligent examination into the properties of sherry-cobblers, large oysters, and Catawba wine. And yet, at this hour, London is paying a fearful penalty for its neglect of that planning for the future which foreigners thought so ridiculous in the wide avenues and green spaces of Washington. Spacious pleasure-grounds are the best friends of law and order; it is well for the people to play, and the instinct of childhood points to the open air as the best place for recreation. A grass-plot has a magical virtue for "clearing the breast of perilous stuff." During the fierce heat of summer, it is pleasant to see the large concourse of people which pours into the Capitol grounds, or those around the President's mansion, sitting under the shade of the trees, while the Marine Band furnishes the choicest music; and it requires no poetic enthusiasm to picture the coming day when the Mall, stretching from the Capitol to the margin of the noble Potomac, shall be one continuous shade, covered with glorious foliage, and vocal with the rippling of fountains and the song of birds. Then hard-handed toil and weary brains shall find in every sight and sound of beauty not only rest, but hope—hope for the perpetuity of that strong *Union* which, having created this costly capital, may find it a centre of attraction sufficiently strong to marshal around it the orderly States, and to control even the wildest comets that seek to fly off into new orbits. Then the seat of Government, adorned as becomes the representative city of America—not claiming to be the fountain of power—shall be a beautiful lake, formed by the rills that flow into it from north and south, from east and west, and shall forever mirror, on its placid bosom, the great forms of the mountains from whose sides it is fed.

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HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.



FOREST, WITH COFFEE-CARTS.

I.—PUNTA ARENAS TO SAN JOSÉ.

THE principal entrance at present into Costa Rica is from the Pacific, at Punta Arenas, in the Gulf of Nicoya. The *Columbus*, a deliberate old barque through which a screw has been thrust, brought us, early in March, 1858, from Panama to Punta Arenas in less than three days.

The trip was delightful. The coast-range

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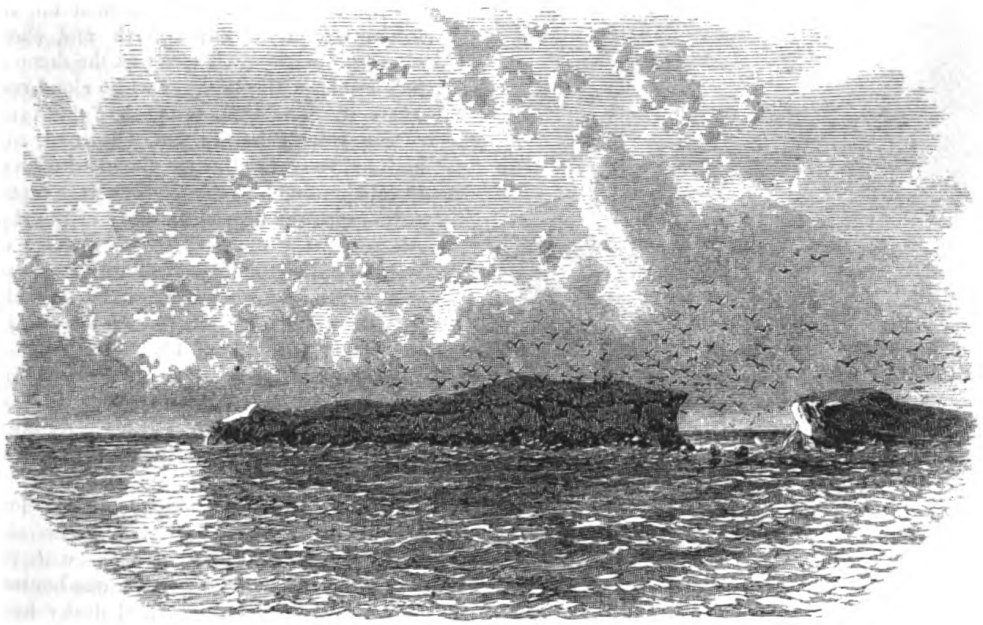
of Veragua, the northernmost province of New Granada, was within sight—often within stone's-throw—the whole of the way. There were the mountains of the promontory of Azuero, glowing through the blue haze all day long. There were the rocks of *Los Frailes*—gray rocks belted with sparkling breakers, in and out, and wide over the spray of which thousands of sea-birds sported—flashing in the sunset. There were the stars when the sun was gone—the white beach gleaming beyond the line of purpled waters—and here and there the fire of some lone hut in the forest high above the coast. At all times the sea was smooth—smooth as a lake in summer in the midst of warm wooded hills—and at noon it was wondrously beautiful and luminous; so luminous that, looking down into its depths, one might have been wooed to fancy it had a floor of diamonds, and that the pink and yellow sea-flowers, loosened and floating upward from it, bubbling as they rose, were made of the finest gold.

As for the company on board, ever so many nationalities, professions, phases of life and destinies, were comprehended in it. St. George had his champion in Mr. Perry—an affable, intelligent, high-spirited young Englishman, who had just been gazetted to the British Vice-Consulate at Realejo, Nicaragua, and was on his way to Guatemala to receive his instructions from Mr. Wyke, the Consul-General. The Eagles of Napoleon were sentineled by a vehement Frenchman—a short, hardy, wiry, flexible, swarthy fellow, in nankeen trowsers, glazed pumps and Panama hat—who kept perpetually gliding up and down the deck, emphasizing his opinions on music, politics, and commerce to a lanky German with a pale mustache, who, as though he were condemned to it, limped the planks beside him.

This Frenchman was singularly active, adventurous, daring. He began life as a fisherman. From his cradle on one of the terraces of Brest, he was cast adrift into the fogs of Newfoundland, and there blossomed into manhood on grog and cod-fish. Slipping away from the Banks, he took to the world at large. He had been every where—been to the Antipodes—been to the Poles. With frogs and crocodiles, snake-charmers and ballet-girls, icebergs and palm-groves, he was equally familiar. Five years ago he found himself in the town of David, in the province of Veragua, two hundred miles above Panama; and there, falling in love with a radiant Indian girl, whom he married at sight, concluded to settle. Since then it has fared well with him.

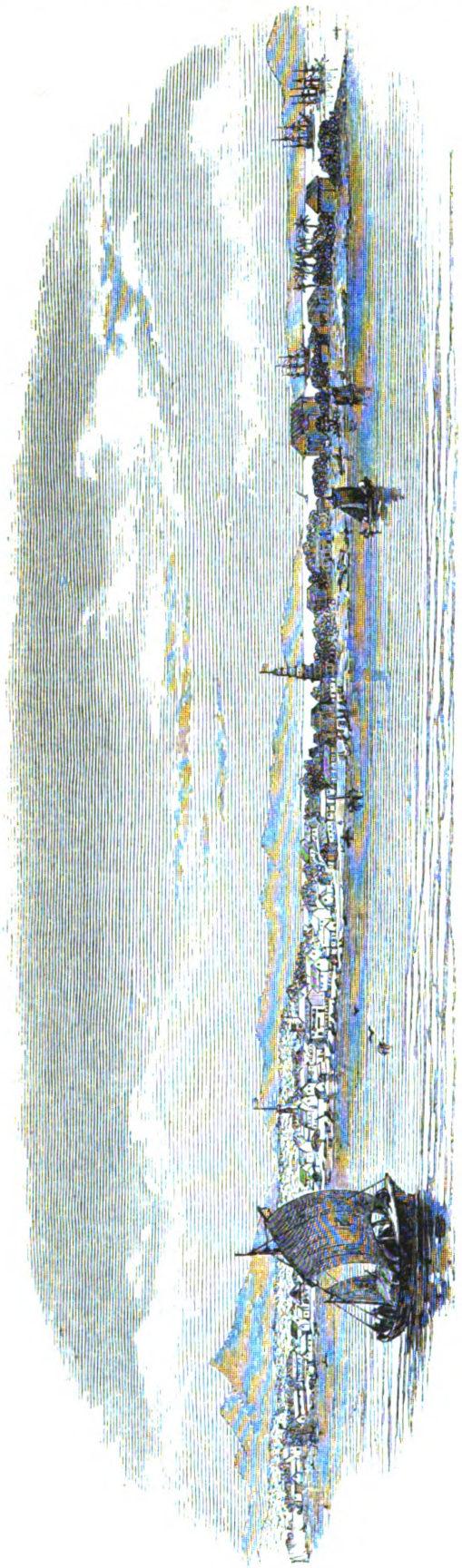
His was, in truth, a golden wedding. It brought him herds, plantations, ships, vast plains and forests. Some will have it that he is in secret possession of certain gold mines—a veritable *El Dorado*—in the mountains of the Isthmus. The day previous to our leaving it he arrived in Panama, fresh and lithe, after a ride from David of eighteen days through the wildest region. Raging rivers, too deep to ford, oftentimes broke his path. Into these, his clothes bundled up in a turban on his head, he had to plunge, and, battling across them, take his mule in tow. He was bound for San José, the capital of Costa Rica, as we ourselves were.

Venezuela was somewhat disparagingly represented by a tough and squalid merchant doing business in Panama. Importing silk-stuffs and wines, sardines and prunes, he is largely concerned in the pearl-fisheries of the Isla del Rey, and the other islands off the coast. His heart is as close as an oyster, and his face as expressionless and coarse as the shell. Guatemala was more fortunate. Señor Larraonda appeared for her. His figure and complexion do injustice to his liberality and



LOS FRAILES.

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PUNTA ARENAS FROM THE GULF OF NICOYA.

graciousness. He is a tall, parched, sallow-faced gentleman, with a patch of gray whisker under each ear, and the fingers of a skeleton; but those fingers have clutched many a broad doubloon. A sugar planter on the princeliest scale, his estate has yielded him $200,000 every season for the last four years.

Close to the wheel-house, immediately after breakfast every morning, two priests invariably took their seats. Both were from Spain. The one was a Catalonian, the other an Arragonese. The Catalonian was a Capuchin. The Arragonese was a Jesuit. The Jesuit was the more remarkable of the two.

He had a freckled face, a blood-shot eye, red beard and whiskers, a faded velvet skull cap, thread-bare *soutaine*, and plain steel buckles in his sprawling shoes. But underneath that threadbare gown we were told there throbbed a zealous heart. Underneath that faded velvet skull-cap there glowed a fertile brain. The Jesuit was learned, eloquent, and pious. A profound Divine, a commanding Orator, an adventurous Soldier of the Cross, he, too, had seen most of the world. He had been to China, the Philippine Islands, Paraguay, Brazil. There was more than one on board whom his history had reached. His labors, his sacred rhetoric, his heroism in all those lands, had made him famous.

The morning of the third day out from Panama, the Gulf of Nicoya opened to admit us. Away to the left, Cape Blanco, the eastern pier of this great gate-way glimmered through the mist. Away to the right, the volcano of Herradura, with the brown island of Cano sleeping in its shadow, stood as a watch-tower at the entrance. Farther up the Gulf, as the mist thinned off, the loftier mountains came forth and shone above the waters. There was the dome of San Pablo, with masses of white cloud resting on it. There was the peak of the Aguacate quivering in the sun. Beyond, and high above them all, were the mountains of Dota, blending—as though they were vapors only—with the deepening glory of the sky. All along the opposite shore, clusters of little islands—the Nigrites, San Lucas, and Pan Sucre—scrubby, barren islands, the roots of which are rich in pearls—one by one peeped out and twinkled. In the mean while the breeze freshened and grew warm; and the sea, broken into little hillocks, lisped and throbbed around us. At noon it was thronged and bustling. We were at our destination.

Straggling up and down a long low bank of sand which gleamed across the Gulf, there was Punta Arenas, with its red-tiled roofs, whitewashed frame-houses, church-towers, flag-staffs, and dusky huts thatched with plantain leaves. Dotting

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PUNTA ARENAS.—THE INNER HARBOR.

the glaring picture at different points, and shading it a little, there was the indigo-tree, the poisonous *manzanilla*, and the palm. Right before us on the beach was a wooden light-house, built and daubed in the fashion of a pagoda. Off there, in the roadstead, was the French flag drooping at the mizen-peak of a brig, from the quarter-deck of which a shining telescope had been leveled at us. Nearer to us a Dutch barque, with an awning stretched from stem to stern, and her broadside hung with matting to keep the timbers from the sun, lay dead upon the tide. All about us were swarms of smaller craft—boats, *piraguas*, scows, *bongos*—taking freight to the ships, or taking it away. All round us were the mountains and the forest, girdling the eager and glowing scene with solid grandeur and overlooking it in silence; while the church bells suddenly rang out, announcing that the good Jesuit had arrived and was hastening to the pulpit of San Rafael.

Beautiful as Punta Arenas looks from the glowing Gulf of Nicoya, it is somewhat behind the age. It has no pier, no wharf, no new or old slip—nothing of the kind. You go ashore in a boat, a *bongo* or a scow, just as the fancy strikes you or your purse permits. A boat will cost a dollar. Should the tide be out, the last fifty yards or so of the journey to town, being through the slimiest mud, have to be got over on the back of a native, whose knees, as I can vouch, are none of the steadiest when put to the test of 200 pounds of Irish flesh and blood, a double-barreled fowling-piece and riding-boots included.

There is an inner and an outer harbor. The latter—admitting vessels of considerable draught—is safe, capacious, and easy of access. Vessels, however, drawing more than seven feet of water, have to anchor a league from the landing-place, where their cargoes are broken, and thence are brought ashore in scows or lighters. This, of course, is a tedious and wasteful operation, entails expense, and incurs no inconsiderable risk. The inner harbor—formed by the main land and the sandy promontory or spit over which the town is scattered—is accessible to coasting-sloops, *piraguas*, and small schooners only.

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Half an hour ashore familiarizes the stranger with all that is to be seen in Punta Arenas. Close by the landing, ten to one, he comes upon a team of unyoked oxen, munching the green tops of the sugar-cane and cooling themselves in the shade of the *guanacaste*, the roots of which lie deep in the blistering sand. Trudging with aching ankles through this sand he reaches the Plaza, in the centre of which stands a wooden obelisk—a sentry-box of raw workmanship and gaunt proportions—commemorative of the services of General José Maria Cañas, who fought so bravely, and with such magnanimity demeaned himself in the war against the Filibusters. General Cañas is a native of Punta Arenas, and to his generous encouragement and public spirit the prosperity it enjoys is chiefly owing. There is nothing—nothing whatever—of the *militaire* about the General. His features, manner, walk and style of conversation, are those of a very ordinary civilian. This, however, is owing to his extreme modesty and reserve. These verge on an awkward timidity. But after a little—when one has been a few minutes in conversation with him—his countenance lights up, and you see through his clear calm eye, his firm thin lip, and the opinions he concisely enunciates, that he is a man of inflexible purpose, judgment, and bravery. He is most courteous too, kind, chivalrous, and gentle.



TESTIMONIAL TO GENERAL CAÑAS.

The market-place lies a little off the main street, a short distance from the Plaza. It was a bustling place the evening we visited it. The coffee was coming down from the interior—several carts laden with it had already reached the Port—and all the booths and stores were crowded. So were the cob-webbed verandas and arcades, shading three sides of the buzzing scene. Pyramids of cocoa-nuts and oranges, rags and garters of dried beef, snowy skirts and rainbow-colored shawls, straw hats and sandals of raw leather, *machetes* and clanking spurs, the greenest vegetables, parrots, prepared fruits, musical instruments, cheese and pickles, salt-fish and gaudily-printed cotton-goods, black pigs, stewed beans and monkeys, the choicest and the strangest novelties were piled up, spread out, and jumbled there.

Here, in the coolest corner of the square, was a galaxy of mules, radiating from a post to which they had been brought up short and tethered by the nose. All about—lying down or patiently bearing their ponderous yokes erect—were the ox-teams that had supplied the market with its choicest goods. At every point—wherever it seemed a stake could be driven home—a fighting-cock was held to bail, and, spite of it, kept the public peace disturbed. The bells of San Rafael, where the good Jesuit was to preach at sundown, rattled their shrill tongues all the while. Every now and then the trumpet at the gate of the *cuartel* flourished in and swelled the riot, while, at steady intervals, the thunders of the Dutch barque in the roadstead opened, for the Consul-General of the Hanseatic Towns was paying her an official visit, and in his honor fire-works and bunting were the order of the day.

In the midst of all this dust, glare and uproar, in the back-room of a *posada*, close to the market-place, a blind man sat, and, with his dark eyes vaguely following his busy hands, played on the *marimba*, to the delight of a breathless circle that had deepened round him.

Shrouded in the *mantilla*, there was in that quiet circle more than one bright face bent on Miguel Cruz, of Nicaragua, as he touched the keys of his rude instrument, and made them vocal with his memories of Indian and Spanish song. He was accompanied on the guitar by a speckled native of Massaya.

The performance over, the sun gone down, the market-place deserted, we retired to the *American Hotel*—a dismal dusty barn kept by a Galician dwarf with a broken nose—where we lay awake on leather-bottomed stretchers in the supper-room, sweltering and writhing in the midst of the sauciest cock-crowing all night long, and in the morning washed ourselves out of a yellow pie-dish in a back piazza, on the steps of the kitchen.

Punta Arenas is the principal port of Costa Rica. For the present, indeed, it may be said to be the only one. It is the only one, at all events, of any commercial consequence. The Bay of Salinas is unfrequented—so is the Gulf of

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MARKETING IN PUNTA ARENAS.

Dolce. Both of them await in their solitary grandeur the invasion of the wilderness which for miles and miles surround them. On the Atlantic, the port of Matina affords anchorage for craft of the lightest draught only, and is too shallow and exposed to admit of an improvement. Between the Boca del Toro and the interior there is no road whatever. A noble harbor—one of the noblest in the world—Costa Rica concedes the Boca in a treaty, bearing date the 11th of June, 1856, to New Granada, who, by virtue of a chart, published at Madrid in 1805, demands it as a portion of her ancient jurisdiction. It is useless to both of them. For any practical advantage it promises to either, it might as well be a *mirage* of Sahara. The new road, contemplated to the Serapiqui, will render the port of San Juan del Norte supremely serviceable to Costa Rica. But as it is, Punta Arenas monopolizes the commerce of the country.

It is a free port, moreover, having been privileged as such in 1847 by an Act of the Costa Rican Congress, seven years after the deadly port of Caldera, three miles lower down the coast, had been abandoned. All articles of merchandise, with the exception of brandy and other distilled liquors, tobacco and gunpowder, are exempt from every kind of restriction. The excepted articles, being Government monopolies, are deposited in the Public Stores, and can not be sent into nor out of the country without a special *permit*. Munitions of war and fire-arms are subject to a like restraint. Otherwise the fullest liberty is guaranteed to commerce. Ships too may pass in and out, and remain as long as they like, without the slightest annoyance. There is neither tonnage nor pilotage, nor *souvenirs* to Custom-house Inspectors, nor anchorage, nor perquisites to Health Officers, nor any other leeching incurred. Lighterage is the only expense. A wharf or causeway to the anchorage in the outer harbor, would do away with this.

The Custom-house stands sixty miles off in the interior, at the Garita del Rio Grande, low down on the slope of a black ravine. It is there the duties on foreign goods are levied, as it is from that point alone such goods find their way to the towns and villages and the other inhabited portions of the country. Between that point and Punta Arenas a vast wilderness intervenes. The villages of Esparza, San Mateo, and Atenas do not disturb the solitude. They are lost in it. At all events, it is not until the Custom-house at the Garita disappears behind him, in the gorge of the Rio Grande, that the importer finds any market worth talking of. There is Alajuela for him then, and Heredia further on, and San José beyond that again, and Cartago, with her aris-

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tocracy and ruins, the inveterate rival of San José, away behind the Cordilleras.

In addition to its being a free port, Punta Arenas is a bathing-place of fashionable resort. It is the Newport of Costa Rica. The season opens in January and closes in March. The first families of the country have their bathing-boxes, oyster stews, private cottages, picnics and *fandangos* there. The Gulf of Nicoya abounds in oysters of a delicious flavor, abounds in shrimps and lobsters, abounds in fish of several varieties, all of the best description. The pearl oyster of the Gulf is famous for its size and beauty. It was strikingly referred to by General Morazan in the splendid defiance he launched in 1839 against the *serviles* of Guatemala—*Ni las perlas del Golfo de Nicoya, ni el oro del Rio Guayape, volverán á adornar la corona del Marques de Aicenina, este simbolo horroroso de la Aristocrasia.**

Punta Arenas is also noted for its excellent water, which bubbles up from the bottom of wells a few feet deep. The climate too is wholesome notwithstanding the heat, the prevailing intensity of which may be inferred from the fact, that the day we arrived the thermometer stood 90° in the shade. Mr. Squier, in his sketch of Costa Rica, quoting the opinion of Captain Lapelin, of the French navy, seems unwilling to concede to Punta Arenas any higher degree of salubrity than that which prevents its being positively fatal to human life. Señor Felipe Molina, however, maintains that Punta Arenas is distinguished for its healthfulness, the purity of its atmosphere and its perfect exemption from miasmatic influences, circumstances arising, as he justly insists, from its peninsular position and the nature of its soil. The general opinion of the country confirms the more favorable impression, and in this opinion the foreign residents of Costa Rica unhesitatingly concur.

But this is not all. Punta Arenas boasts of something else. There is a railroad running through it to the left bank of the Barranca. It is a railroad nine miles long. Built by a party of English speculators, at an expense of $80,000, under the delusion that it would take, to and from the Barranca, all the merchandise passing to and from the interior and capital, they awoke, the day it was finished, to the fact that, for the speculation to pay, a quintal of coffee would have to be charged for the nine miles by railroad, about as much as it cost, or would cost, the whole of the journey, seventy-five miles and upward, by ox-cart or mule-back. Hence it is a losing, if it be not by this time an irretrievably lost, concern. No one uses it save the lame, the lazy, the sick and the blind. The locomotive is an abject mule; and it is mournful indeed to behold the meek creature hauling a bleak house, with two dozen windows in it, after his hoofs, for nine miles through the sand, at the rate of two miles an hour.

* Neither the pearls of the Gulf of Nicoya, nor the gold of the River Guayape, shall ever again adorn that hated symbol of Aristocracy, the coronet of the Marquis of Aicenina.

The evening of the day following our arrival from Panama we set out for the mountains. An hour of brisk galloping, along the beach which connects the town of Punta Arenas with the main land, brought us to Chacarita, an outpost of the Custom-house at the Garita. It is here that all foreign goods, destined for any point between the port and the Garita, are subjected to inspection, are weighed, and paid for. The outpost consists of a spacious hut, built of bamboo and wild sugar-cane, a banana-patch, and a poultry-yard. In the smoky interior of the hut, as we rode up to it, an Inspector of Customs, with the stump of a *puro* between his placid lips, serenely oscillated in his shirt-sleeves in his hammock of *agave* straw. Having satisfied him that the blue California blankets strapped to our saddles contained a change of linen only, the calm Inspector, without rising from his hammock, with a gentle wave of his discolored hand, signified that we were at liberty to proceed. A moment after we were in the heart of the forest.

Here, in all its varieties, we had the palm—the prince of the vegetable kingdom as Linnæus has called it—ever waving those plume-like branches which recall so many scenes of Scriptural beauty, festivity and triumph—so many scenes of hopefulness and succor in the desert, and of life in the midst of death—and which, as many a carving and vivid painting on sacred walls attest, grew to be, in the red epochs of Christianity, the emblem of Martyrdom for the Faith. Here was the *ceiba*, or the silk-cotton tree, the shaft of which swells to such a girth that the largest canoes are hewn out of it, while Sir Amyas Leigh, the romantic buccaneer, likens it to a light-house, so smooth and round and towering is it. Myriads of singing-birds build their nests in it, while from the topmost branches, to which they have climbed in search of light and air, the rose and yellow and red *bignonias* in luxuriant tresses and festoons uncoil themselves. Here was the *matapalo*, or wild fig-tree, spreading out its long, tender, flexible stems over the surrounding trees in quest of some temporary support, and having found it, and grown strong enough to sustain itself, turning upon and killing its protector in its serpent-like embraces. Here, too, were several species of the *acacia*, such as the *guanacaste* and *saman*, the delicate feathery foliage of which was interwoven and blended with the orange blossoms and the large lanceolated leaves of the *cincona*. And then we had the parasitical *cactuses* in endless varieties, with their pink and violet and cream-colored flowers, clustering the moss-covered columns of the forest, and flooding the golden air with the richest fragrance. A deep, solemn, beauteous, yet majestic, forest—one of the vast cathedrals of Nature—one fashioned of materials, living, efflorescent, fruitful, imperishable—imperishable since they perpetually renew themselves—to which the gold of the Sacramento is but as the dust of the road, and the marbles of Carrara are but the types of death—one down through the complex aisles of which, as through no stained window however

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wonderful its magic, the light of Heaven, colored with a thousand intermediate hues, by day and by night, and for all time, with an ever-varying infinitude of splendor, plays—one studded with pillars, spanned with arches, such as neither Zwirner of Cologne nor Angelo of Rome, with all their genius, with all their power, with all the resources of which, with the patronage of kings and pontiffs, they were the masters, could rear, elaborate, nor so much as in their divinest dreams devise!

In the midst of all this—winding through the mazes of this superb labyrinth—hundreds of carts, in the months of February and March, move down. The noble oxen have their foreheads shaded with the broad shining leaves of the *parel*. They come from Cartago, from San José, from the great plantation of Pacifica, in the valley of the Tiribi, in the shadow of the mountains of San Miguel—from the *plateaux* beyond the ruins of Ujarras, and overlooking the cataracts of the wild Berbis—descend four thousand feet into this forest, and so wend their way to Punta Arenas, at which port—with the exception of a few bags which find their way to the Serapiqui, and thence to the Atlantic—the entire coffee-crop of Costa Rica is shipped to Europe and the United States.

The carts are clumsy structures. A pole projects from an oblong frame, to which an axle is bolted underneath. The ends of the axle protrude through discs or solid wheels of cedar, the latter being four inches across the tire, and from four to five feet in diameter. Within the wheels we have some open cane-work, and this supports an awning of untanned ox-hide. A cart got up in this style costs from $25 to $30. The team itself generally costs from $75 to $80. The coffee lies upon the platform or bottom of the cart, sown up in bags of coarse white cotton. One of these carts will carry from 800 to 1000 pounds of coffee. The freight is a trifle less than 75 cents for every 100 pounds. Over the bags another hide is fastened with leather thongs, while an iron pot, a calabash for holding water, and other utensils of use along the road, dangle on the outside. Peering out from underneath the ox-hide covering, one may oftentimes surprise the black lustrous eyes and ruby lips of some bronzed daughter of the mountains.

For the wives and children of the *carreteros*, in most instances, attend the coffee to the port. In the long journey—it is a journey of six days at least—they are companionable and most useful. They grind the corn for the *tortillas*, boil the *frijoles*, slice and fry the plantains, ply the thread and needle, tend the oxen with water and *sacâte*, and in various other ways prove themselves the kindliest handmaids and ministers of comfort to the honest fellows who trudge along on foot, and with the *chuzo*—their slender steel-spiked wand—direct the docile teams.

These *carreteros*, with a wonderful endurance, flexibility of limb and spirit, go through the hardest work. From the start to the close of their journey—barefooted, in their draggled linen, at the mercy of the shifting weather—at one time sweltering and bending in the full blaze of the sun, at another soaking in the rain, or shuddering with the dense dampness which, be it night, or be it noontide, or be it sunset, the lowlands and deep forests gather round them—light-limbed, patient, sinewy, active, fearless, gracious in manner, faithful to their trust—in every vicissitude of the Heavens, against all odds, they resolutely pursue their way. Behold the industry of freedom! Of honest industry behold the inoffensive heroism! No trumpets to proclaim it—no triumphal arches to mark its progress, save those with which the hand of God has spanned the pathways of the forest—the consciousness of doing what is right, of rendering to the homestead and the nation the service that is due to them, vivifies and suffuses it with lustre, and the Angels, who watched over the shepherds tending their flocks in the green solitudes of Bethlehem, are the invisible witnesses and the chroniclers of its glory!

Night closed upon this scene. The rain fell heavily. Through the deep murmuring of the Barranca, as we forded it, following in the wake of three carts on their way up the mountains—through the pattering and splashing of the rain, and the doleful music of the branches, swaying to and fro, and the quivering of their leaves—there came the chorus of the howling monkeys, the *araguatos*, whose deep guttural tones, echoing for miles through the forest, predict the inevitable storm, and, when it comes, swell the vocal tribulations of the hour.

The extraordinary development of the *larynx* in this monkey imparts to its voice a depth and volume equal to that of the largest quadruped, that of the lion, perhaps, alone excepted. Every morning and evening, and whenever it threatens rain, crowds of these *araguatos* assemble in the tops of the highest trees, in the loneliest and wildest forests, and, enthroned there, rend the air with their dismal utterances. One of them invariably assumes the leadership of the choir, chanting out in an undertone the first notes of the chorus as it were, after which all the rest follow in a *crescendo* movement, and with voices of a higher pitch, until the monstrous music seems to subside from sheer exhaustion. On a clear bright morning the howling of the *araguatos* can be heard very distinctly two miles off, and Humboldt is of opinion it can be heard fully a third of this distance further during the night, especially when the weather is cloudy, hot, and humid.

Nor night, however, nor wild rivers which we had to ford in the wake of returning carts, nor splashing rain, nor monkeys with unearthly howlings, nor mules, economically fed by their shrewd owners, giving out, breaking down, and forcing us finally to lead them, knee-deep in mud—nothing of the sort—and there was enough to vex the tamest saint—prevented us reaching, at a reasonable hour, the city or village of Esparza.

The yelping of dogs—the crowing of cocks—small panes of glass glimmering through the

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blackness of the night — the tinkling of a guitar at an open door-way, and a row of greenish bottles shining along a shelf against the whitewashed wall opposite the door-way — the coarse round pavement, full of holes and hillocks, all dry and hard, over which, smartly striking it as though they felt their footing sure, the mules went nimbly, though with an occasional jerk and slide—women, with bare heads, bare necks and arms, seated on door-steps, mildly fumigating the narrow street with their *cigarillos*, and ejaculating their surprise and surmises as we rode by them—a belfry, for all the world like a water-tank on a double pair of gawky stilts, flanking a capacious church, the face of which, whitewashed as all the houses were, looked corpse-like in the sickly smiling of the moon—and then a shelterless broad space, fringed with orange-trees, which our guide, Anselmo, told us was the Plaza —these were the sounds and sights which pleasantly assured us we had reached our encampment for the night.



THE BELLES OF ESPARZA.

Riding across the Plaza, we dismounted at the gate-way of a yard in which there was a crowd of mules, coffee-carts, oxen, curs and *carreteros*. All the sweet voices with which our approach to Esparza had been greeted, and which accompanied us through the town, seemed to have concentrated in this yard. It was the *caballeriza* of the best tavern in the place. Anselmo knocked with a stone against the gate, and called out, lustily—*Abra la puerta, somos amigos, Señor!* The proprietor of the establishment appeared. A tranquil gentleman, noiseless and leisurely in his movements, he welcomed us with a drawl, and invited us to enter.

Following him in the dark—leaving Anselmo to take care of the mules—we found ourselves in a lofty room without a ceiling, in which, in the middle of a cedar table, in the socket of a tin candlestick, in a morsel of fat, a wick smothered in snuff was burning. The yellow light seemed to be wandering dismally over the room in search of something it could play upon. The walls were whitewashed—in Costa Rica every wall has this attention paid it—and the light might have amused itself with them, but it was too feeble to reach so far. There was a slim book-case, painted red, with glass doors, standing in one corner. A ray from the tin candlestick would have improved its appearance. As it was, it stood there as though it were a coffin paneled with crystal, and the light appeared to shrink from it, lest, by touching it, extinction might ensue. In the opposite corner there was a prickly sofa, the stuffing of which protruded at the elbows, and the crimson moreen covering of which, blotched and torn, was peeling off. The lofty room, thus lighted and embellished, was the reception-room, ladies' parlor, gambling-saloon, supper and dining hall of the principal *posada* of Esparza. A glass of excellent *aguardiente*, the assurance of a warm supper, and the cheerful advent of another candle, reconciled us in a few seconds to it. In less than twenty minutes we felt perfectly at home. Within an hour, under the brightening influences of the feast, the blank walls grew florid, the book-case glittered as though it were full of jewels, the sofa became plump and clothed with velvet, and from the *caballeriza*, instead of a racking discord, there flowed in the most soothing harmonies, with the sweetest perfumes.

The host joined us at the supper-table. He was a native of Rivas, Nicaragua, and held the commission of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of that Republic during the Filibuster war. Demure as he at first appeared to be, Lieutenant-Colonel José Guerrero grew communicative enough before long. His information and views respecting Esparza were freely though quietly given. There was no garrison; all the military and civil functions of the *pueblo* were vested in one man, and that one man was the Alcalde; the Alcalde was active, progressive, honest; the people of Esparza, however, were sinfully lazy; they were peaceable and harmless, to be sure, but that was owing to their being so dull; there was hardly life enough in them to go to Mass, mix a cup of *tisté*, or smoke a *puro*.

"There was but one citizen from Esparza,"

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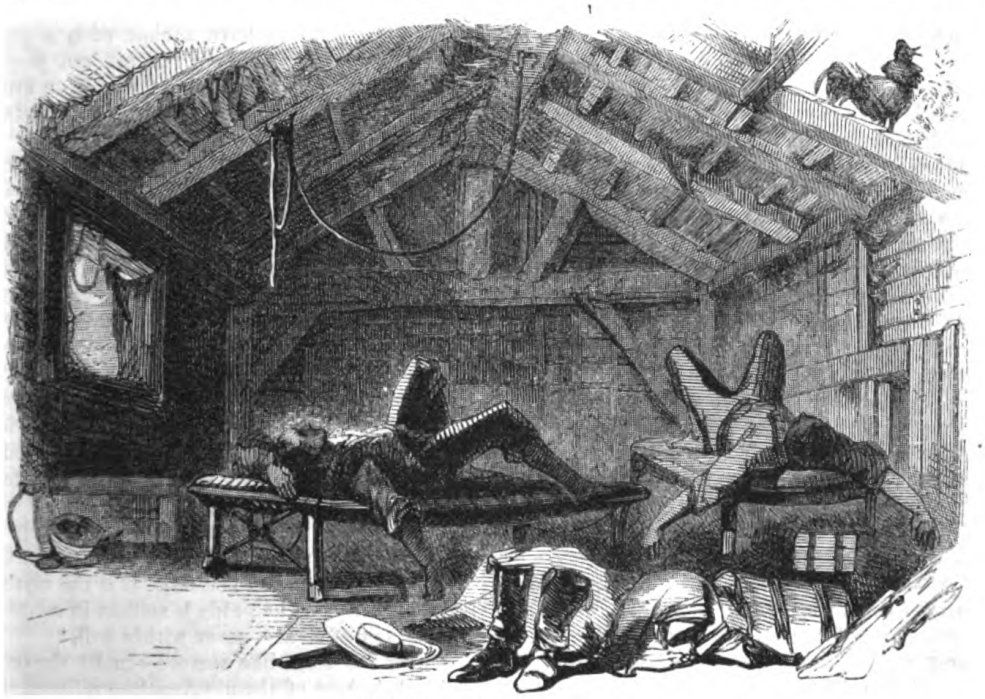
he added, "who volunteered to the war in Nicaragua—one only—and he came back without having had a fight, or seen one even."

Midnight came before we moved to bed. Midnight waned before the golden tapestry of the supper-room, the velvet-mantled sofa, the crystal case of jewelry, and all the enchantment vanished. Midnight was a full hour buried when we found ourselves in the dormitory of José Guerrero's inn, in the middle of the room, laid out on stretchers made of ox-hide, our eyes fixed intently on the bare black rafters, the tiles, the holes, and cobwebs of the roof. From the time we laid down, until we got up, four hours of aches and agonies elapsed. A double chastisement befell us. Underneath us was the gridiron of St. Lawrence—all about us were the vexations, without the temptations, of St. Anthony.

It seemed as though all the plagues of the Tropics had been summoned, by some witch as viperous as Alecto, to Esparza on that night. Clouds of mosquitoes, fleas by the million, mange-smitten curs galled with hunger, fighting-cocks on tiptoe every where, and for miles round challenging the world to put them down, *carreteros* with their uncouth carts rumbling into town, or rumbling out, shouting as though there was a fire on hand, or the Filibusters had broken in—these were some few of the tortures which, stretched on the ox-hide, we had with the keenest sensibility to endure.

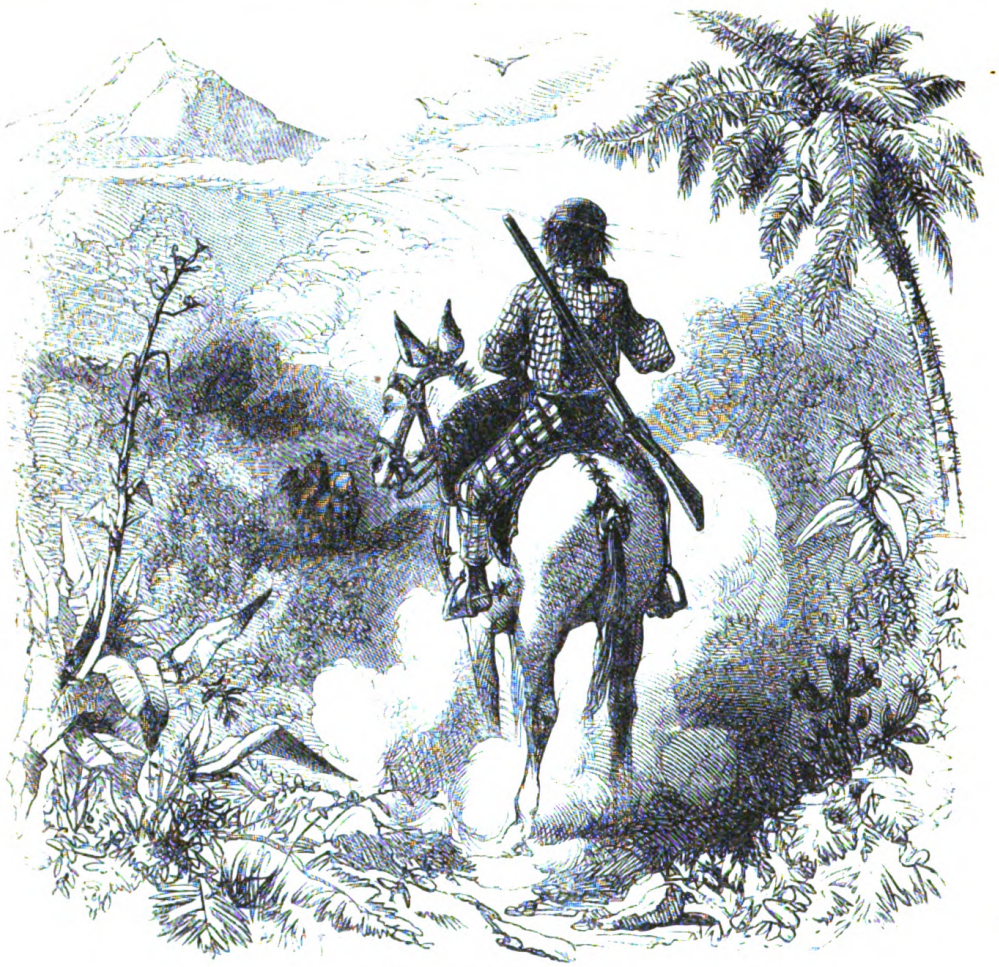
But Esparza, after all, deserves to be more reverently mentioned. It is one of the oldest cities of Spanish America. Christopher Columbus entered the Boca del Toro in the month of October, 1502. Twelve years after, the foundations of this city, dedicated to the Holy Spirit of Hope, were laid in the midst of the orange-groves and the wine-yielding palms shadowing the first plateau we come to in our ascent to the valley of San José. In 1670 it was seized and sacked by a band of French marauders. In 1685 it was dealt a deadlier blow by a gang of English robbers, who, under the command of a cut-throat named Sharpe, pounced upon the beautiful little city, set fire to it, plundered it right and left, and then decamped, taking with them several prisoners, men and women, whom they subsequently released on a ransom of a thousand *pesos*. From this it appears never to have recovered. Many of its inhabitants fled to the plains of Bagaces, in the province of Guanacaste, while others, it is conjectured, crossed the mountains to the North, and descended into the mysterious valley of the Frio.

It has, indeed, the look of a deserted village. Not, however, of a village that had been violently depopulated, but of one that had quietly died out. No ruins tell the story of its misfortune. No footprint is discovered, stamped in blood, upon its pavement. Nature, in these climes, soon heals the wounds which the sword and torch inflict. The scarred waste to-day will be the blooming garden of the morrow. Thus it has been with Esparza, and thus it is. She is beautiful at this moment, despite of all that she has suffered, and of all that she has lost. She has her fragrant orange-groves; her *potreros* stocked with cattle; her rows of neat white houses; within her walls, *huertas* full of various fruits and flowers and shrubs; beyond them, the richest lands conceivable, open as well as wooded, all capable of yielding cacao, sugar, indigo, and cotton in lavish quantities. These lands, however, are far from being cultivated as they should be. The sugar-cane raised upon them, in a few



PLEASANT NIGHT AT ESPARZA.

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OUR GUIDE IN THE REAR.

patches here and there, is used for *sacâte* or fodder only, while the other productions named are neglected altogether. On the whole, appearances justify the statement which José Guerrero, the Nicaraguan soldier, made us at the supper-table concerning the inertness of the people of Esparza. If this be true, they differ widely from the rest of the Costa Rican population. Industry, activity, prompt intelligence, the desire to be in independent circumstances, and the honest arts through which the consummation of this desire is reached — these, at every point, struck us as the grand characteristics of the country.

An hour after dawn we were in our saddles, on the high road to San José once more.

Having passed the *Puente de las Damas*—a bridge of massive masonry, spanning with a single arch, at an aching height, the black waters of the Jesus Maria, which here reel on through a chasm, from the crevices in the mighty walls of which the glossiest laurels and other shrubs spring forth in sparkling clusters—and having ambled or galloped all the morning through the forest, we came at last to the *venta*, or road-side inn, of San Mateo. Anselmo, our guide, was there before us, for we had loitered at the farm of Las Ramadas to have a chat with a gipsy group at breakfast under a magnificent *guapanol*, the thickly-leaved limbs of which on every side extended full forty feet above the camping-ground.

Anselmo was a silent boy of Indian blood. His broad face, deeply punctuated with the small-pox, was the color of a ripe walnut, while the expression of it was meditative and morose. He wore white check trowsers, a brown *scapular*, and a pink check shirt. His bare heels displayed a pair of spurs, the rowels of which were the size and shape of star-fish. Sauntering along—equally insensible to the dust, the beauty, the red mud, or the straining steepness of the road—with one of our fowling-pieces slung behind him, and some few necessary articles of toilet tied up in a coffee-bag before him—Anselmo, dispensing with stockings, held on with his toes to the stirrups. The most of the way he kept in the rear. The pilot of the party, he sat in the stern and steered from behind. It is the custom of the country. The guide is seldom in advance—often out of sight—never within hail.

Under the dome-like *mangos*—under the coolest and darkest of them—Anselmo relieved the mules of their girths and cruppers, and gave

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them water, corn, and *sacâte*. The room in which we breakfasted, floored with baked clay—clay done to a brittle crust—was wainscoted with cedar. This sounds fine. But cedar is cheap in Costa Rica, and in such houses as the *venta* of San Mateo displays no polish. The breakfast consisted of fresh eggs, fresh bullock's tongue, a cup of sour coffee, a saucerful of *jacotes* or hog-plums, and the usual amount of *tortillas*, the ubiquitous slap-jacks of South and Central America. We were joined at table by an officer of the Costa Rican army. He was on his way from Nicaragua to San José with dispatches to his Government, the *San Carlos*—one of the steamboats taken from the Filibusters, and flying the Costa Rican flag on Lake Nicaragua—having thumped ashore and there stuck fast. He had come by the Guanacaste road, and to this point had been eight days in the saddle. He was a modest, intelligent, delicately-whiskered, mild, fair-faced gentleman. Eminently gallant, too, for he had fought at Rivas, at Masaya, at San Jorgé—all through the war in Nicaragua—and at its close had been honored with the command of the troops on board the steamboat which had just been wrecked. Over his right shoulder was slung a broad green worsted belt. To this a tin canteen was hooked. Underneath the belt was his blue frock-coat. The coat stood in need of a good scouring. His sword, jingling in a steel scabbard at his heels, would have been all the brighter for a little sweet oil and brick-dust. Having hastened with his breakfast and lit his *puro*, he mounted his white mule with the gay grandeur of a cavalier, gracefully lifted his drab *sombrero*, dashed through the gate-way, and disappeared up the mountain. Up the mountain! For the shadow of the Aguacate was upon us. High as we were amidst the *mangos* on the ridge of San Mateo, this noble mountain stood, four thousand feet erect, between us and the sun.

Haughty, opulent, superb—ravines and valleys, two thousand feet in depth, are, to its glowing, but dim crevices at its foot, while the forest we have spoken of—that between Chacarita and the Barranca—seems no more than a quiet shrubbery, blossoming and sleeping in a silvered mist! Haughty, opulent, superb—it is an enormous mass of gold and silver—"the very dust which our horses spurned with their hoofs," so John L. Stephens writes, "contains that treasure for which man forsakes kindred, home, and country." It has made the fortune of more than one bold speculator; has made *millionaires* of such men as Espinac of Cartago, and Montealegre of San José; still, still invites the capitalists of this and other countries; and to the invincible hand of science knocking at its portals, and with the infallible torch, that has already divulged so many of the mysteries of nature, penetrating its recesses, promises an exhaustless issue of incalculable worth! Haughty, opulent, superb—from base to summit it is an aggregation of most of the riches, the wonders, the terrors, the sweetness and the glory of the earth!

The tropical summer and the spring of the temperate zone equally divide the imperial mountain, and reign there perpetually—the one below, the other above. Each has its attendant flowers, trees, birds, reptiles; each its own wild offspring; each its appropriate harmonies and treasures. The white eagle makes it his home; the wild coffee fills it with its soft exquisite perfume; the cedars crowning it vibrate with the merry peal of the bell-bird; monkeys in legions swing themselves down upon the wild cacao to which its warmer slopes give birth; serpents, such as the *sabanera* twenty and thirty feet in length, glisten through the gloom of its thickets; the sleek tiger enjoys the dumb security its vine-woven fastnesses afford; humming-birds in millions—"those fragments of the rainbow" as Audubon has called them—flash and whirr through the foliage; while the King of the Vultures, with his gorgeous black and orange-colored crest—an acknowledged chief among the greediest pirates of the dead—owns his oaken palace there, and soars above them all!

Midway up this mountain, at a point called *Desmonte*, looking suddenly back over the road we had come, there broke upon us a vision of indescribable peacefulness and grandeur. The Gulf of Nicoya—a silver cord stretched along the horizon—seemed to pulsate with an unheard melody; while the ships we had left at Punta Arenas looked as though they were sea-birds clinging to it. Between the Gulf and the promontory of Nicoya, a white unbroken range of clouds extended. Beyond this range were the dark purple mountains of the promontory. It was the funeral procession overlooking the bridal train. To the left, the mountains, which up to this had walled-in the road, suddenly gave way, and a vast ravine abruptly opened. Across the head of this ravine rose a wall of yellowish-brown barren hills; and beyond and far above them again, flinging off the white clouds which floated between it and the sun—the crown of glory it aspired to—at a height of 11,500 feet above the sea, towered the volcano of San Pablo!

This noble feature was never absent from the scene. As we entered the Gulf of Nicoya at the dawn of day, there it was, hailing us in tones of thunder, a Cyclopean warder at the gate. All day long, ankle-deep in blistering sand, or gasping in some rude veranda, we looked up to it from Punta Arenas—that stifled city of a burning plain—and we sighed for the winds and the rain that have long since cooled its fiery head, for it is an extinct volcano. Hardly had we left the red-tiled roofs, the little orange-groves, the palm-trees and sweet *huertas* of Esparza a mile behind, when, out of the mist of the morning, there came forth that ever-wakeful sentinel of the night, beautiful and mighty as when the darkness closed around him. All along the road to San Mateo, and far beyond it, we turned from the fences of *erithryna*, interlaced with *cactus* and wild pine-apple, and the sugar-fields and pasture grounds they inclose, and from the several incidents and varying features of the road;

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from ox-teams burdened with coffee, as we had seen them in the forest the evening previous; from spacious farm-houses with whitewashed walls and broad piazzas; from loving couples snugly seated on the one tough saddle, the *caballero* holding the *señorita* before him on the pommel, a far pleasanter arrangement than that prevailing in older countries when the *pillion* was in fashion; from droves of drowsy mules, laden with cacao in ox-hide bags, coming up from Nicaragua, whisking their tails and jingling their bells as they plodded before their masters, whose salute, as we rode past them, was gracious and most winning; from black-eyed groups at breakfast under some lofty *carob*, the black iron pot sending up its fragrant steam of boiling beans, the unyoked oxen munching the tops of sugar-canes outside the domestic circle, and scurvy dogs, at detached posts beyond the camp, showing their teeth, and snarling at the foreigners as they rode by; from the tall rustic cross, planted on the spot where some deed of blood had been done, some criminal had been shot, or some one had suddenly dropped dead; from these, the several incidents, and these, the varying features of the road, many and many a time, all along to San Mateo and far beyond it, we turned to gaze upon San Pablo. And here at this point called Desmonte—from this commanding height—with this vast ravine below us, in which the Catskill might be buried, and with the intermediate range of lowlier mountains opening wide, so as to disclose it in its magnitude and the absolutism of its glory, San Pablo—the eternal sentinel of the Republic—overwhelmed all rivalry, and with a supreme sublimity usurped the conquered scene!



CABALLERO AND SEÑORITA.

We had left Desmonte little more than two leagues behind, when a black, heavy shower broke full upon us. Luckily there was a house close at hand—one of those erected by the Government, at different points between Punta Arenas and San José, for the accommodation of the men employed in keeping the road in order—and in this we took shelter, if one can be said to take shelter under an umbrella which has nothing but the stick and a few bare ribs left it to keep off the rain. An old, wan, grizzly man, his naked feet sinking in the soft clay with which the house was floored, was shaping a *tortilla* as we entered; while a sprightly, handsome little boy—the Iülus of this woe-begone Æneas—stood defiantly between the corn and the predatory fowl with which the staff of life was menaced. All along the road we were greatly struck with the quick intelligence, activity, hardihood, bright looks, and gracefulness of the Costa Rican boys. Many of them were guiding the coffee-carts, tripping gayly beside the burly oxen, it mattered not how rough or slippery the road might be, and with the dexterity of practiced *carreteros* working the team through the ugliest straits, down the steepest pinches, round the sharpest elbows, conquering with an expert and brave sagacity all the difficulties of the journey. They gallantly relieved the old men at times, the latter leisurely following the carts on foot or mule-back, or lying asleep upon the coffee-bags inside, while the little fellows held the *chuzo*—the sceptre of the road! Nor was it along this road, nor at this exacting work alone, they shone out so brightly. Every where throughout the country, in the field, at market, in the forest, in the busiest crowd, in the bleakest solitude, every where they were still the same bright boys, prompt, fearless, indefatigable. They are a fountain of health-giving waters and a crown of priceless jewels to the land.

Still toiling up the Aguacate—every turn of the winding road deceiving us into the belief, as we approached it, that it would be the last, and

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then, as we gained it, showing us a new one further on, and this tantalizing game lasting an hour and more, and at every turn becoming more and more vexatious, until at last we grew almost giddy with the torture—still toiling up the Aguacate, having oftentimes to draw in close to the impending rock to let a train of coffee-carts roll by, the night came on. From that out we traveled through the clouds.

Emerging from the clouds, we found ourselves in the city of Athens, or Atenas, away beyond the Aguacate. It is a city of the strictest republican simplicity—a thin sprinkling of modest huts—wherein, if the diviner attributes of Minerva be not perceptible, it is evident that the grave tranquillity of her favorite bird prevails.

In Athens we stopped at a *posada*, to which, with a due appreciation of its resources and refinement, we gave the name of Pericles. The House of Pericles had an amazingly high-peaked roof thatched with plantain-leaves and corn-husks, the interior being furnished with three canvas-back stretchers to sleep on, a flame-colored wood-cut of St. Francis of Assisium, a spendthrift candle stuck in the neck of a bottle, three naked children, and fleas by the million.

Pericles himself, the proprietor of the *posada*, was the smoothest of rogues. Not in appearance, indeed, for his face was dappled all over with something like mustard, his head was shaped like a cocoa-nut, and his teeth, deficient in number, had lost their enamel. But in voice, in walk, in sentiment, in every thing that distinguishes the scholar, the hotel-keeper, the citizen and the gentleman, no one could have been smoother. He was the Pericles of Plutarch. Nay, by the golden grasshoppers of sweet Attica, he was more than this! For, at the very outset, he urged so considerate an argument against giving his guests a bottle of brandy, alleging it was altogether too dear, an objection seldom, if ever, advanced by one of his trade in New York or any where else—he was so frank in acknowledging we might be troubled with fleas during the night, and that the pigs, who had the run of the bedroom as well as the kitchen, encouraged *jiggers* and bugs to the house—and then, when we had stretched ourselves the full length of the stretchers, and had pulled the green and



VOLCANO OF SAN PABLO.

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THE HOUSE OF PERICLES.

red blankets about us, he let down the skimpy dimity curtains so tenderly, and so sweetly wished us good-night, that he seemed to unite—and Don Ramon said so next morning—the gracefulness of Alcibiades, and the goodness of Socrates, with the princely resources of Pericles.

But it was a night of ineffable torture. It was worse, infinitely worse, than the one we spent in Esparza. The fleas carried the house with a stinging majority. The minority of two, Don Ramon and Don Francisco, had to give in, give up, and go out. Stretchers, chairs, the family hammock of blue-and-white stripped cotton swinging across the room, the supper-table to which we retreated with our blankets for a time, the house itself had to be abandoned. An overwhelming siege, it was an unconditional surrender. Nisus and Euryalus, smoking cigars, spent the rest of the night in their *ponchos* and boots in the yard.

There, in the silver light of the stars, with his rugged face sparkling like granite, lay Anselmo, our guide, with his toes sticking out and straight up, as stiff and compressed as a mummy. Over there, against a cart-wheel, two stumpy black pigs lay all-of-a-heap, and snored as though the world were at an end, or no one was in it but themselves. Behind a pile of musty ox-hides, three raw-boned swarthy *arrieros*, fast asleep, with a profound emphasis responded to this resounding couple; while an uneasy dog with a sneaking tail, very tawny, very scrofulous and very thin, kept prowling about the yard, darting out at times under the creaking gate, as a cart rumbled past, or some traveler astride of a mule, keeping late hours, went dismally by.

This night's entertainment at Athens cost us five dollars. Pericles was the sharpest, as well as the smoothest, of rogues. We were off before he had time to afflict us with breakfast.

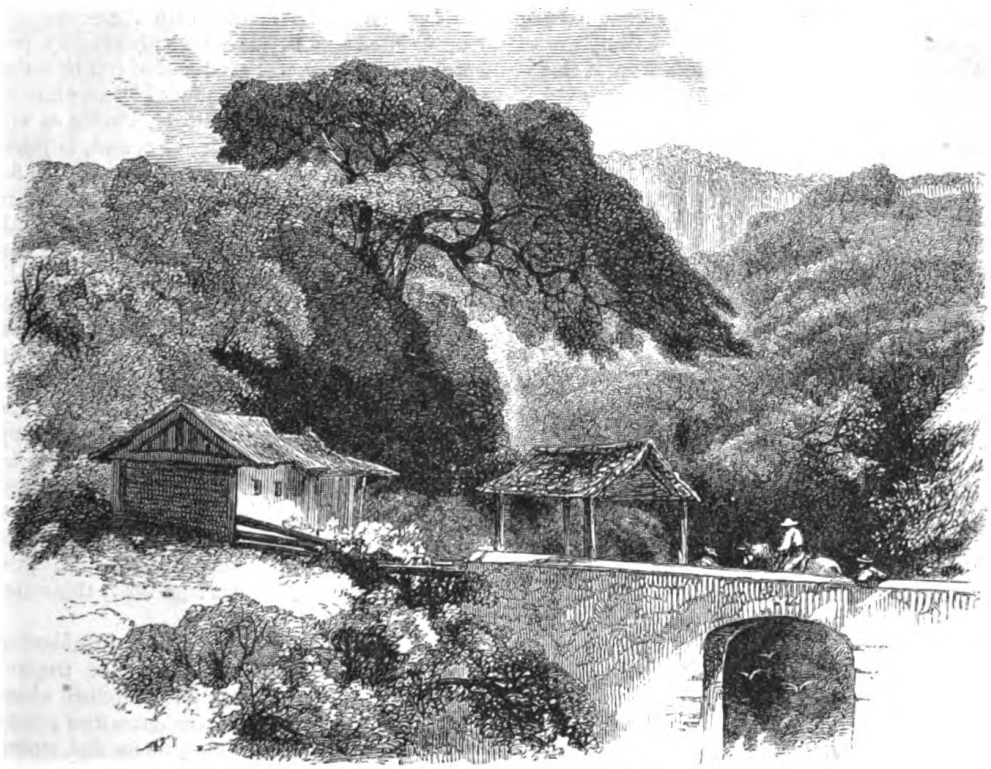
A league beyond Athens we came to the brink of the *quebrada*, which at this point strikes the Rio Grande. Three hundred feet below—filling the chasm with its wild and broken voice, fiercely striking and leaping the black rocks which rose against it—the river rushed, tumbled, and with a swollen tide swept on. The opposite wall of the chasm stood several feet higher than that down which, along a zigzag road, solidly constructed, though utterly unprotected on the

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side which overlooked the precipice, we leisurely walked our mules. Clusters of beautiful pink *bignonias*, clinging to the face of this stupendous wall, gave it the appearance of a cliff of granite colored with a rosy sunset. Masses of *guajiniquil* and wild grape-vine, also, darkening the upper line of the walls, and entangled here and there with the *bignonias*, overhung the waters. On a broad ledge, further down the chasm, stood a gorgeous grove of cacao-trees, upward of a hundred years old, so one of the *guardas* of the Garita told us; and in the shadow of this grove, the waters, and the steep black channel through which they rushed, seemed to deepen before our very eyes and grow darker still. In a straight line, right under us, a stone bridge of one bold arch, with a gate and covered causeway, linked the roads descending to it on both sides of the ravine. It was the bridge of the Garita—the bridge of the Custom-house—and across that bridge all wayfarers bound for the interior are compelled to pass. Any attempt to cross the river, above or below that bridge, is punishable with ten years' imprisonment. This has been already mentioned. But where so grievous a penalty is attached to so venial an offense, it is no harm to renew the warning which the information conveys. Beyond the bridge there is a wooden building, very long and low, and roughly put together, with a roof of red tiles projecting five or six feet beyond the front wall to a row of half a dozen discolored square posts of cedar; and this is the Custom-house.

It is here that barrels are tapped, and boxes have their nails drawn, and bales are ripped open, and trunks are turned inside out, and the revenue of the Republic is for the most part collected.

The letters of introduction we brought to the President, the Bishop of San José, the Minister of State, and other notable citizens of Costa Rica, obtained an unmolested passage for our luggage. It was on the road, miles behind us, jolting and smashing along in the rear of two ponderous bullocks; but whenever it arrived, the Commandant at the Garita in the pleasantest accents assured us the formality of an inspection would be dispensed with. It was due to literature and science, he said, that the luggage of gentlemen devoted to the pursuit of knowledge should be exempt from the formalities to which Westphalian hams and such gross articles were subject. Moreover it was due to the son of the illustrious General Paez. This he added with the most gallant courtesy, lifting his hat and bowing, his cavalry sword sliding away in the dust behind him as he did so. He did more. He was hospitable as he was gallant. Stepping into the Custom-house he brought out a bottle of cogniac, a tumbler, and a cork-screw. Without dismounting, we drank his health and prosperity to Costa Rica. Then it was his turn, and he drank ours, ejaculating a sentiment in honor of Venezuela. Two or three minutes more of pleasant gossip with him; about the game in the neighborhood of the Garita, for he was a sporting character; about the Filibusters, for he fought in Rivas, the 11th of April, 1856, and thought it glorious fun; about his fighting-cocks, for he had an army of them; two or three minutes



THE GARITA ON THE RIO GRANDE.

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more of this *tête-à-tête*, a warm shake-hands and the final *adios*, and up the road we started, leaving the Rio Grande hoarsely roaring in its jagged bed. The deep chasm—the sunset-colored walls overtopping the black waters, the long procession of carts, and mules, and oxen, descending and winding up the opposing cliffs, the groups of soldiers and *carreteros* at the bridge, the bridge itself, the masses of foliage and blossoms relieving the cold hard face of rock, and softening with their shadows the staring wildness of the abyss—all this was forgotten, when, striking the level ground above the river, a vast amphitheatre opened suddenly, boldly, magnificently before us.

Before us were the Plains of Carmen. To the right were the Cordilleras and the volcanic heights of Barba and Irazu. To the left were the mountains of Santa Anna and San Miguel. Breadth, loftiness, infinitude; no paltry sign of human life to blot the scene; the sun in its fullness; the pulsation through the warm earth of distant waters; the rumblings of the thunder in a sky where not an angry speck was visible; wonder, homage, ecstasies; it seemed, indeed, as if we had been disenthralled from the Old World by some glorious magic, and were on the threshold, within sight, in the enjoyment of a new existence!

But what of that vast amphitheatre, overshadowed, and with these immutable sublimities environed? It was once the bed of an immense lake. Suddenly set free by some violent volcanic shock, the waters of the lake exhausted themselves through a rent which now forms the channel and outlet of the Rio Grande. Enormous rocks of calcined porphyry, protruding through the soil and blackening it far and wide, are the testimonies of this convulsion. The Plains of Carmen, the lower portion of the amphitheatre, exhibit a loose dark loam intermixed with quantities of volcanic *detritus*. To this day they have been used as grazing grounds only. With a proper system of irrigation—and such a system, fed by the plenteous rains which fall during the months of June, July, August, September and October, could be easily, cheaply, and extensively carried out—and with, of course, the necessary cultivation, they would yield the sugar-cane, Indian corn, *tapioca*, and other tropical productions in extraordinary abundance. Thus where we have, for the most part, an idle and inanimate wilderness at present, a population of 100,000—in addition to the actual population of the country, computed at something over 130,000—might, in this one section alone, be prosperously sustained. Elsewhere—all over the country, from Lake Nicaragua to the frontier of New Granada—whole nations, such as Portugal and Holland, would find the amplest room and the best of living. The public unappropriated lands, in the northern part of the Republic alone, according to Señor Astaburiaga, amount to millions of acres.

The inducements, held out to emigrants by the Government of Costa Rica, are liberal enough. The public lands are sold at public auction. These vary in price according to their distance from the principal centres of population. Two acres, for instance, in the neighborhood of San José, the capital, will realize from $100 to $150; while in the forest to the North or South, beyond the mountains, 120 acres may be had for $64. The cost for clearing and preparing an acre of forest-land is estimated by the natives at $10; but, as Mr. Squier observes, an American backwoodsman would doubtless do it for one half the sum. The buyer of public land becomes the debtor of the National Treasury. Having paid a certain amount of the purchase-money—in most instances a mere trifle—he takes possession of the land and retains it, paying a yearly interest of 4 per cent. on the balance. In a conversation we had with him, President Mora cordially expressed himself in favor of the largest possible immigration. As an evidence of the sincere good wishes of the Government in this respect, he stated that, three years ago, a loan of $3,000,000 had been negotiated with a mercantile house in Hamburg. The monetary crisis of 1857, however, in which so many lofty houses toppled throughout the United States and Europe, had its evil effect on Costa Rica. The house, with which this loan had been negotiated, broke down just as the negotiation successfully closed. Had the loan been forthcoming, $300,000 would have been devoted to the introduction of skilled labor, mechanic as well as agricultural.

Besides the inducements offered by the Government, the climate as well as the soil of Costa Rica is most inviting and favorable to the emigrant. Of all tropical countries, Costa Rica is the best adapted for the North American and European emigrant. It is the only country, perhaps, in which tropical productions can be raised with perfect impunity and profit by free white labor. Down along the coast, the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, the climate, of course, is grievously injurious, and in some places—Matina for example, situated between the Boca del Toro and San Juan del Norté—it is absolutely fatal. But here—up here in the great valley of San José, four thousand feet above the sea—no climate could be more healthful, genial, and delightful. A worthy friend of mine—a native of Ohio, who has resided the last ten years in San José, and whose scientific proclivities may be inferred from the fact that he is a daguerreotypist as well as an importer of boots—gave me a copy of the tables of the weather and temperature he had constructed during that decade. From these it appears, that, in and about San José, the thermometer ranges between 65° and 75° the year round, seldom below, seldom above either. Stephens, Molina, and Astaburiaga verify this statement.

Nor is the soil of this and the neighboring valleys capable of producing only the tropical fruits, grains, and vegetables. English wheat and clover, the Irish potato, the American pumpkin, peaches, apples, plums, quinces and strawberries, find in these valleys, and up the slopes

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of the surrounding mountains, the most encouraging nurture. The valley of Orosi alone, Mr. Young Anderson informed me, had ample room for 200,000 farmers, and was capable of yielding two full crops of wheat in the year. At present, owing to imperfect cultivation, it yields only one.

But the staple crop of Costa Rica—that which constitutes the principal source of its wealth—that which has been the means of evoking it from indigence and obscurity, and rendering it, in a commercial point of view, one of the most solid, as in the social it is one of the happiest, while in the political it is, perhaps, the most influential of the Central American Republics—is unquestionably the coffee-crop. From 1819, when the Padre Valverde planted the first tree, the cultivation of the plant has steadily increased. Having passed the plains of Carmen, eleven miles from San José, we come upon the first of the plantations. From that out they occupy the entire of the valley—the entire upper portion of the bed of the ancient lake. They extend, too, right and left all along the road from San José to Cartago—a distance of twelve miles—and are to be met with at the base of the Candelaria, and in the valleys of the mountains, and on the *plateaux*, twenty, thirty, forty miles beyond them again. In 1850 the yield was 14,000,000 pounds. The average crop is 12,000,000 pounds. The crop this year—they gather it in January—exceeded the average by 5,000,000 pounds.



THE PARENT COFFEE-TREE OF COSTA RICA.

But to me the most gratifying fact educed from the agricultural statistics of the country, is this paramount one—two-thirds of the population constitute a landed-proprietory. Almost every man has his farm, his mules, his oxen, his poultry, his pigs, his sugar or his coffee plantation. The very men we had seen, barefooted and in draggled linen, descending the Aguacate, winding through the forest beyond the Barranca, carting the coffee to the port, were landlords as well as *carreteros*. This—more than the purity of their Spanish blood, an advantage which, speaking of ninety cases out of every hundred, has not been impaired by any intermixture with the Negro or the Indian—this is the secret of their industry. This the secret of their manhood. This the secret of their promptitude, their pluck, their success in war. This the secret of the perfect tranquillity, the absence of crime, the substantial progress, the political unity, the national spirit, and, to sum up all, the dauntless independence of the country. Every man is at home, and feels at home. Every man has a fireside to fight for, and well he knows that the inviolability of that fireside depends upon the inviolability of the laws, and the liberty of the country. In a Republic there is nothing like having every inhabitant a citizen, every citizen a magistrate, every magistrate a soldier. Where the inhabitant has a vital and indestructible stake in the country—in other words, where he is a landlord, be his fee-simple estate large or small—he will be a citizen, though you give him no suffrage; he will be a magistrate, though you give him no commission; he will be a soldier, though you give him no pay. Political privileges, without such property, are little more than flattering illusions; or, growing to be more, may be instruments of disorder, subjection for the multitude, and tyranny with the few. Accompanied by property that is subject neither to invasion nor dis-

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pute, the political privileges of the individual are sure to be the inflexible instruments of good order, unpurchasable safeguards against corruption, and the gratuitous defenses of the nation.

Two leagues and a half from San José we stopped to breakfast at the *posada* of La Asuncion. With its broad white face shining through the clouds of yellow dust which the coffee-carts still continued to roll up, we found this *posada* a sweet retreat. The windows, the walls, the floor were clean and bright as those of a Yorkshire dairy. The atmosphere was fresh and richly scented. The furniture—quaintly shaped, curiously and lavishly carved, all of black mahogany—looked as though it were assiduously polished. And so it was. The three plump black-diamond-eyed, sprightly girls—daughters of the healthy widowed lady of the house whose



OUR WIDOWED HOSTESS AT LA ASUNCION.

likeness we have here—were living assurances of that, as they glided round the table with overflowing cups of delicious chocolate, the milkiest eggs conceivable, and oranges from the trees which shaded and perfumed the house. In every respect the breakfast at La Asuncion had the advantage of the breakfast at San Mateo, though the garlic, with which the stewed beef was stuffed to suffocation, might have been dispensed with. The Chili peppers more than sufficed to heighten the flavor of the feast. They drew tears even from the eyes of Don Ramon, who, from infancy, had been accustomed to them. One of the Superintendents of the road entered before we had quite got through, took a cup of chocolate from the most luxuriant of the attendant Graces, and delicately intimating that he did so with our permission, rolled up a *cigarillo*, and lit it with his *mecha*. The *mecha* is a long round skein of prepared cotton, ignited by a flint and steel, whenever it's required, and being drawn through an extinguisher attached to it by a hook and chain, is just as easily put out. Almost every one in Costa Rica carries a *mecha*, and the extinguisher, hook and chain, in many instances, are made of silver, and sometimes of gold.

From La Asuncion into San José the road was in the best condition. It was broad, compact, and level. There was a deep trench on either side, an embankment, and a bristling fence. The fence was shady too, for the green stakes of *yuca* with which it is constructed take root, throwing out limbs and leaves in such profusion that the *machetes* have at times to be brought against them, so as to keep them within bounds, and preserve that prim civilized appearance which the circumstance of their being on the high-road to San José, and close up to it, requires. Gangs of laborers, moreover, were busy at different points, filling up ruts, breaking stones, clearing out the trenches, strewing gravel, or over some fresh patch of rubbish, grit and mortar, hauling a monstrous roller after them.

Then came the coffee-plantations, laid out in squares and avenues with the strictest regularity, the delicate dark-green foliage glistening with the sunshine—glistening as though it were suffused with gold—and the fragrance of the blossoms, white and soft as snow-flakes, exhaling in the hazy heat—blending the mildest sweetness of the earth with the fiercest glory of the sky. Then came the Bridge of Ibirilla—*El Puente de Arco de Ibirilla*, as it is set forth on tables of stone inserted in the battlements—with the Rio Grande sweeping over a sunken bed of lava-rock—sweeping over it with the thoughtless brilliancy of youth, with musical whisperings and laughter as it were, ignorant of its prescribed career, for it has yet a desperate race to run—has yet the chasm of the Garita to battle through—has yet three thousand feet to fall. Over a sunken bed of lava-rock it sweeps. Crossing the bridge a huge mass of this same rock overhung the road on our left. Below the bridge—breaking through the thick clusterings of *rexia* and *convolvulus* which cling to it—ten thousand tons of it, smelted into one steep cliff, overhung the rushing waters. Of the tremendous shock which tore asunder the walls of the sea once occupying this vast *plateau*, and which gave liberty to the imprisoned waves, the evidences, as we have already said, multiply themselves on every side.

In gentle contrast with them were the long lines of neat white cottages which extend both sides of the road, from the Bridge of Ibirilla to the municipal limits of San José. These lines are broken by farm-yards, *huertas* and plantations only, all of which exhibit signs of the most careful industry, confirming the favorable impression of Costa Rica which the more striking incidents and features of the road, the grand procession of the coffee-carts, the quietude and propriety of the little towns, the comfortable look of the *haciendas*, the aspect and bearing of the people themselves, produced.

Sun-burned, coated with dust, sweltering a little and somewhat chafed, in our red flannel shirts

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and overall boots, both the one and the other rumpled and wrinkled, decidedly the worse for the wear, but nevertheless in the brightest good humor—returning with smiles, and sometimes with winks, the inquisitive glances which from door-ways and iron-barred windows signaled our coming—between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, we rode into San José, the capital of the Republic of Costa Rica.

Jogging past the Artillery Barracks—at the rickety gate of which there stood a sentinel in soiled linen, with sandals of untanned ox-hide strapped to his heels and toes—then past the Palace of the Government, concerning which, and the other notable buildings and institutions of San José, we shall say a word or two in another chapter of our Holidays—we dismounted at the door of the *Hotel de Costa Rica*. Ascending the staircase as leisurely and gracefully as our big boots and spurs would permit, we leaned over the banister at the first landing, and wished good-by to Anselmo. At sundown that mysterious creature set out for Punta Arenas, back the road which Nisus and Euryalus had come, with the three mules straggling behind him, the last being tied by the nose to the tail of the next one, and that one again being made fast in the same way to the other before him.

Viewing it from the pretty balcony of the room into which we were shown by an amiable fat boy from Heidelberg, whose name was Charlemagne, the capital of Costa Rica appeared to be a compact little city, cross-barred with narrow streets, roofed with red tiles. There were flag-staffs and belfries too, and tufts of shining green foliage breaking through those red tiles—breaking through them here and there, and every where—and beyond and above them, but quite close to us it seemed, were the mountains of San Miguel—brown steeps cloven into valleys, and throwing out other heights, abrupt and black, in the deep shadow of which the smoke of the burning forest rolled up slowly and with a fleecy whiteness, and all over the slopes of which the fields of sugar-cane fairly glittered, their verdure was so vivid.

May Heaven be with it—the bright, young, brave city of the Central Andes—the silent but industrious, the modest but prosperous, the inoffensive but undismayed metropolis of the Switzerland of the Tropics!

Radiantly reposing there, with the palm-trees fanning it — the *mangos* shadowing its little court-yards—the snow-white and snow-like blossoms of the coffee-tree, the glossy, smooth, rich foliage of the *guayaba* and sweet lemon, the orange and banana breaking through the waste of red tiles, and filling the serene air with perfume—herds of cattle, the finest in the world, grazing in the paddocks or *potreros* without the suburbs, or with a grand docility toiling through its streets, carrying to the market-place the produce of the peasant, or to his home conveying back such accessories to his comfort as the ships from England, Hamburg, Guatemala, and France import, or such as the Panama railroad from more ingenious work-shops, for some time past, has hurried up—each one at his business, none idle, none too conceited to trade or work—an independent spirit, aiming at an independent livelihood, animating all—the machinery of the Government working steadily, and for its ordained ends, with a commensurate success, though not, perhaps, with the high pressure and expansion which Democrats of infinite views, as some of us are, might with an impetuous rhetoric advise—a growing desire for a closer intercourse with the world, dissipating its fears and prejudices, quickening its intelligence, ennobling its counsels, and opening out, as the proposed new road to the Serapiqui will do, even



ADIOS TO ANSELMO.

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through the wilderness where no white foot until this day has been, new channels for the enterprise, the resources, and the credit of the country—the National Flag, which through the vanishing ranks of no despicable adversaries has been victoriously borne, flying from the Barracks and the Palace of the Government, kindling in every native heart a just pride and a fearless patriotism—with all this before us, how could we do otherwise than invoke for that brave little city of the Central Andes—as I do now and ever shall—the sympathies of the American people and the shield of Providence?

Oh! may that Providence — typified by the vast mountain of Irazu which overshadows it, and which has long since quenched its fires and become a glory instead of a terror to the scene —protect it to the end of time; and safe amidst the everlasting hills—prosperous and inviolable —through many an improving epoch may it teach the lesson, that nations may be great—great in honest industry, great in the goodness of domestic life, great in the less ostentatious arts of peace, great in patriotism, great in heroism, great in being the living illustration of this inspiring lesson—though no navy rides the sea for them, and their territory be small!

INSECTS DESTRUCTIVE TO WHEAT.

WHEAT and cow's milk are intimately concerned with the physical and intellectual progress of our species. Not only have the small-eared grasses (*hordeacea* and *avenacea*) followed

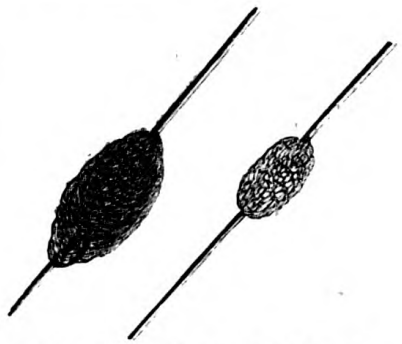


FIGURE 2.—COCOONS OF WHEAT MIDGE.

civilized and progressive man all over the world, making their home wherever nature welcomed him, their master, but all experience and history tells that the more highly cultivated any nation has become, the more attention has it given to the culture of these grains. Thus, we conclude that that people whose chief food is wheaten flour, and whose chief stimulant is the juice of stall-fed beef, is in the high-road of progress. It seems hard; but not only the body but the soul grows on that wheat-bread and juicy beef which has made the Anglo-Saxon race the foremost of the world. If such is the importance of a single grain to the civilized world, any thing conducing to the improving of this food, increasing it in quality and quantity, becomes a paramount question with those who govern and those who are governed. Every hint, every suggestion will be snatched at eagerly by those who have studied the momentous question of raising up a

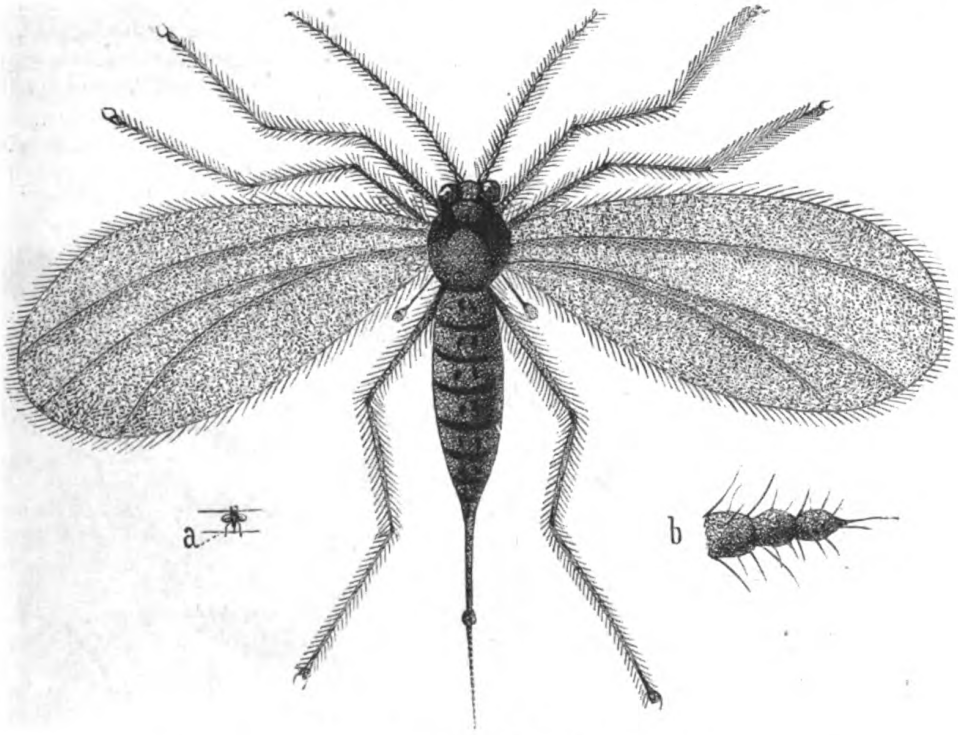


FIGURE 1.—WHEAT MIDGE.

a. Natural size. *b*. Last joint of antenna

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nation to the highest standard of manhood by good feeding and good schooling. These are inseparable; train-oil, clay-balls, man's flesh, and shell-fish are the antipodes of the schoolmaster and his ferule.

Wheat is said to grow wild upon the steppes of Tartary. Ehrenberg and Humboldt found it growing on the banks of the Samara as they journeyed toward the Caspian. Rye, barley, and oats are to be found throughout all these regions growing spontaneously, although the first seldom, if ever, thus propagates itself. Michaux found wheat in its uncultivated state at Hamadan, in Persia. Diodorus Siculus mentions that it grew wild in the Leontine fields and other parts of Sicily. In the Bible it is alluded to very often. It was embalmed — a *living* companion — with the ancient mummies of Egypt, and some of us moderns are perchance eating bread from seed garnered in Joseph's granaries or in the mightier pyramids. Homer, Virgil, all the old poets, sing its praises. Ceres, the wheat-crowned goddess, is metaphorically only a loaf of bread, as Bacchus signifies a flask of wine. Sprengel, the best authority on this subject, asserts that the greater part of these European grains were found wild in the northern parts of Persia and India, summer wheat particularly in the country of the Musicanes, a province in Northern India. Now the question arises how it reached us; who can tell us? There are several legends—one is, that the honor must be divided between the Virgin Mary and the wife of a Spanish nobleman who followed her husband to the country of the Incas; but we can not designate where she planted her first crop. Another is, that a negro slave, belonging to Cortez, found *three* grains among rice brought from Spain as provision for his army, planted them, and from these it spread far and near. At Quito, in the Franciscan convent, is preserved with holy awe, as a relic, the earthen jug from which

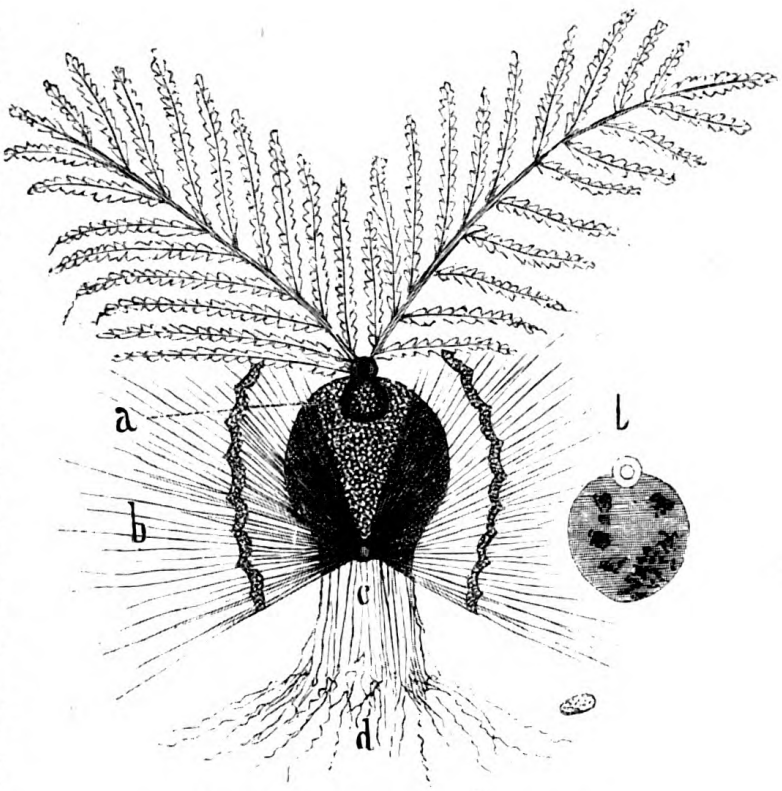


FIGURE 3.—GERMINATION OF A WHEAT GRAIN.

a. Core, or kernel. *b*. Receptacle for seed. *c*. Roots. *d*. Fibres conveying nourishment. *l*. Larvæ feeding, in their early stage.

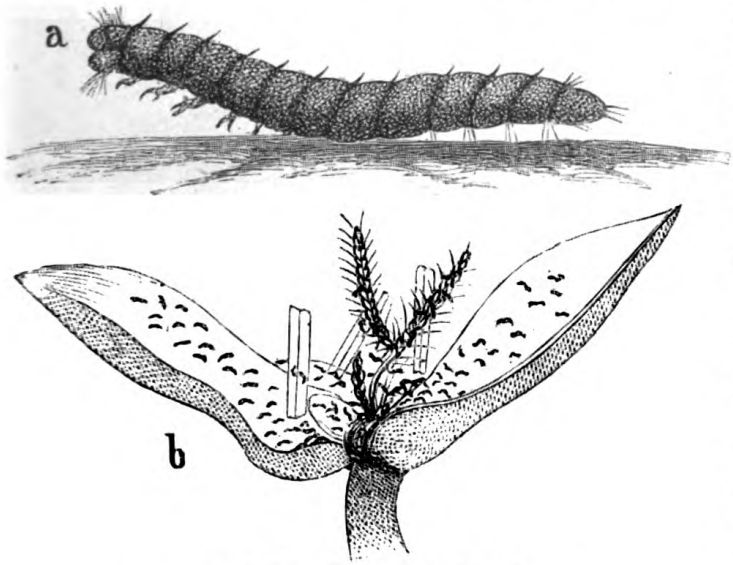


FIGURE 4.—LARVA OF WHEAT MIDGE.

a. After last moulting. *b* Feeding.

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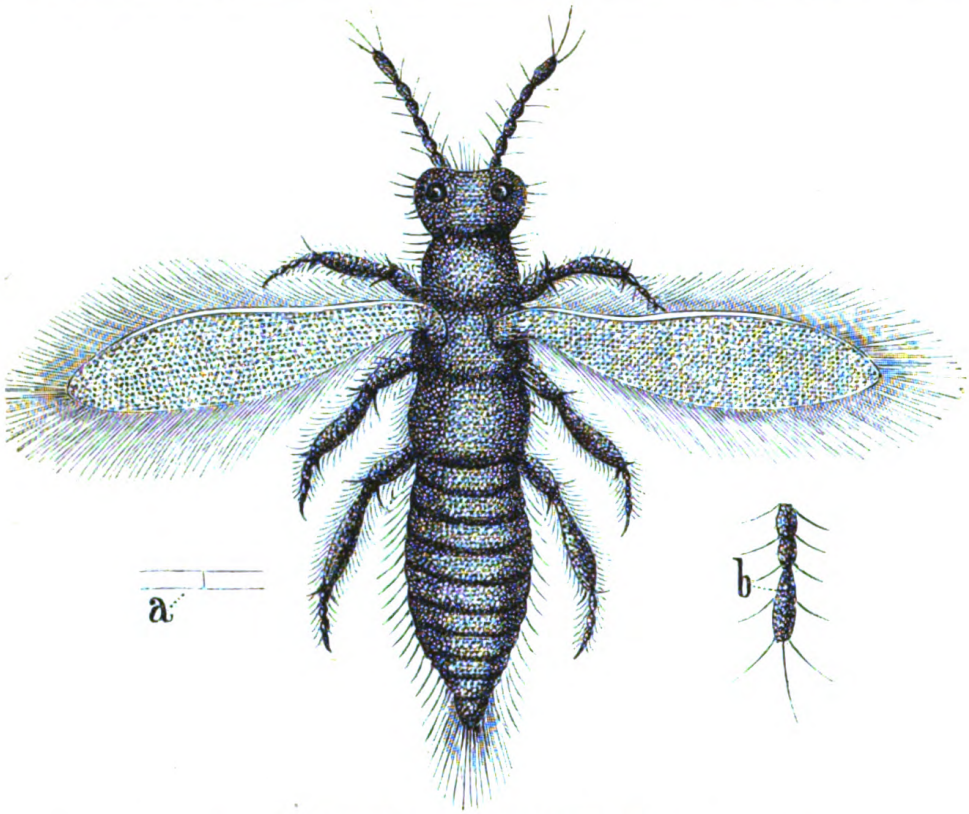


FIGURE 5.—THRIPS TRITICI AMBULATUM.

a. Natural size. *b*. Last joint of antennæ.

a monk, a native of Flanders, Fra Jodoco Rixi (write his name in letters of gold), sowed the first wheat known on this continent, cutting down the forest for this purpose where now stands the famous Plazuela de San Francisco. Humboldt mentions that the monks of this convent solicited him to explain the motto encircling this valuable vessel; they supposed it had some mystic relation to the wheat it once contained. It is in the old German dialect, and reads: "Whoso drinks from me let him not forget his God."

Notice how the results of the wheat crops are watched, chronicled, summed up from year to year, to tell of increase or decrease. This shows the value man places on a grass once wild as the

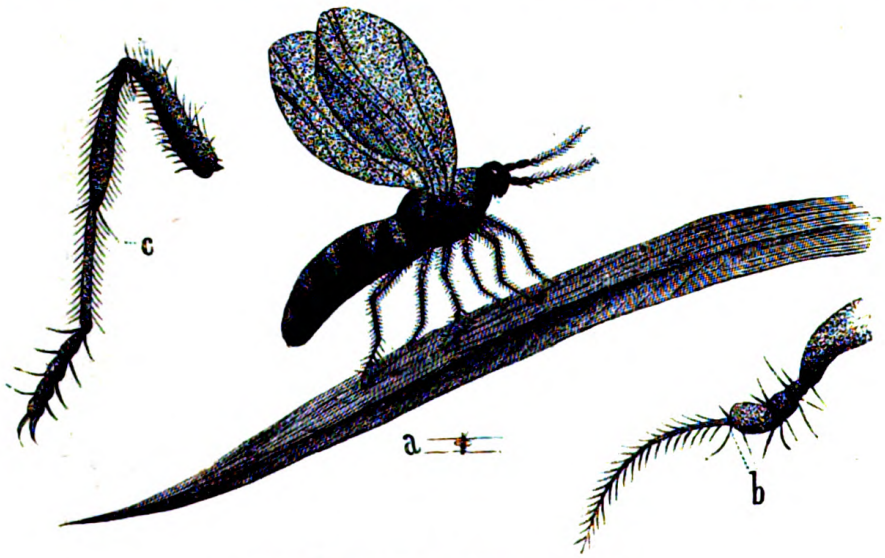


FIGURE 6.—MOW FLY (AGROMYZA T. CAPETIS).

a. Natural size. *b*. Last joint of antennæ. *c*. Leg.

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harebell, on which now depends the stability of governments, the very existence of thrones. How these magic words, "the fly," "the bug," "the worm," "the weevil," carry terror with them as they are softly whispered from farm-door to farm-door, until they reach official places, making hearts hot and lips tremble at even their names. The great importance of this grass to us is most distinctly exhibited by the astonishing number of insects besetting it. If all years were alike in crops man would become positively idle. He does not naturally like work; and if not made to plow the earth for positive sustenance, he would bask in noontide joys and ask the ravens to feed him. Besides, it adds stimulant to his exertions to plant, and watch who shall reap—he or the insects—the little winged atoms always busy fulfilling their duties and whispering in his ear, "It is in vain you rise early and eat the bread of carefulness, unless you ask Him who giveth all things to stay our progress." It is said thirty thousand are known to exist on this plant alone. Does this not proclaim an Omnicient eye and an Omnipotent hand protecting and feeding us? There is not a fibre, a nerve of a leaf, a hair of the beard, a rootlet, a fleck of the pollen, an atom of stalk, straw, grain, or stubble but has its thousand consumers; and yet what crops are made! And a man must be poor indeed in this country who has not his daily wheaten loaf, such as, a few centuries ago, would have been paid for by great monarchs in its weight of gold.

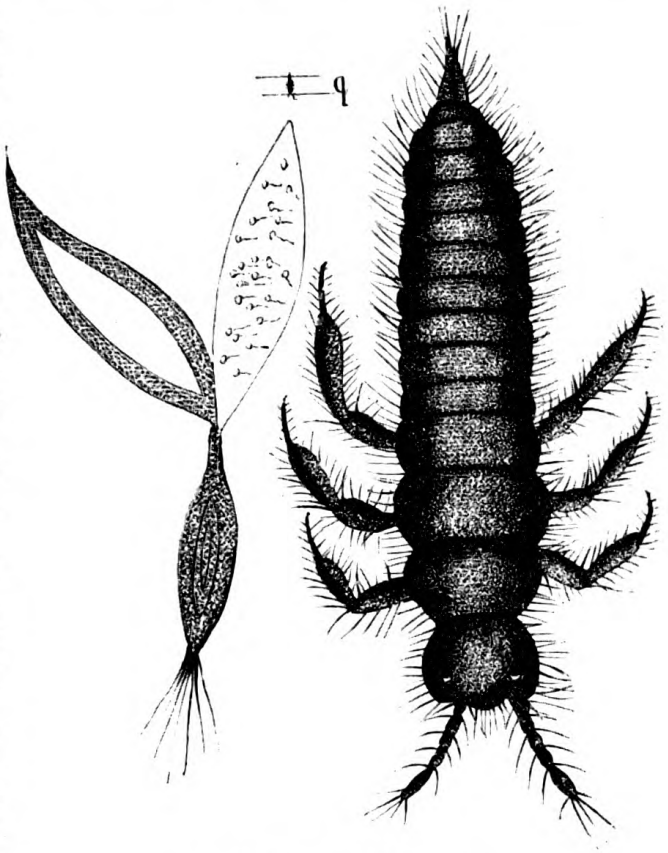


FIGURE 7.—LARVA OF THRIPS.
q. Natural size.

For your amusement and, I hope, instruction let us examine some of these wheat destroyers. The most important of them at this time is the wheat midge (*Cecidomyia tritici*—Figure 1). "It is," says Harris, "a small orange-colored

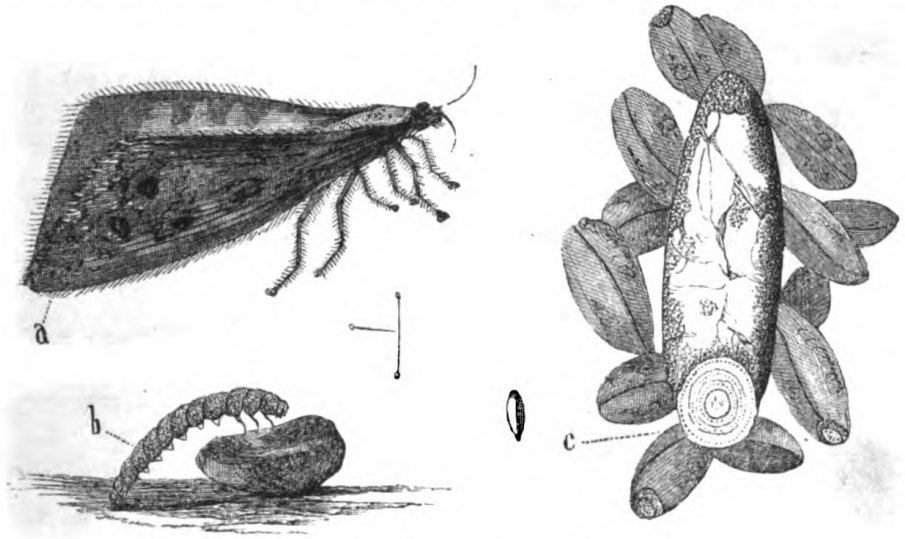


FIGURE 8.—ENPLOCANUS GRANELLA.
a. Moth. *b*. Larva. *c*. Cocoons.

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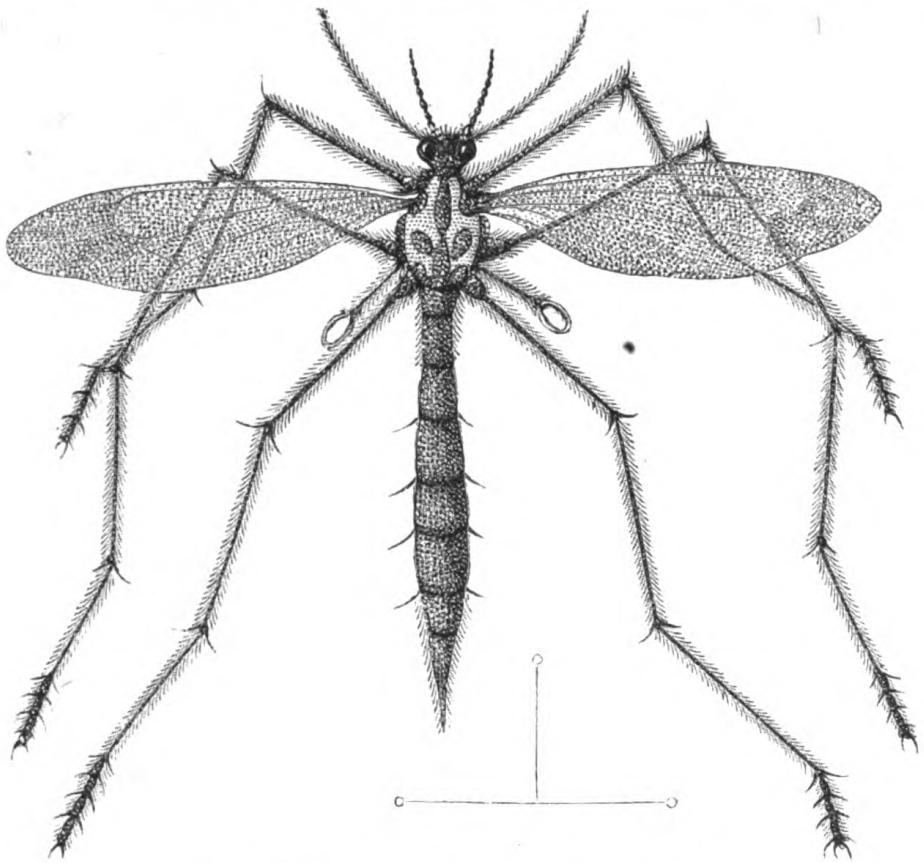


FIGURE 9.—THE TIPULA DESTRUCTOR, OR WHEAT CRANE FLY.

guat, with long slender legs, and two transparent wings, which reflect the tints of the rainbow." In Figure 3 is given the germination of a grain of wheat. You can there perceive the habitat of her larvæ. With a retractile ovipositor, four times the length of her body, and as fine as a hair, she deposits her eggs in the glumes of the florets of the grain. They hatch, if the weather is favorable, in six or eight days, and hasten down to the heart or core of the grain—the only part they destroy. As they grow they proceed to inhabit the entire flower (Figure 4), the grain of course becoming shriveled and useless. Hundreds may be found on a stalk at a time, and after a shower of rain the field, covered with these little yellow wrigglers, looks as if tipped

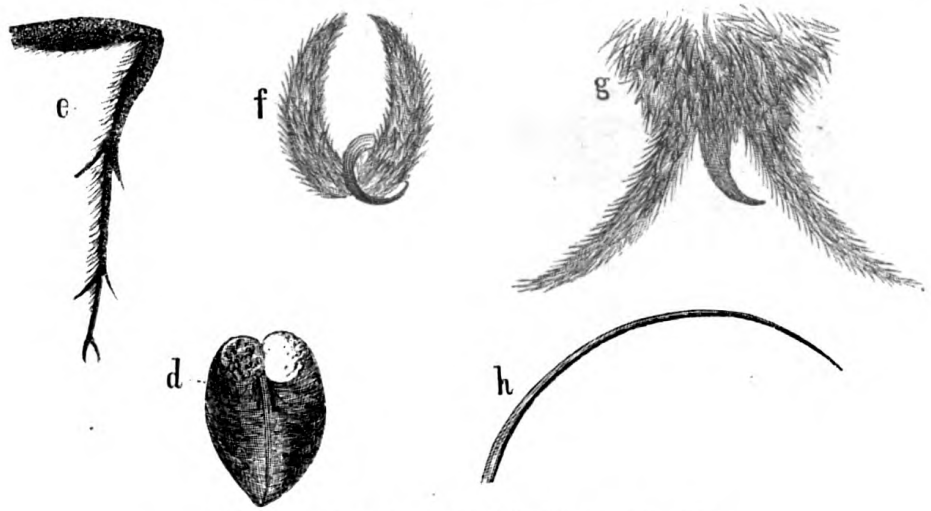


FIGURE 10.—PARTS OF THE TINEI HORDEI, OR GRAIN MOTH.

e. Leg. *f*. Feeler, recurved. *g*. Feelers, bent down. *h* Bristle.
d. Wheat grain, showing division.

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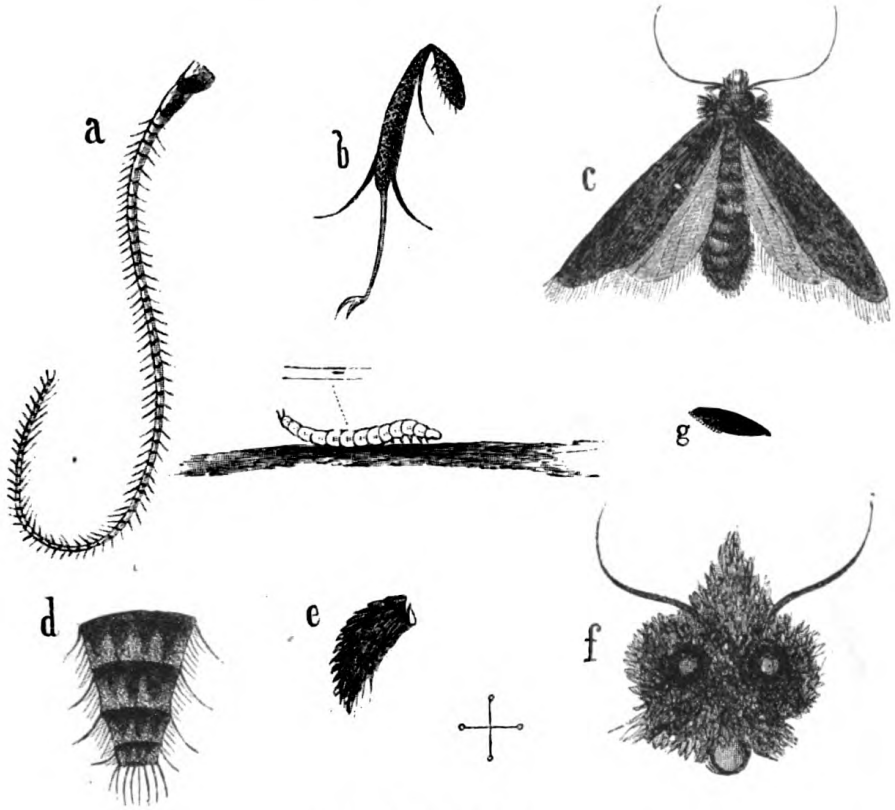


FIGURE 11.—THE AWN MOTH.

a. Antenna. *b.* Leg. *c.* The Awn Moth. *d.* Last joint of antenna. *e.* Palpi. *f.* Face. *g.* Feather on palpi.

with gold. As the milk ceases they reach maturity. After the first moulting the worm is torpid for a while, and appears to have elongated itself by one more segment than could be perceived at first, having now twelve, including the line around the head. It likewise obtains a very minute spine on each line of the body, and two or three coarse ones, marking where the feet should be. It is much yellower than at first. A day or two more and it becomes less active. August has now arrived, and it rests for a while, for the grain has hardened, and it can feed no more. It now hastens to the end of the leaf, and, dropping to the ground, burrows down about two inches deep, closes up the rings of the body in the manner this family of Tipula adopts, and in the pupa case remains securely until the following June or July, when you may perceive them soaring up from the ground in clouds to commence the same routine of destruction.

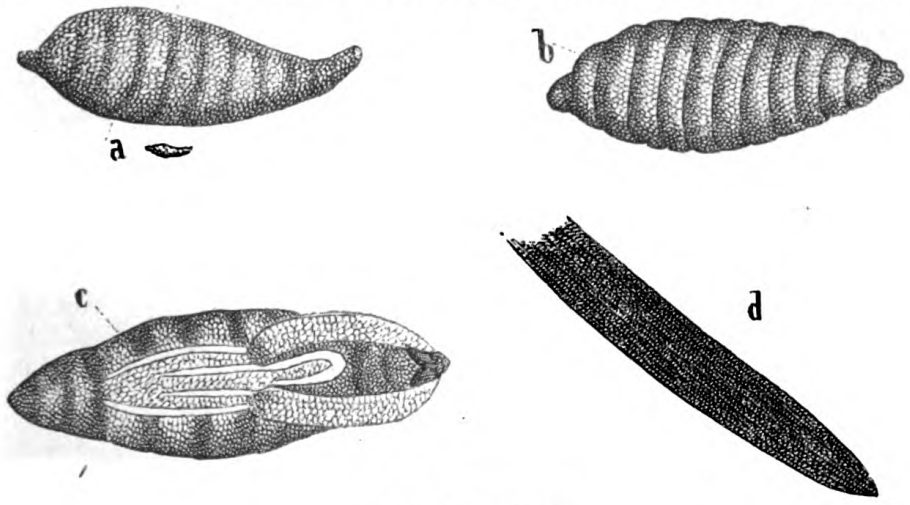


FIGURE 12.—HESSIAN FLY.

a. Larva. *b.* Puparium. *c.* Pupa in the case. *d.* Dried parenchyma of a leaf.

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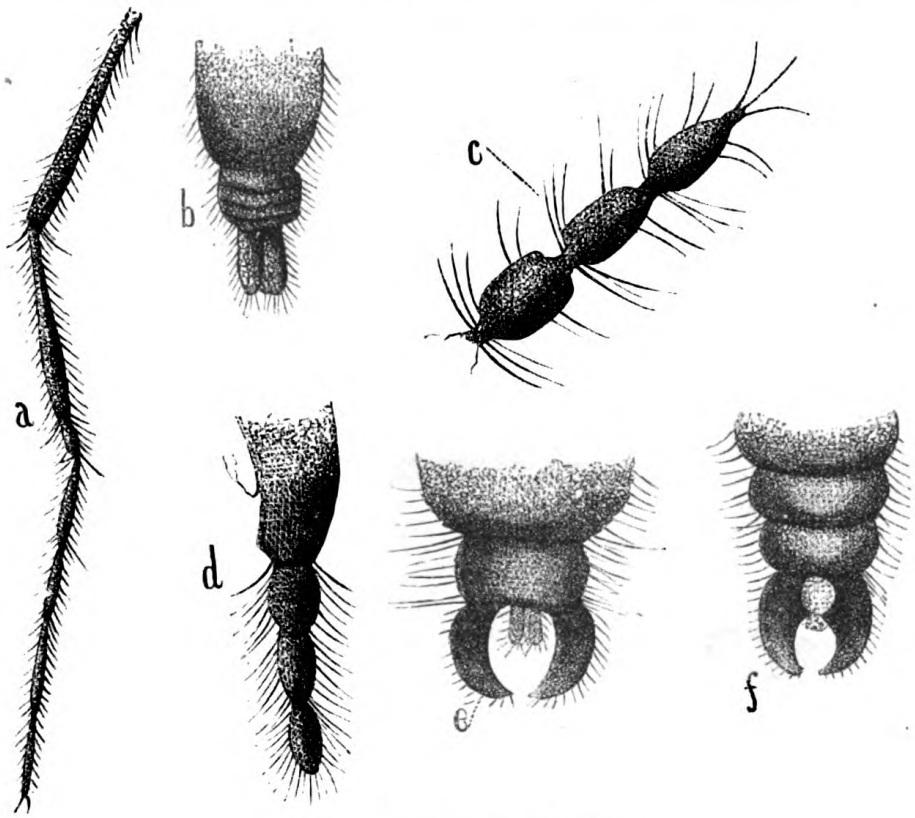


FIGURE 13.—PARTS OF THE HESSIAN FLY.
a. Leg. *b*. Ovipositor of female. *c*. Last joints of antenna. *d*. Palpi. *e, f*. Abdomen of the male.

You can scarcely examine an ear of wheat any where throughout this country without coming across three or more varieties of the insect shown in Figure 5. *Thrips* belongs to the Hemiptera order. This family, *Thripididæ*, is beyond computation. A few days ago I saw in a rose,

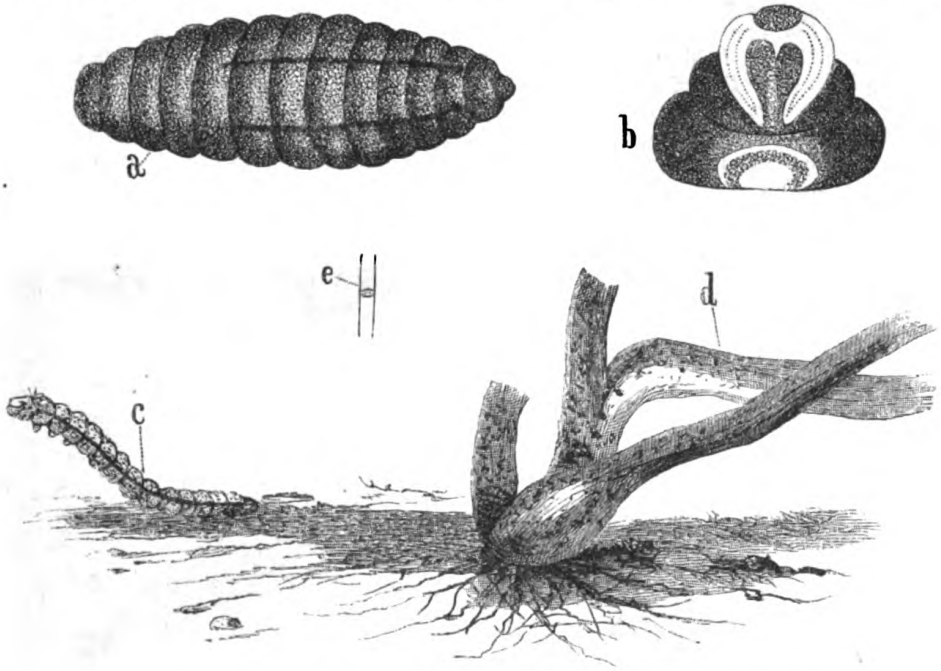


FIGURE 14.—PARTS OF THE MOW FLY.
a. Pupa *b*. Under side of puparium. *c*. Larva. *d*. Larvæ feeding. *e*. Life size of pupa.

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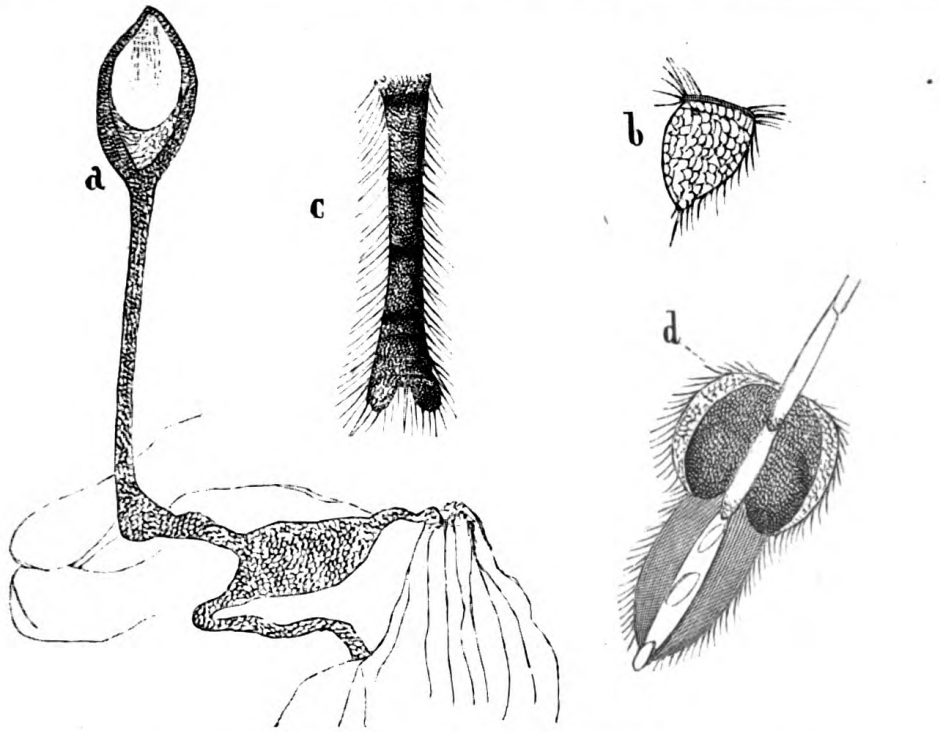


FIGURE 15.—PARTS OF TIPULA DESTRUCTOR.

a. Haltiere. *b.* Eye. *c.* Abdomen of male. *d.* Ovipositor.

by the aid of a glass, more than four varieties. This one before you I have always found solely on the wheat. It may, after the plant is too old to afford it food, take to another; but I have met it nowhere but on this plant during the summer months. It is very small, and of a darker reddish hue than its confrères; its wings are clearer than others of this family, and deeply fringed. The legs are lighter than the body. I have named it *Thrips tritici ambulatum*, for it does sometimes *walk*, while the rest of this family literally "pitch into" every thing, leaping,

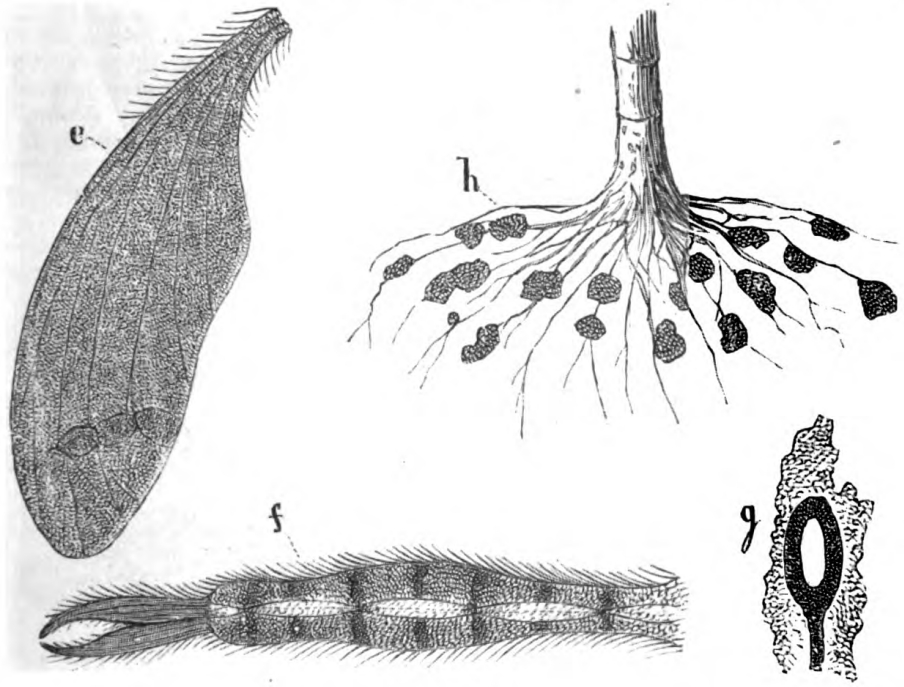


FIGURE 16.

e. Wing of "Daddy-long-legs." *f.* Body of female Tipula. *g.* Puparium. *h.* Wheat-roots with dirt-balls attached.

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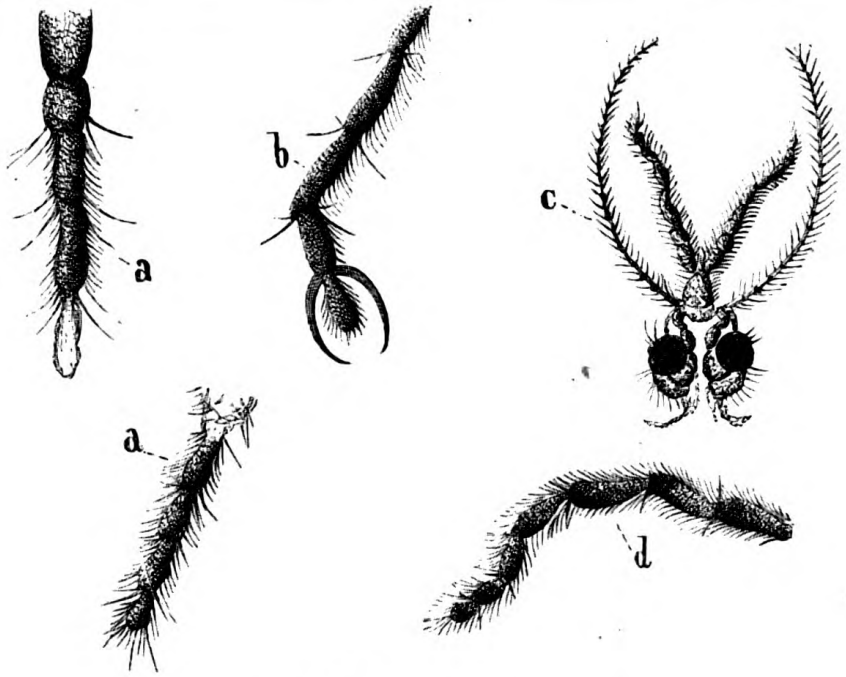


FIGURE 17.—PARTS OF TIPULA DESTRUCTOR.
a, a. First and last joints of antennæ. *b.* Foot. *c* Face. *d.* Palpi.

tumbling, skipping, with all the activity of fleas. I met this insect many years ago in Canada, and have found her yearly on hand, some years more numerous than others. They are exceedingly destructive in every stage of their growth. The eggs (Figure 19) are deposited by the mother on

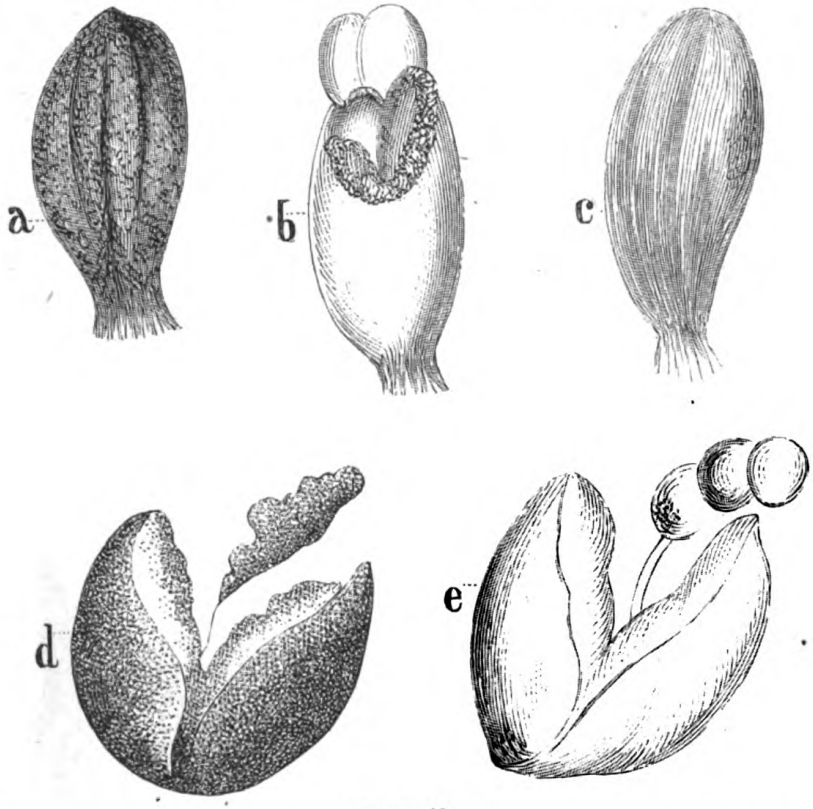


FIGURE 18.
c. Healthy wheat-kernel. *a.* Unhealthy wheat-kernel. *b.* The same, three days after planting. *d.* The same, five days after planting. *e.* Healthy grain, five days after planting.

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the outside of the flower leaves, and are not perceptible without a glass. They are of a dark rusty color, hung to a foot-stalk, twisted and crinkled up like a cork-screw. As soon as the larvæ are hatched they run about puncturing all around them with their small beaks, and the "pungled" and shrunken grains mark their progress. The larva illustrated in Figure 7 resembles the perfect insect, and its habits are similar; but it can not fly—its wings are scarcely now perceptible. As they grow older they change their skins and come forth with wings. They are literally the *Aphidii* of the wheat plant. Linnæus classed them in this family; but Mr. Halliday has withdrawn them in his able memoir, raising them to a distinct order, under the name of Thysanoptera. But, under whatever name, they are very troublesome, and commit great havoc, small and insignificant as they are. The short line between the long lines (Figure 7) will give you the dimensions of a giant of this family of torments.

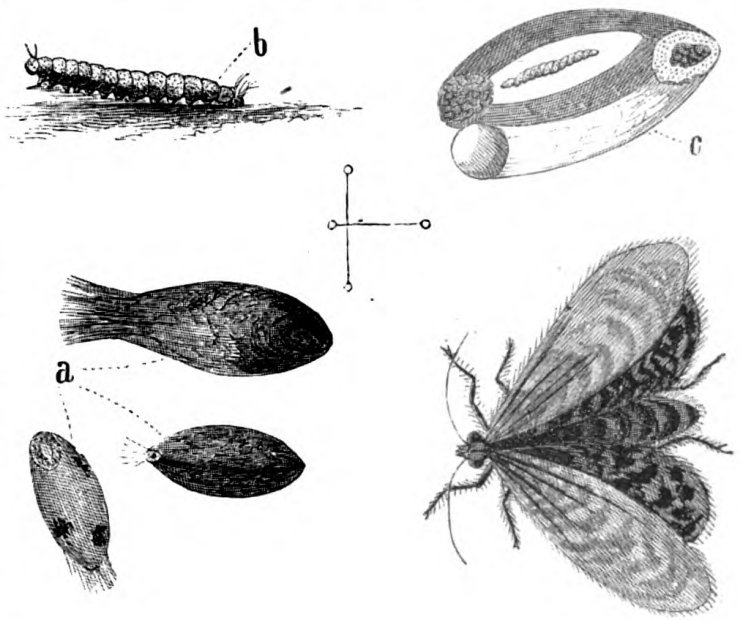


FIGURE 19.—GRAIN MOTH.
a. Eggs of Thrips on wheat grains. *b.* Larva. *c.* Larva in its cocoon.

Next comes a very pretty little Mow fly—the *Agromyza tritici capetis* (Figure 6) I call it—because its head is so much out of proportion to the rest of its body. It bears a strong resemblance to the Agromyza tritici of Dr. Fitch, but is more of a black and buff color, smooth and glossy, and has abundance of hair on its brow. There is a decided difference in the nervures of the wings. In Figure 21 you see first the wing of the Doctor's fly; the second is the wing of the celebrated Marwich fly, which created so much alarm in England, having been mistaken for the Hessian fly; the third is the wing of a larger specimen I have met in the Eastern States. You might easily mistake this insect for the young of a house fly. You will find her oftenest depositing her eggs near the joints, but she does not seem to have any particular place. The worm resembles that of the wheat midge so closely you would easily mistake one for the other; but as they grow older they have a black line down their backs. They feed in the same manner as the midge's larvæ; for let them be placed where they may, they will find their way to the grain; and long after the larva of the midge has disappeared, you will find these finishing the débris of the former's

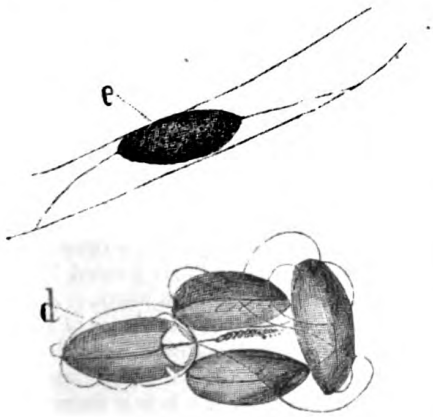


FIGURE 20.
d. Larva of Tinea granella commencing her habitation.
e. Cocoon, hung in a crack.

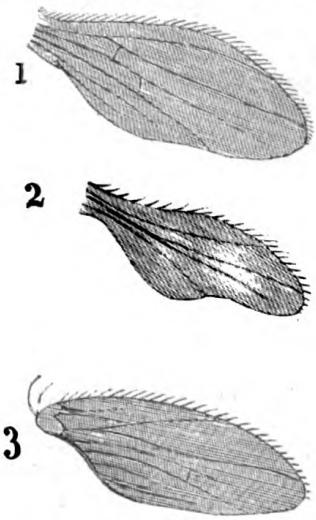


FIGURE 21.
1. Wing of Dr. Fitch's Mow Fly. 2. Wing of Marwich Fly.
3. Wing of Eastern States Fly.

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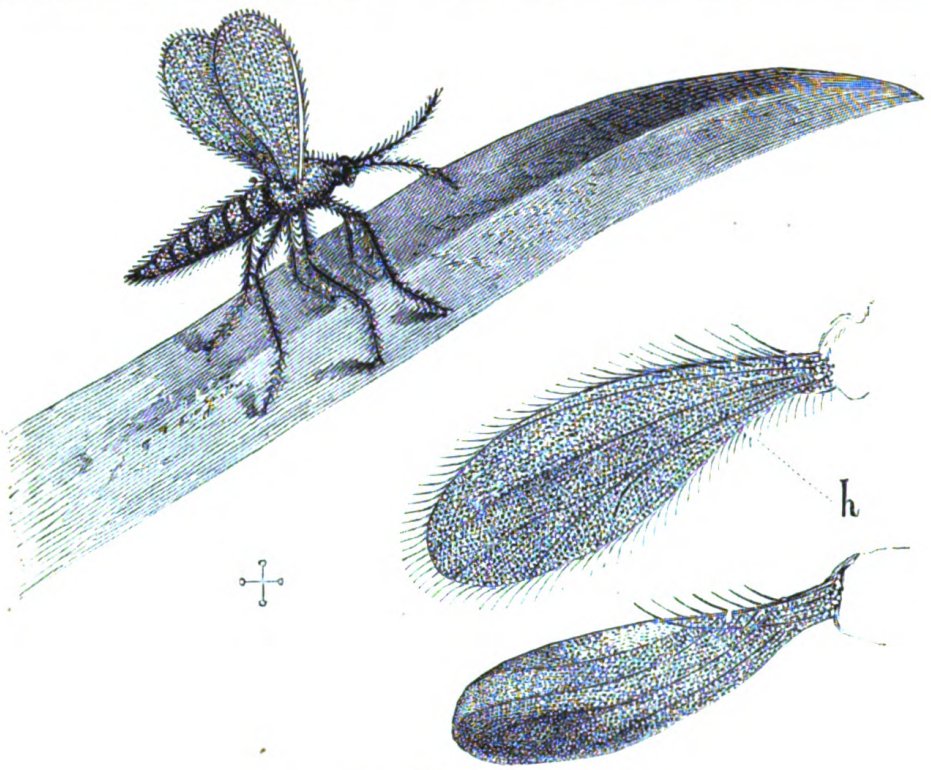


FIGURE 22.—HESSIAN FLY.
Wing of Lebanon Wheat-fly. h. Wing of Hessian Fly

repast. It undergoes its transformation (Figure 14) in the same manner as the house fly, descending into the earth and contracting itself into a pupa, and remaining snugly within until its food is prepared in the next season. They are more numerous than people are aware of; and when their habits and numbers have been ascertained, great will be the astonishment to perceive what mischief these pretty little things can accomplish. Fortunately for us, they are closely pursued by a large family of parasites quite capable of subduing them, so as to preserve Nature's great law—a balance of power.

Now let me introduce you to a member of *l'ancienne régime* (Figure 19). She has a number of titles, first of which is *Anacampsis cerealella*—the former the genus she belongs to—"Anacampsis" meaning, in Greek, "recurved;" their long slender feelers being, in this family of Yponomentians, always curved backward over their heads. In 1789 she was called by Olivier *Alucita cerealella;* Latrielle writes her down *Œcophora granella;* then again she is hailed as *Ypsolophus granellus;* and another cognomen is *Tinei hordei*, from hordium barley. An American writer has converted her into a *fly-weevil.* She is in reality, although performing under so many masks, the celebrated and ancient *Angoumois grain-moth*—the Tinei hordei of later days, though her substitute in this country is wheat. Now you will ask, Where is Angoumois? Alas! if it was not for this little moth even the name would be forgotten of this once rich, gay, wheat-growing department of *la belle* France. It wants now only a few months of completing the century when her depredations were so very overwhelming in the wheat-fields of this province that learned men were sent from Paris, Reaumur at their head, to study her habits and stay her proceedings. Reaumur has given us, in his "Memoires," particulars which assure us of her identity. She has forgotten nothing of her antecedents, and is as bustling and busy in our Yankee granaries as ever she was at home in her own sunny province. She looks a very modest, retiring dame in her Quaker dress. She is small—about three-eighths of an inch in length. Her upper wings are of a very delicate brown, as smooth as satin, and without a dark dot dimming their lustre; the under pair and her body are marbled ash color and white, softly penciled and slightly fringed. Her antennæ are bristles, with a few fine hairs on them; and her feelers or palpi, as I have already remarked, are curved back. She deposits her eggs on grain sometimes while in the field, but oftenest after it has been housed. They are placed in clusters of thirty, fifty, and a hundred sometimes. The worm is white with a brown head, quite small but active, with six jointed legs and ten pro-legs, like very minute warts. As soon as they are hatched each makes choice of a grain, and in its interior domiciles itself, the mealy substance being its food. Here it luxuriates until ready to go into a cocoon. It is a singular fact that all grains of wheat in which these insects have lived have a piece of the husk bitten off (as shown at *d*, Fig. 10)—as a mark, I presume,

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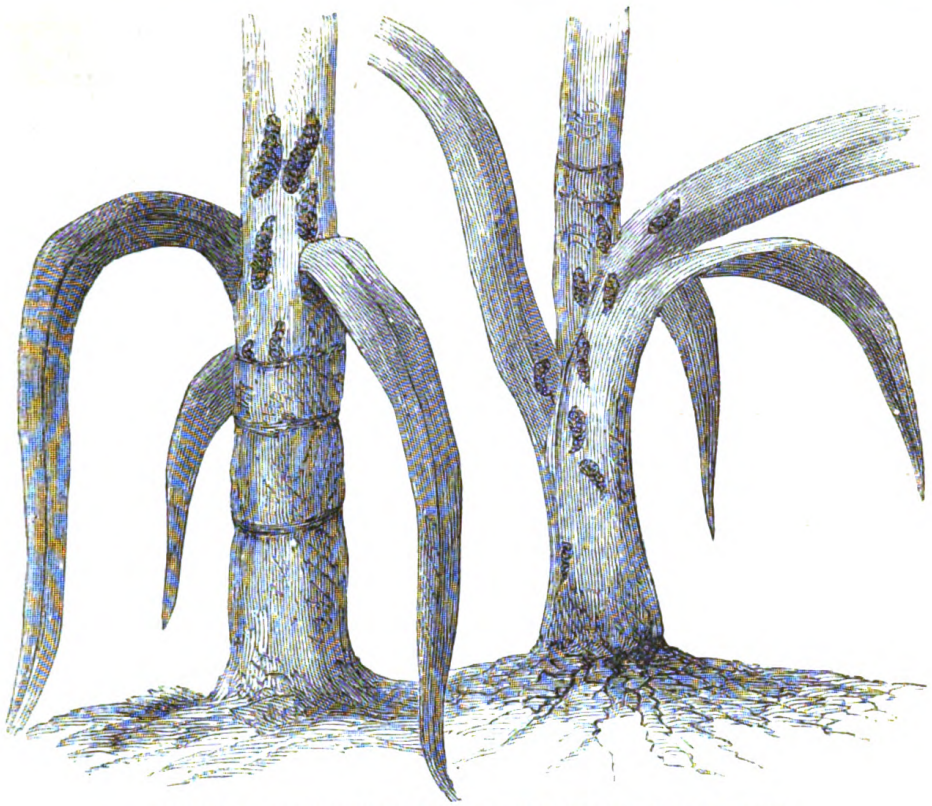


FIGURE 23.—LARVÆ OF HESSIAN FLY IN THEIR PUPA CASES, AND FEEDING.

of property claimed. One grain suffices for all its demands. When entirely sacked it spins a partition down the interior of the grain; the smallest division receives all the débris of the establishment, the other is converted into a silken chamber, where the little worm remains until ready to come forth a moth. There are two broods a year. The eggs laid on the grain while in the granary lie over all winter as well as the chrysalis in the grain, and when your spring wheat is sown they are as securely planted as the cereal, and come forth in time as healthy and active as if "born in marble halls." You can easily observe this by soaking your seed in water a few days; the lightened grain will float while the sound grains sink. Chaucer asks the question,

> "Why should I sowen chaf out of my fist
> When I may sowen wheat, if that me list?"

It is your own fault if you do. This insect is pertinaciously pursued by several parasite flies, both of the egg and worm.

Figure 22 represents a very decided celebrity—the Hessian fly, called by Mr. Say the *Lecidomyia destructor*. No animal, bird, reptile, or insect has ever had so much said, written, surmised, and suggested concerning it as this little fly. The Privy Council of England sat in consternation, day after day, with the same fear and trembling of its invading her fields as they did of the great Napoleon invading her shores. It will be difficult for history to decide which was to her the greatest bugbear. Messages were sent to the different ports for the examination of cargoes of wheat reaching their docks. Fancy the science exhibited in such orders! Official letters to all the British embassadors at foreign courts solicited information concerning this little fly. The documents and minutes thus collected would compose many hundred pages. Then consider what has been said and written about it in this country. This fly, like all things else, has had its day, and if it did not now and then exhibit itself we would place it with the things that have been. But the fear of a fresh invasion keeps us on the alert.

It has its name from the fact that the Hessian soldiers and this insect made their début simultaneously in America. It is doubtful whether the Hessians conferred immortality on the fly, or the fly on the Hessians. Both were equally distasteful to the country. Mr. Dana sent Mr. Herrick (who, with Dr. Asa Fitch, have treated this subject most scientifically*), from Mahon, Toulon, and Naples, both eggs and pupa as far back as 1834. It is therefore not a native, but an unwillingly adopted citizen. In fact, it has been ascertained that it is found in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Please to understand it is really a *fly*, and not a "bug" or "weevil," "midge" or "bee." It is a small two-winged fly, resembling a mosquito, but flying differently; the mosquito takes a long sweep with its wings, while the fly jerks and stops fre-

* Silliman's Journal, vol. xli., and the Report of 1846 of the New York Agricultural Society.

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quently before alighting; and you may see them often in numbers *lying on the air* as if asleep, or in a dreamy ecstasy, with not a movement of their wings. Its head and thorax are blacker than the common mosquito; its body is tawny in hue and covered with gray hairs. Its antennæ are strangely constructed, and give a positive proof of its anomalous position.

At Figure 22 you will perceive a wing of a Tipula, which I have named, for want of a better, the *Lebanon wheat-fly*. I met it at the Shakers' establishment of Lebanon many years ago, doing terrible mischief with the grain. This fly has often been sent abroad monographed and classed for the true Hessian fly, and is considered as such in many a cabinet in Europe at this day. But she deposits her eggs on the stalk; her larvæ are *worms* resembling those of the wheat midge, only white, and there can be little doubt her larvæ form the very small cocoons often found in straw. The Hessian fly, on the contrary, deposits her eggs longitudinally on the *leaf;* they are reddish at first and become darker with age. The larva is a maggot, and as soon as hatched aims for the joints, where it buries itself and sucks the sap of the plant. It has been a discussed point whether it *gnaws* or *sucks;* but if you choose to examine for yourself, you can easily see that it has a short firm *beak*. It is impossible to get the parts of this mouth. Dr. Fitch says "he has tried it in vain." If you place the maggot upon water in a good light, with a piece of broken mirror at the bottom of the glass, you will perceive in its struggles that it has a *beak* or *tube*, but of how many pieces composed it is useless to attempt to ascertain. The larva absolutely dissolves under your dissecting needle. The part of the plant they destroy is the *Parenchymaren*, the soft silky substance wrapping the stalk and covering the nervures of the leaves. Take a hair, and split up a leaf of wheat where they have been, and you will see it as shown at *d*, Figure 12. Dry it carefully between porous paper, and place it under the glass, and you will find it *perforated* as if with very, *very* small pin points. This decides the manner in which the maggot lives, namely, *sucking* or imbibing the juices of the plant—neither *gnawing* nor obtaining its nourishment by the pores of the skin, as some persons have imagined. They undergo their transformations in puparium buried in the stalk at the root, where they remain until ready to come forth in fly-form in the latter part of August, remaining until October. They have been seen as late as November, if the weather is mild and dry, hovering over the old stubble in fields. Mr. Say discovered a parasite fly, the *Ceraphron destructor*. Mr. Herrick mentions two more parasites of the fly, and an egg parasite, a species of *Platygaster;* and there are several others. Thus we may perceive *why* it is that the Hessian fly no longer holds its position as the greatest scourge of man, more to be dreaded than any other calamity. Let us thank God, among all His mercies, for these little parasites who oppose the progress and keep down the numbers of the dreaded Hessian fly. Without their aid, man's labors would be vain.

Now we will turn to a very active little busybody, the *Enplocamus granella*, or Tinea granella (Figure 8), another grain moth. She is very small; her wings are long and tapering, soft and glossy, and are dappled with white, gray, light and dark brown, and several dark spots, one black, near the exterior edge. The under wings and body are black and white. She has a stately tuft of white hairs on her brow, which she is not ashamed to exhibit waving between her bristly antennæ. There are two broods a year. She places her eggs on the grain. The worms are soft and naked; a buff color, with a reddish head and sixteen feet, the first six small and jointed, the others the usual wart-like protuberances. They do not burrow into the grain but gnaw off the husk, with which they construct their first habitations, using only so much of the kernel of the grain as satisfies their appetite, but sufficient to destroy its future fecundity. The small cocoon is placed in the midst of them; you perceive at *b* (Fig. 8) a worm commencing operations. She gnaws the end of the grain, passing the thread over it to give it a purchase, and then commences tying up the others. The little cocoon at *c* had thirty-three grains tied around it. Soon these quarters are too confining; they start off on a grand tour, leaving their trails as they go in strings of fine silk, selecting at last cracks in floors, window-sills, and holes in the walls, where they suspend their pretty snowy cocoons, and take their rest until spring arrives and they rush forth to see the world and examine the farmer's crop. Can a granary be found in the length and breadth of this beautiful land where her presence can not be detected? If so, let that bin be photographed and exhibited at the next Universal Fair, for the owner has discovered what seems yet a great secret—that a *broom* is the most potent and effectual instrument in a barn, and should be kept moving.

At Figure 9 is shown the true *Tipula destructor*, or *Wheat crane fly*, commonly called "*Daddy-long-legs*" of the meadow, but it is not this ancient personage. Very few people can conceive how much injury is done the grain, grass, and herbage by these long-legged gentry. If you perceive a spot of grass or grain dying away, loosen the roots, and you will find that the maggots of these flies have devoured all the tender rootlets and fibres which, running through the earth, carry nourishment to the plant. It is difficult to obtain the larvæ; for when the grain exhibits by its hue of death that they are there, you will find them in a pupa state. The larvæ of all this family, with one or two exceptions, are furnished with very destructible mandibles, claw-shaped and transverse — not acting as is usual with other insects, but working against two other pieces which do not move, and are convexed and toothed. This insect is always found in wheat-fields early in the morning, when the ground is moist. She prefers rich loamy soil. She will stand on her fore legs, stretching

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out her very long hindmost pair, and with her ovipositor—shaped (*d*, Figure 15) like the bill of a crane—makes a hole in the ground, and deposits two or three coal-black eggs, like small grains; then she draws it up, proceeds a short distance, and repeats the operation. In a very short time out come the maggots, and to work they go. When satisfied, they attach themselves to a root, and commence rolling and working round their bodies until a cell for each is made, as smooth as glass within and a simple pellet of mud without. Here they undergo their transformations, and early in June they come forth. Take up a stalk of wheat when it is in a withered state, and nine times out of ten you will find it hung with little dirt balls (Figure 16); from these, in time, will issue these long-legged, ungraceful creatures. How they can double up their long legs and long body in such a space is indeed a mystery. They have most extraordinary faces; eyes whose facets are almost as numerous as those of a bee, but reflect no light, and appear as if carved in ebony; *palpi* and *antennæ* eccentric in the extreme; and a cushion between the claws of the foot. The haltiere (Figure 15) is an illustration for all others; and I have given it here expressly as a proof of my view of their use. In plucking one out, after removing the outside scales, I drew with it the whole apparatus. The horny line around it is hollow; you perceive the white part—it resembles the parchment of a battledore doubled. A net-work communicates to this parchment, which, when the haltieres move, which they do unceasingly, fills the stem with air, which passes on to the air-sacs, and is conveyed into the nervures of the wings. Can any thing be more complete, more wonderful in construction? There are numerous varieties of this insect, not easily distinguished. They are more numerous in the Middle States and out West than toward Northeast. It was members of this same family that devastated the fields of grain near Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland, in the beginning of this century, and that almost ruined the crops in England in 1813. They are rapidly on the increase in this country; and if the stubble of the fields is not plowed up and consumed with fire they will leave their impress of this age as distinctly as other insects have done on theirs. They are more to be dreaded than many others, because the evil is so insidiously accomplished. They work under ground, and when first perceived it is too late to try remedies. Strange that farmers can not be taught that *fire* is their greatest auxiliary in the field! If they would only *burn up* all that is now plowed under or placed in the compost bed, they would be wiser men, and find their pockets heavier. This is the only remedy for more than a half of these depredators.

The last insect I shall figure for you in this paper is in appearance a charming little moth (Figure 11). I can not find mention made of her in any authority I have at hand; and until I can find that she has already been christened, I shall call her *Tinea Aristati*, or *Awn moth*; both words signifying "beard," awn being the old Saxon word for this appendage. She is very small; her fore wings are of a brilliant glossy brown dotted with black; her under wings and body of a soft gray penciled with black; both pair of wings being deeply fringed. Her antennæ have sixty-two very minute joints, each with a long hair and two smaller attached on each side. Her palpi are broad, and have heavy feathers lying like scales on top of each other. She has a number of these around her head and sucker. She deposits her eggs at the root of the beard of the grain, and as this thread-like appendage performs important functions in the economy of the plant, you may conceive of course that the grain will suffer if it is injured. The worm is very similar to many others, but has two spines on the tail and some strong ones about the head. When they have finished feeding they crawl up the thread or beard and spin their pretty little cocoons, attaching them as I have (Figure 20) represented. But out of five of these cocoons three will yield each a pretty little ichneumon belonging to the subgenera *Ophion*—a destructive parasite, which thus keeps them in strict subjection, and protects the crops from their ravages. There is a variety of this same Tinea much lighter and more silvery in appearance. She is very common West; but I have seen both often in the Eastern States and Canada. How marvelous it is that crops are made at all with such a host of enemies to contend with! and when men, from indifference or sheer idleness, assist their enemies, the insects, by planting diseased seed, as shown in Figure 18. Can you expect healthy progeny from diseased parents? How then can you expect full clean grain from diseased seed? If one sheaf of wheat—nay, even if one leaf in a whole field shows rust, it should *all* be discarded as seed, for the disease is there although not exhibited. He who digests a hint realizes in time a fact.

"They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone, and there is no knowledge but in a skillful hand serves either positively *as it is*, or else to illustrate some other knowledge."*

I have a letter before me now asking a few questions which I suppose have been suggesting themselves to the reader's mind as he has followed me through this article. First; "Whether and how such insects are imported from abroad?" No insect belonging to a plant will be found where that plant does not exist, or some one of the same family which can serve as a substitute. But how the insect follows the plant is one of those mysteries which He who directs all things keeps as yet from us. Those who watch Nature most closely know only that the plant and its enemy always appear together. Not long ago a friend, possessing a large garden and hot houses, wished me to see a new flower just blooming. He had received it in November from very far West, some thousand of miles away. He had planted it, and now in March it was in

* Hubert's Remains.

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flower. It was the very beautiful, chaste, but fragile *Prairie crocus*. Well, there it was, a charming sight; and hovering over it in the mild evening air was a very minute dark moth of the *Agrotididæ* family—a species very numerous, and some varieties of which belong alone to the flowers of the prairie. It was in vain I tried to catch this daughter of the winds and flowers. Said I, in sorrow, "Look out for an addition to your usual supply of *cut-worms*." He has told me since that the bed where this flower grows is useless so far this season; every thing is cut down. Now where did the insect come from? Who can tell! There was no soil sent with the plant, for it had been hung up, as bulbs are, from the past season, and was so dry my friend despaired of its living at all. Yet here is a new insect for the East, and many varieties of the plant for it to propagate upon. Such grain-moths and insects as the *Tinea* which I have illustrated must be brought from abroad. It can not be avoided, and no greater disseminator of foreign insects exists among us than the Patent-office. But where you obtain the good you must likewise accept the evil, if any there is. Providence, however, protects the plant, for when the insect comes its ichneumon or parasite is not far away, and the balance will be kept even.

Now "some hints for prevention as well as cure of the evils." More than twenty years ago a scientific man, in his very valuable essay on the Hessian fly (Mr. E. C. Herrick), pointed out that the remedy for this fly *was to plow up all the stubble and burn the field out*. Show me the man from Maine to Florida who has followed this advice, and I will go a thousand miles to take him by the hand! But had it been to spend the day like a school-boy syringing his fields with soap-suds, he would have hastened to try the experiment.

It is enough to make one laugh and cry both, to go through the country and see the poor forlorn whitewashed, swathed and bandaged, lime-trodden, ashes-heaped, soap-sudded, train-oiled, bottle-hung trees and fields. When moths and beetles are *flying* it is too late to remedy the evil. You must overtake them *before they fly*. In autumn, before winter sets in, is the time to remedy these evils in field and orchard. Plow the former, and *burn* every thing like stubble upon them; remove the earth from the roots of trees, let it be sifted and mixed with lime, rock-salt, or ashes, leaving all lumps and large grains to be thrown on a heap of blazing brush. Thus the evil will be stayed, if not removed. There will be great benefits resulting to the crops, fruits, and vegetables from this process. Thousands of insects are quite indifferent where they deposit their eggs if a plenty of analogous food is near at hand. Fire is the only sure cure for all such. I trust this advice will not be lost upon our intelligent farmers in all parts of the country, and that there will be some to credit my words and faithfully try the experiment for their own sakes.

THE ENCHANTED TITAN.

CURSE you! O, a hundred thousand curses
  Weigh upon your soul, you black enchanter!
Could I pour them like the coins from purses,
  I would utter such a pile instanter
As would crush you to a bloody pulp.
But my rage I fain am forced to gulp;
Anathemas are vain against cold iron,
  Nor can I swear this magic box asunder,
Where I've been stifling since the days of Chiron,
  Fretting on tempered bolts, and hurling muffled thunder!

Through the chinks I see the dim green waters
  Filled with sunshine, or with moonlight hazy;
Through them swim the oceanic daughters,
  Beautiful enough to drive me crazy.
The fishes gaze at me with sphery eyes,
And seem to say, with cold-blooded surprise,
What Titan is it, that's so barred and bolted,
  Caged like a rat in some infernal cellar?
Why even Enceladus, when the dog revolted,
  Was not so hardly treated by the Cloud Compeller!

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And all, forsooth, because I loved his daughter!
  Loved that child of spells and incantation—
Love her now beneath this dreary water—
  Love her through eternal tribulation!
I wonder if her lips lament me still,
In her enchanted castle on the hill?
Or has she yielded to that damned magician,
  And with my pigmy rival weakly wedded?
O Jove! the torment of this bare suspicion
  Preying forever on my heart, and like the Hydra headed!

O bitter day, when spells, like snakes uprearing,
  Enwrapped my limbs, and muscular as pliant,
Pinioned my struggling arms, until despairing
  I lay upon the earth a captive giant!
Then came the horror of this iron box—
The closing of its huge enchanted locks—
Then the cursed wizard to the windy summit
  Of the tall cape a coffered prisoner bore me,
And flung me off, until, like seaman's plummet,
  I sank, and the drear ocean closed forever o'er me!

AN ARMISTICE.

"It is safest to begin with a little aversion."
MRS. MALAPROP.

"QUEER now, isn't it? Somehow I never think of marrying any body."

"Very queer. Why, it's always in my mind, more or less. Whenever you see me rather still, and puffing away at the wall, or when I don't talk much going down Broadway of a morning, that's what it is."

The two friends walked on a little way in silence; the one who had spoken last looking about him, late as it was, for the face that he always expected to encounter in a crowd, but never had seen thus far. It must be full and round, with blue eyes, and a gentle mouth. That was Willard Goodman's *beau-ideal;* and when one knew his home and his mother, there was no longer a doubt as to what had foreshadowed it.

His friend was much taller than himself, much more quiet, with a far less sympathetic nature. He came as naturally by his reserve as Willard did by his loving and affectionate heart. He was English born, and had known no home but a boarding-house since he had been old enough to comprehend the tender watchfulness of a mother's love, or the hearty friendship of a sister. Poor fellow! No wonder that he never thought of marrying; he had no lost Eden to regain.

"There's a great deal in a name," said Willard, slowly taking his eyes from a tantalizing vail that half hid just such a face as he had been thinking of.

"Oh, you don't agree with Miss Julia Capulet, ha?"

"In a wife, I mean—a wife's name. I wasn't thinking about the play last night, though that little witch of a woman was worth looking at. I'm tired of the theatre, though. I don't believe, if I was married, I'd ever go again."

"Yes, you would—dancing after madam. Women always want to be showing themselves off in public. That's all they live for."

"How do you like 'Marian,' now?"

"Maid Marian? English, and so I like it, of course. Where are you going to-night, Will?"

"To see that cousin of mine. Do come—won't you? I've told her about you."

"No, I thank you." And Edward Chauncy shrugged his broad shoulders. "I'm going—let me see; I don't exactly know where I *am* going—down to the Astor House a while, I guess. Come along."

"Not to-night. I promised Helen to look 'round. I wish you would go! I know so few fellows; and it's mighty dull for her here—she's been accustomed to such stacks of 'em at home."

"Pity she hadn't staid there! What keeps her North in the winter, any way? Hanged if I'd stay in this climate a day if I could help it!"

"Business," said Will, abstractedly; "lawyers, and all that kind of thing. Hasn't got her husband's affairs settled up yet; so this year—it's been hanging on three or four now—she's going to have things wound up."

"Indeed! There it is again!" And the shoulders were shrugged evidently in contempt this time. "If there is any thing I do hate, it's a widow. Women of all kinds are bad enough—don't amount to any thing—but a widow!—Well, she goes a little beyond any thing. No, I

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thank you." And Mr. Chauncy walked on, as his friend ascended the steps of a fashionable boarding-house and rung the bell.

"Mrs. Balsell? Oh, certainly, Mrs. Balsell was in her own parlor. Would the gentleman walk up?"

She was not only in the parlor, but "in the dumps," as she assured her cousin, when she had kissed him, as she always did. Whatever faults Helen Balsell might have had prudery was not one of them.

"Such a horrid cold as she had — it was enough to give any one the blues; such a horrid wind, and so cold. Ugh!" And she shivered for all the sea-coal fire, and wound a crimson scarf about her neck. "Find her North another year!"

"I'm glad Ned didn't come in, then," said the sympathizing cousin, wishing he knew what it was "mother" always prescribed for such colds.

"Ned—Ned who? No, a visitor was the last thing she wanted to see."

"He's a good fellow though, let me tell you, Nell; but queer—very queer. I think all Englishmen are, somehow."

"Englishmen!" retorted the lady, from behind the little embroidered handkerchief held between the fire and her flushed face. "If there's any thing I do hate, it's an Englishman!"

"Now that's odd!" — and Will Goodman's face lighted up with the singular coincidence— "that's just exactly what he said when I asked him to come and see you!"

"*Did* he? Cool, certainly. What does he know about me?"

"Why, I told him you were a widow, you see, not a day over two-and-twenty; and most men would have jumped at the chance of an introduction. I know plenty; but, you see, that's the kind I wouldn't bring here. Ned hates widows as he does—well, a landlady, say."

"*Does he!* Well, he's welcome to keep his distance." And it was plain, from the proud way the lady's head rose up, that her wrath was genuine. "What if she was a widow! Dear knows she couldn't help it. Hadn't she cried her eyes out on black-bordered pocket-handkerchiefs for two years—which was a great deal to do, considering the difference in age between herself and the late lamented, and that he had left her quite comfortable, and independent of all mankind, English or otherwise? There were plenty of men that did not hate widows, but admired them and *adored them*." And then she looked at the card-basket and letter-rack, and felt consoled at the slight this stranger had put upon her when she saw how full both were.

"About this Thanksgiving business, Will?" she said, presently. "Your mother insists upon my coming, and I've got this horrid cold. How in the world can I go!"

"It's bone-set!" cried out this kind young fellow just at that moment. "Bone-set, Coz; it would cure you right up. If we were only out home now, mother always has it on hand;" and he paused in perplexity, forgetting that most apothecaries followed his mother's example in that respect.

"Oh, I hate herb-tea! Maum Cressy has dosed me ever since I was *so* high. I don't think I can go at all, for my eyes are all swollen out of my head, and my voice is as thick—well, I don't know it when I hear it. I'm sorry to disappoint Aunt Grace, or to lose her Thanksgiving dinner, tell her; but you'd better write that I can't come. I don't feel like stirring away from the fire."

"But you must, Helen! That's just what I came to see about. I'm going up Wednesday, and they all expect you. Mother's set her heart upon it, and you know she's just as fond of you as if you were her own child. Why, there's nothing she wouldn't do for you."

What was there that she had not done already for her brother's only child! Helen thought of the long journey undertaken past middle-age—and Aunt Grace had ever been a "home body"—to comfort her in her heavy trouble three years before—the trouble that had left her orphaned and widowed within one year. No wonder that when she thought of the independence which many envied she only sighed.

"Well, Willie, if Aunty has set her heart on it, I must go—that's all; but you don't know how I dread it. This cold goes through and through me, and how I am to live when snow comes I don't see."

"I don't think you'll mind it so much then. It never seems half as cold when there's snow on the ground. I hope we shall have snow while we're up at Edgehill; we do sometimes when Thanksgiving comes so late."

"Do you think we will? Oh, that would be famous! Think I never have had a sleigh-ride! What train on Wednesday?" And there was far more animation in the inquiry than the languid invalid had shown before. But then we all know what a cold is.

> "A cold in the head;
> What need be said
> Uglier, stupider, more ill-bred?"

Mr. Chauncy had not found the Astor House quite as pleasant as usual, apparently. He had reached home before his room-mate, and was luxuriating in a tumbler of something—the covered pitcher and lemon skins said what—and a fresh London *Times*. It was a bachelor's apartment, large enough to accommodate a book-case, a music-stand—the flute lay on the rack at that moment. He had indulged his next-door neighbor with "Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" on his return home. There was a large engraving of the gracious Queen over his bed, holding the place occupied by a pencil drawing of a pleasant matronly face—Aunt Grace, you may be sure—over her son's pillow, at the other end of the room. Edward Chauncy had "tastes," and his books and easel and flute had saved him from not a little wickedness in his day.

"Saw Jones down at the Astor, and he can't

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take that run on Long Island with me, old boy! What d'ye say? Suppose I go home with you, and try a Connecticut Thanksgiving after all?"

Was ever good-will so taxed! Will Goodman's ingenuity never had been before. He had given his friend a general invitation to his father's house for the last two years; he had urged him to spend this very holiday there, before he knew of the previous engagement with young Jones. But now Helen had concluded to go, and they would never get along at all. They could both say such cutting things, and it would keep the house in hot water.

As it happened, his room-mate did not notice his rueful visage at the moment, or the hesitating voice in which the "Oh yes, certainly," was uttered. He was too busily occupied in replenishing the slender pitcher before mentioned; otherwise his ever-ready pride would have taken fire. As it was, he flung the lemon skins into the grate and considered it a settled thing.

Having evaded an explanation on the start, Will Goodman deferred it from time to time; and finally concluded to "take the chances." It was a little cowardly, of course; but he delighted in his friend, and he loved his cousin. He did not want to offend either. You would have done just the same. I should, at all events.

"What takes you down town, though?" inquired Mr. Chauncy the morning of their departure. He was in a great state of preparation, having overlooked his guns and fishing-tackle, and selected a choice assortment, late as the season was, in the hope of some sport. There was also a tin can for botanizing—fine opportunity, the last of November, in Connecticut woods!—and the flute (but that was Will's idea) slipped into its morocco traveling-case, and was deposited in one of the innumerable pockets of a rough overcoat, showing great originality of construction, and an evident collusion of the owner and his tailor.

"Down town?—oh, a little business engagement!" and his companion's face, all unused to diplomacy, flushed guiltily. "I'll meet you at the upper dépôt in good time."

"Off with you, then!" said the bluff, hearty tones of the unsuspicious woman-hater, who "polished his stocks and oiled his locks" with great enthusiasm and a few musical interludes, in high good-humor with himself and all the world. For he did not often take holiday; the warehouse of Trenholm, Robertson, and Co., in which he was junior partner, seldom closed its great gates, and his desk was never empty.

Will Goodman looked about for his *compagnon de voyage* as the cars came slowly toward the upper dépôt. By his side was a muffled, and in consequence a rather ungraceful figure, consisting, as far as could be seen, of a cloak, blanket-shawl, fur tippet, and a huge muff, crowned by a close velvet traveling hat and an expansive green barege vail, really intended for use, and not in the least picturesque, like the brown and blue semicircles that leave the tips of pretty little noses to freeze in the cold wind.

"What in the world makes you so uneasy, Will? You'll have your foot right into my basket. There, I told you so, and all those merangues from Malliard's will be in a pretty condition! There you go again, bobbing up and down; I declare you'll have my vail off, and I wouldn't have any body but you see me such a figure for the world!"

Poor Will! A guilty conscience is proverbially a goad; and just then he had caught sight of a tall figure ladened with sportsman's equipments, and beckoning to him to come forward and take half of an appropriated seat.

"One minute, Nell. I want to speak to a friend of mine;" and the wondering lady watched her escort as he joined the new arrival and went through an interesting little pantomime.

Evidently she was pointed out—both gentlemen looked toward her, and Will certainly pointed that way. The tall stranger shook his head, clear enough to decline the introduction her cousin had evidently proffered; and if he had not been a gentleman she would have said that the lowering look that came over his face as he stretched himself out over the seat was ill-temper.

It was very decided annoyance at finding himself "sold"—that was his expression—and if the cars had not been in motion he would have beat a precipitate retreat. But much as he disliked the idea of being shut up in a country house with a woman that would be expecting all sorts of attentions, confound it! and a widow into the bargain; he loved his precious limbs too well to attempt a flying leap, so he sat still and sulked, Englishman as he was.

"Who's that, pray?" asked the lady, pettishly, as her rather crest-fallen cavalier returned.

"Only my English friend you've often heard me speak of."

"Declines the pleasure of my acquaintance, does he? Oh you needn't say a word, I saw it all for myself! He needn't have distressed himself! No one's going to carry him off! How far is he going?" she added, abruptly.

"As far—well, about forty miles you know. It's forty miles to Edge Hill, isn't it?"

"Will!"

"Helen!"

"That man isn't going to your father's!"

"I believe he is."

"Well I shall *not*, that's all. You may just stop at the next station. Yes you may, and I'll go back to New York by myself. I'm not going to have my Thanksgiving and my Aunt Grace spoiled by that sulky, wretched-looking Englishman. I declare, Will, if it wasn't in the cars, I could box your ears."

And she looked at the moment as if the exercise would have relieved her; but when she found that they were on an express train, which did not stop for more than two-thirds of the way, she gradually quieted down, as her cousin knew she would, and made other arrangements; not the less hostile to the intruder, however.

Three o'clock of a dark, gloomy November

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afternoon when they neared the station. Will Goodman began to recognize landmarks, and dreaded the first collision between his forces. There was a long ride before them still, seven miles to Ryefield, and very likely only a covered wagon sent for them. How in the world was he to stow Helen's two trunks, those awkward looking fowling-pieces, their respective carpet bags, and the two belligerents?

"Rather coldish," he said, in an indifferent kind of way, as he came forward and stood clinking the brass checks on the back of the seat his friend still continued to occupy.

"I say, Will, all that her baggage! How are we going to the farm? I don't relish being jammed into close quarters."

"Oh, there'll be a wagon or something; they don't know you're coming, you see, or they would have sent the big one. As it is we shall have to be amiable, and you must put your feet in your pocket."

"How far from the farm is the next station?"

"Just about as far as this. We sometimes go that way. Ryefield lies at the point of an angle —so, between the two—but this is the best road."

"Well, I'll try the other anyhow. It's likely I can get a vehicle of some kind, and I want to see the country."

Obstinate to the last, even Will Goodman felt provoked at his pertinacity, and suffered him to go his own way with very faint remonstrance. Besides, it helped him out of the present difficulty, though he said nothing to Helen as he assisted her to the platform, and went to hunt up his father's man Jacob.

"They've sent plenty of buffalo robes, you see, Helen, and I'll get a hot brick for you before we start. Here, let me tuck this down a little. I'll sit on the front seat with Jacob."

"Where is your friend?" inquired Helen, as the preparations for their drive were made without reference to him. With feminine daring she was eager now for the encounter; and it needed none of Will's explanations or apologies to help her to understand that she was most openly and ungallantly avoided. She had thought before to wound the self-love of the individual in question—the exposure of the ride was scarcely noticed in planning a complete subjugation. Her benumbed faculties were wonderfully quickened. She had not felt so like herself since the cold began.

The hospitable doors of the wide brown farmhouse were thrown open to receive them, and Aunt Grace herself almost lifted Helen from the vehicle, shawls and all.

"You poor child you, out in such a day! Ain't you most frozen? Do come right in. Here, let me take your basket for you: you run right in by the fire; and down sick with a cold to start with. Father, here's Helen after all. Your uncle would have come for you himself, but he strained his wrist somehow last week, and ain't been fit to drive since. Never mind, we'll nurse you up and make you all right again. I've got plenty of bone-set in the garret chamber."

"You never saw any such weather as this I reckon, Helen. Beats Georgia, don't it?" and Uncle Goodman kissed her on both cheeks. "Fresh as a rose. La, mother, *she* ain't going to die yet a while!"

"No indeed," laughed the new-comer, gayly; "I've lost my cold in the cars, and don't intend to find it again."

"Hadn't you better come right up stairs now, and lay off your things," said Aunt Grace, working away at the strings of the deep velvet bonnet. "Come now. I had a fire made up in the spare room, for I knew how you'd feel the cold. You run right up, and I'll step into the kitchen and bring you a cup of tea; supper ain't just ready, and a cup of tea is wonderful comforting after a journey. Why, Willard, how do you do, my boy?" and Helen, half-way up the stairs, looked over the balusters to see the hearty greeting between mother and son: it did her good.

So did the cup of tea which Aunt Grace prepared just as she liked it, and brought up with her own hands; and when she had brushed out her curls, and shaken the creases from her black silk traveling dress, and smoothed her neat linen collar with its crimson bow—she had a Southerner's taste for all warm, bright coloring—the heavy-eyed, pettish invalid had quite disappeared in the gay and elegant woman that took up her station to the right of the cheerful fire in the parlor below. Chatting so fast and so brightly with her dear Northern friends, whose heartiness and *affectionateness* always made her so at home among them, she had not forgotten the dreary traveler approaching. He came at last, just as Aunt Grace began to get uneasy about her supper—chilled and forlorn enough after his solitary ride; so benumbed outwardly and inwardly that he scarcely heard the introductions Will accomplished laboriously, and was glad to find himself alone with his room-mate in an upper chamber.

"By George, Will"—and his face emerged from behind one of Aunt Grace's snowy towels—"I felt like a fool! Why didn't you tell me there was a young lady staying here?"

"Young lady, who?"

"Why the one by the fire. I just took one look; but she's a stunner. Handsome eyes, hasn't she? look a man right through. Lots of fun in her. Who is she?"

"Oh, Helen! Well, that's clever;" and the preliminary flourish of the descending hair-brush was arrested half-way by such a shout of laughter that Helen heard it in the parlor, and Aunt Grace, busied with her biscuits and chickens, in the kitchen.

Such a supper it was, too, as only Ryefield Farm could furnish. "Thanksgiving wasn't the time to stint in any thing," was the doctrine that governed the household; and Helen found that she had recovered her appetite as well as her good looks, and being perfectly conscious of the latter, gave herself up to her uncle's pleasant though not particularly novel jokes, and her aunt's fond petting. As for Mr. Chauncy, he tried to keep up his wonted reserve at first, but

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the frost melted in the fire of so much kindliness, and he niched himself into the family circle in a manner that was remarkable to Willard Goodman, who had dreaded the impression that the stiff, rather formal, manner habitual to him when embarrassed might create.

The evening slipped away, and eleven o'clock came before the circle formed around the parlor fire after tea had been broken. There were nuts and apples. "Nuts are such sociable things," remarked Aunt Grace, and sweet cider sparkling and creaming like Champagne in the old-fashioned cut-glass tumblers.

"You might as well bring the big Bible, Will," said his mother, as he took his cousin's empty glass. "We must be up bright and early in the morning to get to church in season."

It was the first thing that had jarred on the stranger since he entered the household. He had been so long away from all parental restraint that he had shaken off the recollection of its better influences also; and had lost sight of, if not wholly broken, the tie that binds every soul to its Father.

But courtesy forbade that he should show how irksome the proposition seemed, and he began, with his artist's eye, to note the grouping of the picture before him. The open Bible spread out upon the stand, the two lights burning before it, and the venerable head bowing down to the sacred page; Aunt Grace straightening her figure unconsciously, and folding her plump hands before her; Willard listening with habitual attention, his fine face deepening into thoughtfulness; and Helen gazing at the fire light, her eyes shaded by her slender white hand. He began to think he would go to church after all the next day, though he had not been before in many years.

He was glad of it afterward when he found himself seated close to the lady he had so churlishly avoided only the day before. She looked very radiant in the pink hat and plumes that emerged from one of the trunks, and the ample Cashmere shawl that swept in such admirable folds about her tall figure. The russet-colored gloves were just the shade he preferred, and fitted exactly; and there was the faintest breath of heliotrope whenever she moved the handkerchief held so lightly between them. "Radiant!" was the word that came most naturally to his mind when he first encountered her in the hall, dressed for church, and he repeated it to himself whenever he turned that way.

It was not so much the sermon that impressed him, though that was an earnest, grateful appeal to those who listened to number the blessings of the year, and of their whole lives, and be thankful for them, but the Psalm, with its exulting chorus—

> No change of time shall ever shock
> My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
> For thou hast always been my rock,
> A fortress and defense to me—

and the clear voice of the singer nearest to him, whose hand rested on the time-worn hymn-book which she held out with a gesture that signified her expectation that he would join. And he did so, moved by the choral harmony that rose and swelled around him, wondering at himself all the while, and at the deep earnestness that impressed them. There must be something real, after all, in a belief and a worship that took such deep root in the heart. He found himself wondering over it many times that day.

There was no contradiction in the merriment of the evening; all was cheerfulness, as became those whose hearts and lives were purely thankful. The gathering in the parlor included Will's two married brothers and their families, cousins and friends, all of whom were sufficiently at home to say "Aunt Grace," and to banish every particle of formality. They sang, they jested, and though the shade of Puritanism was the only shadow there and forbade a dance, they played rustic games that were still more mirthful and quite new to the two guests. They were not afraid of linked hands, and even a kiss, these honest folk; and the blushes and pretty confusion caused by forfeits and pawns were no cover for perverted hearts and sullied imaginations.

The merriment went on, and the only two who had been spectators were drawn into it. "What is it? what is it?" called out Helen, brightly, as she came flying out into the hall to redeem a forfeit from the "wretched Englishman."

There was no light there, but that which came through the half-opened parlor door, behind which he stood. It revealed her rose-red cheeks and tangled curls, her eyes dancing with fun and frolic. She put out her hand in the dusky shadow to find him.

"How am I to 'pay the porter?'" she said again, merrily. "It is all new to me."

"And to me too," he said; but he took pay as he had been bidden. He had not intended to, but he could not help the irresistible impulse. They were alone in the shadow, dangerously near, and she held out her hand to him. He took it—took them both—and held them so tightly that she almost screamed, and then he kissed her full on those red lips!

And Helen stood still for one moment, blushing, frightened, but most of all at her own traitorous heart, that did not resent it, and then went flying up the stairs, to stand alone in the darkness of her own room, and wonder how it had all come about.

"It's most time the young folks were home," said Aunt Grace, walking to the window with her knitting. "Don't you think so, father?"

"Don't hurry 'em, though talking won't do it for that matter;" and Mr. Goodman yawned and stretched out his feet to the glowing coals on the hearth. "But I don't mean to sit up. They can look after themselves, I reckon. Helen's able to any day. How that young Englishman has come 'round, though! Willard told me the first night they came that he was so very topping he didn't know how Helen and he

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would get along. I haven't seen any thing of it, I must say. He seems to me very much like other folks."

"Guess they'll do," said Aunt Grace, quietly, leaning against the sash and looking out upon the shadow of the barns on the new-fallen snow. Such moonlight, and such snow! And the weather had moderated so that one might say, Such sleighing! Helen was having her first sleigh-ride.

"They'll want something to eat when they do get here," she added, presently, ever on hospitable thought intent. "So don't wait for me. I'll just step to the pantry and see what I can find."

Mr. Goodman had already deposited himself on the billowy feather-bed that displayed its inviting outline and snowy counterpane in the down-stairs bedroom, when the quick jangle of bells announced the return of the first of the party. Aunt Grace looked out of the pantry window, but went quietly on with her preparations, and a significant nod as she held communion with herself over the pie-dish. "She had left a light in the parlor, and they could wait till she came; the front door never was locked half the time, and wasn't now, any way."

She forgot that Mr. Goodman had taken his departure since, and the lamp had vanished with him; but there was a cheerful red light from the fire, and Helen made her way toward it and leaned her head down upon the mantle. She stood there without turning round, when a heavier shadow fell out into the room.

"You have forgiven me?" and an arm was passed lightly around her, the hand resting on the mantle very near her face.

"You! Yes, it's myself I have to forgive now;" and the thoughtful look passed away, and the old defiance lighted up her eyes again.

"Children," said Aunt Grace, coming toward them with her loaded tray, "there, I've brought you something to eat; but there's only one plate, I find. However, I guess you wouldn't mind much if there was only one fork too; for 'pears to me you've about made up your minds to eat out of one dish for the rest of your lives."



THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

"HARK, my maiden, and I'll tell you
By the power of my art,
All the things that e'er befell you,
And the secret of your heart.

"How that you love some one—don't you?
Love him better than you say;
Won't you hear, my maiden, won't you?
What's to be your wedding-day?"

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"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,
You tell stories, that you know!
Where's the husband for my money
That I gave you long ago?

"Neither silver, gold, or copper
Shall you get this time from me;
Where's the husband, tall and proper,
That you told me I should see?"

"Coming still, my maiden, coming,
With two eyes as black as sloes;
Marching soldierly, and humming
Gallant love-songs as he goes."

"Get along, you stupid gipsy!
I won't have your barrack-beau;
Strutting up to me half tipsy,
Saucy—with his chin up—so!"

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your handsome *sailor's* name"—
"I know every one, that's better,
Thank you, gipsy, all the same."

"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so?
Now I see the die is cast;
And the day is—Monday next." "No,
Gipsy, it was—Monday last!"

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A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

WE are wont to look with suspicion on the manifestations of so-called Spiritualists. The nature of the medium is generally vulgar, the communication worthless and disgraceful to all intelligence save that of the communicator. Rappings, however originated, whether by imposture, or a lawless, because ignorant, use of law, will never universally persuade of nearness, presence, willingness.

Yet to us the story of Job is authentic.

And still justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father. The hairs of your head are numbered. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord; "I will repay." The Omnipotence of Heaven "comprehends the dust of the earth in a measure." The inhabitants are as grasshoppers; yet to bring life to light for these the Redeemer endured the shadow of death.

To consider how a man had power to forgive sins, and whether that forgiveness involved the remission, or was potent to the revocation of a curse, is the purpose of this paper.

On the 25th of December, while in all Christian homes there was rejoicing over truth and joys, an event occurred that was of infinite importance to one man in the world—that man gave up the ghost.

Old, hoary, wrinkled, placid, smiling, dead, he lay under the moss-grown roof that sheltered him in days and nights when the smoke that curled up from his chimney and the light that burned in his window were tokens hailed by travelers in the wilderness with thankful expectation.

This log-cabin was the very oldest tenement in Hapworth town. A ruin in reality, it seemed merely waiting to make the fact apparent till the old occupant should "stand from under."

It would not have been considered habitable by any other man than Sardius Stone; he used to answer all warning when the shattered condition of the house was spoken of, "It will outlast me." And I suppose it would have done so had he lived on ten years further.

Close by this cabin stood a willow-tree that was still in its glory when all traces of the ancient beauty and picturesqueness had disappeared from the house and its locality. The mighty branches of this willow held the house in shadow all day long, the fair drapery of its hangings fell around the grisly place with the generous grace of nature. Eighty years ago the young pioneer planted the twig he had used for a riding-whip on his long journey, the spray of willow broken from the tree that grew by his father's door. Heaven and earth gave of themselves to the willow, and the twig became a giant. A thousand birds might reckon it their home.

Fourscore years had Sardius Stone dwelt in this town of Hapworth, once called Stoneburgh, after him, its oldest inhabitant.

How must the old man's memory have been stored with facts of wild wood life, and of adventure, feats of daring and of desperation! and how must he have treasured the slow, rich fruits of patience! Sometimes a judicious listener could draw from out this store-house things old and precious; but Sardius was not a garrulous man in his weakest days, and no amount of persuasion could prevail on him to unlock the treasures of his memory, unless he perceived in the listener such evidence of worthiness to hear as acted upon him like magic or like an inspiration.

He had now avoided the world for a score of years and more. His tales had become traditional. It was long since he had been seen in the porch of the ancient public house in the outskirts of the town, once the head-quarters of all travelers. He could not be persuaded out by any solicitation to vote for his country's good in his latter years. Long before his exit he refused to figure among veterans on the fourth day of July. No more telegraphs from heart to brain could thrill the old man's life to any show of action.

He was dead, the careless said, ten years before he made his silent appeal for burial. Nevertheless, when Death officially indorsed that saying, the town seemed struck with wonder. Scarcely any person had perceived, during the autumn and in early winter, that Sardius was roughly shaken—that he felt the cold more keenly than ever before. And scarcely any body was aware of his reviving intelligence, the spirit with which he had taken up the experiences of his early youth again, and the interest with which

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he dwelt upon them, as if restored once more to friends and neighbors.

Those who cared for him most reverently were all gone before him. Apparently he was setting out without one "God-speed" on his journey; for he had outlived every creature on whom he could rely. Yet the watchfulness of woman was for him—the gentle care, the tender speech, the unfailing reverence for what had been and what was.

It pleased him to call this girl his child by his own daughter's name—his daughter Juliet, who has the fine monument in the old cemetery—that Juliet who died sixty years ago, to the astonishment of the world, which has never yet learned, and never will or can learn, that the death of youth and beauty, goodness and purity, is an event to be anticipated in the course of nature.

The young person who made a sudden claim on his gratitude, and was answered by the last flashing of the fire of human feeling—this young girl who carried for him, month after month, his daughter's name, was an inmate of the lunatic asylum, and the service she rendered the old man was merely such as any good heart might have prompted without thought of result except of the moment.

She was walking in the cemetery one day, the pale-faced, sad-hearted daughter of misfortune, whom griefs and losses had conspired to banish from the glorious paths of youth, and love, and beauty. Sardius found her by his daughter's grave reading that elaborate epitaph which failed so utterly to tell her virtues and his sorrow. The sight of the youthful figure and the lovely face, so mild and sad, her interest in the fine monument, and, he thought, her curiosity, moved the old man's heart. Weeping, he began to tell of "Juliet," and, weeping, the stranger listened. So they were friends thenceforth; friends by misfortune—friends for the sake of the dead, the dying old man, and the young girl who was dead unto the world.

Sardius called her Juliet, and seemed at times persuaded that she was his daughter, and she did never argue with him or say he was deceived, but was really angelic in her involuntary personation of an angel.

The physician under whose charge she was placed rejoiced that any thing could excite and retain her interest, smiled on this friendship, and allowed it to strengthen as it would. She made his last days happier than he or any for him could have anticipated, and the town, which had almost forgotten and was quite regardless of him, was not disgraced by the circumstances of the death of Sardius Stone.

It must have pleased the young girl as often as she saw the smile that struggled through his wrinkles when he recognized her. She made the lonely house seem like a new place to him with the order and the cleanliness she caused to abound there. Her life began to have some interest, her days some connection, when one idea, his comfort, was established in her mind.

There was no mistaking her satisfaction when he would greet her coming by the repetition of some curious dream of the past night. He dated all his comfort and enjoyment from the time he found her in the grave-yard; and grotesque as was the fortune he fashioned from past fact and present fancy, he was certain never to be confused or bewildered by "Juliet's" attempt to set him right. They loved each other with a sort of tender pity that gave large indulgence for the wildest vagaries of fancy. She wearied of no repetition. How often do you suppose the old man told her of his riding-whip, the willow spray, which he planted at his journey's end? How many times did he repeat the Hapworth sale or swindle? I could not begin to tell, but she never tired of hearing; ever fresh, her sympathy sprang up to soothe his trouble, or his wrongs, or indignation; and so many times he averred, in answer to such sympathy, "you are my daughter—you are Juliet," that it should seem no wonder if at length she almost believed it.

So on Christmas morning Lydia Hertz—that was her name—went to carry the old man a token of the birth of The Child. Children they both were, both remembering this great world's festival, and waiting for it day by day.

Old Sardius had not risen when his guest arrived, and at a glance she might have seen that he would never rise. And yet the compassionate creature knew it not.

He looked up at her when he saw her standing by his bedside, for he did not hear her approach. He had evidently desired and expected her to come; she did not need that he should say what she so well perceived. He was eager to speak, and did speak, audibly, clearly, without a struggle, when she came close to him—words which he knew were to be his last—

"I was waiting for you, Juliet. Tell Hapworth I forgive him."

So clear an utterance he had not for years been able to command. It startled Lydia; old experiences in chambers of despair, by the bedside of death, began sorrowfully to enlighten her; yet, though she feared, she did control herself to smile serenely, and to answer,

"I shall tell him this morning. Look! I have brought you a Christmas present, father."

He took it in his hands. He thanked her with a look—that was the last of him: the old man, a hundred years old, was dead.

We might linger here a moment to remember that, eighty years ago, Sardius Stone stood in this very chamber, which Lydia did not darken when she softly closed the door and left him alone, a youth full of spirit and of courage that disdained the luxuries he left behind him—stood and surveyed his quarters, anticipating for the present not much more than his supply of daily wants, a roof over his head, plain fare, and moderate success in disposing of his lands.

Does he lie there a hundred years with even these modest hopes ungratified, the old moss-grown roof ready to fall upon him, a neglected, forgotten man?

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This is not all. The history is somewhat more complicated; the runner can not read it.

Those antlers above the door belong to the trophies of his first year in the forest. The rifle, suspended from the next rafter, is rusty from disuse, and indeed long since incapable of service; he brought it with him from the settlements; he was proud of it when a lad—that fact in the connection is worthy of a thought.

The rough furniture, so old and worn, is the same that met his smiling approval as he looked about him in those ancient days, when he was glad to think of all he had renounced of luxury and bondage for the freedom of the woods, the rough fare of independence.

The earth had grown old rapidly during his last half century. How shall we choose to omit the recognition?

According to prophecy fire was fast destroying the world. The old earth and heavens were passing away. Behold all things were being created new. TIME should soon be no longer. The inheritance of all things to them that overcame! Even His paths in the great waters—even the ends of the earth for possession. While the steadfast Redeemer waited for His enemies, reigning till they should come. Old Sardius might have seen them, had his eyes not been so dim, coming from the north, east, south, and west, as we still see them, and as our children shall; for under His feet the Enemy must lie, and our great city be not Paris, New York, London, but Salem, the centre of the world, the centralized splendor of nations—centralized by a celestial policy—the City of Peace—God of LOVE in the midst of her that she shall not be moved.

Yesterday this old man was almost the only link that bound the conquering present with the toiling past. Dead, past praying for, were the heart of youth that could look on his white hairs, and, reviewing the pioneer's experiences, fail to apprehend the splendor of *his* fortune who was born to the last half of the nineteenth century. That this link should be broken on Christmas-Day seemed to some minds significant. But by the one man whom it really concerned the news was not received as an event of import.

Lydia Hertz went quietly out from the chamber of death, leaving on the bed the slippers she had made for Sardius. Even under her light step the old boards creaked. The room would have looked most dismal to any other eyes than hers, and to her it was not the same place it was a few moments ago, before he breathed his last. She would not light the fire now that he did not need its warmth. The day was mild and sunny: any person who should busy himself there in needful service could do so without discomfort from the cold.

The first business of the young girl was to find Justice Hapworth and deliver the message. She had seen the gentleman walking sometimes in his garden, or in the church, or driving about in his carriage; every body knew the great man of the town; he had a person worth a glance; he always could command that.

Lydia passed through the great gate, and entered the carriage-way, following its windings through the handsome evergreens until she came near the house. She saw Justice Hapworth descending the steps.

The serious errand on which she came possessed her entirely. She thought of nothing but Sardius Stone and his last words as she approached the master of this place. No misgiving, no vain self-consciousness disturbed her. Calm and steady as a fate she went to meet him.

Justice Hapworth recognized the lady. He had before now observed her in the asylum and elsewhere, and any request she had to make in her own behalf, or in that of any other person, he would be almost certain to heed. He approached her with a smile, but there was no response to it in her serious face. She had come from a presence too dreadful; she could not turn from the friendly dead with tears and greet the careless living with a smile; so, in all the grave integrity of her own spirit, she said,

"He is dead—old Mr. Stone. He lies down there in the old house. I just left him. He told me to find you and say, 'Tell Hapworth I forgive him.'"

For a moment Justice Hapworth regarded the messenger with silent wonder; then he frowned, but afterward he laughed. He was so proud, and could afford to be so contemptuous; the message impressed him much the same as though a worm had crawled out of the path he walked in, giving him all the way.

The face of the messenger flushed. Her voice betrayed her, yet she managed to say, with dignity,

"Those were the very words. You may not be the person intended; but I did not know there was another of your name, Sir. He certainly knew what he was saying; and he said it in such a way that I thought, and I think, the words must be of worth to somebody."

"He died at nine o'clock, you say," said Mr. Hapworth, looking at his watch.

"While the bell was ringing," answered Lydia; and it was a matter of small moment to her that Justice Hapworth was so courteous as to follow her to the gate of his grounds, and with his own hands open it that she might pass, or that he should say kindly,

"Even if you made a mistake, and of course you have not, I have to thank you for a good intent. I shall see to it that the town gives Mr. Stone a burial becoming the first settler of Hapworth."

A promise any citizen might have presumed to make.

But when he said, "If you were not in such haste I would ask permission to bring you some flowers from the green-house. You might put them in his room, or perhaps carry them home," she answered quickly, "I am in too great haste, Sir;" and did not even thank him for the courtesy declined.

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The courtesies of Justice Hapworth were not usually rejected, and never, it may safely be said, with so poor an appreciation of their value. That any one should decline a flower from his hot-house was a matter of no great moment, yet he would have been better satisfied if the lady had manifested less indifference to the service he would cheerfully have rendered. He was vexed when he wished her good-morning, and did not smile at himself even when he recollected that she was a patient in the Asylum—a person by no means responsible for want of courtesy or plain speaking.

He went into the green-house at once, after he closed the gate upon the girl; thinking that, though she refused them, the flowers should be gathered, and he would himself take them. Take them! The absurdity of the sentiment he would indulge struck him the instant he crossed the threshold of the dainty crystal palace. This perfume and this beauty; how should he transfer it, or any portion of it, to the hovel where Sardius Stone was lying dead? Love might have borne these flowers—or any, the richest, the fairest that ever blossomed—to any place of death, however low and squalid; and placed by loving hands on any bier the gift were well, were decent.

But he must make no such offering; mock no sense by such a tribute. He would, however, go and see poor Sardius in his last state. Accordingly he walked down to the old log tenement, as became the descendant of Squire Hapworth. He was the first person that opened the door Lydia Hertz had closed behind her when she left the old man to convey his message.

No man of reflection associated as he, by his progenitors, with this figure of clay, not long since animated by a spirit that had dealt with the dead from whose life he sprung—no man of any feeling, situated as he was—could have looked unmoved on what Hapworth there beheld: such a figure, such a setting!

Some traces of the manly beauty for which Sardius Stone was renowned in his prime were still to be discerned in the face that was no longer controlled by the spirit that had been in bonds so long. Lydia had closed the eyelids; and the eyes which had looked with pain on vanity for weary years that seemed to have no end for him, gave not now their painful emphasis to the numberless wrinkles with which brow and cheeks were furrowed. And the wrinkles themselves seemed, half of them, to have disappeared. Any fond gaze could have seen something to rejoice over in the now placid countenance, so full of satisfied composure. This man had done with sense and time; the show, so poor to him, was over; he stood among the final verities.

Justice Hapworth, reckoning his age, was astonished at the peaceful tokens of the face. During the past years he had come to regard this man as a model of unworthiness—a gloomy, misanthropic, slanderous old dotard, whose pride had destroyed him, when those who started in the race with him outstripped him, prospering to the end.

Long ago, when the destitute condition of Stone was represented to him, Hapworth had made a provision for him that should keep him in comfort, year by year, so long as he should live. This supply of the ordinary human needs had been made without the old man's knowledge; he had never heard his benefactor's name. Justice Hapworth had pursued this course in the veteran's behalf with special reference to his feelings, fearing that he would, with childish obstinacy, refuse the gratuity when he knew the source; for the hostility of old Sardius Stone toward old Squire Hapworth and his descendants was no secret: there was a time when all its facts were notorious in the town.

Justice Hapworth was a man of action; but some reflection by this dead body he could not well avoid. He did not smile here when he looked on death, and remembered that the last words spoken in that room were words of forgiveness in which he was concerned. When he went away and closed the door and left the body, it was not with the sorrow of the girl who preceded him, but with a deeper solemnity, and some strange questionings.

An electric thrill seemed to pass through Hapworth town when it was told, from street to street, that Sardius Stone was dead. Even those who had most lightly appreciated the pioneer, who lost his wits when he lost his property fifty—sixty years ago; for to that cause people generally assigned the clouds and darkness which gathered over his mind—even such evinced considerable emotion, more than could have been anticipated by any one who knew the neglect he had lived to experience. The fall of the landmark was an event. It gave the pens of editors employment; town records were looked over; general information sought; sounding sentences developed with the fine occasion. The Council, as one man, voted the deceased a public funeral. Mr. Hapworth understood that his motion would secure the vote; and every body echoed what he said in his brief speech, that so much homage as this was due to the departed century.

More attention than had been bestowed on the log tenement for a score of years was its share when people and their children perceived that the moss-grown roof covered the dead body of one who had lived a hundred years, once the owner of a hundred thousand acres hereabouts, whose axe felled the first tree, whose hand planted the first wheat-field of a settlement that had grown to be a city of repute, whose forty prosperous years had been lost in sixty of disaster and helplessness.

There was a proposition made in the early stage of "proceedings" that he should be buried from the church he had helped to build, and which he long attended, but this was overruled; and accordingly the funeral was held in the old cabin. Not from the fine stone mansion on the hill, long the great house of a hundred miles—the home from whence his wife and daughter were buried. Even from the little, tottering, moss-grown cabin which in his prosperous days

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he had reverently protected from decay—from this poor, willow-shaded lodge, to which he had retired when his old eyes had seen all this world can give taken away.

The preacher, who was an orator, ascended the platform in front of the house, and from thence addressed the immense throng gathered from far and near, in deference to that whose present best representative was to be found in the white hairs, and wrinkled visage, and the name of Sardius Stone.

The country had come to town in crowds. Long would both town and country remember the day's wintry beauty, its quiet and its brightness, the little house, and the exceeding great company; the generous eloquence, and the lofty theme—time, death, eternity; the gravity of the aged, and the attention of children. The last century seemed indeed to wait interment at the hands of this people.

Country folks cut twigs from the venerable willow-tree to plant around their homes, or on the road-side, or in the grave-yard where they had buried their dead. One became a thousand. All in memory of Sardius Stone, who, many a conscience said, had been allowed to pass too far from sight, to live too much alone. Even with the oft-repeated "He would have it so," they could not satisfy themselves.

There was just one mourner for the dead, the poor girl whom sorrows had benighted—she whom the old man called "Daughter" and "Juliet."

Conspicuous among the dignitaries appointed to follow the hearse on foot was Justice Hapworth, whose grandsire the preacher named with honor, and dwelt upon with fervor, as he recalled the early history of the Western District.

Had it been possible Justice Hapworth would gladly have resigned his place in the procession to another. Not because averse to display of this kind. No business, and no celebration of honorable public character, could be transacted in the town without his recognition and assistance. He was needed not merely as the representative of past dignity, but of present power and influence. But something as weak as misgiving disturbed his mind on this occasion.

He was not fearful of violating good taste, to which he was a patient slave, in thus allowing himself to appear in cruel contrast with that which must have burial. The name of Hapworth had superseded that of Stone, as had also the Hapworth deeds and titles. Success was with the living, and ruin with the dead—even the preacher seemed aware of the fact.

The misgiving was excited by nothing Hapworth heard or saw. He did not even recognize that he had any cause for the disturbance he felt. He was not mindful of the fact that the men were dead who used to talk much of the advantage, legal and illegal, taken by Squire Hapworth, agent, in his dealings with Sardius Stone, proprietor of the great land estate.

They *were* dead who would have talked, and found their listeners while they talked, of the processes by which Hapworth's fortune grew, and Stone's diminished, as the settlement passed through village, town, and city experiences. The man also had long since departed who was witness to the final separation between Stone and Hapworth, when both uttered words neither would ever forget, ending with Stone's "Never mind, Hapworth. You've got it all in your hands at last, but it will be cursed to you—mind that."

Years ago, exaggerated rumors of this quarrel and its causes were rife among the people. Here and there, in out of the way places, some mouldering fragment of the report might be found, but where the current of life ran swift and strong it was unknown, and most people would have felt the shame and the risk of bringing to mind a prophecy proved so false. For what curse had ever fallen on any Hapworth? The Squire's son, and his son's son, went on prospering and to prosper, and year by year their riches increased. No blight of any kind for them—strength and health, and a sound mind; position, power, and the grace to use it, distinguished Squire, and Judge, and Justice. Here stood the youngest representative in his beauty and his pride; there lay the prophet dumb, with thunder-bolt withdrawn—forgiveness on his lips—the last clear token of him a forgiving man.

Ay, and a little further let us look into the brightness of this picture. You might search far in vain for a nobler specimen of manly dignity and grace than this heir presented. The idea of his inheriting a curse was the last that could occur to a right-minded person, aware of his blameless life, his manifest fair fortune. He lived in becoming style though without display. He was not vain; he could not afford the time, and would not afford the money, to gratify vulgarity in his way of living. He never hunted heraldry in search of a crest and coat of arms to paint upon his panels or grave upon his seal. The house and grounds were kept in style without abatement of the splendor in which his father had indulged. But the world's notions had grown since then, and many a dashing speculator, who made his fortune last year and would lose it in the next, eclipsed the house of Hapworth in display. He disdained to rival such, and none that knew him called him niggard. Indeed, to the mind of respectable conservatism Justice Hapworth was a model man; and if the young men of the neighborhood ran off into wild courses of dissipation and extravagance, they were at least indebted to others besides him for example.

Yet the man *was* cursed. He might give away half his fortune, but was not a liberal man. He was selfish in his aims, even though they concerned entirely the public good. He was narrow in view, not lofty in sentiment, cautious, suspicious. A person need not be exalted to the dignity of an angel in order to be able greatly to pity such a man, though the mob of people round about will magnify his virtues, glorify his deeds, regard him as the model man, spitting on the prophets, stoning martyrs so to prove their brave dexterity, and their most keen perceptions.

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When he came into possession of his estate he informed himself of every item of intelligence that concerned him before he would rest. His expenditure he early determined to regulate by his income; yet half that income remained on his hands at the end of every year. He missed all the profit of his charities except that of public praise; for in his heart was no charity, and in his life no beneficence. He missed the satisfaction of a nature whose sympathies are allowed their natural free action; he missed gratitude and love, except that of lying lips and careless tongues, and that nauseous gossip of the newspapers, the "free and unbought press." He missed, in fact, the blessedness of every blessing. The curse had fallen on his spirit, and if any where he had apprehended it, it would have been in the destruction of his property.

He laughed at the word of "Juliet," the tidings from the death-bed — FORGIVENESS — a curse revoked by him who uttered it, but he had good need of a deliverance.

How could he ever be made to understand? I know of but one power that works the unquestionable miracles.

Hapworth's serenity of countenance and general composure testified to the absence of excitement in the circumstances of his lot. He seemed to control those circumstances with a strong hand; in politics, in business, he had the coolness of a commander: no advantage was to be taken by the wary of his loss of self-possession. His sleep was unbroken by distracting thoughts. He was methodical and exact to a belittling extreme, for there is a point beyond which honesty can not go and hope to miss of actual degradation. If any body doubts it, let him trade with three-penny bits a while! But the time was come when even habit should be weak in controlling the man.

Of all faces of beauty, of all forms of grace, of all sweet voices, of all lovely eyes, was there none that could haunt him but the face, the form, the voice, the glance, of the young maid in the lunatic asylum, who had tenderly watched the dying days of Sardius Stone; who had indignantly resented Hapworth's thoughtless ingratitude?

For so it seemed. Of all women she alone ever for one moment disturbed the bachelor's peace, interfered with his ease, accused him in absence, reasoned with him in silence, followed him unseen, compelled him away from his close calculations, shamed his exactness, reasoned with him, persuaded him, proved to him that his self-sufficience was not all-sufficient. But in his walks and drives he saw her not; and let no one suppose that the purpose of seeking her ever even flashed across his mind as possible. Among his designs you would never find one opposed to his immaculate good sense.

He did not seek her then; but in those wintry days he left undone two things of which he would not need to make account when he should sum up his sins of omission.

From harvest time till January it had been his purpose to cut short, make an end of a certain style of correspondence which had prevailed during these months between him and the agent of the largest portion of his estate. The year had been disastrous to all agriculturists; crops generally had failed, and the small farmers who rented land of him, paying him yearly interest from the profits of their labor, had, to a man almost, failed to act according to agreement. Since the fact of their impossibility to meet their obligations had come to the agent's knowledge, he had been performing the unusual duties of a mediator—stating facts, and leaving them to make their own appeal to the proprietor, who would not be impoverished by the impoverishment and withholding of his tenants.

This state of things interfered with the landholder's habits of business, and greatly displeased him. He had thought the matter over, and refrained from expressing his opinion to the agent because he intended that the business should be settled according to his own mind, and he could not clearly see how that was to be done if what the agent said was true. Somewhere in the business he believed he should be defrauded. To secure himself he supposed he must insist upon the usual settlement between the agent and himself.

He had come to this conclusion before the death of Sardius Stone, but he did not act upon it. Early in the new year he sat down to make a finish of the business much more exactly than he had contemplated. That the grace might be made manifest to every man concerned as proceeding from his own royal hand, he released each tenant from payment whose name appeared upon the agent's list.

Last year he would have been incapable of such an act. On impulse he never acted. This deed was the result of deliberation, not honorable, not high-minded; but men are men, and all their best deeds are not such as would be worthy of the just gods.

If I say this act of clemency and generous justice was a proof that a curse was being removed, I must also say it was a testimony of other influence of which Mr. Hapworth was as little aware. Gentle, liberating influence, that was giving him other honor, other excellence, other beauty, dignity, and joy, than his own to think of.

He was put to another trying test before the spring. Party expedients — acts for which no single man would choose to be responsible—had been discussed in more than one assembly for deliberation of ways and means. Hapworth's influence and money were both wanting, he knew how much. He was to be paid rare wages for himself—of course the reader understands the "consideration of his distinguished service to the cause" was not to be put in the form of wages, but rendered in grateful testimony. Defend us from the recklessness of people who call things by their names!

There was a time when Justice Hapworth would not have hesitated as to the course he should pursue. Such an emergency as the pres-

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ent would have found him prepared, and he would have gone on conquering and to conquer, as heretofore. But in these days he seemed to be not his own man. He was interfering with himself. The rigid will was disturbed. Something fairer even than expediency—something truer and more honorable—was busy with persuasion, argument, reproach. There seemed to be two sides to all these arguments, and an absolute *nay* ready for all the affirmations.

And was it not an evil hour? Rabid politicians called it so. Was it not defeat, disgrace, when Justice Hapworth washed his hands of an offense against right, in defiance of party regulations? Let them call him sordid, traitor, imbecile!

As if directed by an unseen will—it is a spiritual fact—he threw away his prudence in business, renounced political advantage, and retired from his office when his party, according to threat, dropped him and substituted in his place another. And he looked and lived thereafter like a living man, though his detractors generally said that he was "dead."

Verily it seemed as if Stone's forgiveness had a work to do; as if a little leaven were leavening the lump; as if communication were established somehow between two opposing forces.

Where was Lydia?

Gathering flowers in the spring from the grove in the midst of which stood the asylum. She carried the first she found to lay on the grave of Sardius. Often she was walking to the cemetery with such offerings; and if any person thinking much or rarely of her cared to find her, he might have felt assured that in one place he should see her, any bright day—by the grave next the mound that covered Juliet.

Justice Hapworth went one afternoon to the cemetery, contemplating by the way a secret purpose which he intended to communicate to no one.

The willow-trees were bare of leaves as yet, but the twigs were turning to a deeper yellow; the last year's grass lay brown or green upon the graves, but the roots were springing freshly underneath, and sending up the shoots as yet invisible; the sky was blue as the splendid prophetic knowledge of the sun could make it; the air like balm; the monuments glittering with whiteness; the dead at rest; the birds at work. By the grave of Sardius Stone sat Lydia Hertz; her hand was full of wild-flowers, and resting on the sod.

Justice Hapworth was standing straight before her before either was aware. They had not met since Christmas morning on the Hapworth lawn, and both remembered that occasion and the interview. Did the recollection so prevail as to take from this meeting all pleasure—even all satisfaction? He smiled when he recognized her; she did not frown, nor look with wonder, nor think, since he had come, this was no place for her.

Was there no pleasure in this meeting? Yea, to the loves that ordained it; to the care that never wearies; to the patience that never despairs.

He came there with his secret purpose, which he intended should remain a secret always, but the first words he spoke to this young girl revealed it. Of millions of women fate could not have substituted another in her place of whom this same thing might be said. But for Lydia, his secret had been his own forever.

"I came"—said he, lifting his hat, bowing low to the sad-faced girl—"I came to see about a monument for Mr. Stone. Have you ever thought of a style that would be most appropriate for him?"

Though she merely answered in the negative, she looked up with an interest and pleased surprise that constrained Hapworth to say further:

"Let us talk about it, then. Maybe you can help me. It must not be ostentatious or much ornamented. That would not be appropriate."

"It would not, certainly," she answered; and, rising from the mound, she came out from the inclosure of the family burial-place and stood before the monument of Juliet.

"You must say nothing of my intention," said he; "it is my secret—and yours, too, it seems. You will help me keep it as well as fulfill it, therefore."

She bowed—did not speak—was evidently taken up with some thought which she desired to express, and yet doubted either her ability to make it clear or his to hear it with satisfaction.

"You will help me, I hope," persisted the Justice, perceiving her perplexity, and strangely desirous of the aid he was soliciting.

"He told me once—" she answered; "I wonder if I shall tell you!"

"Certainly," he said, with an assurance that seemed able to settle the doubt in her mind. He spoke out as the ruler of a world. But, do you deem, without emotion? Did the Lord of Life weep by a grave indeed?

"But you laughed when I brought a message from him; so that I have never been satisfied whether it was for you," she answered.

"Be satisfied," said Hapworth, with a solemn conviction—a sudden, a wonderful illumination, which he was honest enough to declare outright. "It was for me. It could have been for no other man—for I have surely been forgiven! You are right to remind me. But be kind; and tell me what it was he said!"

While he spoke her face brightened; when he ceased she said:

"You make me happy. I will tell you what he said. Before he lost his property he meant to give the town a library. He said he meant that it should be his monument. After he lost his daughter he intended to turn his handsome house into a library building, and fill it with books—Juliet was very fond of books. But pretty soon every thing was gone, and he could do nothing."

Justice Hapworth's eyes were on the child—for so she seemed to him. His serious, mild gaze did not trouble her, and it was not once

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removed while she spoke; but he looked away when he asked, in a low voice,

"Do you suppose that this design would have pleased him greatly if he could have fulfilled it? And if I should carry out the project, do you think that would be better than to erect a monument down here?"

"Oh yes!" she exclaimed, with an eagerness that expressed well her pleasure. "When I am better—and the doctor says I shall be—" Here she paused.

"What will you do?" asked a tender voice that seemed to care.

"We have a library in our old house—it belonged to my grandfather—and my father and brother were great students. There are hundreds of volumes and nobody to use them. You may have them to put with yours for his monument."

"Ah," said Hapworth, "we must think of that! Some day, perhaps, we shall select the books together. You would really advise me to let the monument alone, and turn the old house into a library?"

"Is it yours?"

"No, but the owner wants to sell it."

"Can you buy it?"

"If you think it would be best. I want to please you, for then I know I should please him. All that you did satisfied him."

"Yes," said she; "he often said so."

"Then you will help me when it comes to arranging the books?"

"For his monument? Yes—if I could—if I am here—but I would stay for that. Will it be long?"

"If you would walk with me a few steps from this place," said Hapworth, "I could show you the house."

"I have often seen it," she replied. "We used to walk there; and he has told me many times about his daughter—how she died—and the very room—I know it."

"We should call the library after his name," said Hapworth—and he was leading the way out of the cemetery, Lydia following him.

Simple talk for record; but while it beguiled him Hapworth seemed to be treading on everlasting foundations; and oh! I shall not strive to prove what divine beauty was in the truth that bloomed aloft.

They walked from the cemetery a few paces till they came near the hill on whose summit stood the mansion, built like some old-time castle. Hapworth did not ask her to ascend the hill with him—indeed seemed hardly to know why he had guided to that place. A solemn fear possessed him. What was in store for him he could not rightly see; but he knew that his destiny was here. As for Lydia, in her sadness was the tremulous prescience of some triumphant joy; and it was manifest, as is the shining of the moon through breaking clouds, fair clouds, that are dispelling to leave clear a fairer sky!

Unfinished as this page might seem, I am tempted to leave it here—to leave this man and woman to the influence of each other's sacred presence. As no imagination of old time ever, on any page, for any eye, rivaled the marvels of science in our day—as truth is always better and more marvelous than fiction, more wonderful in operation, more beautiful in result, I dare not stain this canvas with any gaudy coloring that it may arrest for one moment longer any ill-discerning eye. Let not my work here be thought of, but the transcendent work, the perfect work of Nature.

Here was a man conditioned almost as a god, delivered from the curse of his own bands, looking down on a young girl whom Providence had left alive on earth when grief had tormented beyond reason. She was looking back to him with brightening eyes, brightening intelligence.

They were thinking, as well as speaking, of the old man whom Hapworth's forefathers had wronged. They were consulting together with intent to carry out the proudest wish that old man ever cherished. They were trusting each other as out of ten thousand you shall find one man and one woman. By the immortal, invincible strength of love he should bring her free at last of every cloud of darkness; by the eternal verity of love, she should be strong to leave her life with him.

It was the work of a day, of an hour, questions some reader, with a smiling doubt. Oh profanest skeptic! that might well be; but it was not in this instance. For the first time in his life Hapworth had seen Truth when she rebuked him. For the first time she in him had recognized Destiny—she whom fortune and friends and the world had fooled, and whom God had graciously taken into His own charge when these had proved unworthy, soothing her reason to sleep until a day of strength and the light of joy should come.

Truth and Strength! When Love unites these who shall put asunder? How often is the improbable and the "impossible" of man to be proved the YEA AND AMEN of a diviner spirit?

It might be one day or many that Justice Hapworth waited for his bride. Deem the highest aspiration of old Sardius Stone fulfilled. Survey his noble monument. Look not for Hapworth on the map—the city's name is Stoneburgh. Consider that no poison could destroy this Juliet.

OUR OLD PEW.

WE are quite well aware that there is nothing especially attractive to this fast and not very reverential generation in the title of this article; and while the merits of "The Old Arm-chair" and "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Old Mill," "The Old School-house," and almost every ancient thing on earth, have been said or sung to not indifferent ears, so far as our observation goes, we are the first to say a word for the Old Pew. If our saying may turn out to be as much a sermon as a song, we hope to

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win a friendly ear from the large and growing class of our readers who cherish time-hallowed remembrances sacredly, and believe that home-life gains in geniality as well as in elevation by coming under wholesome church influences.

I have had it (here a while we use the first person) in mind for some time to write an essay upon the Church view of the Family, and my thoughts take the present shape from a visit to my native home and the old church of our childhood. I always go home in mid-summer, and it is pleasant to make a double use of the college holidays by taking the old homestead on the way to the Cambridge Commencement. I have just returned from that annual visit, and I found the workmen busy with dismantling the interior of our church, or "meeting-house," as the people there usually style their places of worship. I was glad to be in time to see the building before the work of destruction had gone far, and sit a moment in the old pew before its homely pine and mahogany were torn away to make room for more modern accommodations. The moment spoke for a whole lifetime, and recalled vividly the forty years that have passed since I first took my seat there, and looked up with childish reverence to the lofty ceiling and the solemn preacher. The ceiling does not, indeed, seem to me very lofty now, yet it lifts my thoughts higher than any vaulted cathedral; and the preacher, although he now wears the square cap of an academic president and rules over the oldest university in the land, is not as awful as he was then; and it was very pleasant as I sat, last week, at his table, and enjoyed his sparkling wit and sententious wisdom, to be assured that the familiarity which abates awe need not bring contempt, and that true reverence may grow with friendly fellowship. I can honestly say that the best influence over my boyish days came from that pulpit; and although the preacher was a deep thinker, and I could not understand all of his sermons, there was something in every sermon that came home to me, and even when I could not understand the thought I understood the manner, being perfectly convinced by the tone and gesture that he meant to do us good, and the spirit and the trust were with him. Like other men, I, of course, have had my temptations, and I can truly say that, whenever enticed to venture upon any wrong course, no power has been stronger with me for the right than the remembrance of those wholesome counsels of our old minister, and that searching question, "How shall I look him in the face if I waste my time and opportunities and make a fool or reprobate of myself?" He is now no longer in that pulpit, except on some occasional visit, and the forty years that have gone over his head since I first saw him there have changed him from a somewhat fiery young polemic to a calm and almost judicial sage, yet no man has better kept the promise of his prime, and his ripe autumn fruit is the fitting harvest of his green and vigorous spring-time. One thing it is very cheerful to note in him as the sear and yellow leaf comes on: he is merrier as well as wiser, and perhaps his genial temper is as good a moral now as was his close and vehement preaching forty years ago.

The aspect of the empty pews, as they waited the blow of the hammer (not the auctioneer's), was not as cheering as that of the pulpit; for forty years make sad havoc in a congregation, and as memory called the roll of the old familiar faces no answer came, in many cases, except from the tombstones that record their names. Death had made especial ravages among the solid men who sat in the middle alley, or what in New England is called the "Broad Aisle." I used to look at them with wonder not unmixed with reverence, for they were mostly the rich men of the town, whose stately houses stood in decided contrast with our simpler homes. They have passed away, and for the most part their wealth has gone with them, and strangers live in their houses and occupy their pews. An instructive essay might be written upon the lives and fortunes of some twenty of those solid men, and the lesson might throw some light upon the nature and permanence of our American prosperity. Other faces, however, than theirs dwell most pleasantly in my remembrance, and our old church had its notable persons who have made their mark upon the thought and business of our day. The navy officers worshiped usually with us, and many a weather-beaten head bowed down there in reverence that had braved the battle and the breeze in perils that have become part of our national history. There, too, for years, sat the noted orator and statesman of our vicinity, now more than ever a national name, probably the most regular worshiper in the whole congregation, present morning and afternoon, and at the usual services and at communion, the most successful man of his time, yet always bearing the mark of care upon his brow, and apparently needing no grave warnings of the altar to convince him that no crown is without its cross, and he who wins fame and fortune can not have them without paying a high price. Other men sat there, too, who have won a good name of the public in literature, science, and the learned professions. I will confess, however, that there are some associations with the worshipers that impressed me quite as much as the view of captains and senators and their peers. The school-boy and collegian, as he sat in the family pew, joined none the less fervently in the worship from being aware that gentler eyes than his were turned toward the pulpit, although sometimes, perhaps, an occasional glance toward this or that fair school-mate might have mingled with the love that is divine some little alloy of earthly feeling. He remembers to this day two faces that strongly impressed his boyhood, and gave a tinge of romance to the old sanctuary. Not far in front of his pew sat a child, a little girl with a rivulet of brown ringlets falling down her shoulders, and as she grew in stature, she became, even before he made her acquaintance, a kind of fairy of the boy's day-dreams. Another lassie, of smaller stature and

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more merry laugh, and with a hand small and dimpled enough to win a sculptor's eye, sometimes entered into his Sunday thoughts and made it pleasanter to go to church. Those two children, the picturesque Laura and the statuesque Hebe, are matrons now, each with her due share of offspring. Was it a merciful Providence that their various attractions so kept the student oscillating between them as to save him from so falling in love as to spoil his studies, or from venturing upon some juvenile declaration that might have brought a disheartening refusal from grave parents, and made him a laughing-stock among the young people? These, perhaps, may seem to be frivolous associations with a sacred place; yet there is a spirit of chivalry natural to boyhood which readily connects womanly grace with religion, and does not prevent a romantic nature from saying the prayers heartily with a little lovely companionship in the sanctuary. Our Puritan churches are so barren in ornament, without a picture or inscription to vary their blank walls, that the human heart is compelled to be its own artist, and set up a Madonna or two of its own from pictured fancies if not upon glass or canvas.

After all these somewhat playful reminiscences, we confess that the old edifice abounds in serious suggestions; and before we surrendered the old pew to destruction, we were compelled to note a few thoughts upon the welfare of the family as connected with the church and its ministry. The first thought that forces itself upon us comes from the importance of duly considering the *individual characteristics* of the members of the family in religious education, and of not forgetting, in our wholesale methods of training the young, that each girl or boy is an original from the hand of God, and, as such, demands, in some respects, a peculiar nurture. The whole family, indeed, is fenced up within that boarded inclosure, as within the partitions of a sheep-pen, in a way that tends to hide all marked characteristics in a prosaic uniformity. Yet even the Sunday seat with the Sunday face in the gravest sanctuary does not wholly tone down to one dead level every salient point of character. The soberest members of the family, who are intent upon prayer and Bible and sermon with all their hearts and eyes, will, by their way of sitting or holding their head or book, or their cast of countenance, betray their idiosyncrasy; and the imperious shake of the solemn father's head, or the anxious glance of the careful mother's eye, will be, to a shrewd observer, a great revelation of character. Then the children, with their volatile spirits, can not fail to show what is in them, and any man who has a keen eye for human nature need not take his Shakspeare or Lord Bacon to church with him to open to him the secrets of the human breast and prove the force of nature over circumstances. A half dozen girls and boys are a compend of the world's history, and in the hints of pride or vanity, sensitiveness or resolution, quietude or restlessness, listlessness or anxiety, a sagacious looker-on may detect qualities that have made the earth's leading characters and their subjects or disciples.

We must confess that this fact of individuality of nature and experience is not sufficiently considered in our churches, and too often the whole congregation is preached to as if all were exactly alike, and were to be turned to religion upon a kind of turning-lathe very much after the same pattern. Not only in the tone and direction of the services, but in the very order of the services, there is too little regard to individual dispositions and faculties. As a general rule, we are convinced that young people are surfeited with mere preaching, and that the ear and understanding are tasked to an extent wholly out of proportion with the eye, the fancy, and the affections. Our churches run too much to sermons, and to prayers that are often but sermons aimed toward heaven. There is too little to see and feel—too little cheering music, social fellowship, and ritual symbol. We remember what a godsend it was to us in our boyhood when a baby was baptized, and the minister, after the singing of a hymn, came down from the pulpit, and, in the gaze of the great company who stood on tiptoe to be spectators as well as listeners, named the child, after the Divine commission, in a way that made us feel, better than we could then explain, that a little baby is a sacred and mysterious gift, and under that frail mantle of clay rests that royal humanity which the Father made, and the Son redeemed, and the Spirit sanctified. There was very little else in our church to vary the usual tenor of worship. Never a marriage, with its festive sanctity, nor a funeral, with its solemn shadow—never a Christmas wreath nor an Easter flower, to bring into the sanctuary some sacred sense of the rich fullness of human life and the wide range of God's providence. What poetry we had in connection with religion came to us in spite of the church, and even our noble minister, with all his gifts of wisdom, his iron logic and pointed moral and often eloquent appeal, seldom dealt in pathos or ideality, seldom presented church principles and seasons in a way to attract young hearts. We needed some direct appeal from him to bring us to ourselves and to God. The old catechising in a manner filled the want, and a few words from his revered lips to each of us as we met in the church on Wednesday afternoons were treasured up for years, and are riches to us now. Yet there was generally little contact between the pastor and the children of the flock—little of that personal counsel which, in our Protestant faith, may have all the unction and point of the old confessional without its tyranny. Many a youth suffers sadly from not having his own religious difficulties fitly met, and his own religious sensibilities and powers brought out. He finds himself sternly questioned by his own reason, and strongly tempted by his own heart and the world. He finds himself unable to think and feel as others seem to do, and often is in danger of giving over his soul to despair as an utter reprobate, simply because he is made in a peculiar mould, and must

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take to religion, if at all, as to every thing else, in his own way, and not in another person's way. He is, perhaps, of a sober, ethical disposition like St. James, and wonders that he has not Peter's fiery zeal or Paul's impassioned faith. A true and timely word might set him right, and instead of vainly trying to make of him somebody else, it might help him be himself among the other children of God. There is no end to the illustrations of the principle in question, and a new day will come to our churches when it is duly remembered that in the same pew vast diversity of gifts exists, and we show reverence for the Creator by giving fair play and full nurture to every soul that He has called into being. Perhaps every thoughtful reader can remember cases of promising youths who have been allowed to drift loose from all serious convictions, if not from good morals, in the absence of such personal care for their welfare. Surely it is a somewhat startling thought, as we look upon the tenants of a church-pew, to reflect how many various dispositions are there represented, and what care is needed to give each nature its true development.

Study any family group, moreover, not only as made up of separate persons, but as forming one household. Generally, a looker-on may discern a family likeness in the whole company of children; and even the father and mother, without any unity of blood, assimilate somewhat in appearance by constant association. The intention of Providence evidently is that the family shall be one, not only by living under the same roof, but by breathing the same spirit and furthering the same plans of life. It is equally evident that mere blood is not enough to make them one, and many of the most terrible quarrels that stain history and convulse society have been between blood relations. Mere unity of blood may sometimes create discord; for where, for example, a certain high temper runs in the veins, the inmates of a household may be tempted to quarrel even because they are so much alike. But without such high tempers, and in a family with good average dispositions, there is sure to be sufficient variety of traits to excite uncomfortable feelings, if all are not induced to agree upon some principle of harmony above personal notions and caprices. Hence the blessing of a strong and wholesome religious influence over the household, and the need of enlarging and elevating home life by church devotion and fellowship. It is by no means easy for relatives, even for brothers and sisters, to agree when they wish to do so by mere good-nature, much less by a decent etiquette that disguises chagrin, or by a compromise of manner that tolerates failings for the sake of having its own failings tolerated in turn. It is a great art to solder different metals together; and without the proper amalgam, the more they are brought together the more they clatter and chafe. The higher the materials to be united, the higher must be the element of union; and human souls can come together only in the atmosphere of love, that is the soul's true life and Heaven's best gift. Hence the blessing of a sound, hearty religion in drawing the family together; and the pew, whose door opens to welcome them from the household, should dismiss them to their homes all the warmer in domestic affection from being more fervent as children of God. It would be well, it seems to us, if preaching had an eye more to this end, and our clergy would remember that every Sunday, in the hundred or two families present in the pews, there must be not a few cases where the first principles of brotherly and filial and parental love need to be inculcated. Sometimes the tenderest appeals to home feeling touch the very natures that seem least open to gentle emotions; and we believe that generally, whenever the preacher says a cordial and unaffected word, especially for good mothers, the sternest looking men in the audience, with not a few of the more refractory boys, will be found inclining to the melting mood.

It may startle sentimental ears to be told that respectable families are not always by mere force of nature harmonious, and need the benefit of church and clergy to bring them into tune. But we are ready to go even further, and to maintain that the very families that have within themselves the largest elements of happiness are very apt to disagree unless they are harmonized by a spirit above their own self-wills. True harmony is the agreement of differences, and where the differences seem at first to be the greatest, as in a concert of various voices and instruments, the harmony may be the most complete. What a fearful din arises when first the drum and trumpet, the flute and fife, the harp and horn lift up their miscellaneous voices; and the novice might well think that Bedlam had broke loose or Babel had come again. But listen again, and the performers no longer following a chance caprice follow the notes of the great master, and the full burst of harmony speaks the triumphant reconciliation of that host of differences, the very best passages in the whole piece harmonizing the most opposite instruments, and perhaps making the silver flute keep friendly company with the brazen drum, or the quivering harp give grateful relief to the sonorous trumpet. Human characters are more various than metal or strings or reed, and require a finer touch and higher mastery to bring them into tune. We are not, of course, speaking now of positive quarrels in a family; for hard words imply low breeding, and rude blows degrade households below the level of those for whom we write. Yet there may be a whole world of discomfort without sinking into such degradation, and family jars may rob life of its best charm, even when they do not break the visible order of the family, or go beyond hard thoughts and moody tempers. The trouble may come from the over-sensitive, who feel acutely every cold look or harsh word, or from the strong will that resents every restraint as an imposition; and often these two traits of character are found to organize a standing disagreement in a family, when delicate nerves on one side, and hot blood on the other, live in a

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state of chronic warfare, like the tearful rain and flashing lightning of a thunder-shower. We do not believe, indeed, that temperaments can be changed; but we do know that they can be regulated, and at the very point where disagreement most readily commences there the true harmony should begin; for just at that point the necessity of self-control and self-sacrifice most clearly appears, and when these set up their cross of self-consecration the crown of peace will not long be withheld. We suppose that the happiest couple need in some way to find out this secret for themselves and their children, and that no families have so deep and enduring enjoyment as those who learn in due season that human tempers and impulses are very mutable and erring, and must be brought under the influence of a superior authority and spirit. We believe that the simplest lessons of the Gospel, if heeded in due time, might prevent many a family quarrel; and that, instead of an angry divorce, a deeper harmony would unite many a sensitive wife and irritable husband, if the sense of infirmity or wrong had only brought humility before God's mercy-seat instead of multiplying scandal in the world's mischievous ear.

Generally the feminine part of the household is more under the influence of the pew than the masculine part, and is especially better for the influence, when true wisdom guides the pulpit and good sense goes with the sentiment of the ministrations. Sometimes this very subject divides the household, and the husband and wife differ decidedly as to the merits of the preacher or the worth of the sanctuary. Most frequently the skeptical element in the family is on the masculine side; and where actual skepticism does not exist, a certain reserve, or indifference, almost as much nullifies the influence of the Church. How to interest the men and boys is a great question of our time, and one which is answered in various ways, and most conspicuously by two classes of preachers—the sensation orators, who thin the seats of the theatre and caucus by their more inebriating appeals, and the rough-and-ready school of divines, who seem to carry the boxing-gloves and foils into the pulpit, and preach bodily exercise as well as godliness, and recommend a very literal style of knock-down arguments. These may do well in their place; and it takes all sorts of people to make up a church as a world. But, for ourselves, we have far more hope of interesting indifferent men, and even reclaiming refractory boys, by a consistent, calm, and resolute ministry, that urges a Divine authority with devout grace, and aims to nurture the people within God's kingdom in the atmosphere of love, and upon the living bread and waters of the Father's household, than by any sensation rhetoric or rough-and-ready pugnacity. The great question to be settled is, whether life is to be under a divine law or not; and if under a divine law, whether under the divine love also. Now, surely the ministry that mingles true dignity with sympathy and unction is most likely to secure this end, and urge an authority that is gracious and a grace that is authoritative. If a good share of solid sense and clear logic is united with such a ministry, all the better for its power over the masculine part of the family in bringing them to true reverence for sacred things, and into wholesome harmony with the generally devout temper of the women of the household.

There is a great deal of undeveloped talent in the family; and it is a startling question to ask on Sunday, as we look about upon the congregation, what would be the career of these girls and boys if their destinies were to chime exactly with their powers, and they were to become the most and the best that they can become? But talent is not by any means confined to the taste, intellect, or imagination, but embraces every capacity and faculty of usefulness and enjoyment, or of receiving and imparting good. How much more startling becomes the question when extended to all those varieties of sensibility and affection and conscience and thought and purpose in which life has its highest worth and peace! Every Sunday how various and many are the keys touched by the preacher's word, and what power has a true master in bringing out the true tones from that many-voiced humanity! Hence the need—which we urge as our final leading thought—the need of cherishing a true catholicity in church, and of thus making the family feel not only that they are individuals and also one household, but that they belong to a universal empire, a spiritual kingdom, and are to cherish its divine citizenship in the due use of their powers and capacities. They will be all the more a family by recognizing their true union with the universal family; just as each city is more a city by knowing its due relation to the State and nation. Without going into any ambitious discussions of the true breadth of human culture, and the value of a cosmopolitan spirit in society and the world, we are content now with maintaining that each household needs a personal sense of the place of each member under the Divine government to give to each character its just charm and power. The round of a single Sunday's service, more than any week-day's schooling or any ball-room's elegances, should teach a true humanity and test a true grace and dignity. In fact, what great aspect of History, Providence, or Human Life is there which is not, in some way, presented or suggested by the Scriptures, hymns, prayers, and meditations of a well-conducted season of worship? The good old Bible itself is the great text-book of humanity as well as of God, and gathers within its lids the thoughts and experiences not only of famous saints and sages but of nations and ages. It unites with the acts of worship and instruction to win the assembly to a sense of citizenship beyond that of any one caste or family, and to ennoble daily life by the dignity of a divine birthright. The household needs this influence; for when left to itself it tends to a narrow clannishness, or belittling familism, that impoverishes the home, by making it the all-in-all, as much as he impoverishes his estate who persists in shutting himself

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up within its bounds by walls that shut out the steps of men, and the range of mountain and river, and the light of heaven itself. The true influence, when fitly used, not only enlarges the views of the family, by due knowledge of the broad sweep of the Divine plans and the rich diversity of Providential characters, but it brings each mind to its true bearings by presenting the essential ideas and motives which every human soul must accept if it would be loyal to its birthright. Thus comes that sacred filial sense and purpose which give the true aim and power, and guide and strengthen all human relations by the master-spirit of a truly filial heart. The human father is a better father from looking to the Divine Parent; and the son is a better son by leaning upon that infinite love; and the friend and the brother can give a richer sympathy by exalting personal affection into a spiritual fellowship, and ennobling private feelings by universal charity. So great is the grace and power of such a high standard over the family that camps and courts imitate its loftiness, and in a certain way—imperfect, indeed—the tone of military honor and social gentility is always bearing witness of the claims of the higher worth over the lower interest, and measuring life more by the quality of its spirit than by the quantity of its goods. The highest quality attaches to the family that is most loyal to the highest good, or has the clearest sense and the bravest service of the divine kingdom. Every true home must have something of this quality; and the lowliest cottage need ask no honors from courts or camps, fame or fashion, when its sons and daughters know and serve the Supreme Power and the Eternal Love. That family may fill a humble seat in the visible church, but it is higher than any dome or spire that pierces the sky; for God's true children are as high as his own mercy-seat, and their Sunday faces, in their reverence and joy, show forth something of the glory and blessedness there enthroned.

It may seem to some that we are dealing in overstrained phrases, and that we have mounted from the old pew to the pulpit, and caught a little of the cant and exaggeration sometimes found there. But we are, we trust, quite in a common-sense vein, and can say in all soberness that every man who can remember a single true Sunday's devotion in church will verify what has been said, and allow that, in our best hours there, we have a certain sense of belonging to the great spiritual family, and being cheered by the Universal Light and animated by the Universal Will. It is most touching and impressive to look upon the assembly where all feel this experience, and men and women of all callings, conditions, and culture are drawn together not only by the common reverence for the sanctuary shown in their common carefulness of garb and manner, but by the great and blessed conviction that they meet together in one Father, and hear His voice and feel His breath in the One Word and Spirit.

We have written in a somewhat old-fashioned strain, although by no means belonging to the class of croakers and fogies. We believe in the old Gospel as the best news, and hold to every good institution that dispenses its living waters. By this time we suppose that our old pew has been made into fire-wood, and thus returned some of the light and warmth which it has been receiving for forty years from the altar. We doubt not that the new and more graceful structure that is taking its place will, in due time, have a story of its own to tell, and we trust that it may have a better story-teller than we. What forty years to come will bring to pass in that or in any sanctuary no sober man will venture to predict; and nothing would better illustrate the mutability of human life and fortune than an exact picture of the old church, with its people, when first opened for worship, in 1818, and now, in the year 1859, when it is to be transformed. In many of those pews then sat young couples just beginning the world together, more than one fair wife bringing a bride's garment and hopes to the sanctuary. Those intervening years have brought new cares as well as new blessings to those seats, and the space between the young husband and wife has been occupied by new faces, with eyes brightening and opening with growing intelligence; and sometimes saddened by vacant spaces that speak of eyes that have been closed in death. How instructive and impressive would be a series of photographs of the family groups in any of those pews at intervals of every five or ten years, and showing the occupants in their various stages of life and culture! A keen eye must see in the boy of forty years ago the features and character of the man now of fifty; yet the keenest eye must allow its inability to play the prophet of the next forty years, and turn with grateful heart from the old pew to the old pulpit and the old Bible, happy to be assured that we are in better hands than our own, and we are governed by One whose ways are not as our ways, and whose thoughts not as our thoughts.

Farewell, old church! We can not forget your seats and walls without forgetting the best gifts that we have ever had from God and man.

WISDOM AND GOODNESS.

I WOULD be good, I would be wise,
For all men should. The wise man saith,
"Folly is sin, and sin is death."
But Fate denies
What I demand for boons like these,
If not a life, yet days of ease.

Not in this world of noise and care
Is Wisdom won, however wooed:
She must be sought in solitude,
With thought and prayer!
She will not hear my hasty cries;
I have no leisure to be wise!

Who can be wise that can not fly
These empty babblers, loud and vain;
To whom there is no God but Gain?
Alas! not I.
But this dark thought will still intrude,
There needs no leisure to be good!

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REGULAR HABITS.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

I.

A MAN who has married a lovely blonde, and sees himself reflected in two blue eyes, has thereby made himself sure of heaven, having pre-empted two quarter-sections of it and settled on the same. I have no doubt that a great many sweet things may be thought and said of wives who look out of black, brown, hazel, or even green soul-windows. But blue is my specialty. I speak particularly of blue, because my own little woman keeps my heart up by looking tenderly at me with that color, driving away the blues with blue, homeopathically—*similia similibus*, you know.

I think that you would like to hear how I got her. It is a pretty story, and has lost none of its romance because it was published in the shape of bans a dozen years ago or more. How Lulu and I pity people whose marriage-day—that vailer of heads and unvailer of hearts—shows nothing under the thin crust of lover-reserve removed but facts, business, convenience! How we rejoice in being and in seeing married lovers! God bless them—be they rich or poor! If they are the latter, it is because for a little while they are in uncomfortable rooms in this world's big boarding-house, until the home they are having fitted up in the far amaranth gardens where the River of Life runs at the porch is all ready for them. But *allons!* For the story!

The family of old Dr. Benjamin Brightyse awoke every morning of summer at half past four—every morning of winter at half past five, precisely, at the sound of a gong. Awoke, but—with the exception of Dr. Benjamin himself—turned over, made an unpleasant remark regarding the machine, and were asleep again simultaneously with its last vibration. As for Dr. Benjamin—that was a different affair. At the foot of his bed stood a chair, whereon his day vestments had taken their stated six hours of repose once in the twenty-four during the last third of a century. I might have said thirty-three and a third years, but the dignity of the pendulum and Dr. Benjamin seems to indicate the stately word "century" as more befitting an account of either of them. On the seat of the chair mentioned lay Dr. Benjamin's black pantaloons, folded without a single superfluous crease. Above those his vest, from whose pocket the massive gold repeater had been taken, wound up, and placed in a selected hollow beneath his pillow. His glossy strait-bodied coat hung speckless on the topmost projections of the chair-back, covered with a napkin. Over this lay smoothly his immaculate frilled shirt. His merino wrapper, with its nether continuations, occupied severally an arm. On the lowest bar between the legs his blue knit stockings were suspended; and outside of the door his mirror-bright half-boots awaited him, their toes at a calculated right-angle to the threshold. A black stock—fashioned with internal springs whose stiffness made it resemble some curious throat-trap stopping just short of the point where compression of the larynx proves fatal—curled all up into itself, set to catch him the moment that the highest button of his shirt-bosom became fastened.

All these preparations gave promise of promptness in rising and dressing, which Dr. Benjamin took care amply to fulfill. By the time that the other members of his family had taken up the raveling end of those dreams which the blare of the gong had snapped asunder he was equipped to meet the exigencies of the day.

It befell upon a certain morning—sufficiently long ago to have permitted room for the occurrence of a great many dressings since—that Dr. Benjamin set forth upon the early walk which formed the next thing on his invariable programme after getting ready to walk. It was in the month of November—it was a quarter to six o'clock, for winter hours were inaugurated by the gong, as an unwilling concession to the frailties of the laggard sun, with the last month of fall. As the Doctor shoved back the two bolts and turned the great key of the front door he felt a very singular and reprehensible tendency toward the irregular action of shivering, but checked himself in time, and converted the movement into one of enthusiasm, brandishing his arms declamatorily and saying, as to an audience, "Hah! what a glorious hour is the morning!" An observer, however inclined to grant his abstract proposition, might have withheld assent in the special case without laying himself open to the charge of contumacy. As the Doctor opened his door and passed out, Hazelthorpe, his place, did not become visible. So dense a fog vailed all creation that beyond the twin Norway spruces that sentineled the path to the gate at a rod's distance from the porch, whatever the Doctor possessed in the way of real estate, for purposes of ocular enjoyment, might just as well have belonged to some other man. He stood on his door-step as on an island—like an early Crusoe whose man Friday was sleeping over. The withered grass just around his feet seemed a pattern of badly chased silver—there had been plenty of moisture during the night, but not enough decidedness in it to make frost, and now it hung weakly dropping from every thing—leaves, window-sills, step-rails—even the Doctor's nose. Nevertheless this latter the Doctor wiped, and ejaculated again, with the same air of irrepressible enthusiasm, "Hah! what a glorious hour is the morning!"

The quail from amidst the stubble of a cornfield two or three fences off piped "Bob White" in a disconsolate manner, as if that member of the White family had a stove, and the bird would have given a great deal to get near it. The sparrows kept up a melancholy show of flying fitfully about to dry their wings in a fog which was too wet and heavy to dry itself and get out of the way of the sunshine; and the Doctor inwardly debated why it was that when early rising and walking abroad were exercises so exceedingly beneficial and delectable, nature could

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throw so many obstacles in the way of them. This thought, however, was almost unconscious to himself, and for the world he would not have acknowledged it to any body, as he strode fiercely through the mist, his nose graced with constantly-recurring drops, and his frill languid with overmuch imbibition. He turned his thoughts to all pastoral images of the morning—the lowing kine driven afield through dewy uplands heavy with clover-sweet and galingale—and came near stumbling over a miserable cow, who, eccentrically straying from the shed before breakfast, stood with an imbecile look toward the spots where grass had been, and dripped audibly. He fancied the lark taking up the song which the retiring nightingale had dropped, and climbing into heaven on the bars of red and golden light, bearing praise as fit finale to his sister's sad complaint. Neither were there larks nor nightingales in the United States of Yankeedom so far as heard from; but place is an inconsiderable fact in reference to spirits, and we had nightingale souls, likewise lark souls, in America—hopeless people coming first, with their songs of despair, and finally after them the men and women who are the true prophets, who catch the first gleams, and mounting, peal forth, "Hope! hope! unquenchable hope!"—the true and right succession for those who are not bilious, and who know, maugre all creeds, that there is no such thing as despair in the universe. The Doctor thought of this, and began to feel less as if he were in an ice-house with a wet towel on his spine. He warmed up, clapped his hands, and cried, "Hurrah for the lark!" without regard to the drop on his nose. A draggled bantam cock, who, like himself, had risen early from force of habit, mistook this action for a challenge, and on a tall litter-heap looked over the fence of the Doctor's barn-yard to answer it with a crow, but got as far as Cock-a-doo, and dejectedly left the dle-doo-oo-oo to be added on at some period when the fog had got out of his throat.

In vain the Doctor sought to lift his enthusiasm. Some special *contretemps* was sure to occur, or, that failing, the great general *contretemps* of six o'clock of a muggy November morning dished him in all attempts to forget Nature's temporary accidents of time and place. He strode faster and faster, down gravel-walks made to saunter in, past flower-beds widowed of all color but dun, all perfume but mildew, and finally came to a rustic arbor in his garden, with a wealth of bottled vexation in his interior which principle forbade him to spend on its obvious cause—the morning walk, but which chance afforded no other scape-goat to wreak it on. Had he seen a cat go up one of his autumn-stripped apple-trees he would have felt like shying a stone at her for the intent to steal pippins.

Dr. Benjamin entered the arbor with a jerk, and threw himself down on his bandana handkerchief, which principle, even in the heat of the most excited moments, always impelled him to interpose between the black pantaloons and any seat whatever. The caution was well taken in the present instance, as the rustic seat was mouldy and dripping like all else. Here his eye fell on the proper objects for ingathered wrath. Leaning against the central trunk of the arbor was a guitar—mildewed and rusty as to its lower, snapped as to its higher strings. A capacious meerschaum, smoked half out, lay on the ground by its side, in a little desert of its own ashes. On the seat beside the Doctor "Rob Roy" was sprawling open at the place where the gauger is drowned by Helen Macgregor; and that unfortunate victim, the Bailie, Helen, and all the clan, were additionally drowned in the last night's mist, which had soaked from cover to cover. Evidently the book had been abandoned at that place for some other occupation, whose nature was indicated still further on by a tumbler containing slices of lemon, which either had been bottled in whisky to make them keep, or had attained contact with that fluid in some way still directer. Further on around the circular seat was a knife—open and rusty. It lay in a little bed of chips; and beside it was a futile attempt at a wooden chain, broken at the second link. And on the ground, at the Doctor's feet, was a lady's reticule.

Over the Doctor's benevolent face there came a look of intense sarcasm. Such an honest, good-hearted, charitably-believing face that was of his, that he seemed like a dear satirical gentle lamb, who was playing goat for fun.

"Hah!" said the Doctor, with the audience voice, gesture, and expression; "hah! a pretty, pretty set of young people I have lived to see, to be sure! A little 'Rob Roy;' a little whittling; a little whisky—whisky-skin I think they call it. Skin! hah! A little more 'Rob Roy;' a little playing on the tum-te-iddle-ty for the girls; a little fine sewing on the little border of a little cobweb collar; a little smoking of Dutch abominable pipes! A little more sleep, and a little more slumber, and a little more folding of the hands to sleep. Hah! a *little!*—especially a great deal of *that*. A little flumadiddle! So *they* live—the pretty ones—hah!

"When I was young," mused the Doctor, in continuation, "we began 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and had to finish it—all the volumes—if it took us a year. When we got through with it, it was done. Likewise the best of volumes, from Genesis to Revelation; no stopping to fill Dutch abominable pipes, and drink *skins*, and play a few meet-me-by-moonlight-alones! No; we read at our mothers' knees in those days."

So thinking, Dr. Benjamin Brightyse took up the abused guitar, and giving its rusty bass-strings a tug to express his feelings, laid it on the seat beside him. On the top of that he placed carefully the well-soaked novel. He then tied the reticule around the pipe, and placed that with the pen-knife and the broken wooden chain above all. Then shouldering the guitar as if it were a novel species of hod, he took the tumbler in his hand and stalked out of the arbor. The fog had not lifted a particle, and a sou'wester coming up increased the mugginess of all out-

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doors. But with the air of a man on the eve of making and promulgating some grand resolution, he tramped through the bad weather toward that Castle of Indolence—home—which his bright example shamed. As he reached the door it was half past six, but not a sign of life was audible or visible within. Entering his study—a scrupulously neat apartment on the first floor, at the right-hand side of the door—he set the guitar and tumbler on the table; and, with a determined expression, opening his port-folio and unscrewing his patent inkstand, sat down to write.

Having finished one side of a sheet of foolscap in a bold large hand with contents which we temporarily reserve, he folded and indorsed it; said Hah! again in a manner which put some interior conclusion of his utterly beyond doubt forever, and passed out into the hall. On a nail by the study door hung the gong—its knobby-headed, prize-fighting bruiser of a plectrum, in a state of suspended animation, resting over it till time should be called for the next round. That event the Doctor brought to pass immediately, seizing the stick and inflicting a course of the most cruel punishment upon the Chinese sufferer as well as upon the several American ones who, taken napping, were smitten by it indirectly.

Bung—bung—bung—bung—bung! continuously and relentlessly went the Doctor. Never stopping to breathe, he hammered away until Mrs. Benjamin—whose connubial side he had deserted to woo the morning zephyrs, as he called that out-door composition of one part of debilitated sunlight to ten of fog—till Mrs. Dr. Benjamin Brightyse arose in terror and rushed to the head of the stairs to see who it was that had gone mad. In her night-cap and gown she shivered aloft, half with surprise and half with the chill the Doctor had brought in with him, while that indefatigable man pounded away below, only measuring his intervals on the gong so as to interpolate sundry addresses of the following brief and emphatic character:

"Up at last? Hah!" [Bung!] "Not bedridden"—[bung, bung]—"though so unmindful"—[bung]—"of Heaven's"—[bung]—"greatest blessing of"—[bung, bung, bung]—"morning hours. Great mercy"—[bung]—"to ingratitude"—[bung]—"and inappreciation"—[bung]—"my dear! Hah! Shall continue to"—[bung]—"play upon this"—[bung]—"instrument till every body is"—[bung]—"up!" [Bung—bung—bung, bung, bung!]

Mrs. Dr. Brightyse, knowing that woman's influence is most potent when gongs and men have tired themselves out, wisely and silently retreated and commenced dressing. Meanwhile two other rooms, occupied by Mr. Rufus and Miss Lulu Brightyse, turned out their terror-stricken inhabitants, and received them again with a like result.

The Doctor's bungs became gradually more and more languid and farther apart; but as he was not a man to stop till he was through, they were not wholly intermitted until, in various stages of incomplete dressing, the three members of the family—shamed, as aforesaid, by his bright example—presented themselves at the foot of the stairs. "Hah!" said the Doctor, vouchsafing no other salutation for the present; after which he returned the patent for early-rising-made-easy to its nail on the wall, and signifying by a magisterial wave of the hand that he pleased to have the family follow him, he entered his study and sat down.

Mrs. Dr. Benjamin—a dear little soul, with a baby eye all running over with good-humor, and quenchlessly comfortable in spite of the sudden inroad upon her late occupations—took a chair right by the side of the Doctor, laid her soft fat hand on his, and tried to twinkle all the solemnity out of him. The Doctor's mouth worked, and for a moment it was doubtful whether he would preserve his gravity; especially as Mr. Rufus was wondering what the d—l, and Miss Lulu was expressing the same idea in a succession of yawns just opposite him; but he drew himself up, said, "Dignity, mother, dignity!" and then, casting an austere look on his offending *vis-à-vis*, began to shove the guitar with its load upon it and the tumbler toward them.

"Guitar! hah—in its case overnight, wasn't it? Brought tumbler in, too? Rob Roy wasn't soaking from four P.M. yesterday till six A.M. to-day? Didn't find any young woman's huswife rolling around in the gravel? Young gentleman—son of pious parents—supposed to have immortal soul—nineteen years old next birthday—doesn't spend his precious time whittling wooden nothings—oh, no! Fits himself for future usefulness—honor to society—make something in the world—hah!"

"But, father—"

"No 'but fathers' about it. Don't hear any thing else but 'but fathers' from the time you get up—noon—till you go to bed—next day. This has got to have a stop put to it. I have called you down to read a little document to you that I prepared this morning after my walk when you were like the door on its hinges, so you on your bed turned yourself over and turned your heavy head—may not be accurate about the words, quoting from memory, but that's the idea. Now listen, every body. Hah!" The Doctor drew the paper from his pocket, wiped his glasses, and began reading.

"Advertisement for the New York *Evening Mirror*—ten insertions. A gentleman desires a tutor for his two children—one, a lad of eighteen—the other, a young woman of sixteen. Must be a graduate of one of our Northern colleges—of age—bringing the best testimonials as to morals, knowledge of the ancient and modern classics—and good constitution. It is also essential that he be cleanly in his person—refined in his manners—religious in his tendency—*an early riser*—and above all, a man of REGULAR HABITS"—"*Regular Habits*, d'ye see," repeated the Doctor, with extreme emphasis—"*Regular* Habits! Hah!" And the Doctor smiled a triumphant smile at his family, and rubbed his hands as if the individual described had already

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arrived, and that family were catching it. He resumed:

"It is peremptory that none others need apply. For others there is not the slightest prospect of an engagement. But any young man who is confident of being able to give satisfaction in the above respects may learn of a situation much to his advantage, where a generous salary will be given, and he will be regarded as one of the family."

Lulu Brightyse looked at her recreant brother —twinkled out of the corner of her two blue eyes at him and at her mother, who twinkled back, and they all broke out into the merriest of laughs.

"What's the matter with that—hah?" said the Doctor, putting himself into a position of defense before his last clause. "Where may the laugh be?"

"I was only thinking," spoke Master Rufus, composedly, "what high esteem he'd be held in, if he was regarded as one of the family."

"Let me see—let me see—said the Doctor, hurriedly running over the sentence—'Generous salary given, regarded as one of family.' No! I'll be hanged if he shall—the family 'll have to be an almighty sight better before that would be an honor to any young man of regular habits! Scratch that out—there—this is the way it shall read—'and shall be treated with profoundest consideration by all the family'—that's it! No laughing at *him*, I can tell you! Hah! I'll go on. 'May apply for three weeks from date, by letter, to Regular Habits, Hazelthorpe, Columbia County, N. Y.' There, Sir! you, Rufus, mail this by the next post—here's the money—inclose it. I'll make one more effort for my family before I die—they shall be something yet, if I ain't sadly mistaken—Hah!

"And now," concluded the Doctor, "let us go to the only breakfast that we have had at a decent hour in the morning—since the last time our pretty ones had to make an early start to a fashionable watering-place—Hah!"

II.

I sat at the New York Hotel in the gentlemen's parlor, reading the last number of Braithwaite's *Retrospect*, and wondering whether I would be a physician. Exchanging that for a stray copy of Pollock's *Perennial Popular Preacher*, I read the exordium of a fine sermon, and wondered whether I wouldn't be a clergyman. Then I read an article in the *Law Magazine*, with the dulcet title of, "The Inchoate Equities of Minor Cestui-que-trust, when the Malversation of the Ancestor has worked Estoppel of the plea of Nultiel record in Law"—read it as far as the sentence beginning, "For as the astute Grotius hath it, the Animus Revertendi of those animals feræ naturæ but dompti loco mutando et cura hominum is to be considered evidence of prior seizin as to the usufructuary who holds a title equivalent to that of entail after possibility of issue extinct," and wondered how the d—l any body could ever be an attorney. I took up the newspapers, one after another, thought how it would seem to be an editor of either of them, and then, not seeing any way open to that elevation, had resort to the advertisements. The hopeful advertisements—the plausible, the sanguine advertisements—always unbarring such rare Golcondas of chances to any one who wanted to buy an unexampled churn, or an inexpressible brick-making machine—always so full of situations sought but so mighty barren of help wanted. The advertisements, which would seem to indicate, that in the United States of America, the power lying idle is to the power demanded for any given work as ten to one. Unless perchance we might retreat to the perilous and impudent assumption that some of the people who have "got places" already, and are keeping out the poor devils who would like to get in (*some* mind ye, for *success* is not an utterly worthless proof of worth by a great deal), ought, in decency, to shove along down and take the axe of the pioneer, or the hod of the building material elevator, and let the seekers do the preaching, the teaching, and the doctoring for a little while—just long enough to see what a fist *they* would make of it, and whether they ought or ought not to clear timber and lift bricks likewise! The said retreat to this perilous assumption was barred in my case by my eye falling upon that paragraph in the "Help Wanted" column of the *Evening Mirror* inserted by Dr. Benjamin Brightyse.

I sprung to my feet. I was a graduate of one of our Northern colleges. I was the series of other very nice things that the Doctor wanted—up to the margin of "regular habits"—and there I stopped to think. Yes, on the whole, I was that too. I took my regular three meals a day, without a remembered violation of the practice since early childhood, when I had been guilty of one or two infractions of the rule from outward pressure, in the shape of a schoolmaster, who differed with me on the relations of a stomach full of bread and butter to a head full of τετυμμενός εἰην, εἰῆς, εἰη. I also took a lunch of oysters on the half shell at eleven o'clock A.M., and a presomnial repast of deviled bones whenever providential interference, beyond my control, did not render those regularities impossible. And after these several invariable facts my smokes occurred in the same infallible ratio to them of three to one. I had occasionally indulged in beverages compounded, after my own recipe, of Jamaica, one half pint; water, at 190° Fahrenheit, two gills; the juice and half the peel of one orange, and one ounce of sacch. alb. I would now make a solemn resolution to take that prescription once a day, namely, one hour before retiring to rest; and behold me all that was desired—a young man of *regular habits*.

I immediately sat down at the writing-table of the hotel and answered the advertisement. I might gain a home and something to do for the present, till my uncle, Ptolemæus Tompkins, corresponded with me upon the subject of a capital for the West India trade—neither of which had I rejoiced in definitely for a number of years. I might have a great deal of fun from interviews

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with old Regular Habits, who seemed a very jolly vein to open, anyhow. Put the case as I might, in that advertisement there was some chance for the employment of an active mind.

I had not taken many sets of deviled bones—imbibed more than a very few orange-punches—before I received a quiescent to the wondering dreams indulged thereafter, in the shape of an answer from Dr. Benjamin Brightyse, signed in his own name. It professed satisfaction with my representations, so far as they had gone, and desired a personal interview at Hazelthorpe, mentioning five P.M. of the following Tuesday as a desirable time for me to arrive there. I put into decent English the very shameful equivalent thereof which I had in my mind—to wit, "Count me in, old hoss" (such terrible habits of thinking in slang are begotten by intercourse long as mine with young gentlemen in good society!), and then began practicing an appropriate demeanor before the glass—an hour every day.

There was no Hudson River Railroad at that period of the world, and I was therefore restricted to the use of a day boat. All the way up from the foot of Jay Street to that landing in Columbia County where I was to debark and take a carriage for Hazelthorpe I did not smoke a cigar. I wished to get to the windward side of the venerable Regular Habits. Had I smelled of the abominable, it might have been necessary to keep to leeward in more senses than one.

I had landed, and was about negotiating with a person in corduroys and undecided cotton collar for the use of a square box known paradoxically as a rockaway, probably because all the *rock* there had been in it a quarter of a century ago was now as far away as possible, when the venerable beasts whom its pole prevented from sinking into immediate collapse and exhaustion were spared further spasm by an unexpected good fortune. A young man, verging on the further limit of teenhood, with a very large cigar in his mouth, and wearing the very tight pantaloons which at that time were understood to exhibit great recklessness of character, as the opposite extreme symbolizes that fact now, rushed up to me in high excitement, winked with an earnestness that made both his eyes palpitate in company, and ejaculated,

"Are you Mr. Lyle? Horace Lyle—heh? Answered advertisement—Regular Habits, you know? I'm Rufus Regular Habits—no, I don't mean—that is to say, Rufus Brightyse. If you are, got the buggy here for you—take a cigar—are you the one? All right, heh? Come along! Now!"

I accepted the introduction, politely acknowledged and declined the cigar, and permitted myself to be led away to the pretty light wagon mentioned, which stood behind its team of chafing bays, fastened to the land extremity of the wharf; whereat the gentleman who had proposed to do my transportation made sundry gestures of an uncivil character, radiating from his nose outwardly, and expressive, as I suppose, of those several spread-eagles which departed in my pocket with my lost custom. I elevated myself to the side of young Rufus, and we began to ascend the hill which leads to the high river-border plateau of that part of Columbia County.

The young man drove almost in entire silence until we reached the summit and turned northward on the great mail road. He was a very careful driver, and looked first to this side, then to that, exploring the stone walls as if they might at any time take an eccentric notion to run against the wheels, and not suspecting in the least that I knew he was studying me "out of the tail of his eye." Pretty soon he gave the nigh bay a light touch on the flank; the team sprung ahead as if the currents of their horse-thought were suddenly changed; and simultaneously young Rufus Brightyse turned on me a searching glance, and said, severely,

"*Are you really regular?*"

I answered the look with another, and then broke forth into a hearty laugh.

"Well, that *is* a funny question, seeing you have known me five minutes! Suppose you wait ten, and find out for yourself by studying—the stone walls."

Young Rufus blushed to his temples at being caught in that innocent piece of Machiavellerie; but replied, undauntedly,

"I don't believe you are a bit! You don't look like a man who ever got up at the sound of a gong. *I* do. Nor as if you were used to being at dinner at plump three, or going without. *I* am. And I'll bet you smoke. *I* do that, too, but don't I get raked—well, *rather!* Now speak out—*do*, there's a fellow! I won't let on to the governor—no, indeed! Does it look like me?"

I had to confess that it didn't in the least; but not knowing how cunning the old Regular Habits might be, and whether he were not setting the young one, as a skillfully-constructed trap, to catch me after I had bitten at the advertisement, I chose to withhold my confidence until further developments better assured my safety.

This reserve of mine, however, produced no similar behavior on the part of the young man. He waxed more and more communicative—as I believe he would have been to the horses, had not I been there; so full was he of grievances which needed unbosoming.

"Now I am not regular," continued Rufus, lugubriously; "far from it! I have moments—indeed I do—when I wish I were a great deal more so. But if I get thinking for a moment, and try to collect my senses, and cast about for something to occupy me and make me better, it's 'Come along, Rufus! No moping! Activity, man—activity!' Or else the governor says, in such a compassionate tone, and so devilish patronizing, 'That's right! *contrition* is good for you. Reflect, repent, do better.' And then ends up every thing with a 'hah!' as if he were triumphing over you; so that a fellow gets quite

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ashamed of himself, and goes off and smokes more pipes than are good for any body—though a pipe isn't bad for a man if he don't do it too much. Oh! how would you like it?"

"But perhaps, my young friend, you don't understand your excellent father?"

"No more I don't. I'd like to know who does—unless, perhaps, it's mother, and she gets it too, sometimes, from the old gentleman, right over the head, when she isn't up by the last stroke of that nasty gong. That's a figure of speech, you know, for of course the governor don't hit her; but I'd rather be hit, for my part, and be done with it. Mother knows how to manage him about as well as any body; she smiles at him, and is always good-natured, and only says, 'Now, Benjamin dear, be a little patient.' But fellows like Lulu or me, who can't say, 'Now, Benjamin,' why, *we* catch it. And he don't understand us any better than we do him. If it hadn't been for my mother and sister, I'm sure I'd have done something awful a long time ago. I'd have gone to the Mexican war, or taken Eben Smith's advice and shipped before the mast along with him on board a Mediterranean lemon and fig brig; or, when I felt the worst, I might have left a note for the evening papers, saying that I committed my soul to God, my body to the briny wave, and my name to oblivion, and dressed myself in thin clothes, and gone and taken something, or jumped in somewhere! But I didn't. And if you'll only help me, and be kind, and not blow me up, and show me the way, why I'll be glad I never did; and so will mother and Lu. I want to make something of myself—so does Lu; but it don't stand to reason that we can either of us be sixty years old, and go by clock-work at a bounce, without growing into it—does it now?"

"No, it doesn't."

"Well, as I said, I want to reform; I've been running to seed long enough, and I feel it every day. I know Latin as far as Ars Poetica; I've read Thucydides in Greek; but I haven't any heart for any thing. What does it amount to, any way? When I read an English book I want to feel it—to feel as if the man who wrote it was talking to me. If I don't, I pitch it out of the window. Now when a man reads Cicero about Cataline, who doesn't know that he wasn't saying at all what he felt? The old chap was just coming a pious indignation dodge to a lot of other old chaps, and they all knew it was nothing but a stump speech after all. So I keep feeling more and more disgusted with the people that are called regular, classic, and modern; and the only fellows of those ancients that I take a bit of comfort in are just the ones that I suppose really do make me lazier, and more careless, and less like doing the first decent stroke of work in this world. I like Horace, and Catullus, and Anacreon, and every body that isn't regular; and I get worse and worse. Dear me! Don't you know any body who is smart and a real fine fellow—who writes as if he were a real, live man—and who is *regular* without being a bore? I tell you I want to be a man. Can't you help me? I say, can't you—won't you? If you can, do! Yes, for Heaven's sake, do! And I'll be your friend, and mother and Lu; so that we'd go to the end of the world for you. But if you pitch into us, and go on like the governor—well, I don't mean to threaten, but *my* last chance of ever being any thing is gone!"

As Rufus said this he waxed more and more impassioned; his handsome hazel eyes grew brighter and brighter; he threw his long brown curly hair back on his neck with a proud toss; and when he finished he took my hand in one of his, almost letting the reins drop from the other, pressing it with a childlike ingenuousness that completely dismissed all my misgivings and disarmed my reserve.

"My dear boy!" I exclaimed, "I will help you to the utmost extent of my abilities. If your father concludes to be suited in me, and I stay, I will try to bring you together—to make you understand each other. I will aid you in making a man of yourself, and we shall all be friends—heh?"

"Yes, indeed, with my whole heart. I knew from the first minute I set eyes on you you were going to be a real true friend to me. I a'sort o' felt it in my bones when you got off the old *Santa Claus*. But we mustn't show it at first before the governor. Oh no! He mustn't know I like you, or he'll set you down for another black sheep like me. Be distant at first, and talk natural history—that's one of the governor's greatest hobbies. Geology—that's another—only be in favor of the real six days, no metaphor about a million years, you know; and never put any grease on your head. There are fifty thousand other things that you must agree with him in, or be set down as a noodle or an infidel; but keep wide awake for them, and I'll give you hints now and then. If you steer clear of all his rocks, and seem *regular* for about two hours, I know he'll be crazy to keep you."

By this time we had reached the gate of Hazelthorpe, evidently a very pretty place in summer, and not unhandsome now in November, although the very high park paling of pickets, painted pure white, that surrounded it, gave it the look of staring over a very stiff shirt collar at the irregular habits of the world without, and the trees had been planted by a painfully precise eye.

A very smooth and neat gravel road brought us up to the porch, and I found myself gazing on Hazelthorpe House with a most peculiar interest, heightened by the fact that just as our bays opened the view of the house a very graceful girl of sixteen had jumped up like a startled deer, gathered up the rosy-cheeked apples she had been playing with in the whitest possible of aprons, and scampered out of sight, but not out of hearing; for as I alighted the blinds of a front window in the second story rustled audibly, and I became thoroughly conscious of a pair of very bright eyes scrutinizing me from head to foot.

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A wholesome, gladsome little woman of fifty, who remained on the porch, greeted me very pleasantly upon Rufus's introduction of me as the Tutor. The Doctor was expected shortly, she said, from a horseback ride, which he always took at four o'clock; and till then I might find all necessary arrangements for refreshment after my travel in the room she had made ready for me up stairs, and return when I liked to the parlor. Rufus showed me my apartment, and added that his mother had not put any thing to drink or smoke in my bed-chamber, because she was aware that I could obtain those luxuries next door of that sad dog himself. I thanked him for the hint, but did not avail myself of it, not having yet seen and sounded the elder Regular Habits. I arrayed myself with scrupulous neatness, gave my hair a business-like brush, and then returned down stairs, just as the Doctor's strong, sinewy gray trotted up to the post, the Doctor firmly seated on him, and finding a stern, hygienic joy in the exercise, although the trots were of three-feet stroke perpendicular. He dismounted, tied his beast, and then whistling between his fingers for the stable-boy, ascended the steps, hung his whip beside the gong, exchanged his Hessians for a pair of slippers at the parlor door, drew off the black dog-skin glove from his right hand, and before I had become seated in the room myself, advanced to meet me with a military stride, gave me a stately De Coverley salute, and said:

"Mr. Horace Lyle, we are punctual—exactly 5 P.M.—it does us credit. The celebrated John Scott, banker, of Chester, says a distinguished collator of anecdotes, was so remarkable for punctuality that on one occasion a gentleman entering an inn in the town of Bala, Wales, and seeing a fine duck roasting on the spit at the landlady's fire, said, 'Let me have that duck for my dinner.' 'No,' says the landlady, 'it is engaged for the dinner of John Scott, Esq., of Chester.' 'Impossible!' says the traveler, 'I met him at Paris in the Hotel du—I forget his name—two weeks since.' 'Never mind,' replies the landlady, 'he ordered duck for his dinner at six o'clock of this day just a twelvemonth ago, and John Scott, Esq., never fails, not even a minute.' So the traveler had to order something else; and sure enough, at six o'clock precisely, John Scott walked in, said, 'How are you? Is the duck ready? I am,' and sat down. You will remember also the example of our own Washington—great man, very! Follow such examples, Sir; they are the secret of all success. Be seated, Mr. Lyle."

All this was said without once stopping for breath, but not by any means incoherently. Rather as if the Doctor had taught his lungs that it was an ignominious thing to run down—his clock and watch never did; and that if he could make himself interesting for ten unbroken minutes, why, they must supply the air or burst up at once and acknowledge their frailty.

I am always for taking time by the forelock. The Doctor might get on to some perilous subject whose bearings in his mind I didn't know. Young Rufus had not yet come down; Miss Brightyse I had not seen; Mrs. Benjamin had run out for an instant to see about my dinner. I was thus left without any body to give me my cue, and must, therefore, take ground known to be sure.

"A great deal of mica on your place, Dr. Brightyse—quite a mica-schist formation, I notice. I should think it might even be worked advantageously. I have not seen any development like this between the New York Island specimens and those of Vermont and New Hampshire. I noticed some rocks where I should think the layers were six inches square."

"Ah! hah! you delight me. Have you observed that? Well, it's so. We have plenty of it about here. But there's too much ignorance ever to make it profitable. Too much brutality too, I may say. I haven't the time or inclination to make it a financial experiment, but I brought over Gilson, the mason, to see it some time ago—from Hudson; told him it was diluvial. 'What is it?' says he. 'Diluvial,' I repeated; 'the Noachian flood was full of fibrous insect wings and fish scales that perished in it, and as the waters settled they were deposited in the form of isinglass.' 'More likely,' said the brute, 'Noah got on a tight, as his after-habits showed he liked to, knocked out some of the cabin windows for a row, and they settled and made it. Mica, is it?' said he; 'well, it may be mica, but you won't make it Micah the profit to nobody.' Then he gave a great haw! haw! as if he'd been getting off one of his nasty puns to a bar-room, and said, 'Oh, yes! your gee-haw-ology is very fine, but I'm not a young fowl to be caught with that chaff!' Then he went away; hanged if I wouldn't have kicked him out if he didn't—infidel! But it's an honor to you that you like science; I respect you for it. Oh, excuse me, Mr. Lyle, but there's a bug crawling up your coat: let me brush it off for you."

"Please don't—I'm very much obliged to you; but if you have a pin handy, just stick it through him into my back. I keep all those things—I'm making a collection;" and looking over my shoulder, I continued, rapidly, "Yes! *Scarabaeus megalothorax — Coleoptera* — Mandibles four —male silent—female makes buzzing noise—palpitation of internal vibratory apparatus—to attract male—fine specimen—very. Nearly allied to *Pillularius* of the same genus—oblige me." And I stooped to allow the little Doctor to insert a very large tin spike, which he had found on the lower edge of his waistcoat, through the beast and part of the way into my spine. He was perfectly delighted—not Scarabæus, but the Doctor. He had encountered no such participant in his scientific enthusiasm for a long time evidently.

"How delightful," said I, again taking by the foretop the grandpa of gods and men; "how delightful is the pursuit of science in the country! We students, whose means compel us to stay, even during the great part of the hot months,

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cooped up within the narrow walls of a boarding-house in town, may well envy men who have already purchased by long and regular indefatigable effort their right to an elegant yet scholastic leisure. While yet the dew crystals gem the grass, shedding a morning glory around the feet of the sun, and all those worshipers of virgin day who are worthy to behold them and him, what more delightful pastime exists than to answer the rousing carols of the earliest birds, and hieing forth, a hammer in one pocket, a box of convenient size of binder's boards in the other, and a tin case, painted green, and to be obtained at any hardware store, slung upon your shoulders, to gather specimens from all those kingdoms over which man is vicegerent—path-master—game-keeper—archæologist—king! The lark is there—the glittering pyrites shines in the very stone, it maybe, by which he has made his nest—the early beetle creeps forth to roll his accustomed ball—fit symbol of us all, who on this earth are always rolling our globes, either of ambition, pelf, or hobby; the woodchuck—the chipmunk, *Sciens striatus*—the morning mole, will none of them stay in their earthy prisons till they have paid their sweet respects to the god of day; but I am talkative—pardon a young man's enthusiasm."

The ingenuous blush of youth mantled my face. (The recipe for it is to squeeze very hard all over, as if you had filled yourself with air, which you were trying to expel through your eyes.)

"Not at all—not at all!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Your sentiments do you great justice, and I am happy to meet you, Sir. You are worthy of yourself. Hah! yes, Sir. Excuse me a moment."

The Doctor strode out of the room, and returned presently, bringing Mrs. Benjamin on his arm, and followed by Rufus, holding by the hand a young lady, apparently verging on seventeen, in a most becoming blue silk dress, whose short sleeves disclosed her beautiful plump white arms right daintily. Dark and bright blue eyes had she also, which gave me the impression of the laughing surface over a great depth; soft brown hair, waving, pliant, and abundant; a rose-suffused blonde complexion; and, in fine, a *tout-ensemble*, which brought me instantly to the following resolutions:

I. I would save the Brightyse family even at the sacrifice of myself.

II. I would harmonize the Brightyse family, though I had to introduce another note to complete the chord.

After which I felt myself fully justified in acknowledging to the polite questions of the ladies that I found myself very well—very well indeed, I thanked them.

"I have the greatest happiness," said Dr. Benjamin Brightyse, "in presenting to my family its tutor—hah! and he will permit me to add, *my* friend. I feel the most unbounded confidence that at last all my hopes will be gratified, and that at length we shall indeed become a family united in aim, spirit, manners, and—hah! in fine, every thing! Mrs. Brightyse informs me that tea awaits us, and that a somewhat more solid meal than usual has been prepared for the occasion, as Mr. Lyle may feel the necessity of condensed nutriment, having traveled to-day one hundred and twenty miles and one-sixteenth of a mile—our exact distance, by State survey, from the City Hall of New York."

So speaking he bowed Mrs. Brightyse to my arm and followed us, gazing victoriously upon the two wanderers who were now to be regained.

III.

After tea Dr. Benjamin Brightyse desired my presence in his study. There I signed a contract with him to the effect that I was to stay in his employ for one full calendar year, death or other Providential interposition alone invalidating the compact; to interest myself in the mental progress of his children four hours in the day—Saturday and Sunday excepted; their physical development four more, and their ethical growth at all times. I was to rise at the sound of the gong, was to be at all the meals punctually, and lastly and inclusive, to show myself in every respect, before himself, Mrs. Brightyse, Master Rufus, and Miss Lulu Brightyse—a man of REGULAR HABITS.

In return for these qualifications and services I was to receive the sum of eight hundred dollars, my board, lodging, lights, and washing, during the year; and if my pupils traveled within that period, I was to go with them, have my expenses paid, and be treated exactly as they were. The Doctor and I having affixed our autographs to these articles of alliance, offensive and defensive, against the works of darkness, sloth, and irregularity generally—we each of us took a copy of them for private reference—the Doctor said "Hah!" and commenced a short inaugural discourse.

"You will occupy, Mr. Lyle, the middle room on the second floor. Mrs. Brightyse and myself will be on one side of you; Master Rufus on the other. Hah! There is something symbolical in this arrangement which never struck me till now. You are a sort of connecting link between my sad wanderer and myself. You will unite us—bring us, as your influence increases with acquaintance, to something like a unity—a harmony of purpose, design, feeling. Rufus has great parts naturally, but is utterly unmanaged, unconcentrated—not in the least like me. Hah! But we shall come together; so shall Lulu and I and Mrs. Benjamin. Yes, yes, we hope great things from you. Let me know your every want—it shall be met immediately. I place my means at your disposal, and will give you every opportunity to accomplish reformation—thorough conversion to regularity of habits. Hah! And now go to the parlor, if you are not too tired—go and get acquainted with your field of labor. May the bright star of fortune shine upon your brow—the star Aldebaran, the eye of

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the advancing bull—and lead you on to victory! Hah! the *Regular*, the fixed star, Aldebaran, whose courses change not!"

With this magnificent peroration the Doctor waved me toward the parlor, and promised to follow me shortly. I went in, and took my seat between the blue-eyed Lulu and the hazel Rufus; while Mrs. Benjamin sat twinkling benignly at us by the astral lamp, knitting a tidy for the Doctor's study chair. Rufus had prepared the way for me with his sister, and that sweet little girl smiled on me with a modest frankness as a welcome comer; and we three young people fell into a cosy conversation. I soon perceived that Lulu was as little understood by her papa as the more demonstratively erratic Rufus, and seemed, in her girl nature, suffering still more deeply from the sense of unappreciation. I commenced making resolves, at the rate of three a minute, that I would restore harmony to that sweet family.

The Doctor came in presently, and we kept up a very pleasant conversation until the clock struck nine. I found myself at that moment engaged in a description of a visit I had recently paid to Howe's Cave. "One grand stalactite, half a mile from the Devil's Kitchen, fell a hundred and fifty feet from the sparkling roof overhead, divided into sixty-seven separate arches, composed of feldspar and carbonate of lime. One of these arches is so narrow that a very thin person can just get through by squeezing, and the passage of this arch was attempted by a large person of our party—Major Highjinks, of the Troy Arsenal. He had accomplished the introduction of his head and neck as far as the second cervical vertebra, when—" Ding—ding—ding, etc., went the ormolu clock on the mantlepiece behind Dr. Benjamin. "I must now bid you good-night," I exclaimed, hurriedly rising; "it being my invariable custom to retire at nine precisely. Good-night, Dr. Brightyse. Good-night, Mrs. Brightyse—Mr. Rufus—Miss Lulu." And taking up my candle, I strode from the parlor.

"A charming, an unusual young man that, hah!" I could hear the Doctor ejaculate, as I passed up the stairs.

"Very, my dear," answered Mrs. Benjamin; "but I should much like to know what became of that poor Major Highjinks."

"So should I."

"And I," responded severally the children of the family.

"He will probably continue the recital at a quarter to six to-morrow morning," said the Doctor, loftily.

But Rufus was not so easily satisfied.

"Hallo there, Lyle!" shouted the youth, coming to the bottom of the stairs. "What became of that Highjinks?"

"He drew out his head, and concluded he wouldn't go in," said I, calmly, from my room-door; then shut it behind me as I passed in, hearing a peculiar, prolonged whistle from the young gentleman below.

IV.

I had resolved upon my course of action. It was rather a perilous one, to be sure—was pretty certain to be a game of lose all or win all—yet the first step in the reformation of the Brightyse family was to teach the dogmatic sire thereof that there were other *regular habits* in the world besides his own.

Accordingly, at three o'clock of the cold November morning, I arose with my teeth chattering, and animation so far suspended in my toes that it required logical deduction to warrant me in the belief that they were my own. I dressed myself for the day, and then proceeded to give a series of emphatic, measured knocks on the partition which separated my room from Dr. Benjamin's. The Doctor slept lightly as a cat, and my efforts had been continued but a very short time when I heard him leap from his bed, come quickly to the partition, and inquire, in a tremulous voice,

"Well, Mr. Lyle! Are you sick, Sir—are you sick? Shall I bring the paregoric—shall I—shall I— Well, what is the matter with you?"

I replied, in distinct and sonorous tones, that I had never been better in my life. Furthermore, that it would much gratify me to have an immediate audience with Dr. Benjamin outside of our several rooms, in the entry. Upon which I went out, and was speedily joined by my patron, in night-gown and slippers.

"I regret exceedingly," began I, speaking with the utmost rapidity, lest Dr. Benjamin's astonishment should permit him to regain breath and interrupt me, "to have disturbed so early in the morning the slumbers of Mrs. B. and yourself; but the fact is that I have not become sufficiently at home in the ways of the family to know exactly where the provision safe stands, and it has been my invariable habit since childhood to take a slight repast at exactly three A.M.; in fact, a habit whose regularity I have never permitted any thing but providential interposition to infringe upon. On the sea-shore I take two dozen clams, a soft-shell crab, fried, or a blue fish steak, with a few onions, fried *à la Mayonaise*. I have not lived inland a great deal for a long time past, but I dare say these things will be difficult to get here; and on consideration, I do not object to take a few slices of cold boiled ham, with bread and butter and mustard, or half the roast fowl that was left from dinner, or one or two rare cuts of the roast beef we had, with a little mushroom catchup, some Worcester sauce, and a pickle or so. If you will, for this occasion only, show me the way to the safe."

"A little boiled ham, some beef, or some chicken and pickles," mused the Doctor, vacantly, repeating the words as if he did not know but it was some horrid dream, caused by over-indulgence in those articles, in which they, instead of the grandmother traditionally appearing on such occasions, had come to haunt his darkness.

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"And I will give you my word," I continued, without the slightest quiver in voice or face, "that I will hereafter help myself to what I want without disturbing your repose. Ah, permit me to carry the candle."

I took the luminary mentioned with a polite measure of force from the Doctor's hand, waved airily the way down stairs, and followed him, as he went down in a state of somnambulism, murmuring, without an exact idea of the import of the words,

"And hereafter you — will — help — yourself."

"Oh, upon my soul, I assure you! You need not give yourself the slightest uneasiness!"

I had calculated rightly that the Doctor was one of those men whose life is so arranged upon a certain system that if any one got him out of it by a dextrous movement he would become so confused as to be at the mercy of the enemy. Had he played chess all his life with a man who opened with a pawn, the first man who opposed him, leading with the knight, would have done for him. Had he always eaten soup and fish at dinner? — fish and soup would have given him the most horrible attack of dyspepsia. On his own ground he was impregnable; off of it, dumbfounded. He could not collect himself sufficiently, therefore, to do otherwise than obey me — once taken at a disadvantage, and at an hour of the morning when he had not been awake for the last twenty years. So he led the way, meek and stupefied, to the larder.

"Ah! delightful!" I ejaculated. "I need not make so serious a change in my diet as I had expected. Here is a large jar of pickled oysters, I perceive—and a very good substitute they are for fresh clams, too! I will take the jar, not to detain you while I remove sufficient for my purposes. Now pardon me a moment while I spread a few slices of bread and butter—one, two, three —yes; here will be enough; and now let me light you back to your bedchamber. You are very kind; really, I thank you a thousand times! I shall now be quite at home without troubling you. Good-morning. Yes, really you *must* permit me to carry up the candle, not the least trouble I assure you."

Thus I escorted the Doctor up stairs again, and left him at his chamber-door. He entered with the same expression of sleepy mystery on his face, but I thought best to retreat before he could speak and break the spell in a manner irritating to sensitive feelings, and accordingly took my way hastily down the stairs again into the parlor. There I kindled a cheerful fire in the grate, lit two or three candles, and addressed myself to the edibles. Really, I did not wonder that Dr. Benjamin loved to rise so early of cold mornings if it gave *him* such a fine appetite.

The bread and butter and a number of oysters having disappeared simultaneously with the appetite, I lighted my short walnut-colored pipe—a true, well dyed cutty—and began diffusing the fumes of fragrant Oronoka prodigally through the apartment. Up they floated, and made rich, satiny festoons around the Doctor's picture, by Sully—among the geraniums on the deep window-seat they hung and waved till the bright imperial scarlet of those flowers seemed to grow out of a cloudland, like a little garden of transplanted sunsets, gliding about, unsupported in midether. I sat in the pleasant elysium of this solitary, early morning naughtiness, and felt glad to think, from the absence of all sound overhead, that Doctor Brightyse had by this time fallen in with the young woman who attends to the sleeve of care, and got the place I raveled thoroughly knit up again. All was so dreamy, cosy, homelike about me, and the sense of having transacted all my duty with the oysters, and done it well, made my conscience so light, that I was fain to sleep in the deep embowerment of the Doctor's lusciously squabbed leather chair, with the cutty end between my teeth, and the aim of my early rising forgotten, when the Doctor's door banged above me, and I heard a stout, indignant outcry from the top of the stairs,

"Rufus! Rufus! Sir, do you hear me! Wretched boy, how dare you smoke your abominable pipes in the parlor? Can you rise early for nothing but sin? Sin—hah! Yes, Sir—*crime*—guilty, irreclaimable crime! Stop instantly, Sir, or I'll—"

What the Doctor would have done never became apparent, for just at that moment I emerged from the parlor, and, bowing respectfully, said:

"'Excuse me, my dear Sir, but I imagine that Master Rufus has not yet risen. It is I who am below. For many years I have made it my invariable habit to take a few pipes after my little repast; but if it is disagreeable to you here, I will go into the conservatory, or the cellar, or any place you may name."

Dr. Benjamin leaned upon the rail of the balusters as if it would take only a little more to floor him. "And, do *you* smoke pipes?" asked he in a gasping manner.

"It has been my regular habit since early youth. May I ask, do you?"

"Never! never, Sir!"

"That is exactly as it should be, if you will accept praise from one so much your junior. Either always or never; perfect regularity is the rule in those things. But I will go into the conservatory."

"You may, if you please—hah!" And the Doctor turned away to his bedchamber. I took the remainder of my smoke among the cactuses and the abutilons, but found the smouldering little stove that made it warm enough for them hardly sufficient for me, and the air was too heavy, laden with the spirit of one vast bouquet, formed of all the flowers that had ever lived and died there to be pleasant to breathe. So I finished my last pipe with short, fierce whiffs, and returned to the parlor. I opened the piano, and began practicing the gamut, accompanying my voice in unison. I never was much of a singer, being, perhaps, not unjustly described by one of my friends, who objected to my making a little

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tenor, on a certain occasion, to one of his baritone solos from Don Giovanni, as a man who could sing straight ahead very well, but when it came to turning a tune, "Oh my!"

"Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do-si-la-sol-fa-mi-re-do!" I did not commit this outrage in an undertone. I was offensive loudly. I sang—if singing it could be called—at the top of my voice, and in a bravura style, which had, however, the boldness of perfect unsuspecting innocence as its manner rather than impertinent wantonness. I sang as if it were the most ordinary, the naturalest, and the properest thing to be done, under the given circumstances of half past four A.M., and more or less somnolency existing among other inmates of the house.

There came a pounding on the floor above me as of excited heels, an insane clattering to and fro, and then an animated conversation arose between Mrs. and Dr. Benjamin Brightyse, whose import, the thickness of the ceiling and my own singing, prevented me from learning. I fancied too that I perceived symptoms of a frenzied rush to the door with malevolent intent on the part of the Doctor; an expostulation, perhaps assisted by slight manual traction on the part of Mrs. Doctor, and a return to the edge of the bed with more animated conversation.

But before these impressions could resolve themselves into certainty, the parlor door opened, and I was agreeably surprised by the entrance of Master Rufus, accompanied by his sister. They wore an aspect of far more ordinary matutinal cheerfulness, and were neatly dressed in simple, yet very pretty attire.

"I felt wide awake, Mr. Lyle," said Rufus, "and upon knocking at Lulu's door found she was already up, for a wonder, so we concluded to get dressed and come down and join you at the piano."

"That is a very pretty thing you are singing," added Lulu, archly. "How would it do as a trio? Suppose we see."

"With all my heart," I replied. "It is an old chant, supposed to have been composed by Pythagoras. Others, however, ascribe it to a Bolognese monk of the eleventh century. I confess that I lean myself to the former opinion. It is almost all the music of a grand and simple order that I know. Miss Brightyse, will you take the soprano; the bass, Rufus, if you please; and I will try to assist you with my little tenor."

So, in high glee, we sang the scale until Lulu had laughed herself hoarse. Then we essayed the three unfortunate mice whose blind frenzy led them in an insane dance after the wife of the agriculturist, and had cut off their tails in the most inhuman manner a dozen times, when, like a spectre, the solemn form of Dr. Benjamin, arrayed for bed but evidently not quite recent from it, stalked into the room, accompanied by Mrs. Brightyse, completely dressed, shiny-headed and smiling, but with a lingering cloud of apprehension on her gentle face as she plucked the Doctor by the sleeve of his night-gown, whispering ever and anon, "Don't be violent, husband dear; be kind to them—be kind!"

"She asked me to dress—Mrs. Brightyse did!" burst forth the Doctor, as if in that fact lay his irreparable injury. "Dress—hah! at four o'clock of a bitter cold morning—the thermometer, as I honestly believe, but a little above zero! No; I had rather catch my death of cold! Hah! I shall die a victim to this shameless imposition! I *will* come down in my stocking-feet—I *will* leave my legs exposed to the inclemency of the weather—I will *not* put on even a simple dressing-gown! Hah! you *shall* see what you have brought me to, *Mr. Horace Lyle!*"

"Yes, Dr. Brightyse?"

"When I engaged you, at seven o'clock of last evening, as a tutor to my children, I did not realize that, like Ho Georgos, in Fabula Alpha of Æsop, as given in Græca Minora, I was taking a deadly animal of the genus Coluber to my bosom!"

"You did not, Dr. Brightyse. I was not aware of that fact myself, having always supposed that I occupied a defined though humble position in Bimana, sub-genus Caucasus." I regarded the Doctor with a fixed and yet mild aspect of disarming innocence as I said this, which did not change at all before his stern, dramatic gaze.

"Sir, I need not say that I speak metaphorically. Hah! very true, the genus Coluber does not demand baked meats during the hours divinely instituted for repose; abominable pipes do not stimulate him afterward; and, being dumb—hah! Sir, dumb!—he does not emit sounds to which, though a warden of St. Jubilate for the last twelve years, I am justified in applying the epithet damnable! Coluber—hah! Coluber literal would perhaps have done better than Coluber metaphorical—hah!" And the Doctor smiled a bitter smile. I returned, with perfect suavity:

"Dr. Brightyse," said I, "if you will do me the favor to be calm for a few moments, I shall endeavor to discover in what I have deserved the comparison you have just instituted. Under those circumstances I shall be desirous, perhaps able, to make explanation—reparation, if necessary. At present, however, the only impression that occupies my mind is, that you are taking out of my hands the physical and mental education of those children whom you commended to them with a cheerful confidence (perhaps, however, not wholly justified), as you observed, last evening at seven o'clock. That you are interrupting a trio attempted for the especial purpose of cultivating voices admirably adapted by nature to great feats in harmony, susceptible of infinite improvement by cultivation. That you are thus defeating the end I aimed at in the strengthening of the lingual and pectoral muscles, which is a branch of the physical education I have solemnly assumed the responsibility of giving your offspring; and—inasmuch as symphony of voices (I quote from no less an authority than the sublime Luther) is a most potent preparation for and assistant of

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the symphony of souls—their spiritual development also, for which I am holden to you by a compact of equal solemnity. And, in fine, that you are thus obstructing the progress of that reformation which is already as dear an object to my heart as yours—the reformation of those who have hitherto passed the divine hours of early morning in inglorious inactivity."

Rufus sighed, as if the whole sin of past sloth lay on his conscience like a mountain; and Miss Brightyse cast down her long brown lashes as if the tear of contrition were just stealing from its fountain. Mrs. Dr. Benjamin gazed reproachfully at the Doctor, but smiled, as if any expression on her sweet face could be sarcastic, and needed to have its edge taken off. The Doctor himself, with a perplexed air, leaned on the back of a chair, like a criminal convicted on his own plea, who had been hurried into court without time to put on his clothes. He was ashamed of his violence, ashamed of his night-gown, ashamed to see all that family whose severe tribunal he had hitherto been turning the tables upon him, and becoming his silent jury upon the very offense which had hitherto been his gravest charge against them. All the air of indignant declamation was departed from him; but making one final, desperate stand, he uttered mildly,

"But, Sir, it is four o'clock in the morning, Sir—four o'clock—hah!"

"A month ago and *you* would have been up half an hour later. Are we to be the creatures of mere chronology—servile sun-worshipers, like the heathen of a Heliopolis gone by? Does the coming of winter days lift from us the responsibility of duty—shall we be less industrious than we were in summer—shall we yield to mere inclination? Is it praiseworthy that we are earnest, laborious, faithful when it is easy, and the luxurious June mornings woo us to bask in their fragrant breath; but as soon as cold, darkness, and fog become obstacles, we ignominiously succumb to them? As for myself, Dr. Brightyse, *I* arise at the same hour all the year round. And if I did not, I could not blame my pupils for lying in bed till any hour, however late!"

There was a mild severity in my manner. Dr. Benjamin sat down in his chair, morally conquered.

"But," I continued, "I will not be so arrogant as to rely upon my own example. Summer and winter the great Cornaro rose at four. The still greater Buffon invariably at three. While the Emperor Severus, as history informs us, slept with a brazen basin at his bed-side—a brazen ball in his hand; when the latter fell into the former its sound aroused him, and he did not sleep again. The gong of modern days has not been an improvement on that great man's reveille system."

"No, I'll be hanged if it has! The ball only fell once, and then it didn't wake up all the young Severuses too, feeling as if the d—l were after them!"

"Don't say d—l, Rufus dear!" said Mrs. Benjamin and Lulu at once.

I resumed: "And the practice of singing an hour in the early morning—from three and three-quarters to the same time after four—is invariable with me. It gives health to body, tone to soul; it has been from early childhood *one—of —my—Regular—Habits.*"

Dr. Benjamin Brightyse arose from his chair, spoke never a word, but wandered reflectively out of the room. Master Rufus, his sister, and I were about to commence the gamut again; but looking around saw dear little Mrs. Benjamin fast asleep, curled in the corner of the settee, like a sweet baby who has no part in the guile of men. Rufus and I made an arm-chair for her, lifted her on to it gently, carried her up stairs and laid her on her bed, covering her up daintily with the blankets. Where was the Doctor? Oh! that slothful person, unawakened by our entrance, emitted sounds embraced within, but not comprehensive of the gamut, from a large wicker chair, where he had seated himself to muse on regularity of habits on his return from the parlor. We slid a warm rug gently under his feet, threw a luxurious double carriage shawl around him, so that he should not catch cold, and went quietly down stairs.

"Shall we wrap up warmly and go out for a walk?" said I to Lulu and Rufus.

"Oh, delightful!" cried Lulu. "It will be such fun! I never walked when it was dark as pitch; and it will seem just as if we were fleeing from a ruined castle, and going to consult a witch and every thing like that."

"I'm with you," said Rufus, "as soon as I light a cigar."

So we three wandered forth into the gloom in high glee. The ground was hard, the air crisp, the fog not yet risen but kept for such slothful persons as the Doctor, who wooed a less virgin morning. We found fox-fire on the low ground by the old fences — we gathered pocketfuls of walnuts and chestnuts in the dark—we had all sorts of plays and songs; in fine, we had such a good time that we did not return till six o'clock.

At seven, breakfast was ready; the gong sounded for it; we sat down, but no Doctor Benjamin was there. When I had half finished my second cup of coffee the sluggard appeared. He took his seat at the head of the table with a condemned look on his countenance; and Master Rufus observed:

"Please forgive us, father, for the irregularity; but though we knew it was the rule of the family that any one who comes late loses his breakfast, we have put a plate of steak and warmed-up potatoes to keep hot for you, and I do not think the coffee is quite cold yet."

To divert attention from the mortifying subject, as her sweet woman-heart impelled her to do, Lulu began a most animated description of our walk, illustrated by jumping up every minute to bring some rare specimen of fox-fire or some larger nut. And by degrees the Doctor waxed cheerful, warmed into the conversation, ate his steak, potatoes, and buckwheat cakes with a

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relish as immense as if he had prepared a basis for it of the very densest morning fog, and forgot how naughty he had been.

As for your humble servant, Horace Lyle, he preserved an attitude of dignified yet affable sweetness, becoming one who has undertaken the reformation of a family, in which there are several young people with unformed ideas, and an old gentleman with one fixed one.

V.

Day by day I was more and more delighted to perceive that my pupils were not quick learners. If there is any pitiable, hopeless order of mind, for which nothing great or useful can ever be foretold, it is the order which my friend the German Professor used to call by that horrible word of his own coining which I hope no one will ever venture to introduce into a dictionary of the English language without an injunction from the Supreme Court of the United States—"*Struthiokamelopsychists.*" "When," as he was wont to continue, "the phrase is from the Dutch-Greek overset, it is, in Anglo-Saxon, 'The ostrich-souls.' Yes, the ostrich-souls, who go about gobbling up this man's rag of rhyme—this one's clenching-nail of argument—so-and-so's crackling fragment of tin-eloquence—such another's pine-splinter of theology—then stick their silly heads into the laurel bush from which ought not only the garlands of the truly great to be outplucked? and flapping their wings, cry hoarsely, 'Am I not verily accomplished?' But is not their tail the mean while evident to the observing?"

I agree with my friend the Deutsch Professor. From ostrich-souls nothing worthy can ever be expected. Rufus and Lulu were in nowise of these. The desire to be accomplished never entered their minds. They had never been able to see "the use of it," they said; and I, being equally dull of optics, forebore trying to persuade them that there was any. What they wanted was to *know*, to *feel*, to *appreciate;* and when they had known, felt, appreciated any thing rightly, to *originate*, moved and stimulated by the suggestions they had gained. Their questions poured forth on me endlessly—questions which seemed to have been held in by ever-growing embankments of rule, precedent, and reserve, during those centuries of inquisitiveness through which young minds pass in a few years. Happily I had passed through the same phase of life before them; my training had been miscellaneous, but at the same time thorough—for I had *thought* about every thing that came up, and never left it before arriving at *my* solution of it, at least—and I was thus able to set them on the right track for an answer to many of their questions. I never dismissed them with the answer that any author said a certain thing because the verb agreed with its noun in number and person, or that coal was found in Pennsylvania and marble in Vermont, because the one abounded in carboniferous and the other in shell deposits. In fine, I tried to give them an idea of the old-world life of the Greeks and Romans—the older-world life of the fossil nations of mollusk, saurian, and tree-fern, and the modern life of Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, rather than names or rules for them. For as Lulu expressed it, it isn't to be supposed that that big funny bug with three lumps on him knew he was going to be called a Trilobite and wiggled into his place accordingly to die there, just like a gentleman going to take dinner at the Astor House who sees his card at a particular plate and sits down there for that reason. No, Trilobites Longifrons must have had personal motives of his own and his Creator's for going into the stone where he was found a million of years after—and what were they?

This gives a little idea of the course of instruction we pursued during those hours given to the mental development of Dr. Benjamin's children. And, indeed, during all hours, for our very walks were protracted into talks by these insatiable young people, in which the lessons of the day were reviewed, discussed, fixed. And when Dr. Brightyse met us on our romps through the dead leaves; or, as the season grew later, over the snow crust—his astonishment at beholding his children with cabinet specimens in their hands—or at hearing the names of old dead Greeks mentioned in warm conversation as if they had been next-door neighbors—or of places across the sea talked about like New York or Boston—his astonishment grew so great that when his business did not permit him to join us (as we always asked him to), he would stand leaning against a post and regard us silently for a moment, and then utter a sonorous Hah! which seemed to mean, "Well! that's all I am adequate to!"

Never had he seen his library so much in request. Never had he known before what it was to be asked for a sight of his largest books and engravings. Never had he experienced the father's dear delight of having his children come to him with questions—with modest and at first timid requests for sympathy. As all these changes took place—he regarded the world as more and more susceptible of being made over again—doubts began to creep over him as to whether *his* regular habits might, by some chance, be after all those which the universe observed in its periodical mutations. The first symptom of this was the abolishment of the gong—there was now no need for it, as I continued to do from preference what I had done at first for strategy's sake, and rose at three always. (I have dropped the habit of late years, finding it interfered with the regular habits of other people.) At five the young people were up also; but Dr. Benjamin could not be converted from lazy habits at his age, and now slept till six, which prolongation of rest improved his spirits and temper amazingly. Mrs. Benjamin went about beaming on every body as usual, but every cloud gone from her gentle brow. Master Rufus, having something to interest him beyond his former scientific yet somewhat monotonous amusement of watch-

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ing the grass grow, smoked fewer Dutch abominable pipes and abjured skins altogether.

The winter passed away, the spring followed it like a dream, and the full bride-beauty of the queen summer blushed on parterres, vailed itself in quince and chestnut blooms, breathed wide through the land into homes, hearts, and merry-makings, and made every living thing glad with its coming. With it came the full conviction of a truth which had been growing truer within me for a long time—I was very much in love with Lulu Brightyse.

Could I be sure that she loved me? That I had been of great benefit to her I knew; that her reticule no longer lay on the floor of arbors; that her guitar was always well kept and constantly practiced; that she had found an aim for her active, thoughtful nature; and that she was very *grateful* to me for the change in her life. But I had such a horror of any love which might be only at bottom gratitude under a disguise which it is hard for the untaught young heart to penetrate, that I kept my own feeling dumb, showing it only, as I could not help doing, in action. Perhaps that was just as wrong; but who is willing to acknowledge it to himself when the dear little hand lingers saying good-night, and it is so easy to press it tighter than the mere friend would be likely to; or the peerless little rosy mouth is made up into a kiss for its father, and the impassioned eyes can not help glancing on the deed as if they wished the mouth under them belonged, for the time being, to that old gentleman, though the glance brings back a blush that says, "I know what you mean!"

On the 12th of July came the Doctor's birthday. He was then sixty years old, and we had all agreed to give him a favorable surprise. The preparations for it had been so gradual—running, in fact, through all the months of my tutorship—that I will not burden this simple recital with them, but will give only the result.

On the evening of the 11th a neatly-printed card, adorned with emblematic devices from the pencil of Miss Brightyse, a poetical motto from the pen of Master Rufus, and old English text from the combined pen and pencil of the tutor, was laid, in a neat envelope, on the Doctor's plate at tea—as follows: a cherub at the top feeding an altar flame from a can labeled "Activity;" Saturn, with his scythe slung over his shoulder, vainly endeavoring to blow the fire out, but deterred by a young man with a gong persistently stunning the foe of longevity, while he guarded the fire with his instrument as a shield. Meanwhile the goddess of morning dropped a very pretty garland of amaranths, with the letters LX. in the middle of it, over a capital portrait of the Doctor, as arrayed for his early walk.

Immediately under this symbol the subjoined stanzas:

"The three black sisters all combine
To cut thy thread in two,
But filial hearts shall knit the twine
And spin its strands anew.

"Ruleless the great destroyer comes—
That calculus of Babbitt's
He hath no mind for—but succumbs
To one of Reg'lar Habits.

"We hail thee to thy sixtieth year,
And see no reason why
Thy thousandth may not see thee here
Beneath thy morning sky.

"All blessings on thy hoary head
Light softly, much loved sire!
Oh, never than thy feather bed
Thy turf one more desire!"

And then followed:

"The company of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Benjamin Brightyse is most respectfully and affectionately solicited to an entertainment given by their children, under the auspices in general of their tutor, Horace Lyle, A.M., K.A., Soc. Coll. Concordiæ, and in particular of the present festive occasion. Most interesting exercises may be expected—of a musical and declamatory character. An examination will take place of the pupils of Mr. Horace Lyle, A.M., K.A., etc., during the progress of the services, upon the studies in which they have become proficient since his inauguration. Performances to commence at 3 P.M. An elegant repast will be ready for the distinguished visitors at 6 P.M. precisely. Punctual attendance is particularly desired.

"By order of the Committee of Arrangements,
"LULU BRIGHTYSE, *Secretary.*"

The Doctor read the card with undisguised delight; Mrs. Benjamin meanwhile leaning over his shoulder and beaming sympathy.

"Hah!" said the Doctor; "most happy! Hah! Lula, I declare I didn't know you could draw like that! And that poetry—'pon my word, Milton never did that at his age! Delighted! Hah!"

At the hour appointed we all assembled in the parlor, to the number of five. It was a warm afternoon, but breezy, and, according to country custom, we had all the doors and windows open. Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin sat on two large cane arm-chairs, wheeled together in the form of a parquet, and the young lady and gentleman, with me, *vis-à-vis* behind the piano.

I arose, and with a wave of the hand solicited attention.

"The exercises of the day will open with a performance by Mr. Rufus Brightyse upon a Dutch pipe, of a description which I am safe in saying you have never seen him use before. Though Dutch, I trust you will not find it abominable. Mr. Rufus, if you please, Sir!"

The young man drew from his pocket a handsome morocco case, containing—it *might* have contained a very large and elegant meerschaum. Instead of that, he drew from it a beautiful Bochan flute; he put it to his lips, and Lulu sat down at the piano to accompany him, while, without hesitation, he played the overture to the Caliph of Bagdad from beginning to end.

His father and mother laughed with ecstasy till they had to wipe their eyes.

"Where in the world did you learn to do that?" cried Dr. Benjamin.

"That," answered Master Rufus, "is one of the results of early rising. Since a period as distant as three months ago it has been an invariable habit of mine, which I have allowed no-

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thing but providential interposition to interfere with, to practice this Dutch abominable pipe in the old cider-mill, from four until five A.M. of the days divinely instituted for secular labor."

The classes in Greek, History, Geology, French, German, Latin and English Literature were then called in succession, with an interim of music between each, and did themselves infinite credit, not only by the amount which they had learned, but the amount which they knew.

Miss Brightyse then read a composition. It did not begin, "The gentle flowers of the forest and the soft murmur of the peaceful rills seem to say to us various things of a moral and instructive tendency," the young lady not having enjoyed the advantages of our first female boarding-schools; for the same reason it was not read with a sound so soft that nothing comes 'twixt it and silence; but it was a most delicate texture, woofed of the freshest woman-sense, warped with imagery bright and original as sunbeams, whose subject was, "What there is for girls to do in this world." And it made one feel that it was not such a bad thing to be a girl after all — which, perhaps, is not the prevailing impression left by effusions of that origin at Commencements of the Mount Maria Abode of Industry.

Master Rufus then closed the exercises with one of the wittiest and most playfully philosophical orations I ever listened to, having for its theme "The Regular Habits of People in General." The regular habits of cannibals and of business men, of literati and of clowns, of ordinary and of extraordinary persons, and finally of the Brightyse family, which were described as being the most unique, consistent with all the grand laws of Universal Being, and worthy of being imitated by even the celestial luminaries themselves, of all which had ever become apparent in any age or nation. To adopt a phrase from Jenkins, his good hits elicited frequent applause.

"And now, worthy patrons of the Brightyse Institute," said I, bowing modestly, "I might make a little speech of glorification over our progress—it would be customary, but it is not appropriate; our results speak for themselves. It remains for me, therefore, only to present the prizes. In my manner of doing this I shall also be eccentric, for I give them not to the pupils who have to-day so distinguished themselves, but to those whose pride it is to witness that distinction;" I held out a hand apiece to Lulu and Rufus, and led them from behind the piano up to their parents' chairs.

"As a present, on the occasion of Dr. Benjamin's 60th birthday, to himself and his beloved wife, I have been able to think of nothing more precious and lasting than two loving children, of *Regular Habits*."

Lulu kissed her father, Rufus his mother; then they all fell into a heap upon each other's necks, and there was a silence for some time, only broken by the sounds of a very gentle weeping in which that once inharmonious family ran together, like one big drop of dew made up of four. I retired to a little distance, and confided my feelings to a hem-stitch pocket handkerchief, being alone in the world.

Like flowers after rain, all the Brightyses lifted up their heads presently, and laughed with a wide-beaming joyfulness which drew me from my seclusion. They ran up to me and shook what hands I had so ardently and so simultaneously that I would have been more adequately provided for the occasion had I been the idol Vishnu, who rejoices in a dozen of those members.

"Hah!" cried the Doctor—"hah! Mr. Lyle, this is the happiest day that I ever passed in my life. Heaven bless you, bless you! Hah! I can't speak a word or I shall break down, my dear boy." And he fell upon *my* neck also, and Mrs. Benjamin kissed my forehead over his shoulder.

Having disengaged ourselves once more, the Doctor held me out at arm's-length, and contemplated me. "Hah! I wouldn't have believed it! I really wouldn't! If you'd come and told me a year ago that we should all do, and be, and feel as we do now, I should have said you were crazy—I should! Now, what I want you to do is to tell me what we shall do for you! Whatever it is let us know it, and if it's in human power it shall be done! It shall be done! When is *your* birthday coming?"

My expression of sympathetic joy changed to one of deep pensiveness. "*My* birthday, Dr. Brightyse, occurred just after I came to this pleasant house. I fear I shall not spend another in this scene of my so amply rewarded labors." And I sighed, returning to my cambric only friend on earth.

"Why, what does he mean? You're not going to *leave us!*" burst from all the Brightyse family at once.

"I fear I must," was my sad reply; "I have passed among you, my friends, the happiest hours of my life, but an imperative necessity bids me shortly to depart, perhaps never to return."

I noticed that Lulu did not cry, nor turn away, but stood looking up into my face, her own full of a wondering fearfulness, and snowy pale as she grasped my hand like one who would never let it go. The others stood likewise, in the respect of mute wonderment, waiting for me to continue.

"I have been unspeakably happy here; but if I should continue here, in the relation which I have occupied, it would be only to grow more and more miserable. My trouble is this: *Regularity of Habits* is the very soul of my existence, and there is *one* regular habit which, though *absolutely necessary* to my living, I have not yet been able to practice."

"Dumb-bells?" gasped the Doctor. "There are three pair in the wood-shed!"

Mrs. Brightyse suggested "Hot flip, just before going to bed." Rufus, "A horse and buggy, all to yourself." Lulu alone said nothing.

"No, none of these, my friends; the Regular

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Habit is one for which money, labor, favor, interest, can not purchase the opportunities."

"Name it! Oh, name it!" cried father, mother, and son in chorus.

"*It is the regular habit of being the husband of Lulu Brightyse.*"

The Doctor sat down utterly overcome. Rufus took both his mother's hands and gazed silently into her face. And Lulu hid her eyes in the lap of the same dear refuge, and for the first time gave way to her heart.

As for me, accompanied by the hem-stitch friend of my desolation, I walked out of the front door and strayed down the gravel-walk, with an indistinct idea that this was the road to a lodge in some vast wilderness where boundless contiguity of shade might hide the fact that I was done for. The suspicion proved erroneous, the path led to the rustic arbor, and I wandered into it, sat down in it, ere I was aware.

Yes, the place where I had so often taught her! The very seat where she had sat beside me asking question on question about the flowers she was too loving to pull to pieces and call hard names! The mica slate we had brought together from all the nooks and corners of Hazelthorpe made a pretty shining pavement under foot! It was her pet clematis that climbed and swayed around the rough posts behind my head. She had been my friend *then*—perhaps she was not even that *now*—and all because I *could not* contain myself, and wait for Heaven or Uncle Ptolemæus Tompkins to make me a rich enough son-in-law for the Doctor!

I bowed my head and thought bitterly for what seemed to me a long time. In the midst of the bitterest of the bitter a little soft hand stole trustfully into my own, a gentle trembling voice whispered at my ear,

"They say I am young, but so was mamma, and you *may stay*, dear."

I caught Lulu Brightyse in my arms, and of what happened then let the old arbor keep the secret.

This episode, not down on the card of invitation, retarded the splendid repast prepared for the Doctor's birthday festival; but we were all willing to wave the lesser for the sake of the greater Regular Habit, and have tea at *half past* six.

Right in the middle of our quiet joy, while Rufus was toasting his father in a cup of English breakfast-tea, and the Doctor, after a neat and appropriate response, varied by numerous "Hahs!" on which he leaned as an impregnable bulwark to "breaking down," had given the sentiment, "Our *three* children!" to be eaten in apple-jelly of Lulu's own making, and Mrs. Dr. Benjamin had said, with tears and smiles fighting amicably for the enviable occupation of her loving eyes, that there never *was* such a husband as the Doctor, and if Lulu were only as happy as she had been in her married life the gold of the Indies couldn't do any more for her; and I had accepted so many offers to take something to eat, out of sheer affection and relationship, that my plate assumed a pyramidal form, and looked like a receiving warehouse for several firms of provision-dealers; and the very waiter had caught the cheerful contagion and performed the circuit of the table, bearing muffins, with such a delicious rapidity that fears were entertained for the stability of his mind, and we were compelled to stop him and let him lean against the mantle-piece till he could control his ecstasy; right in the midst of all this, there came a ring at the front door, and presently the servant descended, bearing a card, on which, in the largest kind of responsible-to-any-amount looking business hand, was written,

"Ptolemæus Tompkins, Shipping and Commission."

I handed it to the Doctor. "Strangely enough my maternal uncle;" said I, "please excuse me for a moment."

"No! no! bring the gentleman down, Sarah. Ptolemæus Tompkins? Tompkins? Ptol Tompkins? Bless my soul! was he ever at Union College?"

"Yes, Sir; graduated in 1809."

"My class! My chum! Hah! by the Lord Harry, Ptol Tompkins!"

Just at that moment my venerable uncle entered, was about bowing gravely to the company and extending a hand to me, when the Doctor caught him in an ungoverned manner by the shoulders, crying, "Old Ptol! Don't you know *me*, Ben Brightyse?" and the two chums were hugging each other like little boys.

The introduction to Mrs. Benjamin and Rufus accomplished, the Doctor waved his hand declamatorily toward Lulu and me sitting side by side.

"Do you know who those are, Old Ptol?"

"One of 'em's my nephew—"

"And my son-in-law, that is to be, Providence and the weather permitting. The pretty young lady that blushes so there, and hides her head, is my daughter, and, hah! going to be your niece, if you please. Yes, Sir! Hah, that's my son-in-law, Old Ptol!"

"And *my* partner," added Uncle Ptolemæus, in his business-like unprefaced way, at the same time producing another, an enormous, card from his pocket, on which was printed, "Tompkins and Co., No. —— Beaver Street." "*He's* Co. since yesterday; I thought I'd kinder wander up this way and tell him on't. Shipping and Commission. Patronage respectfully solicited; that is, I'll be glad to see you all, if you'll only put on something that ile won't spile, and be keerful o' brushin' against the bar'ls."

"And now let's have a little tea, Ptol," said the Doctor.

Lulu and I have been in the Commission business, as I said when I began, for a matter of a dozen years. Our commissions are to make each other just as good and happy as we can; ten per cent. is paid in smiles and kisses. If you think the sugar in our business is sickish, why stay away; but if you like that and the oil (of human kindness), in which also we do a thriving

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trade, holding it on tap in our own cheerful hearts, just give us a call, and you needn't be afraid to "rub against the barrels."

There you may be introduced to the Doctor and Mrs. Benjamin, in a hale old age, not troubled by too much early rising, but for the last dozen years making harmony, comfort, jollity, and every household virtue, "their invariable Regular Habits!"

NOTES OF CHARLES LAMB TO THOMAS ALLSOP.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

AS I look over this collection of Charles Lamb's unpublished notes to his friend Thomas Allsop—as I hold them in my hand and remark the fair, smooth, legible, half-prim, clerkly writing—the heavy mercantile paper of the old India House, with the edges rough where he tore them into little note-shapes, and the gray and yellowish hue which has stolen over them with time—I place my hand where his hand must have rested, I think of that genial genius, that true and charitable heart, that long life of silent heroism, and I find how truly Talfourd says in the preface to the "Final Memorials," that "there is indeed scarcely a note (a *notelet*, as he used to call his very little letters) Lamb ever wrote which has not some tinge of that quaint sweetness, some hint of that peculiar union of kindness and whim, which distinguish him from all other poets and humorists." And therefore, with very few and slight exceptions, Talfourd printed every thing that came into his possession.

I feel disposed to do likewise with these notes, because the lovers of Charles Lamb love entirely, and wish nobody to select or discriminate for them, but would have every word that he said or wrote in all its completeness. For none of our authors, not even Shakespeare, is more a passion with all who feel his genius than Charles Lamb; while perhaps no English author of equal rank is so entirely out of the sympathy of those who are not in his key. Thus, in that extraordinary diary of the dinings out of a fashionable bard of Erin, which Lord John Russell has edited for a hungry posterity in eight volumes, we read:

"April 4, 1823. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero, at present, of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the lakes—the host himself, a Mecenas of the old school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly, but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him, and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. 'I suppose,' said Lamb, 'you addressed that line of Milton to it, 'Thou first best cause, least understood.'"—(MOORE'S *Diary*, IV. 50.)

Charles Lamb himself also wrote of this dinner to Bernard Barton (*Works*, I. 264):

"I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore—half the poetry of England constellated and clustered in Gloucester Place. It was a delightful evening. Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk—had all the talk: and let 'em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb, while Apollo lectured, on his and their fine art. It is a lie that poets are envious: I have known the best of them, and can speak to it, that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as best authors. I am scribbling a muddy epistle with an aching head, for we did not quaff Hippocrene last night; marry, it was hippocrass rather."

The meeting of Charles Lamb and Tommy Moore was that of an utterly honest with an utterly factitious man. It charmed the bard to hear Lady Jersey say that she was about taking his "Loves of the Angels" into the country, to read for the third or fourth time; but in company with Lamb he could only discover a bad punster.

It is therefore by those only who already possess the key to Lamb's peculiar genius that the following notes will be enjoyed.

They are in themselves mostly unimportant, but they fit in well, with their details of daily life, among the letters which Talfourd has published. The manuscripts, the folding, the general character of all of them fully illustrate the truth of what Lamb often says of his letters and notes. Writing to Bernard Barton, March 11, 1823, Lamb says (*Works*, I. 264):

"I am ashamed of the shabby letters I send, but I am by nature any thing but neat. Therein my mother bore me no Quaker. I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers. . . . . My letters are generally charged as double at the Post-office from their inveterate clumsiness of foldure. So you must not take it disrespectful to yourself, if I send you such ungainly scraps. I think I lose £100 a year at the India House, owing solely to my want of neatness in making up accounts."

Talfourd says of Lamb in the year 1824 (I. 307):

"Lamb himself at this time wrote a singularly neat hand, having greatly improved in the India House, where he also learned to flourish—a facility he took a pride in, and sometimes indulged; but his flourishes (wherefore, it would be too curious to inquire) almost always shaped themselves into a visionary cork-screw, 'never made to draw.'"

So Lamb himself, writing to Miss Hutchinson

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(I. 308): "I don't think she (Mary) can make a cork-screw if she tried, which has such a fine effect at the end or middle of an epistle, and fills up. There is a cork-screw! One of the best I ever drew."

These little notes have many such. When he signs "C. L." simply, it is often in the most luxuriant cork-screw manner. But after the rounded accuracy and almost formality of the writing in the body of the note, the flourishing signature strikes the eye like a deacon cutting a caper as he goes out of church.

To Southey he writes, 19th August, 1825 (I. 321): "You'll know who this letter comes from by opening slap-dash upon the text, as in the good old times. I never could come into the custom of envelopes: 'tis a modern foppery: the Plinian correspondence gives no hint of such."

To Bernard Barton, 20th March, 1826 (I. 328): "You may know my letters by the paper and the folding. For the former, I live on scraps obtained in charity from an old friend, whose stationary is a permanent perquisite; for folding I shall do it neatly when I learn to tie my neckcloths. I surprise most of my friends by writing to them on ruled paper, as if I had not got past pot-hooks and hangers. ..... When I write to a great man at the Court end, he opens with surprise upon a naked note, such as Whitechapel people interchange, with no sweet degrees of envelope. I never enclosed one bit of paper in another, nor understood the rationale of it."

To Miss Williams, April 2, 1830 (II. 233): "P.S. I am the worst folder-up of a letter in the world, except certain Hottentots in the land of Caffre, who never fold up their letters at all, writing very badly upon skins, etc."

All these humorous criticisms are verified by this collection of notes. They are written on all sizes and sorts of scraps of paper, generally undated, so that I have been obliged to rely upon the post-mark to determine the precise date, and that is often enough gone. Talfourd says of the letter Lamb wrote to Mr. Gilman after the funeral of Coleridge (I. 394): "Like most of Lamb's letters, it is undated." These little notes, also, are all folded and directed without envelopes. I am brought very near to him as I look at them. It is like passing him in the Strand, or seeing him look up to a friend from his desk at the India House, and hearing him say, with a smile and a stammer, "Good-morning!" For almost each one of them has some word, or expression, which gives the flavor of his genius.

Mr. Allsop's acquaintance with Lamb began apparently about the year 1819. Talfourd speaks of him as "one whom Lamb held in the highest esteem for himself, and for his devotion to Coleridge" (I. 402). In his "Recollections of Coleridge," Allsop says: "The first night I ever spent with Lamb was after a day with Coleridge, when we returned by the same stage; and from something I had said or done of an unusual kind, I was asked to pass the night with him and his sister. Thus commenced an intimacy which never knew an hour's interruption to the day of his death."

A few months before, Lamb had removed from No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, which, with the house he next occupied, was the scene of the famous Wednesday evenings, of which Talfourd has given so delightful a description—of the little suppers with which no feasts of famous men any where or at any time are to be compared, where Lamb, who was growing celebrated, and Coleridge sometimes, and Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, William Godwin, Charles Lloyd, Basil Montagu, George Dyer, Martin Burney, Kenney the dramatist, Liston, Miss Kelly, Charles Kemble, Baron Field, John Lamb, and Mary, all met together, and the splendors of Holland House do not obscure the picture.

From Temple Lane Lamb had gone to Russell Street, Covent Garden, "the corner house," says Talfourd, "delightfully situated between the two great theatres." "Here we are," says Mary Lamb, writing to Miss Wordsworth, "living at a brazier's shop, No. 20, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, a place all alive with noise and bustle." It was about this time, also, in the year 1820, that Lamb began the "Essays of Elia" in the London *Magazine*, in that society of wits and genius which makes that period of that Magazine so unique and brilliant in English literary history. He made now, also, the acquaintance of Barry Cornwall and Macready, so that these little notes cover the most famous period of his life.

The earliest date that I find is November, 1819.

Dear Sir—Many thanks for your offer. I have desired the youth to wait upon you, if you will give him leave, that he may give his own answer to your kind proposal of trying to find something for him. My sister begs you will accept her thanks with mine. We shall be at home at all times most happy to see you when you are in town. We are mostly to be found in an Evening.

Your obliged C. Lamb.

Saturday, 29. Nov. 19.

Some kind friend had evidently told Allsop of Lamb's doctrine of presents, which he himself lays down in a letter to Wordsworth (I. 208): "There is something inexpressibly pleasant to me in these *presents*, be it fruit, or fowl, or brawn, or *what not*. Books are a legitimate cause of acceptance. If presents be not the soul of friendship, undoubtedly they are the most spiritual part of the body of that intercourse. There is too much narrowness of thinking in this point. The punctilio of acceptance, methinks, is too confined and strait-laced. I could be content to receive money, or clothes, or a joint of meat from a friend. Why should he not send me a dinner as well as a dessert? I would taste him in the beasts of the field and through all creation."

Or shall we forget the very last Essay of Elia, in the *Athenæum* of the 30th November, 1834, "Thoughts on Presents of Game, etc." "But a hare roasted hard and brown, with gravy and melted butter!—old Mr. Chambers, the sensible clergyman in Warwickshire, whose son's ac-

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quaintance has made many hours happy in the life of Elia, used to allow a pound of Epping to every hare. Perhaps that was overdoing it?"

Who does not envy Mr. Thomas Allsop his sending hares and pheasants to such a recipient, and his getting these sparkling autographs in return:

Dear Sir—We are most sorry to have missed you twice. We are at home to-night, to-morrow & Thursday & should be happy to see you any of these nights. Thanks for the shining bird.

Yours truly, C. L.

Dear Sir—The *hairs* of our head are numbered, but those which emanate from your heart defy arithmetic. I would send longer thanks but your young man is blowing his fingers in the Passage.

Yours gratefully, C. L.

Dr Sir—Your hare arrived in excellant order Last night, and I hope will prove the precursor of yourself on Sunday.

Why you should think it necessary to appease us with so many pleasant presents, I know not.

More acknowlegements when we meet, we dine at 3 Yours truly, C. LAMB.

Thursd

And here are invitations more alluring than even those to the Empress Eugénie's balls, to Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms, or even to a state dinner at the White House:

My dear Sir—We shall hope to see you to-morrow evening to a rubber. Thank for your very kind letter, & *intentions respecting a bird.*

Yours very truly, C. LAMB.

Tuesday

Dr Sir—We expected you here to-night, but as you have invited us to-morrow evens, we shall dispose of this evening as we intended to have done of to-morrow. We shall be with you by 8, and shall have taken Tea.

Your (not obligs but obliged)
C. & M. LAMB.

Monday, 10th

Dear Sir—I have brot you Rosamund Bp of Landaff's daughter's novel.

We shall have a small party, on Thursday evening, if you will do us the favor to join it.

Yours truly, C. LAMB.

Tuesday evs., 15 Feb., 20.

Dear Sir—We expect Wordsth to-morrow Evening. Will you look in? C. L.

Russell House, Thursday.

Dr Sir—Wordswth is with us this Even. Can you come? We leave Cov. Gard. on Thursday for some time. C. L.

Talfourd describes Lamb's introducing him to Wordsworth, two or three years before this. They were neighbors in the Temple. Talfourd was a youth of twenty, attending at the chambers of Chitty, the special pleader, which were on the next staircase to Lamb's. When Talfourd was made Sergeant, Lamb, in his raciest humor, refers to the Temple days: "Now can not I call him *Serjeant?* What is there in a *coif?* Those canvas-sleeves protective from ink, when he was a law chit—a *Chitty*-ling (let the leathern-apron be apocryphal) do more 'specially plead to the Jury Court of old memory. The costume (will he agnize it?) was as of a desk-fellow, or Socius Plutei. Methought I spied a brother!" (II. 249.)

The second time Talfourd saw Lamb, "he came almost breathless into the office and proposed to give me what I should have chosen as the greatest of all possible honors and delights—an introduction to Wordsworth, who, I learned with a palpitating heart, was actually at the next door. I hurried out with my kind conductor, and a minute after was presented by Lamb to the person whom in all the world I venerated most, with this preface: 'Wordsworth, give me leave to introduce to you my only admirer.'"

Still 1820.

Dr Sir—We had arranged to be in country Saturday & Sunday, having made an engagmt to that effect. Pray let us see you on Thursd. at Russell House.

With regrets & all proper feels,
Yours truly, C. L.

Dr Sir—You shall see us on Thursday, with M. B. if possible about 8. We shall have TEAED.

Yours truly, C. L.

M. B.'s direction is 26 James Streat Westminster.
James not *St James St.*

The "M. B." of this note is Martin Burney, son of the Admiral who sailed round the world with Captain Cook, and nephew of the author of "Evelina." He was one of the oldest and most faithful of Lamb's friends. He writes to Barry Cornwall, in 1829: "M. B. is richly worth your knowing. He is on the top scale of my friendship ladder." (I. 351.) One evening, at a game of whist, when Burney was dealing, Lamb said to him, "Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!" But he dedicated to him his first volume of prose:

"Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a whiter soul than thine."

And when, in the month of May, 1847, the body of Mary Lamb was laid in the same grave where her brother's had been placed eleven years before, it was the life-long friend of both of them, the M. B. of this note, who "refused to be comforted."

In the year 1821-2 Lamb, who was overwhelmed by visitors (many of whom he loved too dearly to refuse either themselves or the consequences of their coming), and by the deaths of several friends, among the rest the father of M. B.—"There's Captain Burney gone! What fun has whist now?"—took lodgings at Dalston, near London, whither Talfourd tells us he retired whenever he wished for repose.

My dear Sir—If you can come next Sunday we shall be equally glad to see you, but do not trust to any of Martin's appointments, except on business, in future. He is notoriously faithless in that point, and we did wrong not to have warned you. Leg of

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Lamb, as before; hot at 4. And the heart of Lamb ever. Yours truly, C. L.

30 March, 21.

Dr Sir—Thanks for the Birds and your kindness. It was but yesterdy I was contriving with Talfd to meet you ½ way at his chamber. But night don't do so well at present. I shall want to be home at Dalston by Eight.

I will pay an afternoon visit to you when you please. I dine at a chop-house at ONE always, but I can spend an hour with you after that.

Yours truly, C. L.

Would Saturdy serve?

Ecce Iterum.

Dr Sir—I fear I was obscure. I was plaguily busy when those tempting birds came. I mean to say I could not come this evening, but any other, if I can know a day before, I can come for 2 or 3 afternoon hours, for ½ four to ½ past six. At present I can not command more furlough. I have nam'd Saturd. I will come, if you don't countermand. *I shall have dined.* I have been wanting not *not to see you.* C. L.

Dear Sir—I do not know whose fault it is we have not met so long. We are almost always out of town. You must come & beat up our quarters there, when we return from Cambridge. It is not in our power to accept your invitation. To-day we dine out; and set out for Cambridge on Saturday morning. Friday of course will be past in packing, &c., moreover we go from Dalston. We return from Cam. in 4 weeks, & will contrive an early meeting. Meantime believe us,

Sincerely yours, C. L., &c.

Thursday.

Dr Sir—I hear that you have called in Russell St. I can not say when I shall be in town. When I am, I must see you; I had hoped to have seen you at Dalston, but my Sister is taken ill, & I am afraid will not be able to see any of her friends for a long time. Believe me, yours truly,

India House. C. LAMB.

"My sister is taken ill." In those few words how much tragedy lies hidden! What a life of patient heroism do they suggest, in comparison with which the career of Lamb's huge contemporary, Bonaparte, shrinks into the merest melodrama; while the misanthropic mouthings of Lord Byron become maudlin when we recall the sweet, life-long, heroic silence of Charles Lamb.

In the year 1796 Charles Lamb was twenty-one years old, and was living in lodgings with his father, who was sinking into dotage; his mother, whose limbs were paralyzed; and his sister Mary, whose needle worked with his pen to support the family. Their resources were a little annuity which Mr. Salt, an old Bencher, had given to his servant, the father of Charles Lamb; Charles's salary, as a clerk of three years' standing at the India House; and the board of an old maiden aunt, who lived with them. The young man was in love with a "fair-haired maid" near Islington, to whom he wrote simple, pathetic, pastoral sonnets. The beginning of the year he had passed in a mad-house, and he writes to his friend Coleridge: "It may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy." (II. 4.) During one of his lucid intervals he wrote a sonnet:

"Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend."

He wrote afterward: "I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy; for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad." (II. 21.)

On Thursday, the 22d of September, 1796, Mary Lamb, "worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery by attention to needle-work all day, and to her mother at night," broke into uncontrollable insanity, and seizing a knife from the table spread for dinner stabbed her mother to the heart. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "lunacy." Charles writes to Coleridge: "With me, 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel. God Almighty have us well in His keeping." (II. 40.) Mary Lamb was placed in an asylum, but was soon restored to sanity. Her brother Charles instantly contrives how she may be freed from the necessity of living for her life at an asylum. "I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital." . . . . . "If my father, an old maid-servant and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on £130 or £120 a year, we ought to burn by slow fires; and I almost would, that Mary might not go into an hospital." (II. 45.) "I very much fear she must not think of coming home in my father's lifetime." (II. 61.) His father was rapidly decaying. When Charles expostulated about playing cribbage with him, to the entire loss of his correspondence and other private duties, the old man said, "'If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all.' The argument was unanswerable, and I set to afresh." (I. 54.) At the same time a poor old aunt, who never recovered from the shock of "our evil day," comes to that melancholy home to die—and all the time the young man is getting ready a joint volume of verse with Coleridge and Lloyd.

In 1797 his father died; the aunt still lingered, and his sister was in confinement. There was a dreadful doubt whether she could be released at all—whether legal proceedings must not be instituted to place her for life at the disposition of the crown. "But Charles came to her deliverance: he satisfied all the parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life; and he kept his word." . . . . . "For her sake, at the same time, he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than £100 a year, derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life, at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully, with his beloved companion, endear-

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ed to him the more by her strange calamity, and a constant apprehension of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it." (II. 65.)

From this time he considered his sister Mary "perpetually on the brink of madness." "We can be nowhere private except in the midst of London." (II. 87.) To the end of both their lives she was constantly subject to these attacks. Any peculiar excitement occasioned them; and they came without apparent reason. "What sad large pieces it cuts out of life" (he writes, in 1809): "out of *her* life, who is getting rather old; and we may not have many years to live together." (II. 133.) Her illness lasted at this time sometimes as much as eight or nine weeks, with often "scarce a six months' interval." "It cuts sad great slices out of the time," he says again, in 1815; "the little time we shall have to live together." . . . . . "But I won't talk of death. I will imagine us immortal, or forget that we are otherwise. By God's blessing, in a few weeks we may be making our meal together, or sitting in the front row of the pit at Drury Lane, or taking our evening walk past the theatres, to look at the outside of them, at least, if not to be tempted in. Then we forget we are assailable; we are strong for the time as rocks—'the wind is tempered to the shorn Lambs.'" (II. 158.)

His intimate friends knew of the great shadow that always lay upon their paths. It grew larger and larger as the years passed on. In May, 1833, he writes to Wordsworth: "Mary is ill again. Her illnesses encroach yearly. The last was three months, followed by two of depression most dreadful. I look back upon her earlier attacks with longing. Nice little durations of six weeks or so, followed by complete restoration—shocking as they were to me then." (II. 252.) When they went upon a little journey, "a strait waistcoat, carefully packed by Miss Lamb herself, was their constant companion." "On one occasion Mr. Charles Lloyd met them slowly pacing together a little foot-path in Hoxton fields, both weeping bitterly; and found, on joining them, that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum." (II. 341.) In the last year of their united lives they lived constantly together. "It is no new thing for me to be left to my sister. When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. Her heart is obscured, not buried: it breaks out occasionally; and one can discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it." (II. 265.)

In "Bridget Elia" Charles Lamb describes his sister, who was a woman entirely worthy even this life-long devotion. She was his thoughtful friend, his most sympathetic and affectionate companion, and together with him wrote those charming books for children, "The Poetry for Children," "Tales from Shakespeare," and "Mrs. Leicester's School." The records of human affection have nothing more melancholy, more heroic, or more touching, than the story of Charles and Mary Lamb.

At this time (1822) Lamb drops the "Sir" in his address to Allsop:

Dear Alsop—We are going to Dalston on Wednesday. Will you come see the last of us to-morrow night, you and Mrs. Alsop?

Yours truly, C. LAMB.

Monday Evens.

Dear Alsop—Your pheasant is glittering, but your company will be more acceptable this Evening. Wordsworth is not with us, but the next things to him are. C. LAMB.

Monday Evening.

In July, 1823, Lamb writes:

D. A.—I expect Proctor and Wainwright (Janus W.) this evening; will you come? I suppose it is but a compt. to ask Mrs. Alsop; but it is none to say that we should be most glad to see her. Yours ever. How vexed I am at your Dalston expeditn.

Tuesday. C. L.

The Proctor here is Barry Cornwall, whose acquaintance Lamb made in 1820. The Wainwright is Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, of whom Talfourd gives the following account: "He was then a young man, on the bright side of thirty, with a sort of undress military air, and the conversation of a smart, lively, clever, heartless, voluptuous coxcomb. It was whispered that he had been an officer in the dragoons; had spent more than one fortune; and he now condescended to take a part in periodical literature, with the careless grace of an amateur who felt himself above it. He was an artist also, sketched boldly and graphically; exhibited a port-folio of his own drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate, and seized on the department of the Fine Arts." . . . . . "He composed for the Magazine, under the signature of Janus Weathercock, articles of flashy assumption, in which disdainful notices of living artists were set off by fascinating references to the personal appearance, accomplishments, and luxurious appliances of the writer, ever the first hero of his essay. He created a new sensation in the sedate circle, not only by his braided surtouts, jeweled fingers, and various neck-handkerchiefs, but ostentatious contempt for every thing in the world but elegant enjoyment. Lamb, who delighted to find sympathy in dissimilitude, fancied that he really liked him." . . . . . "We lost sight of him when the career of the *London Magazine* ended; and Lamb did not live to learn the sequel of his history."

That sequel is written in the calendar of crime. It is also vaguely hinted in Bulwer's preface to his novel of "Lucretia," the most revolting of all his stories. "I became acquainted with the histories of two criminals existing in our own age; so remarkable, whether from the extent and darkness of the guilt committed—whether from the glittering accomplishments and lively temper of the one, the profound knowledge and intellectual capacities of the other," etc. "The one" is Wainwright. His crime was compassing the death of persons, in whose life-insurance

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he was interested, by poison most insidiously and adroitly administered. The stories, also, that are told of his relation to women are monstrous and incredible. His whole career recalls the darkest days of license and murder of the *ancien régime* days of which the spirit is so finely touched in Browning's poem of "The Laboratory:"

"Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give,
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live:
But to light a pastile, and Elise, with her head,
And her breast, and her arms, and her hands, should drop dead."

So little suspicious was Lamb of the latent character of this man that, in writing to Bernard Barton, 2d September, 1823, he says: "The 'London' I fear falls off. . . . . They have pulled down three (supports). Hazlitt, Proctor, and their best stay, kind, light-hearted Wainwright, their Janus."

In August, 1823, Lamb writes under date of August 9, but the note is post-marked September 9:

My dear A.—I am going to ask you to do me the greatest favor which a man can do to another. I want to make my will, and to leave my property in trust for my sister. *N.B.* I am not *therefore* going to die.—Would it be unpleasant for you to be named for one? The other two I shall beg the same favor of are Talfourd and Proctor. If you feel reluctant, tell me, and it sha'n't abate one jot of my friendly feeling toward you. Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

E. I. House, 9 Aug., 23.

The reply must have been immediate, for the following is post-marked September 10, 1823:

My dear A.—Your kindness in accepting my request no words of mine can repay. It has made you overflow into some romance, which I should have check'd at another time. I hope it may be in the scheme of Providence that my sister may go first (if ever so little a precedence), myself next, and my good Ex^r^ survive to rememb^r^ us with kindness many years. God bless you.

I will set Proctor about the will forthwith.

C. LAMB.

In the summer of 1823 Lamb found himself involved in his first and last literary difficulty. It arose from Southey's article upon the "Progress of Infidelity," in which he spoke of the Essays of Elia as wanting "only a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it is original." The hard feeling did not last long, although Lamb wrote Southey a long letter about it, and in August of this year he hired "a neat cottage at Islington," in which he was for the first time a householder.

"I have a cottage in Colebrook Row, Islington; a cottage, for it is detached; a white house, with six good rooms." (I. 271.) This was sacred ground to Lamb. In the neighborhood of Islington lived the "fair-haired maid" of his boyish love. "To me 'tis classical ground," he wrote to Coleridge in 1796. The following extract from the "Recollections," by George Daniel, in the London *Literary Gazette*, during the last year, will be pleasant reading to the lovers of Elia:

"He took much interest in the antiquities of 'Merrie Islington.' 'Queen Elizabeth's Walk' became his favorite promenade in summer time, for its historical associations, its seclusion, and its shade. He would watch the setting sun from the top of Old Canonbury Tower, and sit silently contemplating the 'spangled heavens' (for he was a disciple of Plato, the great Apostle of the beautiful!) until the cold night air warned him to retire. He was intimate with Goodman Symes, the then tenant of this venerable tower, and a brother antiquary in a small way, who took pleasure in entertaining him in the antique paneled chamber where Goldsmith wrote his 'Traveler,' and supped frugally on butter-milk, and in pointing to a small portrait of Shakespeare in a curiously carved gilt frame, which Lamb would look at longingly, and which has since become mine. He was never weary of toiling up and down the winding and narrow stairs of this suburban pile, and peeping into its quaint corners and cupboards, as if he expected to discover there some hitherto hidden clew to its mysterious origin! The ancient hostelries were also visited, and he smoked his pipe, and quaffed his nut-brown ale at the Old Queen's Head from the festivous tankard presented by one Master Cranch (a choice spirit!) to a former host, and in the Old Oak Parlor too, where, according to tradition, the gallant Raleigh received 'full sousc' in his face the humming contents of a jolly Black Jack from an affrighted clown, who, seeing clouds of tobacco smoke curling from the Knight's nose and mouth, thought he was all on fire! Though now, as he called himself, 'a country gentleman,' he occasionally shared in the amusements of the town; he had formerly been a great sight-seer, and the ruling passion still followed him to his Islingtonian Tusculum."

September 6, 1823, he writes:

Dear Alsop—I am snugly seated at the cottage; Mary is well but weak, and comes home on *Monday*, she will soon be strong enough to see her friends here. In the mean time will you dine with me at ½ past four to-morrow? Ayrton and Mr. Burney are coming.

Colebrook Cottage left hand side, end of Colebrook Row on the western brink of the New River, a detach'd whitish house.

No answer is required but come if you can.

C. LAMB.

Saturday 6th Sep.

I call'd on you on Sunday. Resp^cts^ to Mrs. A. & boy.

Mr. Ayrton was one of the frequent guests at the Wednesday evening parties. He was director of music at the Italian Opera, whither Lamb rarely went, and never with any satisfaction. It was to Ayrton that he wrote the amusing rhyming letter, applying for orders to see "Don Giovanni" for some friends.

"I go to the play
In a very economical sort of a way,
Rather to see
Than be seen:
Though I'm no ill sight
Neither,

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By candle-light
And in some kinds of weather.
You might pit me
For height
Against Kean;
But in a grand tragic-scene
I'm nothing;
It would create a kind of loathing
To see me act Hamlet;
There'd be many a damn let
Fly
At my presumption,
If I should try,
Being a fellow of no gumption."

The following "letterets," as Lamb called such performances, have various dates in the autumn of 1823:

My dear Allsop—I thank you for thinking of my recreation. But I am best here, I feel I am. I have tried town lately, but came back worse. Here I must wait till my loneliness has its natural cure. Besides that, though I am not very sanguine, yet I live in hopes of better news from Fulham, and can not be out of the way. 'Tis ten weeks to-morrow.—I saw Mary a week since, she was in excellent bodily health, but otherwise far from well. But a week or so may give a turn. Love to Mrs. A. & children, and fair weather accomp^{y} you. C. L.

Tuesday.

In the next one how fondly he links his initials with Mary's, whose heart was still "obscured!"

Dear A.—Your cheese is the best I ever tasted. Mary will tell you so hereafter. She is at home, but has disappointed me. She has gone back rather than improved. However she has sense enough to value the present, for she is greatly fond of Stilton. Yours is the delicatest, rain-bow-hued melting piece I ever flavored. Believe me. I took it the more kindly, following so great a kindness.

Depend upon't yours shall be one of the first houses we shall present ourselves at, when we have got our Bill of Health.

Being both yours and Mrs Alsop's truly,
C. L. & M. L.

D^{r} Sir—Will Mrs. A. & you dine with *us* to-morrow at ½ past 3? Do not think of troubling yourself to send (if you can not come) as we shall provide only a goose (which is in the House) and your not coming will make no differ^{ce} in our arrangem^{ts}. Your oblig^{d},
C. Lamb.

Saturday, 4 Oct.

Dear Sir—Mary has got a cold, and the nights are dreadful; but at the first indication of Spring (*alias* the first dry weather in Nov^{r} early) it is our intention to surprise you early some even^{g}.

Believe me, most truly yours, C. L.

The Cottage, Saturday night.

Mary regrets very much Mrs. Allsop's fruitless visit. It made her swear! She was gone to visit Miss Hutchins^{n} whom she found OUT.

Dear Allsop—Our dinner hour on Sundays is 4, at which we shall be most happy to see Mrs. A. & yourself—I mean *next Sunday;* but I also mean any Sunday. Pray come. I am up to my very ears in business, *but pray come.*

Yours most sincerely; C. L.

E. I. H., 7th Nov.

It was while Lamb was living at Colebrook Cottage that the adventure of his friend George Dyer, who tumbled into the New River that flowed through the garden, was so whimsically described in the Elia Essay "Amicus Redivivus." It was to Colebrook Cottage also, in this year, that Southey came to explain the misunderstanding between them. The cloud faded in a moment, and their affectionate intimacy, of already nearly twenty years, was never again disturbed. It was in this year that Lamb first knew Thomas Hood, Hone, and Ainsworth the novelist.

In 1824 he writes to Mrs. Allsop:

Dear Mrs. A.—Mary begs me to say how much she regrets we can not join you to Reigate—our reasons are—1st I have but one holyday namely Good Friday, and it is not pleasant to solicit for another, but that might have been got over. 2^{dly} Manning is with us, soon to go away and we should not be easy in leaving him. 3^{dly} Our school girl Emma comes to us for a few days on Thursday. 4^{thly} and lastly, Wordsworth is returning home in about a week, and out of respect to them we should not like to absent ourselves just now. In summer I shall have a month, and if it shall suit, should like to go for a few days of it out with you both *any where.* In the mean time, with many acknowledgements etc. etc., I remain yours (both) truly,

C. Lamb.

India Ho. 13 Apr.
Remember Sundays.

Manning was one of the oldest friends of the Lambs, "next to Coleridge the dearest of them," Talfourd says, "who in company seemed only a courteous gentleman, more disposed to listen than to talk." It was to Manning, at the antipodes, that Lamb wrote the delightful letter, full of humorous misstatements as to the changes that must occur in their common circle by the time the letter reaches him. "Our school girl Emma" was the daughter of Charles Isola of Cambridge, who had been one of the "esquire bedells" of the University. Her grandfather, Agostino Isola, had fled from Italy because of an English book found in his room. The old man had had Gray the poet, Pitt, and Wordsworth among his pupils in Italian; and his granddaughter had lost both her parents. So fond did Charles and Mary Lamb become of her that they finally adopted her as a daughter, and she lived with them until 1833, when she married Mr. Moxon the publisher.

On the 10th of February, 1825, Lamb was fifty years old, and on the 6th of April he writes to Coleridge from Colebrook Cottage, "I came home forever on Tuesday in last week" (I. 316). The date of the following to Allsop is May 29, 1825:

Dear A.—I am as mad as the devil, but I had engaged myself and Mary to accompany Mrs. Kenny to Kentish-town to dinner at a common friend's on friday, before I knew of Mary's engaging you.

Can Mrs. A. & you exchange the day for Sunday, or what other?

write
Success to the Gnomes!

Tuesday. C. Lamb.

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In the summer Lamb and his sister made a long visit to Enfield, whence he writes to Allsop:

Dear Allsop—We are bent upon coming here *to-morrow* for a few weeks. Dispatch a porter to me *this evening*, or by *nine to-morrow morn*g to say how far it will interfere with your proposed coming down on Saturday. If the house will hold us, we can be together while you stay.

Yours, C. LAMB.

Enfield, Thursday, after a hot walk.

Apparently they occupied rooms which Allsop had already engaged for his own family.

Dear Alsop—It is too hot to write. Here we are, having turned you out of your beds, but willing to resign in your favor, or make any shifts with you. Our best Loves to Mrs. Alsop. From Mrs. Leishman's this warm Saturday.

Yours truly, C. LAMB.

This damn'd afternoon sun! Thanks for your note, which came in more than good time.

On the 19th August he writes to Southey:

"We are on a half-visit to his (Coleridge's) friend, Allsop, at a Mrs. Leishman's, Enfield, but expect to be at Colebrook Cottage in a week or so."

Again to Allsop:

My dear Alsop—Mrs. Leishman gives us hopes of seeing you all on Sunday. We shall promise a bit of Beef or *something* on that day, so you need not market. We are very comfortable here. Our kindest remembs to Mrs. Alsop and the chits. We lying in people go out on Saturday, Mrs. L. bids me say, and that you may come *that* evening and find beds, etc. Yours truly, C. LAMB.

Thursday.

Dear A.—Mary is afraid lest the callico & Handkercbs have miscarried, which you were to send. Have you sent 'em?

Item a bill with 'em including the former silks, & balce struck in a Tradesman-like way.

Enfield. Yours truly, C. L.

Early in September he was back again in Islington.

My dear Allsop—We are exceedingly grieved for your loss. When your note came, my sister went to Pall Mall, to find you, and saw Mrs. L. and was a little comforted to find Mrs. A. had returned to Enfield before the distresful event. I am very feeble, can scarce move a pen; got home from Enfield on the Friday, and on Monday follows was laid up with a most violent nervous fever second this summer, have had Leeches to my Temples, have not had nor can not get a night's sleep. So you will excuse more from Yours truly, C. LAMB.

Islington, 9 Sept.

Our most kind remembces to poor Mrs. Allsop. A line to say how you both are will be most acceptable.

Under post-mark of September 24, 1825:

My dear Alsop—Come not near this unfortunate roof yet a while. My disease is clearly but slowly going. Field is an excellent attendant. But Mary's anxieties have overturned her. She has her old Miss James with her, without whom I should not feel a support in the world. We keep in separate apartments, and must weather it. Let me know all of your healths. Kindest love to Mrs. Allsop.

C. LAMB.

Saturday.

Can you call at Mrs. Burney 26 James Street, and *tell her*, & that I can see no one here in this state. If Martin return; if well enough, I will meet him some where, *don't let him come.*

Dear Allsop—Your kindness pursues us every where. That 81.4.6 is a substantial proof. I think I never should have ask'd for it. Pray keep it, when you get it, till we see each other. I have plenty of current cash, thank you over and over for your offer.

We came down on Monday with Miss James. The 1st night I lay broad awake like an owl till 8 o'clock, then got a poor doze. Have had something like sleep and a forgetting last night. We go on tolerably in this deserted house. It is melancholy, but I could not have gone into a quite strange one.

Newspapers come to you here. Pray stop them. Shall I send what have come?

Give mine and Mary's kindest love to Mrs. Allsop, with every good wish to Elizabeth and Rob. This house is not what it was. May we all meet chearful some day soon.

Yours gratefully and sincerely, C. LAMB.

How long a letter have I written with my own hand!

Jane says she sent a cradle yesterday morning. She does for us very well.

Wednesdy, Sep. 25.

(Oct. 5, 1825.)

Dear A.—Have recd your drafts. We will talk that over Sundy morning. I am strongish, but have not good nights, & can not settle my inside.

Farewell till Sundy.

I have no possible use for the 1st draft, so shall keep them as above.

Yours truly, C. L.

Wednesday.

I only trouble you now, because if the drafts had miscarried, any one might have cash'd 'em. Remember at home.

Ludlow is charming.

My dear Allsop—Thanks for the Birds. Your announcement puzzles me sadly as nothing came. I send you back a word in your letter, which I can positively make nothing and therefore return to you as useless. It means to refer to the birds, but gives me no information. They are at the fire, however.

My sister's illness is the most obstinate she ever had. It will not go away, and I am afraid Miss James will not be able to stay above a day or two longer. I am desperate to think of it sometimes. 'Tis eleven weeks!

The day is sad as my prospects.

With kindest love to Mrs. A and the children,

Yours, C. L.

No Atlas this week. Poor Hone's good boy Alfred has fractured his skull, another son is returned "dead" from the Navy office, & his Book is going to be given up, not having answered. What a world of troubles this is!

Dear Allsop—My injunctions about *not calling here* had solely reference to your being unwell etc. at

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home. I am most glad to see you on my own account. I dine at 3 on either Sunday. Come THEN, or earlier, or later only before dinner I generally walk. Your dining here will be quite convenient. I of course have a joint that day. I owe you for newspapers, Cobbets, pheasants, what not?

Your most obliged C. L.

P.S. I am so well (except Rheumatism, which forbids my being out on evenᵍ) that I forgot to mention my health in the above. Mary is very poorly yet. Love to Mrs. Allsop.

(Dec. 5, 1825.)

Dear A.—You will be glad to hear that *we* are at home to visitors; not too many or noisy. Some fine day shortly Mary will surprise Mrs. Allsop. The weather is not seasonable for formal engagements.

Yours *most ever*, C. LAMB.

Satrd.

Dear Allsop—Mary will take her chance of an early lunch or dinner with you on Thursday: she can't come on Wednesday. If I can, I will fetch her home, but I am near killed with Christmasing, and if incompetent, your kindness will excuse me. I can scarce set foot to ground for a cramp that took me last night.

Yours, C. LAMB.

Tuesdy.

Dear Alsop—I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a draft on Messrs. Wᵐˢ for 81. 11. 3 which I haste to cash in the present alarming state of the money market. Hurst and Robinson gone! I have imagined a chorus of ill-used authors singing on the occasion:

What should we do when Booksellers break?
We should rejoice
da Capo.

We regret exceedˡʸ Mrs. Alsop's being unwell. Mary or both will come and see her soon. The frost is cruel and we have both colds. I take Pills again which battle with your wine & victory hovers doubtful. By the bye tho' not disinclined to presents, I remember our bargain to take a dozen at sale price and must demur. With once again thanks and best loves to Mrs. A.,

Turn over—Yours, C. LAMB.

Colebrook Cottage, Islington, 7 Jan. 25.

(Post-marked 1826.)

Janʏ 25. 1827.

My dear Alsop—I can not forbear thanking you for your very kind interference with Taylor, whom I do not expect to see in haste at Islington.

It is hardly weather to ask a dog up here, but I need hardly say how happy we shall be to see you. I can not be out of evenings till John Frost be routed. We came home from Newman Sᵗ. the other night late, and I was crampt all night. Loves to Mrs. Alsop. Yours truly, C. L.

In the summer of this year (1827), still pressed by visitors whom he could not well deny, Lamb removed to Enfield. He wrote to Bernard Barton, August 10, 1827: "I am (*tho' you won't understand it*) at Enfield Chase. We have been here near three months, and shall stay two more, if people will let us alone; but they persecute us from village to village. So don't direct to Islington again until further notice." (I. 335.) So to Mr. Patmore: "We are dawdling our time away very idly and pleasantly at a Mrs. Leishman's Chase Enfield, where, if you come a-hunting, we can give you cold meat & a tankard. Her husband is a tailor, but that, you know, does not make her one. I knew a jailor (which rhymes), but his wife was a fine lady." (I. 339.) On the 4th December of this year (1827) he is still at Enfield, despairing over Mary. "But for long experience, I should fear her ever getting well." On the 20th he writes to Allsop:

My dear Allsop—I have writ to say to you that I hope to have a comfortable Xmas-day with Mary, and I can not bring myself to go from home at present. Your kind offer, and the kind consent of the young Lady to come, we feel as we should do; pray accept all of you our kindest thanks. At present I think a visitor (good & excellent as we remember her to be) might a little put us out of our way. Emma is with us, and our small house just holds us, without obliging Mary to sleep with Becky, &c.

We are going on extremely comfortably, & shall soon be in capacity of seeing our friends. Much weakness is left still. With thanks and old remembᵗˢ, yours, C. L.

And on the 9th January, 1828:

Dear Allsop—I have been very poorly and nervous lately, but am recovering sleep, &c. I do not write or make engagements for particular days; but I need not say how pleasant your dropping in *any* Sunday mornᵍ would be. Perhaps Jameson would accompany you. Pray beg him to keep an accurate record of the warning I sent by him to old Pan, for I dread lest he should at the 12 months' end deny the warning. The house is his daughter's, but we took it through him, and have paid the rent to his receipts for his daughter's. Consult J. if he thinks the warning sufficient. I am very nervous, or have been, about the house; lost my sleep, & expected to be ill; but slumbered gloriously last night golden slumbers. I shall not relapse. You fright me with your inserted slips in the most welcome Atlas. They begin to charge double for it, & call it two sheets. How can I confute them by opening it, when a note of yours might slip out, & we get in a hobble? When you write, write real letters. Mary's best love & mine to Mrs. A. Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

In 1828 he was still at Enfield, and writes on the 1st of May:

Dear A.—I am better. Mary quite well. We expected to see you before. I can't write long letters. So a friendly love to you all.

Enfield. Yours ever, C. L.

This sunshine is healing.

"The warning" of which Lamb speaks on the 9th of January took effect at the end of the twelve months. In 1829 he gave up Colebrook Cottage, and removed to "an odd-looking, gambogish-colored house, at Chase-side, Enfield. The situation was far from picturesque; for the opposite side of the road presented some middling tenements, ten dissenting chapels, and a public-house decorated with a swinging sign of a Rising Sun; but the neighboring field-works were pleasant, and the country, as he used to say, quite as good as Westmoreland." (I. 347.)

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In January, 1829, Lamb was in a very genial vein. On the 29th he sends to Barry Cornwall the "Gipsy's Malison:"

"Suck, baby, suck; mother's love grows by giving."

And on the day previous, January 28, writes the following humorous note to Allsop:

Dear Allsop—Old Star is setting. Take him & cut him into Little Stars. Nevertheless the extinction of the greater light is not by the lesser light (Stella, or Mrs. Star) apprehended so nigh, but that she will be thankful if you can let young Scintillation (Master Star) twinkle down by the coach on Sunday, to catch the last glimmer of the decaying parental light. No news is good news; so we conclude Mrs. A. and little *a* are doing well. Our kindest loves, C. L.

(with an extravagant flourish.)

Here is a glimpse of the tenderest beauty of Charles Lamb's character:

At midsummer or soon after (I will let you know the previous day), I will take a day with you in the purlieus of my old haunts. No offense has been taken, any more than meant. My house is full at present, but empty of its chief pride. She is dead to me for many months. But when I see you, then I will say, Come & see me. With undiminished friendship to you both,

Your faithful but queer C. L.

How you frighted me. Never write again "Coleridge is dead"
at the end of a line, and lamely come in with
"to his friends" at beginning of another. Love is quicker, & fear from Love, than the transition ocular from Line to Line.

In the autumn of 1829, to relieve his sister of the cares of housekeeping, Lamb took rooms in the house of an old couple near the cottage, and there they boarded. In September he writes:

Dear Allsop—I will find out your Bijoux some day. At present I am sorry to say we have neither of us very good spirits, & I can not look to any pleasant Expeditions.

You speak of your trial as a known thing, but I am quite in the dark about it, but wish you a safe issue most heartily.

Our loves to Mrs. Allsop & children. C. L.

Early in July, 1833, Lamb writes the last note of this collection. It alludes to the marriage of Miss Isola with Mr. Moxon, which took place on the 30th of that month. On the 24th he sends a beautiful, humorous, tender letter to Moxon about a watch he had given Miss Isola. The heart of the man, who never had a child, overflowed with exquisite feeling for the happiness of the young bride. In view of this marriage Lamb and his sister removed to Edmonton, where, in the autumn of the next year, he died:

My dear Allsop—I think it will be impossible for us to come to Highgate in the time you propose. We have friends coming to-morrow, who may stay the week, & we are in a bustle about Emma's leaving us—so we will put off the hope of seeing Mrs. Allsop till we come to Town, after Emma's going, which is in a fortnight & a half, when we mean to spend a Time in Town, but shall be happy to see you on Sunday or any day.

In haste, hope our little Porter does.

Yours ever, C. L.

This is the last of the little notes. They are none of them remarkable, except that three or four are very characteristic, and that they all have the kind touch of his genius. They are sparkles that sail and glitter along that deep stream of tender human sympathy and humor which Talfourd's book shows Lamb's Life to have been. They open brief glimpses, too, into that realm of heroic silence which was so delicately and thoughtfully treated by Talfourd in the first book of the Life and Letters, that it was not suspected by the world. There is nothing to be added to the majesty and dignity of that life, and there is nothing that can be taken away. Lamb was not a saint. He drank sometimes to excess. He, also, smoked tobacco. But if ever a good, great man walked the earth—good and great in the profoundest and noblest sense—full of that simple human charity and utter renunciation of self which is the fulfilling of the highest law and the holiest instinct, it was that man with a face of "quivering sweetness," "nervous, tremulous, ... so slight of frame that he looked only fit for the most placid fortune," but who conquered poverty and hereditary madness, and won an imperishable name in English literature, and a sacred place in every generous heart—all in silence, and with a smile.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

I.

"MISS MAD'LAINE! you in dar?"

"Yes, Lucinda. What do you want now?"

"What 'o I want? Oh, laws, honey, wants a deal more'n you're gwine to gimme! It's mistis what's arter you dis time—not Cindy."

"Well, and what does *she* want?" asked the young lady, with a little gesture of impatience. "Why can't you ever give a message at once without so many roundabout speeches?"

"Laws, Miss Mad'laine, I nebber said nothin' 'bout no roundabouts! I was jest answerin' your queshtuns, an' whar I was brung up, dey al'ays tole me dat was manners."

"They told you a great deal too much where you were brought up. What does my aunt want with me, I say?"

"Brest if *I* know, Miss Mad'laine; Cindy nebber axed nor 'quired to *knew*, so de consekense is, she *don't* knew. Mistis she says to dis chile, 'Lucindy, you go up stairs an' see ef Miss Mad'laine's in her room, an' ef she is, ax her to come down to me!' Dat's ebbry word *I* heard, bress your heart, honey!"

"Quite enough for you to hear, too; and you might as well have told it in the first place. Go back, now, and say I am coming," returned Miss Madelaine, laughing in spite of herself at the odd little figure that stood in the door-way, bobbing mock courtesies with its short cotton gown, wiggling its woolly black head, twinkling its saucy black eyes, and looking altogether more like a monkey than a child. Lucindy was a privileged character, and she knew it very well. She

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bobbed another pert courtesy, then turned a somerset, not exactly in the door-way, but in full view outside; and this done, scuttled down stairs in a sort of leap-frog fashion peculiarly her own.

Madelaine Hayward prepared in a more leisurely way to obey her aunt's summons. She knew, if Lucinda did not, what was wanted of her; and, resolute and high-spirited as the young lady was, she could not help some inward trepidations as she thought of the interview before her. Her hands had been busy with some bit of fancy-work or embroidery: she laid it down slowly, left the room with half-reluctant steps, and glided down the broad oaken stairway with far less alacrity than was usual for her light, swift feet. There was a long matted hall to pass; at the end of it was a dark mahogany door, the entrance, as Madelaine knew, to her aunt's private sitting-room.

She drew up her slight figure proudly as she reached this door, and her girlish features settled into a determined, almost defiant expression as she turned the handle and entered. It was a small room, quaintly fitted up with the oldest-fashioned furniture, and Madame Ravenel herself, sitting erect in her high-backed, carved, and embroidered chair, looked admirably in keeping with her surroundings. She was a stately old lady, not far from seventy, if one might judge from the silvery hair drawn with such smooth precision over her temples, and the numerous lines and seams which had printed themselves upon her face. In spite of them, however, the face was fair and beautiful still in its old age; the brow refined and intellectual, the eyes blue and bright and keen yet; the mouth dignified and tender, but capable, too, of such sunny, brilliant smiles as one does not often see lighting up faces which have fronted the battle of life for seventy years.

Lips and eyes brightened with one of these rare smiles as her niece entered the room. "Well, dear," she said, half inquiringly.

"Lucinda told me you wanted me," Madelaine answered, a little curtly.

"Oh! Lucinda never can deliver a message properly. I told her to say that when you came down I wished to see you. But it was not necessary to come for that special purpose."

"I was doing nothing of consequence; I could come as well as not," Madelaine returned.

"Very well, sit down, then," said Madame Ravenel, graciously. "Since you are here, you can help me wind this silk, and we can continue the conversation which we began three days ago."

Madelaine held out her hands for the skein of silk, and made no answer. Madame Ravenel adjusted it carefully upon the slender white wrists, took an ivory winder from the carved work-stand beside her, and continued placidly:

"I allude, of course, to Dr. Gilchrist's letter, Madelaine. You did not understand it fairly when I first read it to you, and you were resentful and indignant without reason. I told you then, if you remember, that I would not mention the subject again until you had had time to think of the whole matter calmly and sensibly; after which I felt sure you would feel very differently about it. I hope now that I shall not find myself mistaken;" and the keen blue eyes looked searchingly into the young girl's face.

But she was not abashed by them: "I am afraid you *will*, Aunt Ravenel," she answered, steadily. "I have seen no reason yet to change my first opinion of that letter, and still consider that its proposals are extremely ridiculous, if not actually insulting."

"In what respect?" asked Madame Ravenel, with a slightly sarcastic smile. "I fail to see, but I am not unwilling to be enlightened by your superior wisdom, Madelaine."

"It is not a question of wisdom, Aunt Ravenel," exclaimed Madelaine, impetuously. "It is a question of delicacy, of common respect for a woman's most sacred feelings. Dr. Gilchrist wants to make a piece of merchandise of me—another of his son; we are mere instruments to effect his great final object, that of uniting the two estates, and causing *his* name to be published as that of the largest landed proprietor in Carolina! Whatever he may profess, that is all he cares for. It makes no difference to him that I have never even seen his son—that we may be totally unfitted for each other—that I *might* possibly take a different view of the marriage from that which he and his son (who seems to be a most compliant son, worthy of such a high-minded father!) take of it. Oh, it is all the same to him, but I assure you once more, Aunt Ravenel, that it is *not* the same to me."

Her cheek was red, her eyes full of fire as she stopped; but Madame Ravenel remained as cool as before.

"My dear, you said very nearly the same things to me last Friday," she replied. "I thought them more excusable then, because you had been taken by surprise, and in your usual hasty way had jumped to a wrong conclusion. But now, when you have had time to think of the plan, you certainly *ought* to be able to say something less silly."

"*I* am willing to be enlightened now, Aunt Ravenel," Madelaine said, proudly, "by *your* superior wisdom. I do not see the silliness; for the facts of the case are exactly as I stated them. Dr. Gilchrist, for the sake of making Hazelhurst and Gilchrist Park one great estate, wishes me to marry his son, whom I have never seen—who has never seen me. His son has dutifully consented to be disposed of according to his father's arrangement; and I am expected to submit as meekly, and take the husband provided for me whether I like him or not. If it is silly to object in such a case, then I *am* silly—most decidedly and hopelessly—for I never shall consent to it."

"You are not required or expected to consent to it, my dear, until you have proved whether you can like your proposed husband," Madame Ravenel answered, somewhat in the tone of one reasoning with an obstinate child whom one was

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willing to humor for a while. "That was understood from the beginning, only you will not choose to see it."

"It is not so easy to see it," Madelaine retorted. "Every thing seems to have been settled between Dr. Gilchrist and yourself, even to the wedding-day, long ago; which was rather premature, if my acquiescence was *not* expected as a matter of course."

A tinge of color came into Madame Ravenel's cheek, and a flash of impatience leaped out from her eyes; but she controlled herself still, saying, pleasantly,

"It is no matter what *we* have settled, Madelaine. Dr. Gilchrist and I are old friends; this is a wish we have had in common for a long time, and it is not unnatural that we should make plots and plans about it. You must give us credit, however, for being perfectly open in them all; and believe me when I assure you that no one has desired to force the marriage upon you against your own will. It remains, after all said and done, for Sidney Gilchrist and yourself to come to your own conclusions. If you like each other, well; if not, there is an end to the whole matter."

"Then the whole matter is ended now," said the young lady, abruptly. "I shall *never* like Mr. Sidney Gilchrist, so I hope you will let me hear no more about him. I am sick of his name!" she added, passionately, rising up from her seat as the last thread of silk slipped off from her hands.

Madame Ravenel finished winding it, secured it carefully upon the ivory star, and laid this in its proper corner of the work-stand before she replied to the ungracious speech. Then she looked up with a smile—half mirthful, half sarcastic—lurking about her mouth: "It is you who are premature now, my dear. You reject Mr. Gilchrist before he has offered himself to you; and leave out of consideration the possibility that *he* may be as little anxious for the union as yourself when he comes to see and know you. It is not really necessary for you to make such vehement assertions, and assume so decided a position—yet."

She could not resist the temptation to give her niece this quiet cut; and it must be confessed that Madelaine deserved it. But her aunt did not count upon the effect it would produce. The blood overflowed the girl's face for a moment; then it flowed back again, and left her white and determined.

"I am much obliged to you, Aunt Ravenel," she said, calmly; "and I beg Mr. Gilchrist's pardon for rejecting him prematurely. I shall not be generous enough, however, to give him any opportunity to retaliate."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Madame Ravenel, wondering, and somewhat apprehensive; for the calm voice and glittering eyes were signs of a deeper anger than she had ever seen in the girl before.

"Simply that, if Mr. Gilchrist has any idea of visiting Hazelhurst with a view to make *my* acquaintance, he may save himself the trouble. I shall not see him when he comes."

And leaving her aunt too utterly astonished to be able to make any reply, Madelaine Hayward passed swiftly out of the room, crossed the matted hall, and mounted the stairs once more to her own chamber. There she shut the door and locked it, then sat down in the little chair she had left, crossed her hands upon a table before her, laid her head upon it, and cried passionately. But only for a minute. The proud head sprang up soon, and the tears were dashed away with resolute scorn.

"That's enough!" she said, bitterly. "I shall not waste any more tears upon her petty taunt; only revenge myself for it! She shall see that I am not one to be insulted with impunity; they shall *all* see that I am not a puppet to be pulled with a string, nor yet a child to be coaxed or frightened into their will. *He* may consent to be his father's tool, and pay his court according to his father's orders—the coward! but he will not find me so compliant. Let him come, and I will show him how I despise him—weak, tame-spirited, mercenary creature that he is!"

And Miss Hayward's red lips curled, and her dark eyes flashed with the loftiest scorn as she reached this climax of contempt. She certainly looked very prettily heroic; but it must be confessed that it was a waste of heroism, for her epithets were as unjust as her indignation was uncalled-for.

In this world, however, nothing and every thing are real: whatever we fancy is fact for the time being; and many a light straw of imaginary grievance becomes a camel's load of actual trouble by merely believing that it is so already.

And so with our heroine: fresh from boarding-school, and romantic accordingly; proud, sensitive, self-willed, utterly unsubdued by any experience of sorrow or disappointment, she chose now to fancy herself the victim of a terrible indignity—an intolerable wrong—which must be resented and resisted with all her might. And unreasonable as the fancy was, it affected her as really as if it had been an earnest truth.

Late in the afternoon of the same day a light curricle with a span of handsome grays rolled swiftly up the long chestnut avenue in front of Madame Ravenel's mansion. Madelaine had seen its approach from the window of her room, which she had not left since morning, and a sudden suspicion made her linger there and watch for the appearance of its occupant. It was not lessened when she saw a tall, gentlemanly figure spring out and bound up the steps of the portico; and it was doubly confirmed when her quick ears caught the rustle of her aunt's silken dress in the hall, and heard her eager welcome—

"My dear Sidney! How glad I am to see you!"

It was not like Madame Ravenel, hospitable and courteous as she ever was, to hasten out so

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eagerly to meet a guest, even before he had crossed the threshold. That in itself was enough for the young girl's quick intelligence, even if the name had not been spoken. So, Sidney Gilchrist had actually come; and now her resolve was to be put to its proof!

She had not expected it so soon, and her courage wavered for a moment at the thought of the coming contest. Her aunt would be sure to send for her, and what possible excuse could she make for not going down? Excuse, indeed! The word which she had unconsciously used restored her courage, by again arousing her indignation.

"I shall make no excuse," she said, proudly, to herself. "I don't care how rude he thinks me. I *mean* to insult him, and the sooner he feels it the better."

It was a hard, unlovely face—in spite of all its beauty of form and color—that was reflected just then in the mirror hanging opposite Madelaine's chair. An expression of bitter, unwomanly pride, mingled with another less easy to define. Only one able to read the hidden workings of the heart below would have seen that it was a secret, unacknowledged consciousness of wrong—an inward warning that she was persisting in a purpose which must some day be repented of—a faint, ineffectual struggle between the best and worst impulses of her nature.

She glanced up suddenly and saw the picture in the mirror, and with an impatient expression turned her back to it, her face to the door. She expected a message momently, and waited for it with a sort of feverish restlessness which she was quite unable to control. But an hour passed before it came, and the restlessness changed to wonder, and then to a strange feeling of pique and vexation. They were not so very anxious for her company after all! So much the better, then. She would be at least as tardy in bestowing it upon them as they were in seeking it!

There was a shuffle and scramble outside the door at last—sure signal of Lucinda's approach—and presently the woolly head and saucy eyes made themselves apparent.

"Miss Mad'laine! 's mos' supper-time, an' mistis she said I wor to ax you to cum down to de parlor 'fore de bell rings. Da 's a young gemman in dar wid her—werry nice young gemman, Miss Mad'laine," Cindy added, thinking to interest her hearer. To her surprise, "Miss Mad'laine" answered, coolly,

"Tell your mistress that she must excuse me. I do not wish any supper, and shall not come down at all to-night."

"Oh laws! Miss Mad'laine—de young gemman!" began Lucinda, in eager remonstrance; but an imperious "Go down stairs; not another word!" made the woolly head pop back quickly, for the little negro, with all her pertness, knew well enough when her young mistress was in earnest. She scampered off to give the message, chuckling to herself,

"Wha's the matter now, I wonder! Miss Mad'laine's so high an' mighty. Spec she's awful mad wid *somebody*. Glad it ain't *dis* chile—ha! ha! ha!"

No more messages came for Madelaine that evening. Neither did Mr. Gilchrist go away. She knew that, for she could have seen his carriage, if it had been brought up, from her seat in the front window, which she never left all through the long summer evening. The rosy twilight tints in the sky melted away into shadowy hues of gray and pearl; the silver horn of the new moon rose slowly above the pines; the long shadows of the trees upon the sward grew more darkly defined in its pallid light; the vines about the window shook and swayed in the cool night-breeze, and cast delicate leaf-traceries upon the chamber floor, fantastic, quivering shadows over Madelaine's unquiet face. But she did not see or heed any thing around her. Her mind was in a whirl of wild thoughts, and reckless resolves, and passionate, unreasoning anger. The whole day had been full of bitterness, none the less bitter because almost entirely of her own making and imagining; and she cried herself to sleep when at last she went to bed, in the late, dark night, believing honestly that she was persecuted and insulted, and had as good right to be miserable as any heroine of them all!

She woke up next morning, after a night of restless dreams, not at all shaken in her convictions, but rather impatient for her breakfast, and somewhat dismayed at the prospect of being a prisoner in her room another day; for she had a presentiment that Mr. Gilchrist did not intend to leave immediately. A presentiment which was confirmed by the servant who brought her breakfast in obedience to her orders, and who informed her gratuitously that Mr. Gilchrist was to stay a week.

"He thinks he will compel surrender by the length of his siege," thought Madelaine, grandly, as she sipped her coffee and buttered her muffins; "but he will discover that 'surrender' is a word unknown in this fortress!"

Nevertheless it was dull work sitting in her room all the morning, with nothing that she cared to do, and not even a new book for company. She had been accustomed to spend a part of the morning always in active, out-of-door exercise, and she found herself more bored by this voluntary confinement than she could have believed possible. Nobody came near her, not even pert little Cindy; and as the hours dragged slowly on she grew more and more chafed and indignant, and more and more in temper for the warm remonstrance which Madame Ravenel—herself thoroughly provoked and impatient—was preparing for her.

It was near noon before she had an opportunity to administer it, for she was too courteous a hostess to leave her guest quite alone in so early a stage of his visit, and Mr. Gilchrist seemed inclined to linger in the drawing-room. He ordered his horse, finally, and went off for a ride; and Madame Ravenel repaired to her private sitting-room immediately, and sent for her niece to come to her. Madelaine obeyed the summons

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with alacrity. She had seen the horseman cantering down the avenue, and knew that she was safe from surprises, even if such little traps had been in her aunt's line, which they were not. She opened the low mahogany door and met the old lady, who wore her stateliest look, with an undaunted front. The clouded brow and luminous eyes were signs of war, and Madelaine was prepared for war.

"What is the meaning of this conduct, Miss Hayward?" began Madame Ravenel, too incensed for preliminaries. "What excuse have you for insulting a guest in my house, and me through him, in this open manner? Have the goodness to explain."

"Certainly, madame; it is easily explained," replied the young lady, with composure. "Mr. Gilchrist's presence is disagreeable to me, therefore I avoid it by the only method in my power."

"And why, pray, is it disagreeable to you?" asked Madame Ravenel, hotly.

"You know best," Madelaine answered, coolly. Her aunt's anger gave her an advantage which she was not slow to improve. "I told you yesterday, before he came, that I would not see Mr. Gilchrist, and you know whether I had not sufficient reason for my determination."

"It is a determination, then, and you mean to persist in it?"

"Certainly; I mean nothing less."

"You will not dare to do it!" exclaimed Madame Ravenel, passionately. "Sidney Gilchrist is here for a week's visit, and other company will be invited whom you dare not refuse to see. If you have neither fear nor regard for *me*, you will have some regard for your reputation in the county."

"On the contrary, I am perfectly indifferent to whatever may be said on *this* subject. The opinions or remarks of the whole county would have no effect to make me change my purpose. If *you* wish to have the matter publicly discussed, *I* have no objection. I will be as polite to the expected company as I can be—in my own room."

She said this as calmly as if she were truly as unconcerned as she professed herself; but in secret she trembled for fear lest her aunt should fulfill her threat, and invite guests to whom she could not deny herself without creating public scandal. She had a womanly dread of such exposures, and yet her obstinacy was such that she would have braved any thing rather than yield now. Her aunt's reply reassured her, however:

"I have no such wish, as you know too well, disobedient child!" she exclaimed, angrily. "*Your* mad folly and obstinacy would be equal to that, or any thing else, doubtless, but *I* do not choose to have my household affairs the theme for idle talk. You can return to your room, since you find it so pleasant, but take this assurance with you—that unless you make up your mind to appear in the drawing-room this evening, you may prepare yourself to go back to school before the week is over. A *young lady*"—and Madame Ravenel emphasized the phrase scornfully—"who is ignorant of the first principle of politeness, courtesy to a guest in her own home, needs schools and schoolmasters to mould her manners. You can go!"

A haughty motion of her hand toward the door silenced reply, even if the young girl had been inclined to make any, and Madelaine went out of the room feeling somewhat crest-fallen and not quite so heroic as when she entered. She knew her aunt too well to doubt that she would fulfill her threat if obedience were still refused; and the idea of being sent back to school like a child in disgrace after she had bloomed in "society" for three months, and considered herself free forever from such petty trammels, was mortifying enough, certainly. The humiliation was only second to that of owning herself conquered, and consenting to see, and let herself be seen, by her odious suitor.

She could not shut herself again in the narrow limits of her room with this new excitement in her mind. Mr. Gilchrist would not be likely to cross her path in the course of his ride, and in her restlessness she longed to be out of doors. Her garden hat hung in the hall: she tied it on hastily, and ran down through the shrubbery to a corn-field that skirted the lower edge of the lawn. There was a path through this which made a short cut to the pine-woods, and the tall corn screened her from observation. She was soon treading the smooth, brown woodland carpet, and wandering undisturbed in the shady solitude of the grand old trees. The summer wind whispered through the swaying boughs, and the pine leaves answered with the same soft, mournful song which they have sung ever of old, even as the sea-waves surge to the same sad, wild harmony forever and forever. Birds twittered and sang, waking blither melodies, and wild-flowers, fragile and brilliant, brightened the green moss-beds, or waved over the brown, translucent waters of a little winding stream beside which Madelaine walked heedlessly, with little thought for bird or flower or rippling brook. She had quick senses usually for all forms of woodland beauty, but they were overpowered to-day by a tumult of jarring thoughts, which neither the murmur of the pines nor the sound of "falling waters," which, as the proverb saith, "make the heart glad," could avail to soothe. The longer she dwelt upon her brief interview with her aunt, the more irritated and indignant she grew; and her contempt for Mr. Gilchrist rapidly changed into a passionate hatred, now that he was the means of subjecting her to an alternative so galling to her proud and sensitive spirit. The picture that her fancy drew of her new school life was intolerable: all her old class-mates and dear especial friends would be gone, of course, and the younger pupils, upon whom she had looked down condescendingly before, might wonder and sneer and laugh at her now! The story would leak out in some distorted or ridiculous form; she would be whispered about, perhaps gravely remonstrated with by her teachers, perhaps by her aunt's orders placed under some new and mortifying re-

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straint by way of punishment! A thousand wild impulses chased themselves through her mind as one and another exaggerated image presented itself to her: she would see Mr. Gilchrist —yes, truly! but it would only be to tell him to his face how she hated and scorned him, and would rather go into a convent than ever, *ever* marry him; and she would go away, too, but not to school; no, indeed! she would be no longer a dependent upon her cruel aunt's bounty and protection; she would go out into the world alone and work, or die. Oh! they would be sorry then, but it would be too late!

All her wild plans and fancies ended at last in a burst of stormy tears—the only outlet for a woman's passion. She sobbed and cried, in reckless abandonment, and buried her face in the green moss with a feeling of despair, ludicrous enough when its utter unreasonableness is considered, but really sincere and heart-felt in her morbid state of mind.

The place where she was lying was a little sheltered nook, looking only like a clump of trees and undergrowth from the broad path which ran close by, but proving a perfect little bower when one drew near enough for investigation. It was one of Madelaine's favorite retreats, and she had taken a world of pains to make it even more beautiful than nature had done; carrying away all unsightly dead leaves and twigs from the soft mossy carpet, transplanting the loveliest wild flowers she could find in the woods, and training the luxuriant vines that wreathed among the trees so as to make a perfect screen of foliage for the more entire seclusion of the spot. She had dreamed away hours and days here, listening to the plash and ripple of the merry brook at her feet, and weaving delicious romances—fairy webs, full of love and passion and adventure, beautiful, shadowy, impossible—such as thousands like her love to imagine, and none ever realize. The little bower was haunted with such visions, and every leaf might have told a separate story. To-day they might have rustled together in sympathetic wonder at a revelation so strange and new as this wild grief of the fair young dreamer. Certain it is they had never seen the like before; and perhaps it was their soft, pitiful sighing at the sight, together with the plaintive murmur of the water, which to-day had a melancholy fall, as if it, too, sympathized with her sorrows, that soothed Madelaine into a temporary forgetfulness of them. Whatever was the cause, she certainly fell asleep, like a child, in the midst of her sobbing, and lay there, with her fair cheek pressing the cool green moss, her dark hair picturesquely disheveled and clustering in soft rings about her face, her white hands clasped despairingly—as pretty a picture of the Sleeping Beauty as Mr. Sidney Gilchrist ever had seen.

Perhaps it was very rude, extremely uncourteous, and highly improper in him—we don't pretend to excuse his conduct any more than to express our belief that any other man would have done the same thing. Mr. Sidney Gilchrist *peeped* through those very vines that poor Madelaine had twisted and twined so carefully; he knelt upon the ground for the sake of more convenient observation, and with cunning fingers parted the thick leaves until he was able to obtain a full view of the fair, unconscious face before him. A mere accident had revealed her to him. A ribbon, dropped from her dress, lay in the wood-path as he rode slowly along, and by one of those sudden intuitions which come to all of us he divined that it was hers, and that she was somewhere near him.

I suppose he ought to have turned his horse's head in an opposite direction immediately; but I know that he did not do any such thing. He dismounted at once, tied the "red-roan steed of steeds" to a pine-tree, and left him to champ the bit at his leisure, while he departed on an exploring expedition. What malicious fairy led his feet to the very spot I can not tell; but led they were without doubt, and Madelaine's fate was sealed from that hour.

"*Veni, vidi,*" murmured Sidney Gilchrist, as he walked noiselessly away from the bower, after a last, lingering look at the sweet sleeping face which it inclosed. "Come what may, I will complete that sentence before this year is dead!"

It was almost sunset when Madelaine awoke. Deep shadows lay all around her, with only here and there strange red streaks glowing upon the tree-trunks, or lying long and level in the open spaces beyond. She sprang up, bewildered and half-frightened, to find herself in this dusky gloom, and hurried homeward as fast as possible. The most romantic young ladies, I have observed, have as little fancy for solitary places, in the dark, as the least; and Madelaine was no exception to the rule. She was very glad to escape from the deepening shadows, where every one of those sombre pines seemed stretching out ghastly giant arms to impede her progress, and come out upon inhabited ground once more. The sun was quite down when she reached the corn-field; a soft, rosy twilight was stretching its sweet vail over the sky, and the evening was so still that she could hear every sound from the neighborhood of the house as she made her way through the tall, tasseled grain.

But she heard only the lowing of the cattle, and the clear, loud whistle of the negro boy as he drove them home from the pasture; only far-away strains of a camp-meeting hymn sung by old Aunt Cressy, milking the cows; and distant shouts from Cindy and Sam, penning the geese and turkeys. There was nothing in any thing she saw or heard to excite suspicion or reveal to her what had happened in the woods; no bird whispered the secret in her ear, and the breeze told no tales of Mr. Gilchrist's audacious invasion of her privacy, and still more audacious resolution concerning her. So, happily unconscious, she kept on through the corn-field, reached the hedge which divided it from the lawn,

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and having satisfied herself that neither her aunt nor her visitor were in sight, hurried swiftly to the house. The door of the huge fire-lighted kitchen stood wide open, as usual, and offered a safe entrance. She darted through it unseen, glided up a back stairway, and was soon secure from observation in her own chamber.

She was rather a forlorn-looking figure, however, by the time she got there; dress and hair were in unpicturesque disorder, and she herself chilled, wearied, and utterly miserable in body and mind. She could hardly have summoned physical strength to make a toilet and go down into the drawing-room, even if she had been inclined to obey her aunt's will; so, not being at all inclined that way, she only enveloped herself in a loose wrapper, and lay down upon a sofa to entertain herself with the old bitter meditations—made more bitter still by physical exhaustion and discomfort. A knock at the door interrupted them, and in answer to Madelaine's impatient "Come in!" Madame Ravenel made her appearance. Madelaine could not keep her reclining position before her aunt; but she raised herself with *a jerk* almost as disrespectful, and waited irritably for her to speak.

"You refuse to come down this evening?" said Madame Ravenel, in a tone of interrogation.

"You can judge for yourself," was the flippant, almost impertinent answer.

"I do," Madame Ravenel returned, quietly, though her delicate cheek reddened even in the twilight. "But have you considered the alternative? You know I do not pass my word lightly."

"Neither do I," exclaimed Madelaine, angrily. "I shall keep mine—every letter of it; and you may do the same as soon as you please."

"You little know what you are trifling with," said Madame Ravenel, still quietly, almost sadly. "*I* can bear with this perverseness, though I might claim a right to something different from you; *I* can wait patiently, in hope that time will open your eyes—but will others? Is it wise to choose pity and contempt when you might have esteem and affection—to throw away happiness, and accept discontent and regret (as you surely will hereafter, whatever you may think now)—all for the sake of a pride so silly that a child should be ashamed of it? I warn you, Madelaine, I even entreat you, not for my sake, but for your own, my child."

Her last words were earnest even to tenderness, but Madelaine was in no mood to profit by them. At another time, when she was less irritated and unhappy, they might have taken effect, but now her pride was stung by them, and she was all the more willfully perverse because she could not help feeling that her words and behavior were both utterly unbecoming and undutiful. She answered haughtily, and passionately,

"If by *others* you mean Mr. Sidney Gilchrist, let me tell you that I care as little for his contempt as for his esteem. I despise them both; and as for happiness, I would rather be miserable forever than accept it at his hands. That is all I have to say to him now or ever, or to you about him; and you may send me to school just as soon as you like, Aunt Ravenel. I shall be glad when I am away from every body here, for the place is hateful to me!"

She flung herself down upon the sofa again, and hid her face in her hands, but not before she had caught the look of mingled pain and pity and reproach which her aunt gave her as she silently left the room. She remembered it many a time afterward: even now it stirred up the better impulses of her nature into passionate shame and remorse, and she would already have gladly recalled the wicked and ungrateful words. But it was too late; and she could only vent her regrets and self-reproaches in vehement and impotent rage against Mr. Gilchrist—that grand disturber of her peace, and source of all her troubles!

II.

It was a dull and dreary journey that Madelaine took to New York the next week. There was but one alleviation to her misery—the fact that she was going to a new school where no one would know any thing about her, and she would not have to bear the curiosity and impertinence of old school-mates. She found it almost as hard, though, to endure the stares and comments to which her position as a "new scholar" entitled her; to fall into the routine, different from and more irksome than at the old establishment; and to submit readily always to the rigid discipline exacted at the "Inchkyl Institute."

The first few weeks were dismal in the extreme. She walked apart in stately melancholy through the day, and at night persistently wept herself to sleep, until her room-mate, a sensible, kindly, warm-hearted girl, who had vainly offered consolation in every shape she could devise, from sugar-plums upward, began to be quite disgusted with her. She had taken a fancy to the pretty face, however—perhaps because her own was not pretty at all—and notwithstanding many rebuffs, persevered in her friendly overtures till at last Madelaine, in spite of herself, could not help being interested, and pleased, and finally sympathetic. Emily Nesbitt had such a cheerful, sunshiny disposition that no one could resist its influence long; and though Madelaine's highly-toned sensibilities were frequently shocked by some of her commonplace, matter-of-fact tendencies, there was still a charm about her which made itself felt even in the midst of the other's morbid discontent.

The end was that the two girls became "friends," and in course of time Emily was made the recipient of all her companion's secret sorrows. Of course, with her prosaic views of life, she could not be as deeply appreciative of them as she should have been; but she was a very patient listener, and never laughed, al-

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though she was sorely tempted sometimes. More than that, she exerted herself to obtain alleviation of the weary school confinement, and succeeded so well that Madelaine found herself one Friday evening the centre of attraction in a gay little party out of school-bounds, almost without knowing how she came there. It was a privilege accorded to some of the older pupils who had friends in the city, to spend with them the time between Friday afternoon and Monday morning once in every month. Emily had a married cousin, who considerately extended her invitations to Madelaine also; and after this the two girls regularly passed the monthly holiday together at Mrs. Maxwell's pretty home. She was a young wife, herself not very long emancipated from the Inchkyl dominion; and she perfectly understood how to entertain her young visitors at such times. There was always something pleasant planned for them—a little excursion of some kind, a drive, a concert, or a party at home; and there were always gentlemen enough in attendance, too. Some of them were stupid, and some were clever—the usual sprinkle; but at any rate they were all polite, attentive, admiring, and "none of them Sidney Gilchrists," as Madelaine bitterly observed.

"No, and it's a great pity," Emily retorted, maliciously, on one occasion. "If he only knew how quietly somebody else was appropriating his peculiar property, he *would* be one of them soon enough, I am thinking!"

At which Madelaine said, "*Nonsense!*" very emphatically, but with a very red cheek at the same time; and, by way of diversion, launched forth into some scornful speeches concerning "her valiant suitor," as she contemptuously styled Mr. Gilchrist.

But the truth was that Mr. Gilchrist filled a very small space in her thoughts in these days. She was piqued, indeed, at his total neglect of her; for in spite of her rudeness to him, she had scarcely expected to be so completely resigned by him. Some further demonstration she had certainly looked for; yet she had been utterly unmolested by word or visit from him since she had left Hazelhurst, and that was four months ago. But she merely indulged herself in various biting speeches and sarcastic allusions when the subject was brought up, and at other times forgot him almost entirely in a new and far more agreeable excitement.

There was one of Mrs. Maxwell's gentleman friends who was always on hand when the young ladies were with her. He had been one of the first to whom Madelaine was introduced, and the most assiduous ever since in attentions to her. Not at all flattering or lover-like attentions, however; for though he continually sought her conversation, he as continually disputed, contradicted, and even laughed at her most cherished opinions and sentiments. He talked to her with a quiet boldness, a manly self-assertion, which attracted her strangely, notwithstanding she was so often provoked by his fearless disapproval, his straight-forward and wholesale condemnation of much that she believed in and clung to. He was so candid, so right-minded, so clear and discriminating in every thing, that, in spite of her frequent vexation, she was obliged always to feel that he was right and she wrong wherever they differed; and feeling it, her natural ingenuousness compelled her to confess as much. He never paid her compliments, and seldom praised her; but when he did, his few words made her cheek burn and her heart thrill, not with pride, but with a deep humility, a yearning desire to be more worthy of such approval, a passionate pleasure in having won the simplest token of it. Under his influence she was changing very much, growing gentle where she had been proud and willful, self-distrustful where she had been self-assured and obstinate. There even came into her mind certain vague convictions that she had acted foolishly and wrongly toward Mr. Gilchrist, and a very positive consciousness that she had been most ungrateful and undutiful to her aunt.

This change in the young girl's temper was very evident to the Maxwells and to Emily Nesbitt, and the cause of it equally so; but they took very little notice apparently of what was going on. Only Emily could not help occasionally making some sly allusion to Mr. Hayne, and with all her fastidious delicacy Madelaine was secretly pleased whenever she did so. It seemed an assurance of what she longed yet scarcely dared to believe—a confirmation of her trembling, inward hope—to have others notice that he cared for her. And yet she would not acknowledge to herself that she loved him; when the question came up in her own mind, as it did continually, she denied it, with vehement scorn at the idea of giving away her love unsought, and made many a haughty resolve to care no longer for what he thought of her, and no longer to defer to him, like a child, in every thing. There were others who courted her smiles, while he did not at all dread her frowns; and why should she be so solicitous to please him, so humble before him, so full of tremulous gladness at a kind word or look from him? It was a waste of resolution, however, for as soon as she came under the spell of those dark, bright eyes, so full of kindliness, but so full of conscious power, all her pride melted, and she was gentle and docile as ever.

Christmas came, and the girls had a fortnight's holiday, the whole of which they were invited to spend with Mrs. Maxwell; and they were both very willing to accept. Emily from private reasons of her own, Madelaine because she knew that Mr. Hayne would be there as usual, and that she should live in the sunshine of his presence for a longer time than ever before.

There was a Christmas-tree and a children's party—given for Mrs. Maxwell's little brothers and sisters—the night before Christmas. A sufficient sprinkling of older people made it attractive for others as well, and Mr. Hayne being there of course, Madelaine of course was happy.

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Not that he had much to say to her, for he paid far more attention to the little people than to their seniors to-night. He was the good genius who distributed the gifts (many of which had been his own contribution) from the tree—the exhibitor of the wonderful Magic Lantern—the director of the dances—the most efficient aid at the supper-table—and the chief actor in all the mysterious exhibitions of Chinese dolls, slim-witches, Egyptian hieroglyphics, etc., which kept the children in a sort of intoxication of enjoyment till nearly midnight. Madelaine admired him more than ever as she saw this new direction of his talents, and, if the truth must be told, loved him in the same proportion.

"No one else is like him!" she thought, proudly. "The very children love him and cling to him, and how generous and kind he is to them all! Who but he would take so much trouble to make them happy?" And her heart swelled till the tears filled her eyes, and for the twentieth time she drew back into the shade of a friendly curtain to hide her too vivid emotions, and to press once again to her lips a pretty gift which the Christmas-tree had borne for her. It was a little vinaigrette, exquisitely ornamented, but only precious to her because she knew from a single glancing look as he handed it to her that it was *his* gift. A queen's coronet could not have bought it from her after that look.

She was still in the shadow of the curtain, half-hidden from the merry, moving throng around her, when she felt herself touched suddenly, and he was there beside her. "I have a request to make, Miss Hayward," he said, as he bent down to her; "and for fear of lacking another opportunity, I must improve this. I want you to go to church with me to-morrow: will you go? Speak quickly, for some one is calling me."

"Yes," answered Madelaine, promptly, caring little for the peremptory manner of his invitation; "I will go." And the next minute a troop of children had found him out, and he was away in the midst of them, without another word for her. She did not speak with him again through the evening, except to say good-night, but she needed nothing more to give her happy dreams.

She was early awake next morning, and stole softly to the window to see if the weather was propitious. To her dismay she found every thing covered deeply with snow: every twig and branch of the leafless trees bore a soft white burden, the street was carpeted in white, and the sky overhead looked ominously gray as if the feathery shower might float downward again at any moment. Madelaine felt sorely disappointed, but Emily waked up just in time to comfort her.

"It doesn't make the slightest difference," she asserted, cheerfully; "nobody minds *snow*, and I shouldn't wonder if it was very fortunate after all, because you may get a sleigh-ride, you see. In fact I am quite sure you will, and that will be ever so much nicer than a long walk to church."

"But I want to go to church," said Madelaine.

"Well, and can't you go in a sleigh, I wonder? or do you want to prolong the happiness of your *tête-à-tête?*"

"Hold your tongue, Emily," Madelaine returned, unceremoniously; but the light came back to her eyes, and, in spite of gray sky and white pavements, she went gayly down to breakfast. And Emily proved a true prophet, for Mr. Hayne made his appearance in uncommonly good season, with the gayest little establishment of bells, buffalo-robes, etc., laughed at the threatening storm, and had Madelaine snugly tucked in among the furs before she had time to feign an objection.

The drive to church was delightful enough, certainly; but she was happier still when she sat quietly beside him in his own pew—they two the only occupants—listening to the beautiful service which he loved so, and joining heart and soul in the joyous Christmas chants and hymns. There was a strong religious element in her nature, developed more in sympathetic feeling than in practical earnestness hitherto, but to-day something deeper and truer seemed to reach her heart and touch it with a sense of penitent humility such as she had never felt before. The sermon was simple enough, for few new or striking things can be said in a Christmas sermon, beautiful and dear as the theme ever is; but the lack of originality mattered little to Madelaine. Tears filled her eyes and overflowed them more than once, and her cheek glowed with a mingling of strange but heart-felt emotions. She felt tearfully happy, humble, and thankful; and strong, too, as if she could do and bear life's duty and burden with a faith unknown before.

They were both silent when they were in the sleigh again; Mr. Hayne gave his attention to the horse, and Madelaine, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not see in what direction they were going. She looked out by-and-by, and found herself in an unfamiliar street, with strange-looking houses scattered more widely apart than usual, while a reach of open country stretched away in the distance.

"Well, what of it?" Mr. Hayne asked with a smile, as he read the question in her eyes. "Don't be afraid, I am only going to give you a longer ride than I promised. That's all."

"I am not afraid," said Madelaine, a little proudly, for she did not quite understand the caution; "but is it not late? Will not Emily and Mrs. Maxwell think me rude to leave them so long?"

"No, I told them of my intentions before we started. You need not mind them. The only question is whether you would like the ride, or would rather go back at once. Which is it?"

"I would like the ride, then," said Madelaine, frankly, and she was rewarded with a look and smile which sent a quick gladness to her heart.

"What did you think of the sermon?" he asked, presently.

"Oh, I *liked* it," she answered, eagerly, her

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eyes filling; for she was in that softened mood when tears come as fast as words. It is a womanly mood, and very incomprehensible to most masculine minds; but I think Mr. Hayne understood it for once.

"So did I," he returned, gently. "It touched me more nearly than many a more brilliant one could have done. I remembered more of my own sins, and felt more charitable to my neighbor's than for a long time since."

"I did not know you were ever uncharitable," said Madelaine, simply. "*I* have never found you so."

"No?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "It is very kind of you to say that, when I have found fault with *you* so often—even to censoriousness and rudeness. Indeed, my hardness to you sometimes was one of the very things with which my conscience reproached me this morning."

"It need not, then, for you never said a word that I did not deserve; and you might have said a great deal more," was the earnest answer. "Your candor with my follies, my faults, was one of the things for which *I* had to be thankful this morning."

Mr. Hayne looked surprised and greatly pleased. "Do you really mean all this?" he asked. "That you were thankful for my fault-finding, never angry with it?"

"I mean it all, and more," she answered, steadily. "I don't say that I was never provoked. I was at first very often, but it was only because I could not bear to have the truth told me about myself. I was very foolish and wrong in a great many of my thoughts and ways. You first convinced me of it, and you have helped me to overcome these faults. I know I have enough left still," she added, with real humility; "but I could not help feeling to-day that I had gained something since my last Christmas service, and being thankful for the friend who had done so much toward the gain."

There was no mistaking the sincerity and simplicity of this acknowledgment. It had been perfectly involuntary and heart-felt, and Mr. Hayne, at least, was not likely to find fault with its lack of conventional reserve, its too frank though unconscious exposure of her true feeling for himself. A momentary look of joy and triumph flashed from his eyes as she turned away her blushing face; then he answered, gravely,

"I thank you for saying so much more than I had a right to expect; so much more than I deserve, truly; for my candor was not half so disinterested as you think. It is my turn to make a confession, Madelaine. Look at me while you listen to it."

His voice trembled a little as he spoke her name—he had never called her so before—and she trembled too, with a strange thrill of wonder, and hope, and fear as she looked up to him. His eyes searched hers with a look she had never seen in them before, as he continued deliberately:

"I can not pretend to foresee what you will think of my confession, neither will I try to justify myself, whatever you may say. I will acknowledge, in the first place, that it was not fair to come to you as I did, having a previous acquaintance with your character, and with certain important incidents in your life, that you did not know I possessed. It was not fair to seek your confidence, even though I did it by speaking unwelcome truths, without telling you what I already knew of you. But I had a motive. There was a risk which I did not dare to run. If you had known all, you would have looked upon me with dislike and suspicion, and my friendship would have been rejected entirely. Will you blame me, then, so much for my want of candor toward you?"

He stopped, looking for an answer, but Madelaine was confused and bewildered, perfectly uncomprehending. "I do not understand," she began, falteringly; but she had hardly spoken before a sudden light broke upon her. The blood rushed to her cheeks and brow, and tingled to her very finger-tips with a fiery sense of shame. "Do you mean—*can* you mean—that you know about—" *Sidney Gilchrist*, she would have added; but she broke down utterly at the name, and hid her burning face in her hands as the conviction forced itself upon her that this was indeed what he meant, and that he knew the whole story. There had been times when she had longed to tell it to him—she *meant* to tell it, if ever he gave her a right to bestow all her confidence upon him: but to think that he had known it all along! Oh, what must he have thought of her, what must he be thinking now!

He touched her hand gently as a hundred rapid thoughts like these were whirling through her mind. "What is the matter, Madelaine?" he asked. "Look up and scold me as much as you like, but don't cover your face in that way, or I shall feel that you think me perfectly unpardonable. Will you look up?"

And in spite of her shame, Madelaine could not resist his wish. The crimson face was uncovered, the drooping eyes even raised to his for a moment, and then he went on again:

"I do mean that I know about Sidney Gilchrist. You have guessed right. I have known it from the beginning, and that was the reason that I wanted to know *you*. Before I ever met you at Mrs. Maxwell's I had heard the story from Sidney Gilchrist himself, and I was curious (forgive me, Madelaine, for now comes my confession) to study at my leisure the character of a girl who was capable of persisting in a determination like that. I see you are angry now; say what you will."

"I have nothing to say," Madelaine exclaimed, bitterly, for she *was* angry now, "except that it was in keeping with Mr. Gilchrist's character to send another person to make discoveries which he had not the courage to attempt himself."

"In keeping with Mr. Gilchrist's character," repeated Mr. Hayne, slowly, while a curious smile flitted over his lips. "Passing by the

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imputation upon his courage, may I ask, Miss Hayward, what opportunities you had for judging of his character? According to his statement you never met him, and no communication whatever passed between you."

"I do not care," said Madelaine, promptly, giving way in her annoyance to the old pride and prejudice so much subdued of late. "It is enough for me to know that he was a mere tool in his father's hands, in a matter where no man should accept another's dictation. I have no respect for a man who would marry simply for convenience. Such a man will *never* marry *me!*"

"No, not even if Mr. Gilchrist marries you," said Mr. Hayne, laughingly. "He is the last man in the world—I believe it as firmly as I believe the creed—who would enter into such relations with the unworthy motives you ascribe to him. It is true that his father and your aunt would have arranged the match with very few preliminaries; but it does not follow that he yielded so implicitly to their plans. He was a 'tool' in so far as that he was willing to please his father by going to see you; but he openly avowed that all future results must be determined wholly by the mutual impressions formed upon acquaintance. And if his wishes had been followed, you would never have known that such a plan had been projected by any one. Indeed, Miss Hayward, you wrong him greatly by such prejudices. I speak from intimate knowledge, and do only simple justice to Sidney Gilchrist in this defense of one who has never been allowed to defend himself."

He spoke simply and quietly, and his words would have carried conviction of their truth even if Madelaine had really doubted it, which she did not. She had been coming gradually, for a long time, to the same assurance concerning Mr. Gilchrist, and she had only spoken so bitterly from a momentary vexation. Proud as she was, it was not in her nature to be sullen, or to refuse acknowledgment when she felt herself wrong; so she answered, frankly,

"I am very sorry, then, and I beg his pardon for past and present injustice. More than that," she added, with an effort, "I will give you leave to tell him that I said so."

The same triumphant look flashed over Mr. Hayne's face at this unexpected permission; but it was checked before Madelaine could observe it, and he answered, readily,

"I will do that with very great pleasure, Miss Hayward; but—may I say nothing more to him?"

"What more should be said," she asked, hastily, "when I have humbled myself to beg his pardon?"

"Is common justice humiliation?" returned Mr. Hayne, with a smile. "And is there nothing that you can *do* to prove the sincerity of such an acknowledgment?"

"I do not understand you," she said, coldly.

"I could explain, but I am afraid that I should be considered both officious and impertinent. I do not think I will risk it, Miss Hayward." And he touched the horse with his whip, startled him into a gallop, and gave his whole attention for a few minutes to bringing him back into a proper rate of speed.

Madelaine sat silent, tormented with curiosity, eager to know what he meant to say, yet dreading it with a strange suspicion of its real import.

"*What* can I do?" she asked, at last. "I wish you to tell me."

"Really?" he returned. "And will you promise not to be offended?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Then I think that the least you can do, in mere justice, is to give Mr. Gilchrist now the opportunity that you denied him at Hazelhurst."

She colored violently, although she had half-expected this, and asked, "What do you mean?" in a tone by no means gentle.

"Simply," he answered, with composure, "that you should signify to him—of course, in no way that would compromise your delicacy—that you are willing now to receive his visits. He happens to be in town at this very time" (Madelaine started, and turned pale), "and I am ready to give him any message, any hint or suggestion, that you may charge me with. You need not be afraid that your dignity will suffer. The whole matter can be most naturally and easily arranged if you will accept of my intervention."

She turned to him with flashing eyes.

"Mr. Gilchrist has one zealous friend, at least! Pray, may I ask if you have taken counsel together, and if this plan is of *his* arranging?"

Now it was Mr. Hayne's turn to color, but he answered, calmly still,

"I have taken counsel with myself only, and you are the only person to whom the plan has been even hinted."

"I am indebted to you for *so* much consideration," she began, haughtily; then passionately and suddenly, "I can not do it! I *will* not do it! I never can humble myself so to Sidney Gilchrist—never!"

"There is nothing more to be said, then," Mr. Hayne replied, with quiet dignity. "Only remember, Miss Hayward, that you asked for my opinion. I did not intrude it, but I was compelled to speak candidly."

They rode on in silence. There was a cloud upon Mr. Hayne's brow, and his lips were compressed with some firm, hard determination. Madelaine's vail was drawn over her face, and her tears were dropping fast. The day which had begun so hopefully, so gladly, was closing in sore disappointment and sorrow. She could no longer hide from herself that she loved this man—no longer deny the secret hope that had possessed her soul from the time when he asked her to take this ride; and it was bitterness indescribable to hear him pleading another's cause rather than his own—to have him planning "opportunities" for Sidney Gilchrist, of all oth-

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ers, instead of improving such a golden one for himself. Surely he had shown her more than once that he loved her! His look, his tone, his manner had proved it, even though he had never said it in actual words. She could not be so egregiously self-deluded — she could not have given up her love, unsought, unrequited, to any man! Her cheek glowed with fiery shame at the bare thought, and yet it seemed now almost certain. All his sympathies were enlisted for Mr. Gilchrist; all his anxiety was that *he* should have "the opportunity that had been denied him at Hazelhurst;" in other words, that he should be allowed to woo, win, and marry her!

"He is tired of me, I suppose. He wants to see me fairly married to somebody else, and then his conscience will be clear!" But this thought had hardly been born before she strangled it. "No, he is too noble, too high-minded, for any thing like that. He does not dream that a silly school-girl would dare to love him. And yet—after all—perhaps—it may be only because he is so honorable that he will not say any thing for himself as long as another has even the shadow of a claim. Mr. Gilchrist is his friend, and it would not seem right for him to supplant him, and never say a word in his favor. Oh!" and here the sweet hope thrilled back again, and a yearning regret sprung up that she had grieved and perhaps offended so true a friend. She stole a shy glance at him from under her vail. He was looking straightforward, with the same close-shut, resolute lips, the same clouded brow; and the poor girl thought, "Oh! he is angry—very angry, I am sure. I never saw him look so before. What can I do?" And her distress increased as mile after mile passed, and he still did not speak.

It had begun to snow some time back. The air was thick now with flying white feathers, and her own cloak and hat were powdered with the light, clinging flakes. But Mr. Hayne took no manner of notice, except that he turned the horse's head homeward when the first flurry came, and once tucked the robes a little more carefully around her. They were rapidly nearing home now; familiar landmarks came in sight, well-known buildings loomed up through the snowy mist as the sleigh-bells jingled once more through the city streets. Poor Madelaine was in despair. In a few minutes more they would be separated, and if she left him in anger when would she have an opportunity for reconciliation? Perhaps never! and any thing else could be better borne than that they should no longer be friends. She struggled with her pride and timidity, and summoned up courage to make a great effort. But just as she was about to speak Mr. Hayne himself broke the long silence.

"You have had a very dull ride, Miss Hayward," he said. "I hoped to make it pleasant for you, but I have failed, I see, totally. I can only say that I am very sorry, and beg your pardon sincerely for having unintentionally offended you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, eagerly, "do not say that. It is I who should beg *your* pardon, for I did not keep my word. I was vexed when I had promised not to be. But I am very sorry now. You are right, and I was wrong. I will do any thing you wish me."

"I have no right to wish any thing," said Mr. Hayne, coldly, but his eyes sparkled nevertheless, and his lip quivered with a repressed smile.

"You are angry with me, then!" and her voice grew tremulous. "I am very sorry, but I could not help it. It was so sudden, and I am so proud—I could not bear it at first. But now—indeed I am willing, indeed I *wish* to do whatever you think is right."

"Are you really in earnest? do you mean all you say?" he questioned, with ill-subdued eagerness.

"Yes, *really*—every thing."

"And you will be guided by me entirely in this thing?"

"Entirely," she answered, half trustfully, half desperately, determined at least to regain *his* favor, whatever else happened.

"Then I accept your promise," he exclaimed, joyfully. "Remember that I hold you bound. And *you* must accept my heartiest thanks, Madelaine. You do not know how much you have given me in making this promise; but I pledge you my word, my sacred honor, that you shall never regret it."

His face was radiant now, a perfect sunbeam, and Madelaine, poor child, could not help taking some of its glow and brightness into her own aching heart. It did not occur to her, as it may to the sagacious reader, that for a man who had just disclaimed the right to have any wish concerning her, he was usurping a rather remarkable control of her actions: she was only conscious that he was no longer displeased or disappointed, and she revived again with a new sense of hope and comfort.

"When may Gilchrist come?" he asked, as they drew up at Mrs. Maxwell's door.

"Whenever you please," was the unhesitating reply.

"What message may I give him from you?" as he lifted her out of the sleigh.

"Whatever you think right," again, although her voice faltered a little.

"May I say that any friend of *mine* will be welcome to *you?*"

"Yes," she returned hastily, and ran up the steps of the portico to escape further questioning. He followed her and made his *adieux* as a servant came to admit them.

"I can not come in. I have a dinner engagement, and no time to spare. You will make my excuses to Mrs. Maxwell, and I shall see you again this evening, as early as I can get away. Good-by!"

He gave her hand a squeeze and ran down the steps. Madelaine hurried up stairs in a flutter of wonder, apprehension, delight, and despair. She had to see Sidney Gilchrist at last; she had to let him make love to her if he chose; perhaps she would have to marry him after all! for she

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had given her promise to be "guided entirely" by Mr. Hayne's wishes. But oh, what did he mean by that last, earnest whisper about any friend of *his* being welcome to *her?*"

Emily was up stairs, and she had not a minute's time to compose her fluttered spirits before she was assailed with a volley of saucy questions and sly insinuations which she tried vainly to escape or to answer unconcernedly. Her only resource was to go to work vigorously to dress for dinner, and turn a deaf ear to her mischievous tormentor. "If she only knew how cruel she was," thought poor Madelaine, "she would have some mercy." Wherein she was mistaken, for it so happened that Miss Emily knew a good deal more than her friend, and her conduct was therefore all the more malicious and inexcusable.

But there was a respite after dinner. Mrs. Maxwell had only a family party, and Madelaine was allowed to slip away unnoticed while the young mothers and aunts were discussing family topics, and the gentlemen cigars in the library. Emily was a relation and bound to remain, though she had a wicked desire to follow the fugitive, and torment her skillfully a little longer. Once alone in her own room, with nobody to see her, and no light even but the soft red glow of the coals in the grate, Madelaine first took a comfortable little cry, and then feeling somewhat relieved, settled herself to think over all the strange history of the day, and to wonder what would happen when Mr. Hayne came again. It was a roundabout road that her thoughts traveled, however, and before she had arrived at any satisfactory terminus, Emily's mischievous eyes peered through the red gloom, discovered Madelaine cowering in a deep chair in a vain endeavor to elude her vigilance, and pounced upon her viciously.

"Well, Miss Hayward, you are truly entertaining and companionable to-day. You go to church in the morning before church-time, and stay till five in the afternoon. Then as soon as you have had your dinner—selfish thing! you steal off up stairs and leave all the company, never caring who wants you! I suppose I am no judge of politeness—not being a native of the chivalrous South—but according to my uncultivated Northern notions *this* isn't it, any way."

"Oh, Emily!" Madelaine began, deprecatingly. "You know they didn't want me down stairs. You were all talking family matters; I knew I was in the way, and so I left you."

"Very generous indeed! Considerate to the last degree!" Emily retorted, provokingly; "and going to crown your magnanimity by keeping out of the drawing-room all the evening, I suppose."

"No, indeed; I will go down at once," cried Madelaine, eager to escape. "Let us go directly."

"Oh, I dare say! You are in a great hurry to go down now that you know Mr. Hayne is there."

Madelaine could not help starting, but she answered, coolly, "No such thing. How should I know that Mr. Hayne was there?"

"By my telling you, of course. Haven't you just heard me say it? And he is waiting for you now. So you can came down if you choose—or I will tell him that you *don't* choose, shall I?"

"Just as you please," was the affectedly indifferent answer; but the gas flared up suddenly, and there was a hurried smoothing of hair, and adjusting of ribbons and flounces for a minute or two. And then the two girls went down together. At the foot of the stairs Madelaine could not resist a question that had been burning on her tongue.

"Emily, did he bring any body with him—any other gentleman?"

"Yes, I believe he did," said Emily, with the greatest simplicity, knowing all the while that it was an unblushing falsehood, but unable to refrain from the wicked satisfaction of seeing her friend's cheeks whiten at her words.

"Not there!" she exclaimed, spitefully, as Madelaine, in the calmness of desperation, was turning the handle of the drawing-room door. "Do you suppose I would send him among all those chattering women? He is there—in the little parlor. Go in, you goose!" and with a shove toward the door indicated Miss Emily rustled away and left the poor girl standing alone in her agony of distress and apprehension. For a moment she had a wild impulse to rush up stairs, lock herself in, and refuse to see them at all. But then pride came to prevent that, shame too, and something else as well. She determined to "meet the enemy" as a heroine should; so carrying her head like a queen—or Madame Ravenel—she sailed into the little parlor with "level fronting eyelids," prepared to show Messrs. Hayne and Gilchrist that she was not appalled even by their united presence.

Greatly to her surprise, a little to her disappointment, and finally wonderfully to her relief, heroics notwithstanding, she saw at once that Mr. Hayne was alone. The room was fully lighted, and too small to conceal any body for a moment. He sat quietly upon a *tête-à-tête*, the only occupant of the "little parlor."

He rose politely as she entered, and offered her the seat, which she accepted confusedly. Then he made a place for himself beside her, and the close proximity did not tend to lessen her embarrassment. She felt strangely awkward and ill at ease, and could not for her life have found a word to say. Mr. Hayne himself did not seem as usual. He was agitated and nervous, fidgeted with his hands, twirled his mustache, and made some incoherent excuse for coming late; which, considering he had come remarkably early, was rather uncalled-for. There was a distressing silence for a few moments. Finally, Mr. Hayne plunged into the subject with which both minds were engrossed.

"I have taken a liberty, Miss Hayward, which I am afraid you will not like, even after your generous promise to me to-day."

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Miss Hayward's eyes expressed inquiry, but she did not speak.

"I dined with Sidney Gilchrist this evening," he continued, "and gave him the message with which you intrusted me."

Still no answer, but the color wavered on her face, and her lips grew tremulous.

"You remember what it was—that any friend of *mine* would be welcome to you? Upon the strength of it he expressed a wish to call immediately—this very evening. I did not forbid him; and, to tell you the truth, Miss Hayward, he came with me—he is here now."

The large eyes grew strangely luminous, the wavering color faded altogether, and the tremulous lips seemed hardly able to frame the reply that was expected. "Where is he?" she faltered out at last, for no effort of pride or will could steady her voice.

"*In this room*," was the answer, low, but clear and unhesitating.

It was like an electric shock: Madelaine sprang to her feet and stared around the small, well-lighted room as if she expected to see Mr. Gilchrist rise through the floor or drop from the ceiling. But she could see nothing, and she turned again to Mr. Hayne with a look half-reproachful, half-frightened, and wholly bewildered.

"I do not see him," she began, with childish simplicity, but stopped short, for she saw an expression on his face which startled her. It was white with excitement; his eyes glittered, every feature was agitated with some strong emotion.

"Must I tell you in so many words? can not you see?" he asked.

"I see nothing," she said, faintly, but even as she spoke a terrible light flashed into her brain. He saw the gradual intelligence in her eyes, the wonder, dismay, incredulity that succeeded each other upon her speaking countenance; and he knew that now was the time to strike a bold stroke for victory.

"I see you understand," he said, quietly and resolutely. "Sit down again," and he drew her back unresisting to the sofa. "Sidney Gilchrist is here, in his own person, to plead his own cause. He throws himself upon your mercy, Madelaine, and believes that you will forgive him because *he loves you*, and because *you love him!*"

Unparalleled audacity! and yet Madelaine survived it! for the last assertion was but too true, and the first thrilled her with such a certainty of bliss that it overpowered, for the moment, every other remembrance.

"You made me a promise to-day, Madelaine," he continued, with bold and increasing confidence when he saw how mutely his first insolence was borne. "You said that you would do any thing I wished; and now I wish you to lift your head, to uncover your face, to look into my eyes and say, *I forgive you every thing, for I love you!*"

He extended his hands as he spoke and touched hers, which were closed over her face and almost as crimson as the burning cheeks they covered. At his touch they sprang apart, her head lifted itself proudly and her eyes flashed anger at him. But only a lightning flash, brief as bright. The next instant it was quenched in a rain of passionate tears, and her face was hidden again—not in her hands, but upon Sidney Gilchrist's shoulder. His arms were around her in a strong, loving embrace, his lips showered kisses upon her hair, whispered words of fire in her ear, and nothing in past, present, or future had power now to disturb the unspeakable joy and love which possessed and absorbed every faculty of her being.

Faint heart never won fair lady, and if impudence deserves to be crowned with success, certainly Sidney Gilchrist merited all he had won. He did not escape so easily, however, as appears at first sight; for after his "fair lady" had somewhat recovered command of her faculties, he had to stand a pretty fire of feminine reproach and invective. Emily, and Mrs. Maxwell too—perfidious creatures!—came in for a fair share of Madelaine's indignation; for it turned out that they had aided and abetted Mr. Sidney Hayne Gilchrist from the very beginning of his nefarious plot, and she had been the unsuspecting dupe of all three!

Nothing in the world but the fact that she loved this said gentleman—whatever the name he chose to assume—better than pride, better than obstinacy, or any other womanly besetting sin, would have saved any of them from the extreme of her wrath. As it was, she forgave them all, out of the fullness of a happy heart.

Mr. Gilchrist wrote a letter to Madame Ravenel: so did Madelaine. The last was full of womanly penitence, confessions, and confidences. The first contained only three words: "VENI, VIDI, VICI!"

A BIT OF ANGLING.

I FISH.

The reason is, I like it. There is great joy for me in this fine sport. My rod and I are the best of friends. Having for many years been trained and educated in all the angler's arts, I look upon myself as equal to the proper bringing up of any of the finny family.

One afternoon last summer I enticed trout from a brook that ran and reveled along a cool Franconia valley. A mossy cushion mitigated the asperities of the rock on which I reclined, and I was happy. A canopy of waving branches overhead shut off the fiercest beams of the sun, while softer rays, trickling through the foliage, diffused a tender warmth around. The delicate perfumes of forest flowers filled the air, and the music of the rippling waters echoed ceaselessly. Beside me lay an ample basket, half filled with speckled luxuries. Before me was the prospect of its speedy repletion.

The trembling undulations of my line announced another victim. A breathless moment of suspense, a few skillful allurements, a bit of

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scientific fascination, and the sharp hook, entering his innocent gill, whirled him quivering through the air, to my ready hand.

Rustling twigs and footsteps crushing the dry leaves distracted my attention. The boughs parted, and my seclusion was disturbed by a lovely apparition. Indistinct notions of white flowing robes, a pinkish shawl, shiny slippers afflictingly diminutive, a jaunty wide hat of the order known as flats, and other appurtenances of feminine attractiveness, came upon me; but I was mainly absorbed by two lustrous eyes, extravagantly distended with horror as they rested upon the struggling captive from whose lacerated nose I extracted steel.

It was sweet seventy-six that stood and gazed. I thus numerically designate her, not from any knowledge that I possessed of her age, which I hasten to announce as apparently eighteen, or seventeen plus, but because at that early period I was able to distinguish her only by the number of her room in the hotel the second floor of which we both inhabited. Her door was opposite mine, and open at most times; and every morning for a week I had taken in her image with my boots, and cherished it.

Circumstances had not entitled me to advance a claim upon her attention. Our relations had been rigidly formal. I had, one unlucky evening, stepped upon her dress, and made a hole in it, but I did not consider this a suitable opening for intimacy between us. Twice at table I had enjoyed opportunities of offering her mustard, but I could not bring myself to look upon mustard as the proper medium through which to establish a durable acquaintance with so exquisite a being. If it had been the cream, or honey, or even pudding, the case would have been different; but mustard lacked delicacy, and I recoiled from its intercession.

And now, unlooked-for chance had brought us strangely together. Releasing myself from the enthrallment of the augmented eyes, I rose and, courteously, I think, explained my occupation.

"Dear me," said she, "how horrible!"

That is just what she said. Sweet seventy-six said it was horrible. I thought this sort of beginning inauspicious, but I believed the point susceptible of argument, and ventured a contrary opinion.

"Oh, it *is* horrible," she persisted; "how can you bear to do it? So cruel, so heartless; poor little dears, all shiny and speckled, too," and she bent over the basket, much moved.

"Excuse me, how can you say so? People will eat trout; you eat them yourself; I think you breakfasted with two and a half this morning. Now if trout were not caught, trout could not be eaten. Therefore trout must be caught. Else how would you breakfast?"

This elaborate reasoning was ineffectual. Pity for suffering nature had overflowed this tender little heart, and left no room for logic any where about her. A series of compassionate remonstrances assailed me. How could I resist them? I, too, began to look upon myself in the light of a barbarian, and admitted disagreeable doubts respective of my recent sport.

"Oh, pray," concluded sweet seventy-six, "pray don't do it any more! I think I never can eat fish again. I didn't know it was so dreadful. Please, Sir, give it up. Be merciful!"

Of course there was no denying such appeals, and so I promised, and ruefully gave over. One gleam of satisfaction alleviated my regrets. Conventional ice was broken, and we floated upon the waves of comparative familiarity.

At tea that evening smoking pyramids of savory trout rose before me. Sweet seventy-six's plate was near. I timidly dared to fill it. There was no remonstrance. She had, then, forgotten; but I shuddered to think of the consequences, should the recollection too suddenly break upon her.

"There," she exclaimed, flushed with a tardy consciousness, as she opened her fair lips to receive the last morsel that her plate afforded, "now if that *should* have been the poor darling that I saw you catch, Sir. I wonder, now, if it was. Do you think it could have been, Sir?"

"I believe it was," I answered gravely, and not without apprehensions.

"But how do you know?"

"I recognize it by the size," said I; "it was the largest of them all."

"Why, how nice! Do you know, now, I had no idea it could have been so nice. There is a great deal in cookery. I'll take another, if you please, Sir."

I mused.

That this incident affected me unpleasantly, I will not attempt to conceal. I could not conceal it even then. It seemed as if fair seventy-six were not animated by that rectitude of sentiment which young women ought always to possess. In the matter of fish she appeared fickle. She was incapable of hardening herself against an appeal of appetite, though the original means of gratifying it were abhorrent to her. Reflecting thus, I went with her to the drawing-room.

We talked. Trout were referred to. With timid confusion she admitted her weakness, and spoke in slightly opprobrious terms regarding it. But on the question of the enormity of angling she remained obdurate. Then with feminine rapidity observing my concern, she deployed smiles and comforting murmurs, and playful agitations of curls, and other expressions of artful artlessness, known only to maidenhood, obliterating, as the evening faded, all thought of severity in my mind.

We walked a little on the piazza. I spoke, not coherently I am afraid, of the scenery and the lakes, and the mountain streams and the echoes, and undertook imbecile figures of speech, and occasionally obtruded feeble flatteries, suggested by the splendors of the firmament, and consequently moonshiny.

She gave me to know that her name was Laura. Something was said about a surname,

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which conventional forms required me to take note of. It was Larcher, and I thought it a bore.

When we parted, between our respective doors, she lighted her candle by mine, and beamed upon me with her eyes. The hot spermaceti fell upon my fingers, but I uttered no cry. She turned at last to go, and said in a manner that betokened final decision,

"Well, good-night; good-night!"

The next thing was, she came round upon me, and said she would shake hands, if I would promise sacredly never to massacre those sweet little fish any more.

What could a man do?

From that moment I resigned myself to infatuation. I caused my seat at table to be fixed beside Miss Larcher. At every regular meal I devoured her with my eyes. I avoided the woods and mountains, except when she chose to visit them, and cultivated brilliancy of boots and polish of manner. At the end of three days I was as inextricably fettered, metaphorically, as some time ago were Mars and Venus, by Vulcanized process.

And yet I am fastidious. At least I think so. Experiences within a few short weeks had taught me to believe that I was very fastidious. I had been at Saratoga. My friend Dixford had shown me his sister and some attentions. I was attracted toward Miss Dixford. Her style of beauty was determined and imperious; black hair, dark eyes heavily shaded, implacable nose, and mouth delicately firm. I was at first rather awe-struck by her general regality, but in time we became fine friends, and I experienced devotion toward her. We rode together incessantly for two days, regardless of the dust and the comments of society. We had souls above both. On the third morning I gave a violent proof of my interest in her. I rose before the customary hour for breakfast to join her in an early ramble. We approached the springs, hitherto an untraveled region for me. Miss Dixford called for water. She handed me a glass. By unwonted exercise of fortitude I gradually absorbed the fraction of a gill. Before I had accomplished this, Miss Dixford had introduced the entire contents of her glass into her system, and had called for more.

To record the details would be to occasion myself unnecessary pain. The remembrance is odious. Five distinct successive draughts, large draughts, five large goblets full, that resolute young lady disposed of. I stood aghast.

"Come," she said, in a voice which seemed to bubble up from some troubled deep, "come, let us go back."

"Certainly," said I, "by all means."

"You do not like the waters, I am afraid," she said, in tones still moist and effervescent.

"Not to drink," said I, gloomily.

"Dear me," said she, "I adore them. I am not up to my ordinary mark this morning," she added, with a bibulous sort of smile; "I shall have no appetite all day."

"Oh," said I, faintly, "not up to the ordinary mark?"

"No," she answered, "I usually take seven. I have taken eight." (Here a burst of heroic pride.)

"I admire your courage, Miss Dixford. I think you are a Joan of Arc, so far as conquering delicate and sensitive instincts goes."

Miss Dixford was pleased at the compliment, and appeared to regret that she had not given better ground for it by straining a point and achieving a few extra glasses that morning.

The same day I left Saratoga. I did not consider that it was proper for me to become the satellite of a luminary whose lustre was liable at any time to be quenched by excessive medicinal fluid. I could not reconcile myself to the idea of intimacy with a young lady who made a daily cataract of her esophagus. For myself, I resolved to look at once for waters of oblivion, which I could hardly hope to find near Congress Hall.

As I was about starting, Dixford came to me.

"Why do you go so unexpectedly?" he asked.

"The truth is, my dear fellow," said I, "there is no fishing. It is charming here, in every respect, except that it is hot, and the roads are dusty, and— Well, never mind; but there is no profitable fishing. I must have fishing. I am going to Newport."

"We shall be sorry. Julia will be sorry. She was pleased with you, and for her to be pleased—that *is* something. How do you like my sister, Plimkins?"

"She is most amiable, and I respect very much her decision and dauntlessness, if I may say so."

"Ah, there's where her strength lies," said Dixford. "Intellectually she *is* strong. She astonishes me, sometimes, in that direction."

"She does astonish one, sometimes," said I.

"Oh yes," said he, "she will do something yet. I think it will be Greek, or geometry. She has much to learn, she says, to reach her own ideal standard, but she will reach it. Her receptive faculties are very great. Perhaps you have noticed that."

"Very," said I.

I went to Newport. The second morning after my arrival (I pass over all inferior incidents), a medieval lady of good-natured mien begged my pardon and asked if I were a Plimkins of Boston. Learning that I was, she furthermore hoped I would excuse her, and was curious to know if my mother had been a Rydwell. This bit of curiosity having been affirmatively assuaged, the good-natured lady claimed me as a friend, on the strength of her former boarding-school affection for my mother, whom she had not seen for forty years, and presented me to her daughter, in whom I took immediate satisfaction.

Lina Pinkerby afforded a thorough contrast to the dark lady whose picture had recently been washed from my breast by five glasses of Congress water. She was fair, and full of daintiest drawing-room refinement. Her liquid eyes seemed

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calculated to furnish the oblivious element I needed; and I could not help anchoring my regard in them.

The weather, which blustered much about this time, produced such peculiar effects upon vagrant crinoline that crinoline staid mostly within doors. Thus the accomplishments of Miss Pinkerby developed themselves. She sang sweet little ballads, and played languishing waltzes all day long; and all the evening she floated like a soft white cloud held together sash-wise by a yard of rainbow, on aromatic airs compounded of Labitzky and Lubin.

She was kind to me, and it was very comfortable; and my anxieties, caused by annoying recollections, wore away. Congress water gradually evaporated from my mind. I was, in a measure, myself again, excepting that I never thought of fishing.

One day, however, I yielded to the persuasions of an ardent amateur, and took advantage of the first luxurious weather Newport had known during my visit. We fished. Good fortune fell upon my companion; but as for me, I felt that the sport had lost its charm. I lost first my reputation as an angler, and subsequently my apparatus. Then I went away.

I strode toward the hotel. I passed the beach. Bathers disported in strange attire. The sea was dotted with heads, variously bobbing. A figure emerged, dripping and diffuse. It ran by me. It screamed an aqueous salutation. It invited me to wait and see it home. I gazed with a full heart and a vacant face. It was she.

I saw Lina Pinkerby in red flannel. Not only red, but wet. She seemed to need squeezing, not to say wringing out. As she skipped away to her dressing-house, I thought of fresh boiled lobsters of magnified proportions. Perhaps I could have borne it, but for the wet and the legs. The trowsers overwhelmed me, and the presence of palpable bifurcation made me swell with grief. And swathed in wet red flannel! She left a sinuous rivulet in her path. Was this the stream of oblivion I had hoped for?

It was the second time within two weeks that my spirits had been dashed and weakened with water.

Presently Miss Pinkerby came forth, dry, and neatly costumed, and handed me a damp bundle to carry. She was lively, and glowed with more than usual animation, but her smile had lost its savor, and the glistening of her eye was salt.

"Do you swim, Mr. Plimkins?" she asked.

"Not for pleasure," said I.

"Are you not fond of the water?"

"To fish from, I am," said I.

"Now I like nothing so well," said she. "We bathe here every day when it is warm. Sometimes I bathe twice a day, I am so fond of it. I keep two dresses. The other one is yellow. Do you like my dress, Mr. Plimkins?"

"Infinitely," said I; "it would be nice in a comic pantomime."

"Yes, it is generally thought pretty," she said.

Then I became stolid, and spoke no more, except with pointed brevity. Miss Pinkerby offered an opinion on the weather, with which I disagreed. She afterward hinted at the advantages of riding on so lovely a day—a turn of conversation which I did not encourage.

The next day I turned my face in the direction of Franconia. I had yet three weeks for summer recreations, and I craved a brief season of undisturbed happiness.

Very well, then. My friend who reads will be likely to understand that I am somewhat given to fastidiousness. But in the case of Miss Larcher, all afflicting doubts vanished one by one. Her sensitiveness on points of pure feminine taste was very affecting. I gradually melted beneath her influence, and gave myself up to absorption.

Sometimes I obtruded a remonstrance in the matter of trout fishing.

"Oh don't, please don't, Mr. Plimkins," she would say, "you distress me when you speak of it."

"But consider—"

"Now you know I never consider; don't ask me to consider. Besides, I can't spare you. To-morrow we must see the Flume again."

"Some other day, perhaps."

"Next day we do Lafayette. Now tell me, Mr. Plimkins, do I trouble you *so* much?"

"Trouble? How can you say such things?"

"Well, it seems to me—don't you think, now, that you are tired of running on these foolish expeditions with me?"

"Dear Miss Larcher—"

"I think you want to get back to that horrid brook, with your naughty rod and line, and hurt and kill those sweet little fish that taste so good at tea."

"I want to catch them for your tea."

"No, it is not right, I'm sure."

"Yet you eat them."

"I know, dear Mr. Plimkins, I am very inconsistent; truly I am very bad, but don't scold, please."

Bless my heart!—to scold her. The notion was too wretchedly ridiculous. And so she had every thing her own way.

Ah, those days of sunshine at Franconia! What never-ending delights came crowding along! There was joy in every thing; in the fair lake of echoes, reposing in serene and tranquil beauty, hugged round by giant mountain arms; in the Indians on its shores, who chattered gibberish incomprehensible to themselves, and who sold us, at high prices, untrustworthy baskets and impracticable fans; in the tin horn, at one end of which I used to distort my face and bring on pains of ague, awakening the voices of the everlasting crags near by; in the eccentric cascade, in the neighborhood of which no water had been seen within the memory of residents; in the infantile tame bears, which ate raspberries freely, and tore the garments of those who proffered them; in the hot and weary paths of Cannon Mountain; in the dizzy acclivities and hard-

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backed ponies of Lafayette; in all that came within the sphere of our consideration.

I was never happier, and I intimated some such idea, in a quiet way, to Miss Larcher. She said she was glad. I remember perfectly well that she said she was glad, and it was on the evening of my sixth blissful day that she told me so.

Six days there were, during which my sun of delight was undimmed. On the seventh there appeared a spot. It was nearly six feet high, and well whiskered; and it displeased me.

It came from New York, and its name was Copsey. Copsey had personal attractions, and a note of introduction to the Larcher family. For these reasons he was permitted to attach himself to the Larcher party. Consequently I reviled him.

Laura was amiable and kind-hearted, I said to myself. I said so because she took this Copsey, who was twice as big as she, under her protection, as it were, and assisted him to enjoy the scenery, and showed him all the lions, including the bears, for an entire day. I did not see her ten minutes, excepting at dinner, and then she outraged my feelings by asking me to help Mr. Copsey to butter.

By the time the gong sounded for tea I was greatly discomfited. I entertained vicious thoughts respecting Copsey. I observed that he was treated with solicitude. As we all turned parlorward I assumed desperation and announced a determination to fish on the morrow.

"What! Oh no, Mr. Plimkins," said Laura, "you will not leave us?"

"No," said I, "but I shall fish."

"Now that is a paradox," said she.

"Can you think it so?" said I.

"But you will not forget your promise," urged she.

"We many of us are apt to be too forgetful," said I.

"That is very true," she answered, penitently, as it seemed—and then, confidingly, "have I done any thing wrong, Mr. Plimkins?"

"What an odd question," I said; "I think I am interrupting you—good-night!"

"Mr. Plimkins," said Laura, pathetically, this time, beyond a doubt, "good-night! if you will say it. I shall breakfast early to-morrow morning—very early—as soon as the gong sounds. You will sit by me?"

Of course there was nothing to be said in return but a full acquiescence. And so I left, and went, not wholly at ease, to newspapers, and finally to bed.

Why need I recall too vividly the alternations of rapture and despair which followed? One day the thermometer of my hope would rise to fever heat; the next, it would sink into the tube out of sight. I longed to vituperate Copsey, who had embittered my existence, but pride restrained me. One day he attempted familiarity with me.

"I think you spoke of fishing?" said he.

"Well, Sir," said I.

"I fish a little," said he; "I should like to join you some day."

"I generally fish in solitude," said I; "and besides, I would not draw you from more refreshing in-door entertainment."

He laughed a little, and pulled the ends of his mustache. I burned with wrath, almost to blazing, and left him for fear I should get put out.

One evening Laura and I stood watching the newly arrived as they descended from the stage-coach. Suddenly she cried out queerly, and darted away. The next instant she was shaking vigorous hands with a male, whose appearance was unprepossessing by reason of dust. She accompanied him within doors, and for an hour was unseen in her accustomed evening resorts. At length she entered the parlor with the stranger, made him known to every one as Mr. Murvison, from New York, and withdrew to a distant corner, shutting herself out from all the world but him.

I felt more kindly toward Copsey, and interchanged some observations with him on the state of the atmosphere.

That night I went to bed in a dismal frame of mind. It was a wonder, now I think of it, I did not go in my hat and boots. I dreamed thus:

I had grown a fin or two, wore scales, and had a flappy tail; yet I retained my individual consciousness. There were others like me. One was whiskered, and I recognized in him the Copsey genus. Another, which I avoided with assiduous care, was of the nature of Murvison. We floated in pellucid waters. We acknowledged an inclination for worms, and yearned for grasshoppers. We were prone to much opening and shutting of the mouth, and other singularities.

We saw appear above us a well-known face surmounted by a well-known hat, and supported by a well-known body, clad in a well-known garb. We were alarmed, but a fascination prevented us from hastening away. Our fins shook with emotion.

Presently we saw a line descend among us. From it depended a hook on which hung bait. Such bait! It was a smile and a sweet word deftly twisted together. I had no power of resistance. I dashed forward and suffered. I felt myself torn from my proper way of life. As I dangled helpless in the air I saw my beautiful capturess smiling unconcerned at my agony. Shame and sorrow overcame me. I was trifled with for a while, then disentangled, and cast carelessly aside.

I writhed in blind mortification until a sharp shock roused me. Alas! it was the Copsey gasping and struggling vainly by my side. I wriggled about with some difficulty, and obtained a view of her who had deluded and destroyed us. Her face was mildly radiant as ever, and intent upon the waves below. Then I was reckless. With one impetuous throb of my tail I flung myself in the air, and fell with a dull splash into my element. I was free again.

I woke and found myself on the floor, amidst

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the shattered fragments of the wash-basin. My dream was over, and the scales had fallen. I was no longer a foolish fish.

The next morning I sought Mr. Copsey and opened the subject of angling. He lifted his eyebrows.

"Are you going?" asked he.

"I am," said I, with energy.

"But," said he, "do you not fish in solitude?"

"Not when I know a companion in distress," said I.

"Then you do not care for more refreshing in-door entertainment?" said he.

My heart ached, but with a degree of self-command that surprised myself, I winked.

"Do you know about Murvison?" he asked.

"Not I," I answered.

"I have just heard," he continued, "that it has long been understood that he is to marry Miss Larcher. They are near neighbors in New York."

"Ah!"

"Yes."

"Let us go fish."

As we stepped from the door we encountered Miss Larcher and Mr. Murvison. I displayed my rod defiantly.

"Going to fish, gentlemen?" she asked, airily.

"We are going to fish, Miss Larcher," I said—"going to fish for trout."

"Well, together, I think you will get many," she said. "Do try, for Mr. Murvison is very fond of them, and so am I, too, you know, Mr. Plimkins. Now see if you can bring home ever so many."

From that time I caught trout incessantly while I remained in Franconia. I supplied all that the hotel needed, every day, and at the end of a week I wound up my visit with a very large string.

I think that in future I shall fish more than ever.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE usual quiet of our domestic affairs has been interrupted by a singular attempt to excite a servile insurrection in Virginia. Among those who bore a prominent part in the disturbances in Kansas, on the anti-slavery side, were John Brown and his seven sons. Two of the sons lost their lives, and the remainder of the family appear to have imbibed a monomaniacal hatred against slavery and slave-holders. The father was the leader of his party in several of the later contests in Kansas, and from his part in one which took place at Ossawatomie he received the sobriquet of "Ossawatomie Brown." After the pacification of Kansas he visited various parts of the country for the purpose of organizing a scheme to aid in the escape of fugitive slaves. He appears to have come in contact with many prominent abolitionists, who regarded him as a harmless monomaniac, and gave little attention to his projects. In May, 1858, a meeting of himself and his confederates was held at Chatham, Canada, where a plan for a Provisional Government of the United States was formed. All residents of the country, whether slave or free, might become members of the association by promising allegiance to the "Provisional Constitution." Brown was named Commander-in-Chief, with almost dictatorial powers. Shortly afterward Brown, with two of his sons, appeared in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, and under the assumed name of Smith rented a small farm in Maryland, a few miles from the Ferry. Here were gradually collected a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition — rifles, pistols, pikes, cartridges, and the like; and a body of 22 men, of whom 17 were whites and 5 colored, joined him from various parts of the country. With these, on the night of October 16, he made a descent upon the town of Harper's Ferry—a place containing about 5000 inhabitants, with a United States arsenal in which more than 100,000 stand of arms are usually stored. The arsenal was left wholly unguarded. The insurgents took possession of the buildings without opposition; and at 10½ o'clock in the evening they arrested the watchman on the railroad bridge, and made arrangements to stop the train about to pass. A part of them then proceeded to the residences of Messrs. Lewis Washington and John Alstadt, wealthy farmers residing within a few miles of the Ferry, made them prisoners, with such of their slaves as they could secure, and brought them to the arsenal. These operations were performed so quietly that no general alarm was aroused during the night. In the morning, the persons connected with the arsenal proceeded to their places of labor, and were one by one captured and secured in the buildings. About 30 persons were thus made prisoners. The alarm became general when it was found that the public edifices were guarded by the armed sentinels of the insurgents. The most exaggerated reports of their force were put in circulation. It was stated that they numbered many hundreds of men fully armed, and that the slaves had risen to support them. It seemed incredible that any such enterprise should be undertaken except by a large force. In the early morning some random firing took place, by which several lives were lost. Military companies from the neighborhood began to arrive about noon of the 17th, and the insurgents were gradually driven within the arsenal grounds, two of their number having been captured. Desultory shots were fired during the course of the day on both sides. One of these, discharged by a son of Brown, killed Mr. Beckham, the Mayor of the town; young Brown was at the same moment shot, and mortally wounded; a rush was then made for the room in which the two insurgent prisoners were confined; one of them, named Thompson, was dragged out, shot upon the bridge, and flung into the river beneath. A successful attack was made upon one of the arsenal buildings, in which most of the prisoners were secured; these were liberated. Some of the more important prisoners were, however, shut up in the engine-house, where the insurgents had been forced to intrench themselves. At 11 P.M. the United States marines, under command of Colonel Lee, arrived, and were posted so as to command the engine-house,

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which was closely invested during the night. Early in the morning Brown sent out a flag of truce, proposing terms of capitulation. He demanded that his men should be allowed to march out, with their prisoners, unmolested, to a certain point, when the prisoners were to be liberated, and his men should then shift for themselves as they best could. The terms were refused, and preparations were made to storm the engine-house. Cannon could not be used without endangering the safety of the prisoners, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to break down the doors with sledge-hammers. A heavy ladder was then brought up, and used as a battering-ram; the door gave way, and the marines rushed in, in the face of a heavy fire. Brown, who was severely wounded, and Coppic, with two negroes, Green and Copeland, were the only survivors in the engine-house; Stephens had been previously captured. Four men had been sent away the previous day with the slaves who had been seized by the insurgents. Two of these, Cooke and Hazlett, were subsequently taken in Pennsylvania, and surrendered to the authorities of Virginia. The citizens whom they had taken prisoners were released unharmed; they had suffered no ill-treatment beyond their forced detention. The following list contains the names and fate of the persons engaged in this mad undertaking:

1. John Brown, of Essex County, New York, wounded and prisoner.
2. Ottawa Brown, his son, of New York, killed.
3. Watson Brown, ditto ditto killed.
4. Aaron C. Stephens, of Connecticut, mortally wounded.
5. Edwin Coppic, of Iowa, prisoner.
6. Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, killed.
7. William H. Leeman, of Maine, killed.
8. Stewart Taylor, of Canada, killed.
9. Charles P. Tidd, of Maine, killed.
10. William Thompson, of New York, killed.
11. Dolph Thompson, of New York, killed.
12. John H. Kage, of Ohio, killed.
13. Jerry Anderson, of Indiana, killed.
14. Dangerfield Newby, negro, of Ohio, killed.
15. O. P. Anderson, negro, of Pennsylvania, killed.
16. Lewis Leary, negro, of Ohio, killed.
17. Shields Green, *alias* Emperor, negro, of Pennsylvania, prisoner.
18. —— Copeland, negro, of Ohio, prisoner.
19. J. E. Cooke, white man, of Connecticut, prisoner.
20. William Hazlett, *alias* Harrison, prisoner.
21, 22. Two men, names unknown, escaped.

Of the citizens and soldiers seven were killed, and a number wounded.

The Grand Jury of Jefferson County being in session, bills of indictment were found against the prisoners, charging them with inciting slaves to insurrection, with treason, and murder. They demanded to be tried separately, and the Commonwealth elected to try Brown first. He asked for a delay, on account of his severe wounds; this was refused by the Court, and the trial commenced on the 26th of October. The prisoner, who was unable to sit, lay upon a mattress. The trial lasted three days, and Brown was found guilty upon all the counts in the indictment, and sentenced to be executed on the 2d of December. In reply to the formal question why sentence should not be pronounced, Brown said that his sole object was to free slaves; but that he had no intention to incite them to revolt or to commit murder. He justified this action. Had he interfered, he said, thus in behalf of the rich and powerful, he would have been applauded; and if it was necessary for the ends of justice that his life should be taken, he was content. As to the treatment he had received on his trial, it had been more generous than he could have expected.

Elections during the month of October were held in *Iowa* and *Minnesota*, where the Republicans were successful; in *Pennsylvania*, for State officers and members of the Legislature, resulting in favor of the Opposition; in *Maryland*, for members of Congress and of the Legislature; the Congressional representation stands as before—three Democrats and three Americans; in the State Legislature the Democrats have a majority; last year they were in a decided minority. In Baltimore the election was characterized by more than the usual amount of riots and disturbance; organized bands of ruffians belonging to the dominant American party surrounded the polls and prevented their opponents from depositing their ballots. Several persons were killed, and many others severely injured.

A correspondence, which has not been published, but which is represented to be of somewhat threatening character, has taken place between our Government and that of Great Britain in relation to the San Juan affair.——Mr. Ward, our Minister to China, had an interview, by appointment, on the 8th July, with the Government of the Chinese province of Chihli. The Governor seemed anxious to explain the conduct of the Chinese at the battle of the Peiho, and to learn the intentions of the French and English embassadors; Mr. Ward replied that he came to attend to the business of his country, and knew nothing of the purposes of the other Powers; the difficulties between them and the Chinese must be settled by themselves. He was pursuing the course marked out by the treaty with the Americans, and hoped that the Chinese Government would abide by the stipulations of that treaty, and furnish him with the means of going to Pekin. The Governor replied that the treaty was to be ratified at Pekin; but Mr. Ward could not be allowed to proceed thither until the arrival of the Chinese Commissioners from Shanghai, who had been appointed to be his escort. Mr. Ward said that it was not respectful to his Government that he should be kept waiting for more than a month the arrival of the Commissioners. The Governor finally consented that if the Commissioners did not make their appearance in ten days Mr. Ward might then proceed to the capital. Permission to this effect was received from Pekin; and on the 20th Mr. Ward and suite set out. Indirect accounts of his arrival and courteous reception have been received, but they contain no particulars.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Although no decisive measures have been undertaken in *Mexico*, every thing indicates that the contest between the parties must soon be settled. We therefore present a general view of the present position of the belligerents: Mexico now consists of 28 States and Departments, containing 115,000 square leagues, with an estimated population of 8,550,000 inhabitants. Of these the party of Juarez, known as "Constitutionalists" or "Liberals," hold 23 States, comprising six-sevenths of the territory, and a little more than half of the population. They hold all the ports of the republic, with the single exception of San Blas, on the Pacific. The States held by the adherents of Miramon—the "Church" or "Conservative" party—are those lying immediately around the capital, and are by far the richest and most densely-populated parts of the republic. Strictly speaking, however, only the principal towns even in these States are in the possession of the Conservatives, the intervening country being overrun by guerrilla bands of the other party. There is little

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harmony between the various Liberal chiefs, while those of the Church party are more united. The command of the wealth and influence of the clergy also gives them a considerable advantage over their opponents. The seat of government of the Liberals is at Vera Cruz, that of the Conservatives being at Mexico. Each party, at the latest dates, was making preparations to attack the other at its seat of government. In the absence of foreign intervention, the greater wealth, unity, and concentration of the Church party renders its position the most advantageous. The Government of Miramon has just concluded a treaty with Spain, by which the former promises full indemnity for losses sustained by Spanish subjects owing to the non-fulfillment of former treaties; in case of differences arising respecting the amount, the question to be referred to the Emperor of the French or the Queen of England. Our Minister, Mr. M'Lane, has returned to Mexico with assurances which are supposed to render certain the conclusion of a treaty with the liberal Government.

EUROPE.

The text of the treaty arranged at Zurich between France, Austria, and Sardinia has not yet been officially made known. According to abstracts which appear to be reliable, it merely re-affirms the agreement entered into at Villafranca, but leaves the question of the future condition of Italy to be decided by a European Congress. Austria gives up Lombardy, with the exception of Mantua and Peschiera, to France, who transfers it to Sardinia. Of the Lombard debt 250,000,000 francs are to be transferred to Sardinia. France and Austria are to endeavor to bring about a reform in the administration of the States of the Church. The rights of the Dukes of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma are to be reserved for the special consideration of the two Emperors, who are, moreover, to endeavor to bring about an Italian Confederation, of which Venetia, under Austrian supremacy, is to form a member. The great Italian question thus remains undecided, and a collision may at any moment take place, which will again throw Europe into a state of war. The internal affairs of the Papal States, and the relations between them and Sardinia appear to present the most immediate points of danger. The Emperor Napoleon, in reply to a speech from the Archbishop of Bordeaux, extolling the Pope, expressed himself with great caution. He hoped that the whole world would soon share his conviction that the temporal power of the Holy Father was not opposed to the liberty and independence of Italy. The Government which replaced the Pope on his throne could only interfere in his administration by respectful counsel. The Holy Father looked with anxiety to the day when Rome should be evacuated by the French troops. That day must soon come, for Europe could not consent that this occupation, which had already lasted for ten years, should be indefinitely prolonged. But when the army withdrew, what would succeed it? Would it be anarchy, terror, or peace? To this significant question the Emperor ventured to give no definite reply; but the fact that military and naval preparations are pushed forward in France with uninterrupted vigor indicates that, in the opinion of the Emperor, the peace of Europe is by no means placed upon a firm basis. In the mean time the Sardinian Government is making preparations which look to the renewal of hostilities. The new army will consist of 100,000 men, and the National Guards will number 600,000. The King, in reply to a deputation from the municipality of Genoa, affirmed his determination to defend the cause of Italian independence to the utmost of his power, and expressed a hope that the wishes of Italy would be granted by the European powers. The deputies of Parma and Tuscany have been admitted to interviews with the Emperor Napoleon. They assure their constituents that the Emperor remains faithful to his promise to protect the Italian cause, and are assured that the principle upon which the whole hangs—that of non-intervention by arms—will receive no injury from any quarter whatever. —Garibaldi has made a speech in which he sets forth his view of Italian prospects. He says: "Events are progressing favorably, but there is yet much to be done. The day is come in which Italy must regain its independence. This time it must be accomplished, and from the Alps to Sicily she must be free. Providence has given us the man we needed to re-knit us together. It is around Victor Emanuel that we must rally to repulse the stranger from our soil. Let him but retire, and leave us to enjoy our possessions in peace, and we will at once welcome him as a friend; but so long as he desires to subject us to his dominion he has nothing to expect from us but the fire of our artillery. Before every thing it is imperative that we should all be soldiers. Our entire nation must form one army; and if domestic duties detain a few round the family hearth, let them remain there like soldiers, musket or sword in hand. Fifteen days are enough to render a brave Italian a brave soldier. But we want arms; and that this want may exist no longer, I have proposed that Italy should form a subscription to purchase a million of muskets." Subscriptions to purchase these muskets pour in; the municipality of Milan has furnished 100,000 francs for this object.

Difficulties have for some time existed between *Spain* and *Morocco*, growing out of attacks made by the Barbary pirates upon the Spanish possessions. After a series of unsatisfactory negotiations, the Spanish Government has announced its intention of commencing hostilities against Morocco. This step, it is reported, meets with the approbation of the French Government, which has also some dispute with the Moors. The English papers see in this movement a hostile demonstration against Great Britain, thinking that it looks to new acquisitions of territory in Africa by France.

From *Great Britain* there is no intelligence of special importance. It is not probable that the steamer *Great Eastern* will be sent across the Atlantic before spring.——The official correspondence between the Government and its officials in China in respect to the battle of the Pei-ho has been published. Mr. Bruce, the English Commissioner, says that there was no doubt felt either by himself or on board the fleet that the force sent against the forts was amply sufficient for their reduction, and that he is willing to accept the responsibility of the measures taken by the Admiral. Lord John Russell's reply virtually approves of the course taken, notwithstanding its disastrous result, and says that active preparations are being made, in conjunction with the French Government, to bring the Chinese to terms.——The strike of the London builders still continues, and there begins to be great distress among the workmen; resolutions have been adopted appealing to the public for subscriptions for their support.

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Literary Notices.

Women Artists in all Ages and Countries, by Mrs. ELLET. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Although neither in art nor in poetry have the most splendid honors been accorded to the genius of woman, yet in each department she has won that eminence which makes the record of her achievements a worthy theme of biographical description. In the present volume Mrs. Ellet has collected the memorials of the most distinguished female artists in every period of history, furnishing a mass of curious information which has never before been given to the world in a compact form. Her materials have been sought, with patient assiduity, from a wide range of authorities, and have been wrought up into the attractive shape in which they are found with the literary tact and skill which usually mark the productions of the author. The reader will be surprised to meet with so many names, of which he had probably never heard before, that have attained distinction in art. The record commences with Callirhoe, the daughter of the Grecian Dibutades, and closes with the promising young American, Harriet Hosmer, of Massachusetts.

The first sculptress of whom history has preserved an account was the daughter of Erwin von Stienbach, of Strasburg, who has left a glorious monument to his genius in the cathedral of that city. She aided in the ornamentation of that noble building, and her sculptured groups have been admired by visitors during the lapse of ages. Toward the close of the fifteenth century Italy produced the first woman who gained reputation as a sculptor in that land of beauty and art. This was Propertia di Rossi, born in Bologna in 1490, who added to rare loveliness of person and brilliant female accomplishments the artistic gifts which made her the object of admiration and pride among all her contemporaries. She began with the minute carving of peach-stones; and, among other specimens of her skill, executed a crucifixion of Christ, comprising a number of figures — executioners, disciples, women, and soldiers — equally remarkable for its effective grouping and its delicate finish. She next undertook the decoration of the Church of San Petronio, in Bologna, for which she completed some exquisite works; but falling a victim to unrequited love, she died in the early blossoming of her fame. Another Italian female artist of this period was Marietta Robusti, the daughter of the great painter Tintoretto, who, cherishing the most enthusiastic affection for her father, inherited no small share of his talent. Her person was beautiful; her soft, musical voice was a fit accompaniment to the lute and other instruments, on which she was an accomplished performer; and her devotion to art was exceeded only by her filial attachment. It was no wonder that she was the joy and pride of her father. She followed him, dressed as a boy, wherever he went; his pictures fed her young imagination with forms of beauty; whether he labored at his models, or studied the antique statues, or casts from Michael Angelo, the coloring of Titian, or the nude figure, she was by his side, noting his first sketch in the moment of creation, and watching the progress of its execution. She soon attained his wonderful freedom in handling the brush, his strength and precision in drawing, and his richness of coloring. Devoting herself chiefly to portraits, she astonished even her father by her success; and it soon became the rage among the Venetian aristocracy to be painted by Marietta.

The family of Anguisciola, in the sixteenth century, was celebrated for six daughters, all gifted in music and painting. Of these the best known was Sofonisba, born in Cremona, between 1530 and 1540. Her artistic talent was developed at an early age. While yet in her girlhood she attracted the notice of princes. She was received with honor at courts, and was rewarded with high honors and profitable appointments from her royal patrons. Her paintings were remarkable for boldness and freedom. In some of her pieces the figures seemed almost to breathe. She attained great success in comic, as well as in more serious productions. In the latter years of her life she was deprived of sight, but retained her intellectual faculties, her love of art, and her relish for the society of its professors. The réunions in her house were attended to the last by distinguished painters from every quarter. Vandyke was frequently her guest, and was accustomed to say that he had received more light from this blind old woman than from all his studies of the great masters.

One of the most celebrated women of the sixteenth century was Lavinia Fontana, who was born in Bologna in 1552. She painted in the style of Carracci, and some of her pictures, in softness, sweetness, and tenderness have even been compared to those of Guido Reni. To delicacy of touch she united rare skill in taking likenesses. The first ladies in Rome sought to become her sitters, and the greatest Cardinals were ambitious to have their portraits executed by her hand. Her portraits were displayed in the galleries of the nobility and the most cultivated persons in the land. She also produced several compositions on sacred subjects, some of which are now in Bologna. In her later works she acquired a softness and warmth of coloring that remind one of the masters of the Venetian school.

About a century later (1640) was born Elisabetta Sirani, one of the most gifted women who, in any age or nation, have devoted themselves to the fine arts. She was a pupil of Guido Reni, from whom she imbibed an exquisite sense of the beautiful, and a peculiar gift of reproducing it. To this she added a vigor and energy rare in a woman. With the gift of genius she combined singular personal loveliness. She was admired for her gracious and cheerful spirit, her prompt judgment, and enthusiastic attachment to her art. Her devoted filial affection, her feminine grace, and the charming kindliness of her manners, completed a character which her friends regarded as an ideal of perfection. This fascinating artist was snatched from her friends in the flush of early womanhood by a cruel and mysterious fate. It is supposed by some that her sudden death was a base murder, and that she was the victim of professional jealousy. No clear light, however, has been thrown on the unhappy event.

Passing rapidly over the intervening period, we find the nineteenth century signalized by several living female artists of eminent distinction. Among these one of the most remarkable is Felicie de Fauveau, who was born in Tuscany, but taken when an infant to Paris, where her education commenced. She was brought up in devout loyalty to the ancient monarchy and the Roman Catholic Church. Her studies were varied and profound. Ancient history, the classics, modern languages, heraldry, and archæology, by turns, received her attention. She had the faculty of coloring with skill, and might have been a great painter had she not resolved to be

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a sculptor. Her taste led her to adopt the medieval manner, and she took Benevenuto Cellini for her prototype, occupying herself with art in both its monumental and decorative character. The first work she exhibited was a group from Scott's novel, "The Abbot." This was followed by a group of six figures in bas-relief, consisting of Christina of Sweden and Monaldischi in the fatal gallery of Fontainebleau. It at once challenged universal admiration, and was hailed as the brightest promise of future excellence. She was but a girl in the bloom of early youth when she won this triumph, and the appreciation she met with confirmed her unchangeable devotion to her chosen career. Felicie remained with her family in Paris until 1830. Her mother's house was the centre of a delightful circle of persons of high rank, of cultivated women, and of accomplished artists. The friends assembled of an evening in their drawing-room would gather round a large centre-table, and improvise drawings in pencil, chalk, and pen and ink; or would model in clay or wax, brooches and ornaments, sword handles and scabbards, dagger-hilts, etc. The young artist wished to revive the days when sculpture lent its aid to the gold and silver smith, the jeweler, the clock-maker, and the armorer. A great impulse was thus given to the taste for reviving medieval fashions for ornaments, and also medieval feelings and aspirations, which at last found expression in Puseyism in religion, and Pre-Raphaelitism in art. In the midst of her brilliant career the Revolution of 1830 broke out, establishing Louis Philippe on the throne of France. With her ardent devotion to the Bourbon cause, this was to her a personal calamity. She was at length induced to take part in a conspiracy for the restoration of the fallen house, and, after an imprisonment of several months, was forced to leave Paris. She first took refuge in Switzerland, and finally went to Florence, where she fixed her permanent abode with her mother and brother. Here for a long time she suffered from extreme poverty, until, by her great success as a sculptor, she achieved a modest independence. At present she is pursuing her art with indefatigable zeal, scarcely allowing herself a moment's relaxation. Her principal associates are a few of the higher church dignitaries, and two or three distinguished Italian or foreign families. Retirement is agreeable to her, and her political opinions have drawn around her a line of demarkation. Still she is beloved by many, and admired and appreciated by all, leading an honored life, which seems a realized dream of work, progress, and success.

Not a little romantic interest is attached to the career of Harriet Hosmer, the distinguished American sculptress. She was born in Watertown, near Boston, Massachusetts, in 1831. Her father was a physician in that place, who, having lost wife and child by consumption, was determined to guard his surviving daughter by a vigorous physical training. He gave her horse, dog, gun, and boat, and insisted upon an out-door life as indispensable to health. She early manifested a taste for modeling and collecting curious specimens of the animal creation. Her love of practical jokes was so great that the schools in the vicinity of Boston found her an inconvenient pupil. She was then placed under the care of Mrs. Sedgwick in Lenox, who was requested to make the health of the rapid damsel the first consideration, and permit her to ride and walk, shoot and swim to her heart's content. Here she formed an intimacy with Mrs. Fanny Kemble, whose influence tended to confirm her already decided tastes and habits. It was mainly her encouragement which induced her to adopt sculpture as a profession, and devote her life to the pursuit of art. At the age of nineteen she left Lenox, and returned to her father's house in Watertown, where she commenced in earnest the preparation for her career. With a cousin, who was studying medicine with her father, she spent many hours in dissecting legs and arms, and in making acquaintance with the human frame. Lessons in drawing and modeling, and her anatomical studies, were alternated with the rides and boating on which her father wisely insisted. She was now sent to St. Louis for the purpose of going through a regular course of instruction under Dr. M'Dowell, professor of anatomy in the college, who was an old friend of her father's. Here she remained for several months, pursuing her studies with unflinching diligence; and at the close was presented with a diploma, testifying to her anatomical proficiency. After leaving St. Louis in 1851 she commenced modeling an ideal bust of Hesper, which she finished with complete success within a year. "Now," said she to her father, "I am ready to go to Rome." "And you shall go, my child, this very autumn," was the reply. The father and daughter were soon on their way to Europe, and arrived in Rome in the autumn of 1852. Since that time the career of Miss Hosmer has been a series of successes. Her productions evince a remarkable versatility of talent, and are no less admirable in execution than felicitous in conception.—The lover of art can not fail to give a cordial welcome to the volume, in which the authoress has associated her own name with so many noble examples of female genius, reflecting equal honor on womanly character and the claims of art.

Ticknor and Fields have issued a new volume of poems by JOHN G. SAXE, entitled *The Money-King, and Other Poems*, containing the greater part of the productions of the author since the publication of his previous popular collection. The principal poems in the volume have already attained a wide celebrity from their recitation on different public occasions. Of the remainder some of the most striking are: "I'm Growing Old," "My Castle in Spain," "A Reflective Retrospect," "How the Money Goes," "Town and Country." They all evince the satirical keenness, playful humor, variety of diction, and ease of versification for which the author is noted.

The Palace of the Great King, by the Rev. HOLLIS READ. (Published by Charles Scribner.) In this volume the discoveries of natural science are applied to the illustration of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. The author has availed himself of the results of modern research to give novelty and interest to his theme, and the study of his work is equally adapted to enlarge the sphere of knowledge and to quicken the religious sentiments.

The Wheat Plant, by JOHN H. KLIPPART (published by A. O. Moore and Co.), is an exhaustive monograph on the important cereal to which it is devoted. It gives a complete view of the origin and history of the wheat plant, describes its structure and composition, and explains the conditions of its successful cultivation. Several facts of interest with regard to the production of wheat in the United States are furnished in the course of the volume. While the wheat crop of England has increased at least fifty per cent. in the last century, that of the United States has fallen off in nearly the same proportion. Within a hundred years wheat was raised

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in New England, Delaware, and Virginia, as an ordinary crop; now a wheat-field is a rarity in those States, and they may be considered as no longer wheat-growing regions. Portions of New York that formerly produced thirty bushels to the acre now seldom average over eight bushels; and even Ohio, with her comparatively unexhausted soil, does not average over thirteen bushels to the acre. Illinois is behind Tennessee and Kentucky in the production of wheat, the former State growing less than seven bushels to each inhabitant, while Tennessee produces nine bushels, and Kentucky seven and a half. The remedy for this deterioration in the celebrated soils of the West is to be found in an improved system of scientific culture, the principles of which are discussed at length by the writer.

Poems, by JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. (Published by P. M. Haverty.) In the biographical introduction to this volume, by Mr. John Mitchel, we find an interesting sketch of the author, one of the wayward sons of genius whose imagination outruns their discretion, and whose poetry is better than their life. Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin, about the year 1803. He was of humble parentage, and after picking up the rudiments of an imperfect education in a boys' school in his native city, was employed for several years as a copyist in the office of a scrivener. He subsequently gained a scanty livelihood by toiling as an attorney's clerk—though of this period of his life little is known, except that he was accustomed to speak of it with loathing and horror. He was a shy and sensitive youth, keenly susceptible to external impressions, and of a gentle and unexacting disposition. An early disappointment in love, by which he became the victim of a fair deceitful tyranness, seems to have made his subsequent life bitter and desperate. The brightness of the universe was clouded by this event; and from that time the natural impulses of his heart were chilled. When Mr. Mitchel first made his acquaintance he had the air of a stricken and withered man. He never loved, and hardly looked upon any woman forever more. True, he did not gnash his teeth and beat his breast before the public, nor make himself and his sorrows the burden of his song; but life was henceforth a dreary and painful passage to the grave. He was wretched in his home; betrayed at his need by a friend; and then baffled, mocked, and alone amidst the wrecks of his world, it is certainly not wonderful, however pitiable, that "he sought at times to escape from consciousness by taking for bread opium, and for water brandy." In the year 1830, when he was about twenty-seven years of age, he began to contribute short poems—usually translations from the German or Irish—to a small weekly periodical in Dublin. In spite of his faults he made friends with some of the literary men of that metropolis, and through their influence obtained employment in the University Library in the preparation of a new catalogue. As seen one day by his biographer, "perched on the top of a ladder, in that vast repository, he was an unearthly and ghostly figure, in a brown garment; the same garment (to all appearance) which lasted till the day of his death; the blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book." Here he labored mechanically, and dreamed—roosting on a ladder—for months, perhaps years; combining two lives in his own person—one well known to the Muses, the other to the police—one soaring to the empyrean, the other too often lying in the gutters of the streets. "No purer and more benignant spirit ever alighted upon earth; no more abandoned wretch ever found earth a purgatory and a hell." With all his misery he had no malignity, sought no revenge, never wrought sorrow and suffering to any human being but himself. In his struggle with the world he wore no air of defiance; but was always humble, affectionate, almost prayerful. He continued his contributions to various periodicals, became deeply interested in the political struggles of Ireland, though without taking an active part in them, until his life was wasted and gone, his intellect drugged in the lethargy of opium, and his whole soul weighed down by the wretched body to which it was chained. "Some friends he still had, who regarded him with a reverential compassion and wonder, and would have felt pride in giving him a shelter and a home. But sometimes he could not be found for weeks, and then he would reappear, like a ghost or a ghoul, with a wildness in his blue, glittering eye, as of one who has seen spectres; and nothing gives so ghastly an idea of his condition of mind as the fact that the insane orgies of this rarely-gifted creature were transacted in the lowest and obscurest taverns, and in company with the offal of the human species." But the sad tragedy was near its close. After an attack of cholera, brought on by a lack of proper nourishment, his friends found him at a hospital, utterly destitute, and nearly at the last stage. He lingered for a few days, and died June 20, 1849.—The selections from his writings in this volume consist principally of translations from the celebrated master-pieces of German poetry, interspersed with original compositions of a striking character. He evidently possessed the soul of the poet, his imagination was fired by the glow of passion, and his most characteristic effusions were inspired by the bitterness of experience rather than the promptings of a superficial fancy. According to Mr. Mitchel, they possess "that marvelous charm which makes him the household and heart-enshrined darling of many an Irish home. I have never yet met," he tells us, "a cultivated Irish man or woman, of genuine Irish nature, who did not prize Clarence Mangan above all the poets that their island of song ever nursed."

Gold-Foil, Hammered from Popular Proverbs, by TIMOTHY TITCOMB. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The author of this volume, a distinguished journalist in Massachusetts, and who has recently won an enviable reputation as a poet by the brilliant and original production entitled "Bitter-Sweet," here assumes the functions of a popular moralist. He exhibits many qualities which admirably fit him for this important but ungrateful office. With a decidedly contemplative turn of mind, a love of looking at the different aspects of a subject in various lights, he combines a keen, though not unkindly, observation of human nature, a confirmed habit of reflecting on social phenomena, and a practical common-sense view of the duties and purposes of life. He places himself on a level with the generality of readers, without aiming at philosophic depth or ideal elevation. His remarks are often original, though seldom startling, and never tainted with the love of paradox—that frequent bane of popular essayists. In the expression of his opinions he is often positive even to dogmatism, and in many cases calls forth the opposition of the reader instead of producing conviction. The volume, in the main, is of a wholesome tendency, and will doubtless command a large circulation.

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Editor's Table.

HOUSEHOLD NAMES AND DATES.—The names of our kindred and friends seem to be as much a part of themselves as their features or their skin. In fact, so close is the connection between their names and themselves that it is hard to conceive of them apart; and it needs no little amount of effort to realize the unquestionable truth not only that most of us had existence before we had our present names, but that not many centuries ago the present mode of naming people began, and before the tenth century surnames were unknown among our European ancestors. Thus, if our Washington had flourished in the England of the tenth century, instead of the America of the eighteenth century, he would have been called simply by his baptismal name, with, perhaps, the addition of his residence; and, according to ancient usage, he would now be known as George, of Mount Vernon, instead of George Washington. Mr. Buckle is probably right in ascribing the general introduction of family or surnames, after the tenth century, to the rise of that secular liberty that afterward so mightily confronted the Church, and thus early began to question its exclusive prerogative, by adding the name of the family to that given in baptism. It is clear, as he remarks, that the habit of classing relatives together thus by a common family name must tend strongly to band them together, and often make the affinities of blood tell against the pretensions of the priesthood. The history of England for ages certainly illustrates the power of such surnames; and very often the feuds both of politics and war have turned upon family interests, and so lifted certain family names into rallying words and war-cries. The tables are now so turned as to reverse the ancient custom, and our conspicuous men are far better known by their surnames than by their baptismal or Christian names. We call the father of our country Washington, and never use the "George" by itself; and no audience would know what a speaker meant if he were, in describing our two great statesmen and orators, to speak of Henry and Daniel, instead of adding the Clay and Webster. Whether we like them or not, we are all born to the inheritance of our surnames, and the tribes of Finns, Goslings, Slys, Shirts, and Slaughters, and the like, have their unromantic names from birth by the same hereditary title that hands down the euphonious appellatives of the Courtenays and Montmorencies, the Fitzwilliams and De Veres.

In given (or Christian) names the choice is left to us; and there is now, moreover, greater latitude than in old times, when the Romish Church claimed to name each child from the saint's day nearest its birth; or when the Puritan confessors looked with equal reverence and exclusiveness to the worthies of Scripture, and thought no words inharmonious that repeated the virtues of the Gideons, Lots, Ebenezers, Obadiahs, Hannahs, Abigails, and Mehetabels in their households. Great liberty of choice is now given us; and we do most heartily urge upon our readers the duty of using this liberty wisely and conscientiously, quite well satisfied that not a few of those who bear through life some odd or discordant proof of their parents' caprice or folly will say Amen to our words, and think of this article gratefully every time they are spoken to by name. The mischief that has been done by ugly or pretentious appellatives can not be done away without the desperate resort of an appeal to the Legislature; yet a little common sense can easily prevent the repetition of the mischief in time to come.

What name shall we give to our child? is a question that is asked about as often as the fact of a birth, and very often answered very strangely by quite sensible people. We have not a long catalogue of pet names to propose, but we have a few practical principles to present, that may be none the less serviceable because somewhat obvious. It must be remembered, first of all, that a name is not for an hour nor a day, nor for a romance nor an epic poem, but for a lifetime, and probably a lifetime of commonplace tenor, without startling incident or heroic achievement. Now what is to be constantly upon the lips ought to be free from all disagreeable peculiarities and exacting associations. To call a boy Job, or Zerubbabel, or Nebuchadnezzar once, to illustrate some passing freak of his conduct or hap of his fortune, may do well enough; but to fix such a name upon him for life is exposing him to mortification as frequent as the word. To go to the opposite extreme is equally unwise, and we invite ridicule quite as much by sonorous pretension as by harsh homeliness. Thus the names of Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, Brutus, and the like, are generally dismissed from household use among us on account of their being over-ambitious, and are more frequently given in satire than in seriousness. The names of our great modern heroes and sages are liable to the same objection, unless they have become so common as to fail to suggest any direct association with the originals. Thus it may be that Calvin and Luther, Milton, Franklin, and Washington have ceased to suggest the characters that first bore them, and are therefore as meaningless as James or John, Thomas or Peter. Yet, in marked cases, even these familiar names become embarrassing; and if the new Martin Luther is found making friends with the Pope, or John Calvin preaches universal salvation, or John Milton grinds scissors, or Benjamin Franklin or George Washington turns monarchist or defaulter, the association of ideas becomes somewhat embarrassing. The names of less familiar notables may be sometimes more objectionable; and whenever they suggest characters that are the reverse of the new namesakes they are offensive. To name a boy Napoleon or Wellington, when there is not the most distant expectation of his being a great soldier; or to call some little baby Dickens or Thackeray, when it is doubtful whether any grain of humor or pathos will ever go with the word, is almost cruel; and, in fact, a peculiarly sober face would be made, in spite of itself, amusing, if stamped with the letters of one of those great humorists. Sometimes, indeed, a name may do something to mould the character, by creating a definite anticipation and cherishing a congenial purpose, as in the case of many of the Old Testament worthies, who were born under providential auspices, and so named as to declare their mission. But not to insist upon the prophetic or miraculous marks of their future career, such persons were generally more noted for moral and religious traits than intellectual gifts; and it is very clear that whatever encourages the young to cultivate certain moral qualities must do much to shape the character, so that names of moral and religious promise may have the effect which they suggest. But such effects belong to a peculiar people and age, and we do not see any very decided proofs that the girls and boys who bear the most saintly names in

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the calendar are, on that account, any nearer the saintly graces. Intellectual gifts, moreover, follow a still more occult law of descent; and if hereditary blood can not transmit genius the baptismal font will not be likely to do it; so that if our poets and orators often have prosy children, we do not think that parents who are not poets or orators can make Shakspeares or Miltons of their children by giving them those illustrious names as incentives.

Decided thus in our principle that a name should be neither homely nor ambitious, but at once simple and agreeable, so as to slip pleasantly from the tongue and agree with the general tone of our current human life, we are ready to give a few hints upon the application of the principle. Clearly every child, as being a distinct personality, is entitled to a distinct name; and the main point is to choose what his distinctive name shall be. The parents may run through the list of apostles, prophets, patriarchs, and saints, and choose by the ear, or by some family association, according to their taste; or they may look over the records of their own ancestry, and see what names are most noted or worthy, and be especially careful to perpetuate such ancestral names as are in danger of becoming extinct; or they may follow out some choice line of affinity, whether local or national, and perhaps secure originality without oddity. It is well for us, who are mainly of the Anglo-Saxon or Germanic races, to think more of the desirableness of our own simple and beautiful ancestral appellatives, and to resist the rebent passion for the florid words of France and Italy. We wish to see more Alfreds and Harolds, Edwins and Hermanns, Berthas, Ediths, and the like, although it may lose us some Marie Antoinettes and Eugenias, Alphonsos and Ferdinands. The best names, however, seem to have the freedom of all civilized nations; and, with some modifications, our James, John, Henry, William, Mary, Ellen, etc., are known the world over. It is well to add as many as possible to the number; and we do not quarrel with the new candidates for favor that carry a little touch of romance with them, without drawing too much upon our tongue or our fancy. To this class belong Harold and Ernest, Maude, Mabel, Blanche, and many others. One, however, is sure to be in good taste by choosing one of the simple common names; and the parents who call their child William or Henry or Mary or Ellen can not go astray. Far better be content with this simplicity than follow the too frequent American habit of consulting the last romance or the Biographical Dictionary for out-of-the-way words. Girls suffer most in this way; and one's ear sickens at the surfeit of sweets in the catalogues of our female schools and academies, which abound in superfine appellatives, in comparison with which the old-school euphuisms, such as Angelina Seraphina and Laura Matilda, are commonplace words. If a parent wishes an original name for a child, it can readily be secured by making a Christian name of some family surname or some ancestral seat or association. Camden mentions an instance of a knight in Cheshire, each of whose sons took different surnames; while their sons, in turn, also took names different from their fathers. They altered their names, he says, in respect to habitation, to Egerton, Cotgrove, and Overton; in respect to color, to Gough (which is red); in respect to learning, to Ken-clarke (a knowing clerk, or learned man); in respect to quality, to Goodman; in respect to stature, to Richard Little; and in respect to the Christian name of the father of one of them, to Richardson, although all of them were descended from one person, William Belevard. Our surnames can not be thus changed; but our proper names can be chosen at will, and a great number of suitable proper names might at once be added to our stock, by making proper names of the most desirable surnames on the ancestral roll. Thus, if John Smith marries Mary Vernon, how easy it is to pay a tribute to the good mother by calling the eldest boy Vernon Smith, instead of adding one more to the thousands of John Smiths who are dunned for each other's debts, and pestered with each other's letters.

This variety, however, may be as well secured by a judicious choice of middle names, such as was common among the Romans, and is now coming into wide use. The Romans gave each child a proper name (*prænomen*), and also the family name (*nomen*), frequently with the addition of a second family name referring to the *gens* (or clan) to which the family belonged (*cognomen*); while, in case of marked persons, a fourth name (*agnomen*) was added, corresponding somewhat to our habit of calling distinguished men by their characteristic trait or their most conspicuous achievement. We might very easily, and perhaps wisely, revive this Roman usage, and give children, besides their one proper name and that of the family, a middle name, taken from the most important ancestor or the most characteristic branch that has been grafted into the family tree. No harm would be done if several, or even all the children had the same middle name. The mother's own family name may furnish the needed cognomen; and if variety is needed, it may be, according to a frequent classic usage, found in the name of the father's mother or the mother's mother, so as to perpetuate in the children the ancestral surnames on the paternal and maternal side. Such a custom does good by cherishing a proper family feeling, and suggesting the important truth that a man's blood is a fact significant enough to be looked after, whether to correct failings or to encourage virtues that run in its arteries. For no idea can be more false than the frequent notion that each person is a separate individuality, with no antecedent history and no inherited dispositions of body or mind. Each person is the growth of his own family or combination of families; and to neglect the study of pedigree, is to be more negligent of the welfare of men than we are negligent of horses, cows, sheep, and even of swine. Our blood, indeed, so far as it is a fact of the past, we can not help, but we must make the best of it; and in order to make the best of it, we must know what it is. We do not blame families of noble lineage for thinking well of their ancestry, but let them think well in thinking wisely; and it is wise to use an honored ancestry not to pamper an idle pride, that could never have made them honored, but to encourage the worthy traits that perpetuate honor and put away shame. We must remember, however, that noble things have been done in our day as well as in William the Conqueror's time or in the Crusades; and that it is far better for a family to build its name upon some recent or present fact of heroism or usefulness than to pay the Herald's College for inventing a coat-of-arms by stealing the quarterings of some bloody old warrior whose bones were dust before the parvenu's name was heard of. In our own country it would please us to see more willingness to own up what we really are, instead of pretending to be somebody else. Why not take the family crest or seal from some brave thing done in our day? Let our Astors take the beaver as their device, if the family name rests upon

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the fur trade; and let the Fultons take the steamboat; and the Franklins the electric kite; and the Morses the magnetic telegraph. Nay, if a family owes its position to a stout ship-carpenter or a brave sea-captain, let the sons and daughters put on their seal and their carriage—if they put any thing on—a broad axe or a rudder, to show that, if they have never done much of any thing themselves, they come of good blood, and the old man was at work in earnest, and left them and the world better off by his pluck.

It is to be hoped that the present revival of genealogical studies, the frequency of family histories and conventions, will do something to enrich our household nomenclature. They who are called the old families have always known their titular wealth, and have tried to keep alive the memory of the chief notables of their blood by the baptismal register. In some cases the names of half a dozen children embody the family history for the centuries since America was known, representing at once the Colonial and Revolutionary worthies, and those also who in trade or the professions have won for themselves a position since the National Independence. Yet most of us Americans, if we would only know it, belong to families quite as old, and we have ancestors who did their part alike in the Colonial, Revolutionary, and National times, although their part may not be matter of public note. To us their history is none the less interesting from their comparative obscurity; and a good account of their traits, manners, pursuits, connections, and fortunes, might not only amuse, but instruct and warn and encourage us. Some stout old citizen or faithful matron might reappear, in spirit as in word, among our own sons and daughters; and so our family record, by a judicious choice, might be a chronicle of the old times as well as a promise of the new. Yet we would by no means favor the custom of continuing precisely the same names in a family, so as to make it necessary to say Junior or Senior to distinguish between father and son, or use numerals to prevent confusion between neighbors; but we would endeavor to make every child's name in some respect unique, so as to prevent all confusion between different members of the same family, or members of different families. The most ludicrous and often the most annoying mistakes arise from identity of names, and John Smith is by no means the only form in which the old comedy of the two Dromios is repeated. A friend of ours, who has a name by no means very common, complains of being dunned, sued, made love to, and condoled with, by being confounded with two or three persons of the same name. In some cases, where no such practical mistakes can occur, the home affections are sadly disturbed by giving the name of a deceased child to the next-born, so as quite to do away the idea of the continuance of personal identity and regard after death—such as is so sweetly embodied in Wordsworth's charming poem, "We are Seven," which numbers the dead as one with the living. We have known three brothers to bear precisely the same name; so that the survivor reads on the family tomb the deaths of two brothers who bore his name before his birth, and whose record there differs from what his own will be only in date and age. There are names enough for all; and if one middle name does not suffice to make a distinction, then use two or three, as is the custom of the old world. The recording angel may know the difference between all the John Smiths and Tom Browns on his book, and the trumpet of judgment may proclaim each one with such emphasis that its rightful owner may answer at the call. But here, in this world, for our everyday affections and uses, we like a distinct word for every distinct thing or person, and we trust that Heaven itself will make distinctions clearer instead of darker; so that names, which are the best part of the heart's vocabulary, and waken so many echoes of old times and hopes of new joys, will there have more instead of less of their old variety. When Burns writes to Mary in Heaven, he probably knew which Mary he meant; but if there are many Marys there to be addressed, it might be important for them to know which is called for.

But whatever a name may be, it is not its sound but its bearer that gives it expression. If a rose by any other name might smell as sweet, it is the sweetness that sweetens whatever name it bears, and makes the rose to be the rose. We must remember, then, that each name carries with it a meaning growing out of the bearer's character; and thus, while we all have our *blood* name from family, and our *water* name from baptism, so we have our *spirit* name from our leading traits of character or conduct. In looking over the Family Record in the Bible, the thoughtful father or mother sees far more than the dates written upon those leaves, and the name of each child suggests at once a character as marked as each face. Often the pet words of endearment that are applied to little children foretoken future character or reputation, and stick to the little ones through life. A large class of our common surnames probably originated thus; and all those that sprung from personal traits that appear from childhood carry with them something like a hint of the ruling temperament and disposition. At school and college the habit of giving nicknames often runs quite in the classic line, and a dozen boys have their *agnomen* from their comrades before they know it. Thus one is called the Slow, another the Fast, another the Fat, another the Noisy; and who shall exhaust the college words that designate various characters—as the dig, squirt, dash, beau, bully, fish, etc.? In business circles the same tendency appears; and nothing would be more amusing than a directory with the nicknames of leading merchants and professional men interlined. We treat our public men in the same way; and our Hickory, Rough-and-Ready, Old Bullion, and the like, are words familiar as the heads of our Presidents, and are made the ready catch-words of party times. Every workshop and every ship is fertile in its own class of epithets, and divides honors and rebukes with a free hand. Our universities carry up the custom in stately form, and their D.D.'s, LL.D.'s, and the like, show the passion for enlarging the old name by an appended title. We like the disposition just in accordance with its justice, and are in favor of having every man called by his true character, whether the epithet expresses his skill in his trade or profession, or the extent of his learning, or the worth of his character. It is far better to designate men by their calling than by wholly artificial titles; and if a list of worthy citizens is appended to some petition or circular, it is far more sensible to append their trades or business than to dub them all as esquires. An honest carpenter or shoemaker is quite respectable when claiming to be what he is, but is put into an equivocal position the moment he takes or receives titles that do not belong to him.

The character-names that are most important within the family are those that mark personal dis-

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positions and habits. It is less important to note the son, for example, as lawyer or physician or merchant, or clergyman or colonel or honorable, than as a good and true man; and if household honors were embodied in diplomas, it would be found that the traits that the world knows least of in its love of obtrusive talents, have been most cherished and loved in the family. It may be that the highest name ever given on earth—and one, too, which keeps its glory in heaven—belongs to the character least known by the world—the name of Blessed. The blessed ones of the household—they who are most open to God's grace by gentle affections and spiritual faith, and most earnest to do God's will in a round of constant and loving service—are not likely to be the men most fond of military or civil titles; or the women most ambitious of shining in ball-rooms, or making golden marriages, or figuring on anniversary platforms.

So it is that the passion for appending titles of honor to the name leads us to consider the traits that give the name its true quality or worth. We have no quarrel with the true respect for people of quality; but in a very straightforward way we would try to enlarge this respect by deciding who are the people of quality, by deciding upon the quality of the people, and endeavoring to educate the true quality. In the old world, we are aware, quality—in the conventional sense—goes with the blood, and a lord who is a sot takes social precedence of any of Nature's noblemen, however wise or worthy, who has no coronet. Yet, even in monarchical countries, public opinion distinguishes between the gentility that is in the name and that which is in the heart; and probably the lineal aristocracy, alike from personal tastes and public opinion, are led to guard their titled honors by the gentle quality that is respected in all circles. Of late years, especially, the English nobility have looked to education as much as to blood to keep up the honors of their pedigree; and we republicans, who are so often tempted to look upon wealth and ostentation as the means of building up a family name, may learn many a sober lesson for ourselves and our children from the good sense and industry of the dukes and earls, who are bent on retaining, by genuine usefulness, the position won centuries ago by the accident of battle or of royal favor. We are not ashamed to say that a good name is very desirable, alike for its present comfort and as a future legacy; nor can we be blind to the fact that vast numbers of families are seriously striving for a name that shall live after them. There is a growing passion for rummaging old archives to find out whether we are not actually heirs to buried dignities; and many a new crest and motto has been disinterred from the oblivious dust and consigned to a shining position upon silver spoons and carriage doors. They that are less fortunate in their hunt among the dead are the more eager to push their way to eminence among the living by accumulating wealth, by ambitious marriages, and by conspicuous establishments. But we make monstrous mistakes, and often our very ambition overleaps the mark and falls over into the dust. We too often forget that, by our laws, great establishments are sure to break down from the absence of the right of primogeniture; and he who builds an extravagant house to keep up the honor of the family, may be quite sure that when the grave closes over him, if not before, his palace or his villa will be under the auctioneer's hammer; and instead of being occupied by his favored heirs, will figure in the newspapers as a boarding-house or a water-cure.

We do not profess to despise wealth; but we are quite sure that, with it or without it, a good education, with habits of determined industry, is the best guarantee of the quality of a family. The daughters, we are aware, need money more than the sons to establish them in life; yet good manners, with a fair share of accomplishments, go as far in giving a girl a good position as coarse wealth without these refinements; and very rich girls, from the very fact of their riches, run great risks in being sought for their money, and throwing themselves away upon idlers or libertines. The families that in this country have kept the best quality through several generations have been those who did not despise the common lot, with its frugal habits, modest arts, and sterling virtues. Some country clergymen, who have had salaries that would not support one of our fast young men a single week, have reared families who have been enrolled from generation to generation among our most honored names, and for a quality which, instead of exhausting itself by its extravagance, ever renews itself by its fresh life and active service. It will be well for us to think more of this matter, and to cherish a distinction that rests not upon accidents, but upon principles; not upon chance, but upon character. Many a father might keep his health and integrity if he were more certain that a modest competence, with high character, gives a better quality than bloated wealth with coarse manners and equivocal expedients. Many a mother might save her daughters many a pang if she would measure society more by the intent of its spirit than by the extent of its display; and so, by true womanly wisdom and grace, give the blood of her offspring her own true quality, although our usages do not allow her to transmit with it her name. We sometimes wish, indeed, that mothers could give their children their names; and have shown how, in part, it can be done without changing the family surnames. But perhaps the present custom is not so unjust as may at first seem; and the mother, while unable to give her own name as the surname of her children, is at full liberty to give them their character-name (*agnomen*), that indicates the quality of their lives. Sure we are that the sons and daughters who are called great or good or blessed, in history and society, owe their name in the main to their mothers; and if it is a poor rule that does not work both ways, it may be that the scape-graces and tyrants of mankind have drunk in no small share of their bad quality with their mother's milk and word. The mother's spirit, however, is usually on the right side; and our good boys and girls, and men and women, are more indebted to it for their quality than the world knows or is ready to confess. The heart goes with the mother, and the mother's heart is near God.

We have thus far spoken of household names, under their chief forms, as concerning the individual and the family and the character. A few words upon the conspicuous dates in home life, which give these names their chief emphasis. The old family record is a good guide, and we may reflect with profit upon its items. The first date in a child's career is his birth, and this generally coincides with his naming, for each little comer usually finds a name waiting for him; and, by general usage, the Church stands ready to add her benediction, and to speak the given name with solemn consecration. This is a beautiful and impressive custom; and if any persons—as is the case with our Baptist friends—have scruples in using thus early the baptismal rite, let

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the service be called Dedication in their instance; while, for ourselves, we heartily would comply with the old way of Christendom, and thus solemnly welcome our little ones, as children of God, to the covenant promise with the parents. Great impression is made by the sacred recognition of children as within the Divine kingdom and under the blessing of the Church. In fact, the child's name has a sweet savor from the fragrance of such benediction, and when thus spoken it is marked with a new quality, and the prepossession is established on the side of faith and virtue. The fact is remembered, or should be be remembered, in after-years, if the child's life is spared; and if the little one is early taken away, there is something in the rite that lifts him above neglect, and declares that these little ones are immortal creatures, and our humanity is essentially as great in an infant of a year as a sage of three-score and ten. We believe that our common social life would gain in interest and dignity if more account were made of birth and baptism, and the name were sacredly marked upon the threshold of existence. Home affections would thus more easily open into spiritual faith; and they who are thus early claimed by the Church would be led, by association and gratitude, as well as conviction, to take a stand for themselves upon religious ground.

The next conspicuous date in the household is marriage—a date which, unlike that of birth, is not an event of nature but of choice. Generally they who are born and who live to be thirty years old are expected to marry, and unless new manners change old habits the expectation will mostly be fulfilled. It is well to give marriage a religious solemnity, and save it from the too frequent frivolity that desecrates its momentous character. We have spoken already so fully of this subject as to prevent any further discussion here. We will only say that no words spoken under heaven have so much significance as those which join two names in one in a tie that only death can sever. It would be well if that tie itself were made more conspicuous and sacredly beautiful in the wedding festival, and less account were made of the table and the jewels, and more were made of the solemn and blessed relation entered into. A beautiful and impressive marriage-service is not only good for the principal parties, but for all the guests, by reminding them of what they are or ought to be. Its remembrance should be sacredly kept up in the household, without waiting for the lapse of twenty-five years to raise it to the conventional title of the silver or gold or diamond wedding.

Perhaps our new practical life may multiply sacred occasions in the family, and borrow from the Church or from the old Chivalry the custom of solemnly setting apart each child to his or her calling. We ordain preachers; and of old every knight watched his arms in church, and received a devout blessing upon his fidelity. We are not sticklers for this or that form; but we think that a more serious recognition of the dignity of every child's vocation would be useful, and a solemn entry of the name might fitly be made in the record of the family. A good name in business is surely a treasure great enough to be earnestly cherished; and as things now are, we believe that our best business men have a regard for their good name that is serious enough to be devoutly acknowledged. The sacrifices that are made to keep the name good would be incredible if not proved beyond question; and we feel quite sure of the approbation of our mercantile friends in declaring that the first time a young man puts his name to a business obligation should be a season of serious thought and devout consecration.

That odd philosopher, Auguste Comté, has sketched the outlines of a new order of sacraments, in which he goes beyond the old Catholicism; and in nine different ceremonials marks the course of each child from birth to death, and even to a name after death, when such name is won. But death, even in his calendar, writes the most decisive date; and it is only after its hand closes the earthly record that the claim to immortality can be decided. It is a thought always startling, the mere thought that we must all die; and the household record and the tomb-stone must some day testify that we have lived, and now live no more on earth. In some ages, and with some nations, death was the most prominent fact in life; and the people of Egypt thought apparently less of their houses than of their tombs. Until lately, with us Americans, the tomb was put out of sight; and before the rise of rural cemeteries, he who would meditate among the dead must traverse some neglected pasture or grope in subterranean vaults. We are glad that the last date in man's career is now saved from forgetfulness, and we look upon the new order of burial-places as most important and effective institutions in educating and perpetuating true household affections. The movement probably began with the culture of more beautiful rural tastes and the growth of more cheerful views of religion; but it has much of its permanence and power from the interest of families in perpetuating its names and associations. We probably have more beautiful cemeteries than any nation in the world; and each new village sets apart its most picturesque ground or forest for the memory of the dead. This is well, and it must do much to keep alive family feelings, and check the worldliness and irreverence too characteristic of our busy and excitable people. But those places may be perverted from their true use, and made to pamper a feeble sentimentalism or poor ostentation, instead of favoring true affections or devout sentiment. Too many monuments are tawdry show-boxes, that make no more moral or religious impression than a showy villa or a gilded saloon. Many of the ornaments and inscriptions, moreover, are either unmeaning or objectionable, and indicate family pride or fashionable conceit rather than faith and humanity. We do not complain of the money thus spent, but of the manner of spending it; and we are decided in the opinion that people of wealth should so adorn their burial-grounds as to educate and spiritualize the common eye, and make every poor man whose lost child rests in its narrow bed within the same cemetery more submissive, and devout, and wise by the teaching of that stately mausoleum. Then the beautiful will exercise, even on the brink of the grave, the blessed ministry of mercy which it has received from the ordaining hand of God; and it will there, as every where else, in its purity, share the high prerogative of bestowing freely its riches without exhausting them. The arts that are truly beautiful, like God's mercies, are not wasted by diffusion; and every new recipient finds more instead of less good in their presence because of the many who have been comforted there before. Wiser and better will every household be when its children are taught to read, in such a true and lovely temper, the names and dates of its history from the sod and the marble over the dust that returns to dust, that it may restore the spirit to the God who gave it.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

WITH the present number of the Magazine begins the twentieth volume. Every cordial friend and reader has, of course, read the outside of the cover of the last number—the one hundred and fourteenth consecutive number—and has there seen the fact amply and truly stated that the volumes of the Magazine from the commencement compose a library of more than a hundred volumes of the most various and entertaining literature. For a family in the country, removed from access to great libraries, there is probably no publication in the world which comprises within the same space so much valuable and interesting matter, for all ages and classes and tastes.

It is a common error in newspapers and periodicals of all kinds to blazon their own value, but the Easy Chair sits as a calm spectator even of the whirl in which it has its own position, and speaks of the Magazine platform, upon which it stands, as if of a stranger. It would not be becoming for it to state the comparative claims of this Magazine with those of other periodicals; but it may, certainly, remark one characteristic of *Harper*, and that is, its constant adaptation to the demand of the time. Designed to entertain, enlighten, and genially criticise—but not to roll up its sleeves as a polemical debater in any department of difference—it has adhered to its intention with unequaled fidelity. It has sought to be a welcome friend every where—to secure its reception by the knowledge that it had a good and useful and amusing word for every body; and that it would rather talk about matters agreed upon than those involving sharp differences.

There is, certainly, always room for such a magazine. Whether there has been for this particular one may be inferred from the fact that it has secured and maintained from year to year a much larger circulation than any magazine in the world.

All hands are now piped to weigh anchor for a fresh voyage. Passengers may be very sure that if they have liked the ship hitherto they will like her none the less hereafter. May she long sail before favoring gales upon calm seas—the fortunate and triumphant *Great Eastern* of magazines!

THE finest American days are in the autumn—in the clear, cool, bright season when thick clothes and early fires at evening are agreeable—when the woods are "russet and sere," and the yellow leaves are gorgeous in the sunlight.

That is really our season for travel. Our summers are so intense—the heat is so furious and tropical—that the part of wisdom is to sit in the shade in a white coat and hear the locust sing that dry, creaking, fervent song, as if there were never a drop of juice in any locust since the creation.

Why do we bundle off in cars and steamers "to see the country," "to travel for pleasure," at such a season? What pleasure is there in it—what can there be? It is all dust, noise, cinders, glare, and vexation of spirit. But wait until the autumn—wait until the sun is tempered and the air is soft, and sweet, and invigorating; and then, if you travel through the very same region, you will see an entirely new country. For the philosophers say that we carry with us the beauty that we see.

If a man be ill in body or in mind, the landscape is always sick. If he be hurried or fretful, the landscape sulks. If he be calm and cheerful, the healthful daylight touches the hills, and woods, and waters into a profound and refreshing beauty.

There is that kind of lofty pride and reserve, both in nature and art, that they will not be seen merely because they are stared at. It is perfectly true of many—perhaps of most people—that they are really disappointed by Niagara, by Mont Blanc, by the ocean, by any great natural object. For they go to see it with the same vulgar curiosity that leads foolish people to dog the steps and haunt the house of famous men; and they do not see nor feel the greatness. There is a very plain story told of the poet Pope which forcibly illustrates this impossibility of seeing if you have merely eyes, and not a mind and reverential heart, to see with. "Well," said an admirer, "at last I have seen the great Mr. Pope!" "Happy man!" returned the other. "And what was he doing?" "The great Mr. Pope was picking his nose," was the melancholy reply.

So it is with pictures. The impudent people who course through the Vatican with a red guide-book in their hands, as sportsmen scour the fields, gun in hand, for game, stand before the famous works, and discover when they were painted, and read all their history, and peep at them through their closed hands, and chatter about the chiaro-oscuro, and the tone, and the rest of it; but for all that they do not see the picture. Pictures and real greatness in persons are an invisible writing, which seems a blank surface to the spectator unless he have in his heart, and therefore in his eye, that warmth of reverence, and humility, and sympathy which makes the writing legible.

Long ago, in Rome, when the Easy Chair was upon his travels, he used to pass long days in the great galleries, watching the people as well as the pictures. In some quiet corner—but all corners are quiet in Rome—sat some patient artist, working upon his slowly advancing canvas with an air of such profound satisfaction that it was inspiring to look at him. His clothes were poor and picturesque; his hair long; his whole appearance careless; but a merry forester in the great wood of the world is the young artist in Rome. It is the dream of long, doubtful years come true at last. Probably the artists pinch themselves at intervals, and say, "Rome! Rome!" to themselves. At least, other people who are not artists, but whose dreams come true in the same way, say so.

Then, as they sat, half humming old songs from all parts of the world, and their careful, dashing fingers flying or fluttering or painfully lingering upon their work, some traveler came in, with plenty of money and confidence, and rushed up to the famous works. He read, and conned, and compared. The artist saw the new-comer—saw that he owned the golden boat in which one sails round the world—saw that he ate and drank well, and followed his whims, and had nothing to do but to enjoy. But still the busy artist hummed and sketched with a glittering light of triumph in his eye—for he knew that there was one port into which the golden boat could not penetrate—one thing money could not buy; no, not though the eager traveler purchased the very pride of the gallery and carried it off to England or America. Yes, he may carry it off, hums the artist in his fancy, as Pluto carried off Proserpine, as Arethusa was ravished. He may give it the post of honor as the bridegroom places at the head of his table the bride he has bought with money; but as the bride's heart is another's, who loves her and whom she loves, so the beauty of the picture is his who feels its power.

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It is the same thing in travel in the observation of nature. The pleasure of a fine scene does not depend upon your having money enough to get to it, but mind enough to enjoy it. There was a book published nearly twenty years ago intended to show people how to look at nature. But what is the use of the most perfect glass eye to the blind? People whose lives revolve in narrow circles around mean ideas—who are afraid of generous sympathies lest they shall lead to the spending of money—and of heroic thoughts lest they should involve sacrifice and loss of esteem, had better stay at home and look into their gloomy back-yards, and call them Italy and Switzerland—prairies and cataracts. In vain they will travel and stare. Let them stay at home and save money.

But if a man would really enjoy, let him discover whether he be cheerful, patient; in fact, whether he have that "quiet eye" which can alone harvest the beauties of nature, and then he may go bravely and confidently. There is a little poem of Wordsworth's, one of the sweetest of all his songs—"A Poet's Epitaph"—which contains the necessary directions for enjoying travel as well as for profitable meditation upon the departed:

"But who is he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

"He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

"The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

"In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

"But he is weak; both man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things that others understand."

Do people read Wordsworth now? A dozen years ago he was the favorite of thoughtful students of poetry—very much as Byron was the idol of young and passionate readers. And he will always stand in our literary history as the poet who effected the great change from the artificial to the natural style in poetry. Byron conquered Wordsworth in superficial public regard, as he did all his contemporaries; but he is being gradually displaced by a sincerer school.

It is curious to see how the same thing shows itself throughout the development of every age. The Pre-Raphaelite school in painting—the Thackeray vein in novel-writing—are illustrations of the same spirit as that of Wordsworth's appeals to the common sentiment of common life. And they are all in turn modifications of the great Protestant principle which controls modern civilization, and which asserts the essential worth and dignity of men as equal children of God.

There was a time, within the memory of living men, when Wordsworth was as little known as Shelley, but he is now canonized in eight volumes, among Moxon's greater gods. His poetry has become a part of English literature. Lines of his are household words, like lines of Shakespeare; and it is Wordsworth who has written one of the great English poems—the "Ode upon Intimations of Immortality." For sustained splendor of imagination, deep, solemn, and progressive thought, and exquisite variety of music, that poem is unsurpassed. Since Milton's "Ode upon the Nativity" there is nothing so fine, not forgetting Dryden, Pope, Collins, and the rest, who have written odes.

There was a curious debate some years since in London—nor does the Easy Chair know if it were ever finally decided—upon the question, what six English poets were entitled to statues in Westminster Abbey? or, in other words, who are the six "great" English poets?

It was very easy to begin: Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. So far the journey was very smooth. Then who? Should it be Dryden or Pope, in the eighteenth century; and who in the nineteenth? Byron! cried the men who were mature in 1825. Wordsworth! replied their children.

Of the four there can be little doubt that Wordsworth is best entitled to the honor. If the great poet be the man who conveys the most profound and universal thought in the most simple and adequate manner—whose imagination is creative and sustained—whose sympathies are as broad as nature and mankind—there is no question that Wordsworth better satisfies the conditions than any since Milton. And what a droll idea it gives of the state of the English mind forty and fifty years ago, to know that reviews which laughed at Wordsworth as an old woman were feared and respected as literary authorities. In fact nobody who has lived long enough to see a great name built up amidst ridicule and scoffing will ever regard any opinion of any review or critic upon any book or person except as the view of a fallible individual.

That last sentence lands us gently upon another thought, which is, the extreme absurdity of the respect paid to the modern press.

The great difference between newspapers now and when they began is, that then they were chiefly records of news read by very few; now they are chiefly records of opinions read by a great many. And if we look closely, it is not so much the opinion we fear as the fact that it is read by a great many. An author is perfectly willing that the editor should not like his book, for instance; but when the editor tells a hundred thousand people who have never seen the book that it is drearily stupid, they henceforward associate only stupidity with the book, and will probably never take it up to read, but rather select something else.

It therefore requires a great deal of common sense to read a newspaper properly, and to understand that it expresses only one of two things: *first*, the sincere opinion of the man who writes the article; or, *second*, what he conceives to be the public opinion. This last, of course, is a method by which you arrive at a knowledge of public opinion, provided the man who undertakes to express that opinion is really sagacious enough to know what it is. If he is not, then his article means nothing at all but a bad guess of the author's.

Consequently there are two ways of being a "successful" editor: one is, when your own honest, private opinion happens to coincide with that of many in the community; the other is, when you suppress your own views altogether, and merely repeat what you see to be the general sentiment. The first is an

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honest, the second is a dishonest, editor. The first is a respectable and valuable citizen; the second is a pander. He consults and gratifies the prejudices of the public, as a courtier panders to the gratification of his sovereign. And in both cases he is used, rewarded, and despised.

It is hard for a man or a cause to make head against a swift current of falsehood and abuse. An adroit writer will so easily and naturally and intentionally misrepresent the fact, and what he knows to be the fact, that the reader will accept the misrepresentation as fact, and raise eyes and hands of horror at the offender.

The Easy Chair lately witnessed an illustration of this—not in a political paper—where the coldest Jesuitical malignity misinterpreted a perfectly simple and intelligible phrase, for the purpose of casting personal odium upon the author under review. A man who would do such a thing would pick your pocket, if he were sure of not being caught. He would kick his mother, if there were nobody near; and the moment his name was known among gentlemen he would be despised by them as a sneak-thief, crawling about to filch a little piece of honest reputation from an honest man. It is a public misfortune when such men are allowed to write as if they spoke sincerely or with any intention of public instruction.

These are the considerations which should constantly check the tendency to look upon what the newspapers say as of any more consequence, in reality, than what any body says in private conversation. The difficulty of course is, that it is public conversation, and it acts to your prejudice if it defame you. But what are you going to do? Will you say and do what you do not believe that the papers may praise you? Or will you understand that your judgment is a safer rule for you than the opinion of any editor, or of any of the single individuals who altogether make up "the public?" If a man holds his comfort at the mercy of the newspapers, he is as happy as Sinbad carrying the old man of the sea. Of course he will not be so foolish as to fight with them. If you walk among snakes the only way is to wear thick boots, and let them dart and sting as they will. Don't try to knock off the head of each one. But when you have on the stout boots of an actual, not an affected, faith in the propriety of your own position, though the serpents were hydra-headed their tongues shall not harm you.

The French have a sensible proverb, *On dit est menteur*, which, being interpreted, means that "They say" is a liar; or "Mrs. Grundy" is a liar. The wind is not more whimsical than "the public;" and the best advice that religion and experience can give any young man is, Don't try to please others; try to please yourself.

Now a sneak-thief would lay hold of that last sentence, and say that the Easy Chair recommended young men to be selfish, self-indulgent, self-seeking, luxurious, and lazy. And yet the sneak-thief would know perfectly well while he was saying so, that the Easy Chair says "Try to please yourself" in precisely the same sense that in the parable of the Prodigal it is related that "when he came to himself, he arose," etc. Dear Sneak, does that mean that when he became selfish he repented of his wrong-doing?

It is fortunate that Sneak has no chance of interpreting the beautiful parables of the New Testament for us. It is too late. Even he can not wrest them from their simple and profound significance. Yet he doubtless tries to; and if he thought public opinion would support him in saying it, he would not hesitate to declare that there was no meaning in them at all.

This is one kind of editor, and of "successful" editor. But is this the kind of man whose word shall trouble your peace of mind? If he were honest, his censure would be an honest difference of opinion. But as it is—why, only keep your hand on your pockets.

In the autumn there are some preternaturally still, shadowed days, when the vapor is not a cloud but only a vail; when single leaves, at intervals, drop quietly to the ground, like tears that fall without sobbing; and the landscape seems to be utterly self-involved, meditating its own decay. There is a more conscious sadness in such days than in all others of the year. The trees make no effort to hold their leaves; the warm, rich softness of the air seems a mockery over the brown meadows, like a sweet south wind, full of life, and hope, and joy, blowing over the face of one who lies dying of consumption; the brook audibly trickles under the elders, and the sassafras, and the weeping willows. But the willow is the mute mourner of the whole. The eye steals away to the fields and sees the great haystack roofed for snow—sees the last stooks of cornstalks removed—the yellow pumpkins and crook-necks coming in upon the cart, the apple-trees stripped, the pasture short, and although the sun shines and the air is warm, and a late fly buzzes upon the window, there is a foreshadowing silence—the sweetness of placid and resigned decay.

In the feeling of these days is one of perfect resignation. They are as effortless as the outline of a flower. The whole landscape is so strangely still that you see it as if drowned in a deep sea of yellow light. They are like the last serene hours of a good man, who passes from life to life as a king from chamber to chamber of his palace; who lies, sweet and silent, remembering the early days, the old friends, the tender ties, the sympathies, joys, and sorrows, that have made the world dear and sacred. So seems the falling year to be inly beholding its buds and blossoms, its flowers and fruit, its manifold experience. Where are the roses now? Where the gusty days of March? the tears of April? the fervor of July?

There is a poem of Keats's—which was never published in any collected edition of his works, but which originally appeared in Leigh Hunt's "Indicator," and is reprinted, with subsequent alterations, in Milnes's Life and Remains of the poet—which perfectly expresses the weird, dreamy romance of these ghostly days. As many a lover of Keats has probably not seen the poem, the Easy Chair will copy it, to share a pleasure with his readers:

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

A BALLAD, 1819.

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms!
  Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
  And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms!
  So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
  And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
  With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
  Fast withereth too.

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I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child.
Her hair was long—her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me, as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said—
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—ah, woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:
They cried, "La Belle Dame sans Merci"
Hath thee in thrall.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide;
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Our Foreign Bureau.

WE begin with the East; not China, but the Caucasus. Schamyl, the great, wild, free leader, and the sworn foe of Russia, has at length fallen into the hands of the Emperor Alexander. On the Koran he had given oath that he would never treat and never yield; but turban, Koran, and cimeter are weaker than the sword of the West. For months past he has been hemmed in upon his mountain fastnesses; only three hundred and fifty followers with him in the final struggle, of whom two hundred and fifty fell before the capture was made. And now the archenemy of Russia is journeying westward toward a palace prison in St. Petersburg.

The reader will remember, perhaps, that a son of this redoubtable chieftain, who fell into Russian hands years ago, had been educated at St. Petersburg, and held rank in the military establishment of the capital; a brave, noble-hearted fellow—so his Western friends describe him—growing up with thorough attachment to the civilization of Europe, and lamenting the impotent hostility of his father. Two years ago Schamyl made seizure of a couple of Russian princesses (Orbeliani by name), and bore them off to the mountains. The conditions of their release were, a heavy ransom and the restoration to him of his son. The Emperor accorded the ransom, and in respect to the latter condition, left the son free to act for himself. The son yielded, at length, to the father's demand; and turning his back upon the friends and the luxuries of the capital, traveled back into the rich wildernesses of the East. To the father he was still a son; but the chieftains, who swore by the Koran, looked doubtfully upon the Christian. The prince lived under espionage, brooded over the losses of Western civilization, and fell, at length, into a decline, which all the nostrums of the imaums could not stay. Schamyl appealed to Alexander for a physician of European faith, and the Emperor dispatched one for his service; too late, however; the change had broken him forever. His story has a melancholy interest just now.

But the Caucasus is not subdued, although Schamyl is taken; we are wearied, as before, with ceaseless bulletins of Caucasian battles.

Moving westward, we find some shrewd skipper gathering bones upon the heights of Balaklava, which he carries by ship-load to the port of Odessa, whereat some British news-writer excites the horror of England by declaring that the skeletons of "our brave soldiers" are being transmuted into ivory black. Of course there comes protest, and inquiry, and examination under the eye of Russian naturalists, who find the bones to be those of mules and horses only.

We see the Yankee craftsmen still toiling at the submerged ships, and the blight of the war lingering on the fields and the houses. Odessa is busy once more, and the harbor is whitened with the sails of the Mediterranean vessels that are coming in for grain. In the cafés (for there are cafés in Odessa) they are talking over the brilliant fêtes which have welcomed the heir-apparent to his majority. The programme of ceremonial (too long for rehearsal here), under twenty-six magniloquent orders of the Court Chamberlain, are in all the journals. The date of the fête is the 8th of September (Russian style), and the title of the Prince "*Son Altesse Impériale Monseigneur le Césarévitch gran-duc héritier Nicolas Alexandrovitch.*"

A great event, and a great man (possibly) for Russia; but to our West not so much as a steam-plow, whose cost would be covered by the embroidery on the coat of the Prince.

A little sail brings us before Constantinople. There are bad times here. The old Turks, full of Mohammedan pride and energy, are questioning if the Western influences are not working too strongly upon the susceptible heart of the Sultan.

There is conspiracy to stay the insidious spread of Christian opinions. The fierce, proud Orientalism is stiffening for its last struggle (on these shores) against the trade-civilization of the West.

Of course the revolver will beat the cimeter, and the black hat will overtop the turban. Some hundreds of conspirators are just now in prison; but in the streets are thousands of fiery sympathizers with those who lie in prison. Worst of all, money is failing the appointed Father of the Faithful, and his soldiers are growing clamorous. The troops in the capital have been for months without pay; others, at a distance, have received nothing for a year past. In the neighborhood of Erzeroum the soldiers of the Prophet are in rags, having little food, and no promise of better days to come. Such men furnish capital material for conspirators to work upon.

Yet more: the head of the War Department, Rizi Pacha, declares with bitterness that all power is virtually taken from him; that troops are ordered from point to point without his cognizance; that fortifications along the western boundary and on the frontiers of Dalmatia had been abandoned in obedience to the suggestions of foreign embassadors; that all his applications for redress are treated with con-

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tempt. It was not for personal advantage that he had consented to assume the budget of war. Allah forbid! He had sacrificed, indeed, his private fortune to the exigencies of the service; but private fortunes have an end. He had appealed to the Minister of Finance, setting before him the beggarly condition of the army; but the Minister of Finance declares the treasury to be empty, and no hope of revenue, since "Fuad Pacha, Ali Pacha, and the Minister of the Interior had collected, on their own authority, for two years to come the taxes of the empire."

How long shall Turkey stagger on under such weight of corruption?

It would seem, too, that Turkish affairs are becoming yet farther complicated by division in the Christian sentiment of the country. Hitherto we have counted all anti-Mohammedan interests united under the wing of the Greek Church; but we hear now of rebellion against the bishops, and in the island of Salonica thousands of Christians have renounced allegiance and declared for the Pope and the Church of the West. It would be odd indeed if at the time when the Holy Father is losing his best supporters in Italy he should find his last succor under the banner of the Crescent.

In Vienna—if we come westward by the Danube—we find no cheer. Brilliant court display, and brilliant equipages; fine wines at the "Archduke Charles," and good music on the Glacis; but withal a pinched exchequer, and no glory from the last war to boast of; no amnesty for consolation; no new friends among the governments of Europe to bolster the weak splendor of Hapsburg.

Yet to the credit of the Emperor it must be said that he has just now inaugurated a new scheme for the financial relief of the country, in appointing a commission of landholders, merchants, and manufacturers for a full investigation of existing sources of revenue, and for the arrangement of some effective plan by which opposing interests may, so far as possible, be conciliated, and the offensive features in the present system of taxation done away. That merchants and manufacturers should be so far recognized by an Austrian monarch as to be put upon a high court commission is certainly a promising sign.

Trieste, which through the summer was oppressed with dullness, has begun now to revive, and its little harbor is full of merchantmen; but in Venice there is dreadful stagnation. Business still; and hearts that are more fearfully still. Now it is some mother of earnest, hopeful sons, who have found their way westward, saddened by their absence, dreading risk of their betrayal, enduring espionage of the police, and perhaps her house seized, and herself driven out desolate, to wander after those sons who are enrolled in the army of Garibaldi.

Again, it is some father of young children who are born into that Austrian thralldom; he, too hopeful while the dream of liberty was brightest, has compromised himself by open expression of his hopes and by contributions in money—detected at last, and torn away from his home, to linger (no one knows how long) in the prisons of Bohemia.

These are not fancy pictures: such events are of weekly occurrence. The iron glaive of despotism felt every where along the green streets of water; their winter's delight, the Venice Opera, abandoned, because funds are lacking, or kept in reserve for some harsh trial of strength, which they hope may come speedily.

And it may come before we Westerners are looking for it. Mazzini has at length given in his adhesion to the King; his example will carry the action of thousands with him who have thus far stood aloof, and these the most desperate and daring of all.

The Pope has only to march his Swiss across the Alps and the battle will begin. Louis Napoleon and the Cardinal Antonelli (who is virtually Pope) are no longer friends. A French army, if it appears at all, will appear as umpire, and not as combatant—except, indeed, the Croats cross again their Villafranca border. No Swiss and no Parmesan hirelings can cope with Garibaldi and his men. So far all looks well for Central Italy. The bad bargain about the Dukes (made at Villafranca) falls through by reason of its own rottenness. We strongly suspect that the French Emperor knew it must; we strongly suspect that Francis-Joseph is beginning to feel himself overreached in the bargain; we fear greatly that his petulance may wreak itself upon all Venetian sympathizers with King Emanuel.

All accounts from Venice go to show this; and unless the indignation of the Austrian may send him again southward, to restore order in Bologna, there seems only faint hope of Venetian relief. Will he make the venture? Will the whining appeal of the sick Pope call out battle again? Will the liberty and nationality of Italy go down before the Vicar of Christ?

In the south there are signs of commotion; the comparatively liberal ministry with which the new Neapolitan king commenced his reign has retired. The reactionists, who are hearty sympathizers with the Pope and with Austria, are managing matters for the present in their own way. Yet all accounts agree in assuring us that there is great fermentation in the body politic, which, if Central Italy remains free, must shortly have its outburst.

A Murat conspiracy is not improbable, as drawing out the support of a large middle-class, who equally detest the imperialism of Austria and the agrarian tendencies of the Mazzini followers.

It is perfectly clear that his Catholic Majesty, now that the Swiss are gone, can do nothing in aid of the Pope. He will have quite enough employment for his trusty retainers in "keeping the peace" in Naples and Messina. Indeed nothing is more plain than that the present system of rule in both the south kingdom of Italy and in the Austrian provinces (where 100,000 men at least are necessary to man the fortifications) is entailing an expenditure upon the two despots that must ultimately break them down with bankruptcy.

How Tuscany and good Tuscans stand just now is evident enough from this spirited and dignified letter of the Prime Minister of Tuscany, addressed to a friend:

"SIR,—I thank you for the advice you give me in your yesterday's note. I am happy to assure you that; from the moment I was put at the head of the Tuscan Government, I never had one moment either of uncertainty or weakness. Uncertainty can not abide with a man who proposes to himself a complete political design, and fulfills it upon a persevering system, every part of which tends to the fulfillment of the whole. Weakness finds no room in the heart of one who asks for and accepts nothing from his country in return for the sacrifices he is ready fearlessly to make for its sake. I think I am not mistaken if I say that the cause of Italy owes the present height it has reached to the clear political programme, to the uprightness and strength of mind by which the Tuscan Government has so far distinguished itself. I feel assured, and all may feel assured, that neither this Government nor

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those of Modena and Bologna, nor that of the King-elect, nor the Italian people, will fail in their intent to constitute that strong kingdom which is a universal want, and which alone may enable all of us to call ourselves Italians, as Italy may only in that event be said to exist. This, which is our wish, must needs also be the wish of Europe, for Europe may never hope for peace till it becomes an acknowledged fact that 'there is an Italy.'

"RICASOLI."

Again, the late funeral obsequies in honor of Manin, at Milan, show how staunchly the Lombards are holding by their faith. There was no great splendor of ceremony, but an earnest expression of sympathy on the part of the thousands who listened to the good abbé as he pronounced the eulogy, which augured well for Italy.

Freer and bolder and more hopeful this month than last; and freer and bolder last month than the month before; for the next months we wait, saying, Bravo! and *a Dieu!*

IT is singular how little touched the French war-seekers are by the reported battles in China. Do they love to see their good allies across the Channel meet with military reverses? Are they seriously indifferent to an opening of Pekin and free opium ventures? Is it that they love coffee so much better than tea? Is it that they look to European ground for their career in arms and empire?

Whatever the reason, it is certain that they have listened to that sad tale of the mud forts, and the ditches, and the shores reeking with mud, and the gun-boats stranded, with very tame ears. Yet they propose to aid England with a considerable force. There are those, indeed, who say that the Mandarins should have been listened to—that the north branch of the Pei-ho should have been entered—that a householder has a right to direct by what door his invited guests shall come in—that he must ware the man-traps if he climbs over the wall. But, on the other hand, there are those who maintain that civilization has a right to push its interviews with barbarism in its own style; the king of wild men must not say to his guests, Eat this human steak, and you shall live in our town; civilization must assume something; it must carry consciousness of dignity and power, and sustain the consciousness by directness and intrepidity and resolution.

Of course if civilization sinks in the barbarian mud ditches, the affair becomes awkward; but once undertaken, the road must be made free. Give up the Pei-ho and the ditches now, and there would result a moral loss that no array of gun-ships could balance.

We talk little, however, of these things; we are busy with nearer topics. Victor Hugo (who will not come back to France till liberty comes back) sends hither a poem—published simultaneously in Paris and Brussels on the 28th of September—"*La Légende des Siècles.*"

It opens with the Biblical period, and under "Legend" of "Conscience" he gives us, first, the flight and harassments of Cain. God's eye is his terror; and the first pages (we have read no more) show the poor skin-clad murderer shrinking and trembling under the gaze that pierces every concealment. Surely Cain never opened a poem before!

Its manner and measure we give in the first twenty lines:

"Lorsque, avec ses enfants vêtus de peaux de bêtes,
Echevelé, livide au milieu des tempêtes,
Caïn se fut enfui de devant Jéhovah,
Comme le soir tombait, l'homme sombre arriva
Au bas d'une montagne en une grande plaine;
Sa femme fatiguée et ses fils hors d'haleine
Lui dirent: 'Couchons-nous sur la terre, et dormons.'
Caïn, ne dormant pas, songeait au pied des monts.
Ayant levé la tête, au fond des cieux funèbres,
Il vit un œil, tout grand ouvert dans les ténèbres,
Et qui le regardait dans l'ombre fixement.
'Je suis trop près,' dit-il avec un tremblement.
Il réveilla ses fils dormant, sa femme lasse,
Et se remit à fuir sinistre, dans l'espace.
Il marcha trente jours, il marcha trente nuits.
Il allait, muet, pâle et frémissant aux bruits,
Furtif, sans regarder derrière lui, sans trêve,
Sans repos, sans sommeil; il atteignit la grève
Des mers dans le pays qui fut depuis Assur.
'Arrêtons-nous, dit-il, car cet asile est sûr.
Restons-y. Nous avons du monde atteint les bornes.'
Et, comme il s'asseyait, il vit dans les cieux mornes
L'œil à la même place au fond de l'horizon.
Alors il tressaillit en proie au noir frisson.
'Cachez-moi!' cria-t-il; et, le doigt sur la bouche,
Tous ses fils regardaient trembler l'aïeul farouche.
Caïn dit à Jabel, père de ceux qui vont
Sous des tentes de poil dans le désert profond:
'Etends de ce côté la toile de la tente.'
Et l'on développa la muraille flottante;
Et, quand on l'eut fixée avec des poids de plomb,
'Vous ne voyez plus rien?' dit Tsilla, l'enfant blond,
La fille de ses fils, douce comme l'aurore;
Et Caïn répondit: 'Je vois cet œil encore!'"

M. Villemain has just now appeared in the Sunday *Courrier* of Paris, discussing the old question of Press freedom; his title is, "La Press Periodique devant le Suffrage Universal," and the base of his argument (in favor of free speech, of course) is this: that universal suffrage demands, as absolute conditions of its success, that reliable information have the utmost possible diffusion; in short, that the people receive such education from an unfettered press as shall fit them for an intelligent exercise of their power.

We need not say that this view is urged with a rare force and precision of language.

The Imperialists, who sustain existing stringency of enactment, reply, more adroitly than soundly:

What you say is well; what you propose is, indeed, the ideal toward which, under a democratic monarchy like that of France, all effort should tend. But in order to make our progress sure, and our effort consistent, we must begin by admitting the validity of the present democratic sovereignty, and accepting the decree of universal suffrage for the existing establishment.

Another newspaper article upon the same topic, which popular rumor assigns to the pen of Guizot, has also attracted much attention to the columns of the *Débats.*

IT is not often that the loss of a child startles Paris; yet we have such a story to tell. Every day the garden of the Tuileries has its crowd of prattlers—its nurses in Breton caps. Among these the nurse and child of M. Hua, a well-known magistrate of Paris. A stranger asked to see the child (only a few months old), took the babe in her arms, and an accomplice having called the nurse's attention away the strange woman and child disappeared.

The nurse is of course distracted; the desolate mother is affected to such a degree that fears are entertained for her life. M. Hua describes, so far as possible, the infant and the person of the kidnapper, and offers ten thousand francs for its return.

The police are all charged with the search; but, strange to say, a day or more passes, and no tidings

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are had. The affair assumes an air of mystery, and all manner of stories are current. Somnambulists apply for portions of the child's dress, and promise, for a reward, to discover the place of concealment. M. Hua even receives a letter which makes offer of the child's return provided certain important conditions of silence and concealment are complied with. He is asked to communicate his determination through the advertising columns of the *Droit* newspaper.

This he does; and the Paris world is still further mystified by the announcement that "M. Hua vouches compliance with the conditions named, and entreats instant communication."

Meantime, however, the police of Paris have information of a strange child in a retired street of the city of Orleans; it has been placed by an unknown party with a woman whose business it is to take infants in charge.

An agent of the prefecture goes down to Orleans, identifies the child (so far as he can), and communicates with the father. All Paris hears the grateful news by the evening journals; and before they are issued the infant is restored to its parents. A girl of seventeen, with her mother, are the guilty parties, and now wait their trial.

The matter is to be noted as having engrossed in such large degree the attention of the Paris journals. The suspense of the father and the agonizing grief of the mother have touched the French heart deeply. In quick sympathy of this sort hearty and full expression is very characteristic.

Some years ago, we remember, when a poor well-digger was buried alive near to Lyons, and while a company of sappers and miners, which had hurried to his relief, were prosecuting their labors, bulletins of their progress were published every two or three hours in the capital.

Madame de Girardin made most successful appeal to this French trait in her *Joie fait Peur*, of which we had occasion to speak in its time.

Apropos, this play has just now been revived at Nantes; a certain Madame Larmet personated the afflicted mother lamenting a lost son. Scarcely had Madame Larmet begun her lament than she burst into tears, and was so much overcome with apparent grief as to be incapable of going on.

The curtain fell, and the manager made his explanations, which were but indistinctly heard. A friend of the actress, however, soon made it known that Madame Larmet had only the day before received intelligence of the death of her son, and the dramatic situation of the piece revived so pointedly her own grief that she was compelled to give way in a tumult of feeling. Instantly this became known, the audience, which had been clamorous for a renewal of the play, excused the actress and insisted that no recall should be made.

Mademoiselle Vestvali (while we are upon matters theatric) has just now won conquest as a pretty Romeo, in pretty armor, with pretty voice, in Bellini's "Montagues and Capulets," at the French Opera. An operetta at the *Comique*, under borrowed title of "Mid-summer Night's Dream" (with Titania and Bottom and Puck left out), has had its share of admirers; while La Croix at the Porte St. Martin has given new version to the old story of Louis XI. and his superstitions and perfidies.

Leverrier has made discovery of new planets—too small to interest outsiders greatly—and M. Fournet has addressed a paper on the recent aurora borealis, and its cortége of storms, to the Academy of Sciences. It is of interest, and its main facts worthy of record:

"His object is to compare the phenomena which accompanied it in different parts of Europe, on or about the 29th of August last, with those which were remarked during the fine aurora of Nov. 17, 1848. In the former case its influence would seem to have been felt several days before its apparition. Thus, on the 24th, a violent storm broke over Grœtz, in Styria; on the following night, Port Louis, in the department of Morbihan, was visited by westerly winds with thunder, while squalls were general on the French Atlantic coast. On the 25th strong winds from the south and southwest prevailed at Lyons, carrying with them the heavy clouds which were to close the hot season by their rains. Storms ravaged the Pyrenean regions of Miranda, Tarbes, Mont-de-Marsan, and Auch on the 26th; on the same day a water-spout from the southwest spread devastation around St. André (Eure). On the 27th the wind had subsided, but the rain fell in torrents at Lyons, and there was stormy weather at Bayonne, with lightning. On the 28th M. Fournet, being at Montrotier, near Lyons, was unable to take the bearings of certain peaks in the neighborhood with his pocket-compass, and in the evening the sky was charged with electricity. During the night there was a terrible hurricane at London, the lightning having the violet hue which characterized the north and northwest border of the aurora. Storms continued to rage on that and the following day in the region of the Pyrenees, at Luz, and St. Sauveur. On the 29th there were sudden showers, with long flashes of lightning, near Lyons; there was a furious storm at Avignon; the first snows appeared on the Alps of the Grisons, and there was incessant lightning at Algiers. On the 30th it rained at Lyons; a northwester caused a hailstorm at Fécamp, the hailstones being of the size of hazel-nuts; the 31st was squally, and the 1st of September was ushered in at Ouistrehem (Calvados) with a furious sea. All these phenomena, it must be remarked, coincided with the effects of electricity remarked on the telegraphic lines. Another circumstance of note was that the aurora seemed to shift its position in the direction of the wind, from west to east. Comparing all these phenomena with those of the aurora of Nov. 17, 1848, it appears that on the day before the general direction of the wind was west, occasionally inclining south or north. On the 17th there was rather a calm; rain and snow, however, falling incessantly at Berlin. The 18th was about the same, but winds, generally blowing from the west, and squalls commenced on the 19th and 20th, at Lyons, Havre, Margate, and Portsmouth. Violent storms raged in the Channel on the 21st, 22d, and 23d; also at Lyons, Cette, Montpellier, Toulon, and Marseilles."

Over the Channel, the British Association of Science has had its meeting at Aberdeen. Professor Owen, the retiring president, having made his little speech, gave place to Prince Albert, who had been requested to act as presiding officer for the year's meeting. British people—even to men of science—love rank very dearly, and never lose occasion to testify their admiration for it. As if such men as Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Murchison, and Professor Owen ought to be proud of having a Prince-consort to preside over them! As if Biot, and Leverrier, and Dumas were to make Prince Plon Plon chairman of their Academy of Sciences!

But Prince Albert is both prudent and shrewd; and while telling them he was in no sense a scien-

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tific man, he added, that, as husband of their queen, he thought he might be of some service to them. Whereat there was warm applause.

In return for this attention to the Prince-consort the Queen graciously invited some two hundred of the savans to come and breakfast at Balmoral. Now as Balmoral is accessible only by some thirty-five miles of coaching after leaving the railway, it made rather a serious thing of the breakfast; particularly for the plethoric and asthmatic. Howbeit they went; and the Court chronicler tells us that tents were spread upon the lawn before the castle, wherein the savans regaled themselves, and her Majesty was pleased "graciously to recognize Professor Owen."

Of course they had a good breakfast, and thought it a pretty place, and coached back to Aberdeen and to business.

Any thing more? Shall we say how many brace of partridges the Honorable Fitz Rifle has slaughtered since the 12th of August—how the grouse lie—how the salmon fishing is over—any thing of Goodwood? Any thing of poor Smethurst (of whom the story last month); granted a reprieve, but lying in prison, doubtful if it be death or life for him, suspicions of other crime astir that are taking off the edge of sympathy? How Sir John Coleridge has made a good speech on education, in which he boasted of being descended from a line of schoolmasters, which was better than a line of Lord Mayors. How Derby, late Tory premier, has evicted all his Irish tenants of Doon, because among them they conceal a murderer and defeat the law (which, if there must needs be great hereditary privilege, seems legitimate enough exercise of it). How Mr. Scott Russell and the *Great Eastern* Directors are making lively quarrel about the funnel casing and accident (in which Mr. Scott Russell seems to us to have rather the weaker side of the quarrel). How the "Strike" is trailing to wearisome length—in the papers, in the inclosures of unfinished buildings, and in the homes of the workmen. Meantime, China and Italy are the centres about which the heavier political talk is gravitating.

At Brussels they have just closed their national fête; at Strasburg they are building a peace-maker, in the shape of a bridge across the Rhine; in the Bois de Boulogne they are inclosing a new Jardin des Plantes; in the Bordelais they are making their wine; in Spain they are preparing for battle with the bey of Morocco; in the colleges the autumn lectures have begun; and in the Tuileries garden the scarlet geraniums are in bloom.

Editor's Drawer.

IT is hard to believe it, but the publishers state it as a fact—and have requested us to say so, with some suitable moral reflections on the occasion—that with this Number begins the TWENTIETH Volume of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*.

Nineteen volumes have been issued already, each volume containing as much reading matter as is usually found in six ordinary octavo volumes of four hundred pages each—a complete library of literature and art.

If any other than the man who tends the Drawer had been called upon to make this announcement, he would speak of the unparalleled circulation which the Magazine has obtained, exceeding that of all other monthlies in the country and in the world; that there is no nook or corner in the wide land where it does not make its way; and that every body who is any body reads *Harper*, if he can read at all. But this is not the Drawer's way of saying things. He prefers to intimate, as he now does—most gently—that the pleasantest mode of expressing appreciation of the work is to aid in enlarging the area of its circulation. The readers of the Drawer are in good humor, and *therefore* are the people toward whom one looks when he asks a favor. They are the friends on whom the publishers rely to form *clubs* in the towns and villages all over the Union. A club of *three* gets the Magazine for two dollars apiece; and when the club is enlarged to ten, the "getter-up of it" gets his eleventh copy "free gratis for nothing." And the publishers hope that the good-natured Drawer readers will, before the month of January begins, send on hundreds and thousands of such clubs, that the world may be the wiser, better, and merrier, for the sake of the good things sent broadcast from these fair pages.

A LEARNED member of the bar is introduced to the readers of the Drawer with the following admirable stories of the court-room:

The rotund and learned Judge G——, of New York, who, for his rapid dispatch of business, obtained the sobriquet of Steam Judge, sitting a long time on one occasion at Chambers, hearing an elaborate argument, indicated some impatience, in his usual way, by turning his "scratch" rapidly around on his head at intervals; finally, wearied out, or *otherwise anxious*, he jumped up, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, gentlemen! you *must* excuse me one minute!" He rushed out of the room, and in going down stairs slipped, and with considerable noise bumped incontinently several steps. The alarmed counsel started out, and, peering over at him, exclaimed, "I hope your Honor is not hurt!" "No, no," he replied, somewhat testily; "my honor is safe enough, but the seat is bruised confoundedly!"

THIS able Judge presided at the remarkable and celebrated trial of M'Leod. One or two anecdotes I remember of that trial, which depend somewhat on mimicry and tone for effect.

An *alibi* was proven for M'Leod by two officers of the British army—one an aged half-pay officer, the other a young lieutenant. The half-pay was a silver-headed old gentleman, with sharp, "tetchy" face and shrill voice. Having clearly proved that M'Leod was at his house and spent the night on which the *Caroline* was burned, it became important for the State to "rile" him, and, if possible, destroy the weight of his testimony. Mr. Blank, for the State, commenced the cross-examination:

"You are an officer of the British army?"

"Yes, Sir—a retired officer."

The effect of the following questions was irresistably comic:

"How did you get into the army?"

"How did I get in!" he replied, in a tone and look of astonishment and rage. "How did I get in!" an octave higher. "How did I get in!" with a still sharper and prolonged tone.

"Yes," said Counsel. "How did you get in? Was you drafted?"

"*Drafted!—drafted!*" shrieked the old man, at the very top note of rage. "I throw myself on the protection of your Lordship!" turning to the Court. "No, Sir! I paid for my commission, like a gentleman!"

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When the laughter following this burst subsided, Judge G—— addressed the questioning counsel the most caustic and bitter reproof I have ever heard from the lips of a Judge, and Mr. Blank asked no more questions, leaving the witness with the eloquent Willis Hall.

The Lieutenant was next put on the stand. He was a complete cockney in manners and voice. A nice frock-coat was buttoned tight around the partridge fullness of his "pawson;" his face was remarkably freckled, and his red hair accumulated in bushy luxuriance on one side of his head. He proved that "Mr. Mac*Law'd*" had spent the night of the burning of the *Caroline* with him, at the house of the half-pay officer; "and in the *maw-ning* Mr. Mac*Law'd* and *mi-self* took 'orse and rode *d-o-wn* on the *bee-ch aw*-po-site *Na*-vy *I*-sland; the rebels *low-ah'd* their *baa*-teries, and *fi-awd* — they *fi-awd bawls;* a *bawl* struck the sand *imme-git-ly aw-posite* Mr. Mac*Law-d* and *mi-self*. I *imme-git-ly* suggested the pro-*prie*-ty of re-*ti*-ring!"

An uncontrollable burst of laughter followed this drawling suggestion of the "*im-me-git pro-prie*-ty of re-*ti-ring*," and the Judge ordered the bailiffs to arrest the first man that should laugh again.

Speaking of Judge G——, this same case illustrated his remarkably rapid manner of doing business. It had occupied many days, and drawn from all parts of the country a large concourse, so that it was necessary to post a placard indicating the precedence of access to the court-room—first, the sheriff; then the Judge, etc. At the brilliant summing up of Willis Hall and Joshua A. Spencer a large crowd of ladies were also in attendance.

It was late in the afternoon of Saturday when Judge G—— concluded his charge to the Jury. Every one had been intensely interested in the proceedings, and thought of nothing else. As the jury retired in the keeping of a bailiff, Judge G—— called the next case on the docket. Mr. B——, of counsel (afterward Chief Justice), utterly surprised, informed the Court he had neither papers nor books in court; it was now late—

"I must then call the next case," said the Judge; and proceeded regularly through the docket, to the consternation of the surprised counsel. As he was calling the last case, Mr. B——'s clerk appeared with the desired green bag, and the Court returned to the case, swore a jury, and proceeded with business.

Did you ever hear the Georgia cracker's explanation of thunder and lightning?

I was present on an occasion when some gentlemen were discussing, in the piny woods village of C——, in Georgia, the phenomena of thunder-storms. A regular wire-grass piny woodsman, who had listened attentively to the discussion, finally interrupted: "Why, gentlemen, I can explain the whole thing. The lightning is nothing but the *sciz;* but when the thunder comes it *consecrates* the whole matter!"

He had concluded that the lightning was nothing more than the phenomena produced by throwing hot iron into water—the "*sciz*"—"but the thunder *concentrated* the whole matter."

Many years ago I went with a friend (we were making a Northern trip) into the gallery of a church in the central city of New York, where an Abolition Convention was assembled. The President was the facetious and talented Alvan Stewart. The body of the Convention was as ring-streaked and speckled as Laban's lambs, containing a strong sprinkling of black spirits and white. As we entered they were taking a contribution for the *good* cause.

Each donor went up to the secretary's desk and deposited his dole; and the President, with closed eyes and ludicrous large face, announced very loud, after the secretary, the name of each contributor and the amount subscribed. Presently some one sent up a little pickaninny, black as the ace of spades, and just large enough to tottle up to the chancel, with a dollar bill in his hand. He could not give his name. The secretary was nonplused about the announcement; but the President, glancing down and then shutting his eyes, shouted, "One dollar from an unknown *American* infant; kiss him, brother, and let him go!" At which idea the President himself, after a stolid, sober pause, shook his vast sides incontinently with laughter, and we vamosed.

Philip Benson, of lower Virginia, a lawyer in embryo, wishing to obtain a license, visited the county seat to be examined by one of the judges. The old judge on whom he called was fond of good liquor, and when the young man came in excessively embarrassed, the judge wishing to reassure him, said, "Come, Mr. Benson, take a glass of brandy with me."

At any other time B.'s eyes would have sparkled equal to the brandy; but in his confusion he replied,

"No, thank you, judge; I never drink brandy."

Returning the brandy, the judge produced a bottle of Champagne and said, "Then take a glass of wine with me."

B.'s embarrassment not lessened, replied, "No, thank you, judge, I never drink wine."

Not to be defeated, the judge then said, "Well, Mr. Benson, you will certainly take a glass of water with me."

By this time B., who did not know definitely whether he was in the judge's room or on Mount Etna, in great confusion replied, "*No, thank you, judge, I never drink* WATER!"

The judge "gave in."

From Alabama an attentive correspondent writes: In the days when the judges of the Court rode their circuits in old-fashioned gigs in South Carolina, Judge Burke and Judge Daly, who presided in adjoining districts, met once upon a road that they both had to travel for some miles, and for the purpose of having a little talk together, they each gave up their gigs to their servants and got upon the saddle horses used by them so as to be nearer to each other. In crossing a mud-hole, Judge Daly, who fell behind, received a severe kick in the ankle from the horse of Judge Burke. The pain was so great that he dismounted for the purpose of rubbing it; but in the act of getting off he saw a light-wood knot on the ground. In the agony and rage of the moment he threw it at Judge Burke's horse, but, being wild with pain, it missed the horse and struck the rider. Judge Burke, who felt the blow on his back, turned round and discovered Daly (who had not noticed where his light-wood knot struck) rubbing his shins.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Burke; "what's the matter, Judge Daly?"

"Why," said Judge Daly, "your rascally beast nearly kicked my leg off."

"Well," exclaimed Judge Burke, in that express-

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ive manner so peculiar to himself, "he kicked me on the back at the very same time!"

HERE is a specimen of Young America as he is to be found in Tennessee:

Hugh, commonly called "Hudy" for short, is about six years old and has been sent to school some. His progress in letters may be judged of by the following conversation between him and his father, the other day:

FATHER. "Well, my son, how are you getting along at school?"

HUGH. "Oh! very well. I've got so I can turn a somersault without putting my head on the ground, and I can stand on my head without putting my feet against a tree."

Satisfactory—no complaint against the teacher.

LITTLE IRWIN is about two years younger, and though not so far advanced in gymnastics, is well instructed in the doctrine of total depravity for a boy of his age.

For some external manifestation of the old Adam within, his mother undertook to exorcise him by the use of the rod. Little Irwin argued the case in this wise:

"Ma, you ought not to whip me, for it's the 'bad man' makes me so bad."

"Yes, my son, but I am going to whip the bad man out of you."

"No, ma, that will hurt me a heap worse than it will the old bad man."

The boy was sent to play.

AN old man and an eminent divine, at whose side generations have risen and fallen, whose head is whitened by the frosts of many winters, lingering as he yet does between the living and the dead, a memento of the past, and, as it were, alone in the present, in conversation recently with a gentleman, was found quite cast down and dejected. The suggestion was made that it would be well for him to take a respite from his official labors and go among his friends to recruit, in the hope that he would thereby be cheered and his drooping spirits revived. His response was an impressive one and full of import:

"Sir, *I should have to go into the grave-yards to find them!*"

AN Indian in the Cherokee nation contributes the following:

When ex-Governor Roane was a young man he was at Fayetteville during the sitting of the Circuit Court for the spring term of 1843. A case was called of Dillingham *vs.* May, in which the plaintiff sued for an old distillery. The senior counsel for plaintiff was old General Sneed. The General called upon young Roane to "pitch in" with him, and make the opening speech. He did so. At its conclusion, which was superior to the speeches that Washington County was accustomed to hear, one of the jury, "Thomas B——, of Arkansas," was so carried away with the eloquence displayed by the young attorney that he sprung to his feet in the middle of the court-room, and exclaimed, "Them's my sentiments prezactly! You are on the right scent, for I knowed your dad before you was born!"

Dillingham gained his case.

A LOUISIANA correspondent of the Drawer comes with the following very amusing incident of being blowed up:

The steamer *S*——, commanded by Captain S——, exploded several years since on one of our Southern rivers, with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Captain S—— was blown into the air, alighting near a floating bale of cotton, upon which he floated uninjured, but much blackened and muddied. Arrived at a village several miles below, to which the news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper, with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item.

"I say, boy! is the *S*—— blowed up?"

"Yes."

"Was Captain S—— killed?"

"No; I am Captain S——."

"The thunder you are! How high was you blowed?"

"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down."

The editor started on a run for his office; the paper about going to press, and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, wrote as follows:

"The steamer *S*—— has burst her biler, we learn from Captain S——, who says he was blown up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up about three months."

The next issue apologized for the above thus:

"We meant to say the boat was three months old, and not the Captain; who is, of course, worse nor what we said in our last paper."

OLD KENTUCKY is always good for good stories; like these, for example, which come to the Drawer from Frankfort:

Some years ago, at a large barbecue, gotten up in honor of a political triumph, the dining-table was adorned with a monster pound-cake, composed of saw-dust, and sufficient flour, and perhaps other things, to give it a proper consistency and color. The company, knowing that it was intended for *show* only, the cake was untouched during the sumptuous feast.

After the crowd had nearly all dispersed, and the table was pretty well cleared of eatables, old Jimmy Jones, who had been delayed, arrived upon the ground late and hungry. Seeing but little else, he pitched boldly and without ceremony into the big cake. He put a large slice in his bosom, and with another in his hand started for home. Just as he had taken his first bite he was met by a friend, who cried out, "Halloo! Uncle Jimmy, what have you got there?"

"It's pound-cake; but, I believe, if wasn't for the 'name of the thing,' I would as soon have a piece of good corn bread!"

THERE formerly lived in this place an old negro known by the name of "Bull Bob." His ingenious contrivances for obtaining lucre, on a small scale, would rival those of the most celebrated swindlers. Though grave, and very polite in manner and in the forms of speech, yet his wit was marked with malice and sarcasm.

One of Bob's arraignments was for theft of a chicken. He was defended by his wealthy young master, Winston Jones, in his maiden speech, he having just commenced the practice of law. The effort was a good one; but Bob, perhaps, did not like it, for the reason that it did not acquit him.

JUDGE. "The Court sentences the prisoner to receive twenty lashes."

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BULL BOB. "I thank you, Massa Judge; I thank you, Sir; I thank you."

JUDGE. "What are you thanking me for, Bob?"

BULL BOB. "Why, I was a-fearing that my character and Massa William's pleadin' would 'ave hung me!"

THE preamble is better than the story that follows. It comes from Texas:

My rib and I came to Crockett, Texas, about eighteen years ago, at a period of which we now speak as "The Dark Ages." Our county was then very sparsely populated, but the residents generally were about as queer a kettle of fish as can be found any where. There was no money, or almost none, among us; any one that was the lucky owner of six bits was a real whale; but as for eating, we lived like fighting-cocks: plenty of good beef and pork at one to two cents a pound; a venison ham 15 to 25 cents; young wild turkeys (delicious), *fixed up* ready for cooking, at 12½ cents each; eggs at 5 cents a dozen, and butter 6¼ to 10 cents a pound; no money asked in exchange, an order on *the store* for dry goods was estimated as a full *quid pro quo*. Our circulating medium was principally notes promising to pay good second-rate cows and calves on demand. My vocation was, and still is, selling rags and other odds, ends, and variorum; also groceries, which, according to the Texas nomenclature of that day, consisted of sugar, coffee, gunpowder, domestics, nails, and brogans!—these were strictly cash articles. During my first business season I sold one and a half pair of blankets and six yards of Kentucky jeans, being the sum total of woolen goods sold by me in that time. But we did not stand much in need of them, as the winter of 1841 and '42 was remarkably mild, the peach-tree leaves hanging on until the spring, when they were *pushed off* by the young ones popping out. What a change has come over us in this region! We are becoming as luxurious in our habits and tastes as the upper-tendom of the Fifth Avenue. Our *gals* must have their silks and satins, their hoops and high-heeled kids; and their mothers dip Garrett's Scotch snuff, and use *store* tea and white sugar; while we, their daddies and husbands, indulge in Champagne and Longworth's Catawba, chew silver-foil tobacco, and smoke Habanas at sixty dollars a thousand. But what a digression I have made! Now for my story:

Coffee is the greatest luxury an old Texan can think of; he drinks it half a dozen times a day; would not give a fig for either cream or sugar in it, but he wants it strong enough to float an iron wedge! In 1843 I had about half a sack—all there was within thirty miles, probably—and I was keeping it religiously for my customers—those by whom I lived. I was one day in the act of pouring a dollar's-worth, just weighed out of the scale into a pillow-*slip*, when in stepped as jovial "a broth of a boy" as you would meet in a summer day's travel; however, he was too fond of "red-eye" and *sitch* like *decoctions* for me to enroll him on my list of customers. I was too poor to indulge in such benevolence. His name was, and is, Shirley Goodwin—and I am glad to say he is yet with us. He addressed me, as he entered,

"Mr. C——, I want a dollar's-worth of coffee."

I replied, "You can't have it."

"Why? Is not my money as good as any other's?"

I told him, "No; I must keep my coffee for my customers."

"But, Mr. C——," he replied, "it is not my fault that I am not one of your customers; I would have been one cheerfully, but you wouldn't let me."

That answer *took* me. Of course all I could say was, "Shirley, open your slip; the coffee *must* come!"

A FRIEND sends us one more incident of the Mexican War, and he vouches for its literal truth:

Immediately following the capture of the City of Mexico by the Americans under General Scott, the Mexicans commenced murdering the officers and soldiers by shooting them from the house-tops as they passed along the streets.

To put a stop to this barbarous custom, General Scott issued orders to enter and sack all houses from which these shots were fired. A day or two after this order, an officer, passing along the streets, saw a "son of the green isle" very deliberately walking up and down in front of some houses, apparently amusing himself by examining the architecture of the Mexicans. When the officer approached, the following dialogue took place:

OFFICER. "What are you doing there, Sir? You will be shot from some of these houses."

SOLDIER. "Arrah! now be aisy, Lieutenant; that's jist what I'm afther. There's twinty of the boys waiting for thim to shoot me."

It is needless to say that it had not occurred to Pat that his share of the plunder would be very small, or that he was sacrificing himself "for the benefit of his friends," as the politicians say.

"NOT many years since," writes a new correspondent, "I happened to be a passenger in a vessel bound from the Island of Sumatra to Boston. The day we left port we had purchased boat-loads of fruit and vegetables; and finding we could get fowls at a very moderate price, we took as many as we could put into the coops. We had a negro on board, who performed the double duty of cook and steward, an ingenious fellow. He could dish up and disguise porpoise, with various condiments, till a person of strong imagination would at once pronounce it '*beef à la mode.*'

"But the hash he manufactured! Ah, that *was* hash!—a quantity of either salt beef, porpoise, or salt pork, with some ship's-biscuit well soaked, *flavored* with a little beef-skimmings, and seasoned with pepper—the whole finely chopped, and served up hot—ah! 'there was richness,' genius, talent, ingenuity!

"In the cook's own expressive language, 'Salt beef is nuthin' to cook, salt pork is nuthin', beans is nuthin'; but when I *frowes* myself into de hash, I'm dere—you'd better believe I's sum!'

"But with all his matchless skill in cookery he had his little failings. In the graphic language of the mate, 'he could lie the legs off an iron pot, and steal the ears off a jackass.' We had fowls roasted twice a week for the cabin table; and for two weeks they had appeared nicely cooked, minus hearts, livers, and gizzards. Now our worthy Captain had a weakness for giblets, and when he found there were none with the fowls his anger was roused.

"'Steward, steward! where's the giblets?' he cried.

"'Giblets,' replied the steward, hesitating and stammering; 'why, Cap'n, dem—dem—dem are fowls what you bought on the coast didn't have none!'

"'Didn't have any?' asked the Captain; are you sure?'

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"'Yes, Cap'n, I'se sartin sure; I done killed 'em and cooked 'em *myself!*'

"This was too much. We had heard of a no-haired horse, of calves with five legs and three heads, of Barnum-mermaids, and many other very curious things; but of a fowl minus heart, liver, and gizzard—never! Oh, such a shout as we raised! The Captain, who, indignant at the steward's answer, had risen to his feet, now yelled with laughter. He laughed so heartily that his strength gradually left him, and he sank down on the transom perfectly exhausted; the rest of us roared till we rolled from our chairs, the tears running down our cheeks. And there stood the negro, evidently saying something, we could not hear what—for his voice could not be distinguished above the din—but we saw his lips moving, and his hands in an imploring attitude.

"After quiet was restored, the Captain, with as serious a face as he could put on, said, 'Steward, now recollect, from this time henceforth, as long as you are aboard this ship, I wish you to be very careful to see that *all* the fowls that are cooked for this cabin have giblets.' And he did."

"A FEW years ago, in this goodly State (Ohio), there lived on a small stream called 'Duck Creek' a local preacher of the Methodist Church, by the name of Jacob Smith. His educational advantages had been somewhat slender; so that often in his preaching he 'murdered the King's English' by wholesale. On one occasion he was preaching in his own neighborhood, in 'Smith's Meeting-house.' During the sermon some of the young Smiths indulged in bad behavior. He paused, drew himself up to his full height, and pointing his long, hard finger at them, exclaimed,

"'What! will you cut up here in Smith's old meetin'-house, when there lies your grandmother (pointing through the window to the grave-yard), what is the offspring of us all?"

COUNSELOR R——, who was afterward appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court in the —— State, is a lawyer of extensive legal attainments, and in accepting the ermine forsook a very large and lucrative practice. He has, however, the reputation of being the longest winded counsel and most prosy advocate that ever tried a case in these parts. His jury arguments rarely fell short of seven hours in length, and his examinations of witnesses were tedious beyond conception. The following "veritable fact" is told of him as illustrating his style in this behalf:

At court, not long since, Mr. R—— was engaged in the trial of a cause where the opposite side had attempted to prove the alleged signature of Ebenezer Carleton a forgery. An *expert* had sworn that in his opinion it was not the handwriting of Ebenezer Carleton, and was turned over to Counselor R——, who cross-examined him in this wise:

"Mr. Witness, look at this signature again; look particularly at the letter *E*. Now tell the Court and jury what you see in the first hair-line of this letter that makes you think it is not a genuine signature."

This question having been answered as well as it could be, Mr. R—— continued,

"Now look at the turn at the top of the *E*, and tell us how that differs from the turn of an *E* in the genuine signature."

And so he went on, examining the witness as to the up-strokes, the down-strokes, the loop, and the turns of this letter *E*, for nearly an hour, till the patience of the Court was pretty well exhausted.

"Mr. R——," said the Judge, "are you not making this examination rather tedious?"

"Perhaps so. May it please your Honor, the witness may now pass on to the letter *b*."

A TENNESSEE correspondent says that "William H. Polk, the brother of the late President, was, until a few days prior to our recent elections, an independent candidate for Congress. It seems that Mr. Thomas (the successor of George W. Jones) habitually in their discussions charged Polk with inconsistency. He said on one occasion to Mr. Polk, 'Sir, in 1850–'51 you were a Compromise man; since that time you have been a fire-eater; and you were again a *quasi* American; and then again you were "soft" on the "nigger question;" and now, Sir, how are you to-day, Mr. Polk?' In an instant Polk was on his feet, and, with a bow and his hand extended, replied, 'Pretty well, I thank you, Colonel Thomas. How do you do yourself?'"

A GEORGIA contributor says:

I believe that the Drawer has some acquaintance with Judge ——, of —— County, Georgia. He lives about twenty-five miles south of ——, in this State, at a quiet country retreat, where his friends always receive a hearty welcome and unbounded hospitality. The Judge is very Democratic, both in politics and religion, and especially so in the latter. Several years ago he was in attendance on the Superior Court. The Presbyterians of the place, headed by their zealous and energetic minister, were at that time actively engaged in an effort to build a new house of worship. The Reverend Mr. Collins was zealously enlisted in the good cause, and never let an opportunity slip without presenting his subscription-list to all whom he might meet. One day, when court adjourned, as Judge —— was passing out of the court-house door, the reverend gentleman touched the Judge on the shoulder and asked him to step aside with him a moment, when the following colloquy took place:

"This is Judge ——, I believe," said Mr. Collins.

"It is," said the Judge.

"We are engaged," said Mr. C., "in endeavoring to build us a new house of worship. Perhaps this (handing the Judge his subscription-list) will inform you my object better than I can tell *you*."

Here the Judge looked very professional, took out his spectacles, examined the heading of the list very critically, and for a moment seemed engaged in profound thought, then turning to the expectant parson, the Judge, with a sly twinkle of the eye and the blandest smile imaginable, remarked, "*that will bind them*, Sir—that will bind them: no doubt about it—that will bind them."

This took the reverend gentleman a little aback. But rallying again, he renewed the attack in the following style:

"But, Judge, you don't understand me; I want you to help us. We are going to raise—"

"Ah!" said the Judge. "You are going to have a raising—a house raising are you? Well, just let me know when it is, and I will send up three or four hands with pleasure."

Here Mr. C.'s countenance exhibited a good deal of disgust, and he appeared to be perfectly bewildered at what seemed the Judge's stupidity. "Why," said he, "Judge, it's a brick house we want."

"A brick house, is it?" said the Judge; "a brick

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house? Won't a log house do as well? Several years ago we built a log house in our community for religious purposes—some cut the logs—some hewed them—some split the boards—some raised the house—and some covered it—and the Lord has never made any complaint against it yet. If you'll build a log house and the Lord complains, I'll head your subscription-list for a brick one."

The parson gave in, and left.

In Duxbury, Massachusetts, lived Bill Hoeboy, as he was called, the ugliest-looking loafer that the town ever had. Bill got awakened in a time of great religious excitement, and one day, at a crowded meeting, when the people were standing around the windows unable to get in the house, Bill was telling his experience.

"My friends," said Bill, "for fifty years I have carried the devil on my shoulders." At this a voice in the window cried out,

"If he had looked you in the face he would have dropped off in a hurry!"

Bill was bothered, and reserved his speech for another occasion.

The Navy is not as liberal in its contributions to the Drawer as the other arm of the service; but this is good:

The *Ohio* lay at anchor in Gibraltar Bay, and a heavy blow coming on, we lost one of our anchors. After the gale subsided we raised the anchor, but found it broken, one of the flukes being gone. Not having a spare one, the Commodore procured one of the British officer in command of the Navy Yard there. We took the old stock and went ashore in the Navy Yard to put it on. Weaver was one of the gang.

The sloop of war *Wasp*, that was captured from us by the *Poitiers* seventy-four gun ship, lay alongside of the wharf, and the English officers were sauntering about looking at us Yankees work. Frank Lyons, one of our men, although an Englishman, never missed an opportunity of giving them a rub; in fact, he disliked his countrymen so much that we surmised that he, like Barrington, left his country for his country's good. Frank sings out to Weaver, in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of the British officers, "Weaver, do you know what little old craft that is laying alongside the wharf?"

Weaver saw in an instant what Frank was driving at, and sings out, "Why, to be sure I do. That's our old sloop, the *Wasp*. It took a British line-of-battle ship to capture her."

The officers appreciated the joke and roared with laughter.

The thermometer story in the October number recalls an incident of still earlier date in the annals of Indiana legislation. My old friend Johnson W——, then barely of age, had been elected to represent the county of D—— in the Legislature which was about to meet at Vincennes in 1819. But let him tell his own story:

"When I got near Vincennes I began to think what a sorry figure I, a green country lad, would cut in an assembly of the wisdom of the State, and it required all my resolution to keep me from turning back. Somehow or other I managed to get through the swearing-in process, and sneaked away to a seat, from which I hardly ventured to look up until the House adjourned for dinner. On returning to my hotel I was rather gratified to find that I was to have as a room-mate a brother member, who, as he had made at least six speeches during the forenoon session, I naturally regarded as one of the great men of the House. After dinner he came up to our joint room, and carefully closing the door, pulled out of his pocket an enormous, old-fashioned, bull's-eye watch, and handed it to me with this remark:

"'Uncle Jake told me, just as I was starting, that I ought to hev a watch, and loaned me this, but I don't know how *to screw the thing up*; do you?'

"I walked into the legislative hall that afternoon with the most unlimited confidence in my ability to discharge all duties incumbent on me as a legislator."

Page C—— was pretty extensively known in the olden time as one of the hardest of the hard—not a court passed without half a dozen indictments against him for assault and battery. He had just been tried and fined heavily, and was standing in a meditative mood upon the upper step of the court-house door. One step below him stood a stranger whom Page had never before seen, and who certainly had given him no cause of offense. Without a word Page struck the unsuspecting and astonished individual a "sockdollager," and of course tumbled him headlong down the flight of steps. The grand jury was still in session, and within an hour another indictment was returned, a plea of guilty entered, and a fine assessed and paid. As Page walked up town from the court-house he was asked what motive he had in striking the man.

"Well, the fact was," said he, "he stood so fair I couldn't help it."

A correspondent in Savannah says: "A legal firm of this city had occasion to write a *dun* to a countryman, and concluded their letter as follows: 'Yr. Obt. Svt., Bailey & Le Roy.' In due course of mail came the answer, addressed on the envelope '*To Messrs. Yr. Obt. Svt., Bailey & Le Roy.*'

"This, however, is hardly equal to another, who, having some business with a Justice of the Peace, addressed his letter to 'John Doe, *A Squire*, Box Ville, Ga.'

"If any of your readers have any thing droller than these I hope they will send them to you."

We seldom find so coarse a bit of humor in the Drawer as the following; but its very breadth will excuse it.

There lives in Halifax, Virginia, a character whom we shall call John C., who has a remarkable facility in making verses. He calls himself a "*versatile* genius," and asserts that he can convince any body, by a three-hours' talk, that Burns is "nowhere" in comparison with himself. As for Shakspeare, Byron, etc., he can't imagine how they came to be so much "augmented" (meaning overrated, I suppose) by the world. A few nights ago I heard him relate the following "scrape" with a good deal of humor, and with an affectation of propriety of language which should be heard to be appreciated:

"Well, you say you never hearn tell of that composition of mine that I call 'Cooner's Funeral Sermon?' Well, then, I'll relate it to you; but I must fust give you a *pre*-face to it by way of explaining of it.

"You see there used to be a long, yaller, free nigger, named Isaac Cooner, that lived up on Wimbush's pond, and I had a right smart debt of vengeance agin him, which was this: You see I had hired him to ditch out my spring branch, jist to erritate

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the land, which was too mushy and damp-like, and he cheated me 'bout it, but I didn't say nothing 'bout it to nobody, but jist nourished it to myself easy and quiet. Well, some time after that I was riding 'long the road, and I met his mother and a yaller gal—must a been his sister, I reckon—a cryin' and lookin' mighty down in the mouth. They didn't know me, and I asked 'em what was the matter, when they up and told me Isaac Cooner was dead, and they'd jist been to the Court-house to git a preacher to bury him, but couldn't find none nowhar. Well, thinks I, here's a good chance to pay off my debt of vengeance; so I puts on a long face, and begins to snuffle, and tells 'em I reckoned I could do it for 'em; but I didn't belong to the same sex, for I was a Methodist. You see I knowed they was Methodists, but I jist put on so to fool 'em. Well, they said, mighty peart, they was Methodists too, and I'd suit 'em mighty well if I'd only do it. Well, at last I 'lowed I'd go and preach the funeral at 11 o'clock, and left 'em. When I got to the house thar was about twenty or thirty free niggers thar, and I rode up and tied my horse to an old apple-tree jist outside of the door. They was mighty glad to see me, and had every thing ready, and I made 'em put the table close by the front door, and then commenced. Well, I read a chapter in Job, and sung a tune, and looked round to see if my horse was convenient, and then begun the sermon. Says I:

"'When Death it comes it does not flatter—
See how it's stretched that long mulatto;
There he is, and there he lies;
No one laughs, and no one cries.
He was a rogue and liar from his birth,
A useless wretch upon the earth;
The shoats and lambs that he has taken,
Corn and wheat and good old bacon,
Collected together now and sold,
Would amount to more than his weight in gold.
But now he lies as cold as krout,
It's the duty of all of us here to shout
That we've got rid of Isaac Cooner,
And wish he'd a gone a great sight sooner.
The neighbors' turkeys, ducks, and geese,
And hen-roosts now may have some peace.
No more we'll hear the midnight squalling.
And the owners running out and bawling;
And him a taking to his scrapers,
For he's now in —— a cutting capers;
How long he'll stay, and how he'll fare,
There's none that know, and few that care.'

"Well, soon as I commenced you never see such a wonderfied-looking set of niggers in your life. They was too much astonished to do a thing; and as soon as I got through I busted out o' the door, and the way I made that old horse use his pins was just about right. As soon as I cut grit they all started too, and let loose two big bull-dogs they had chained; and the last I heard of them they was all a hollerin', 'Sick him! sick him! si-i-i-i-ck him!'"

An attentive correspondent in the South says: "I send you the following copy of a will for the Editor's Drawer. It may amuse you and your readers, as it did me. Be assured it is a *faithful copy;* but I hope not a good specimen of our will-writers:

[COPY]

"'I the undersigned—do hereby certify and desire that upon the demise of the above mentioned undersigned—all my goods and chattels, clothes & shoes—to gather with my land and negro property, household & kitchen furniture, mules & horses and every thing else in my possession I leave to my dearly beloved consort & delightful helpmate and every thing else that she may claim I desire may be given to her, whether it come out of the estate of the said undersigned or of others not mentioned—

"'Given under my hand and seal this day 24 August 1858 R. P. S——.' (*seal*)"

FOR GLORY AND FAME.

BY HENRY CATLEY, U.S.A.

For glory and fame—for glory and fame,
Toiling with aching hands and brain;
For only a name—for only a name,
Risking all a bauble to gain.

For station and wealth—for station and wealth,
Living a life of strife and pain;
Our pleasure and health—our pleasure and health
Ventured and lost for worldly gain.

For temporal show—for temporal show,
Forgetting our Father in heaven above
Most surely must know—ah! surely must know
How little our fellow-men we love.

And what do we gain?—oh! what do we gain—
E'en though our ends are all attained—
But envy and pain? for envy and pain
Is all that ever the worldly gained.

'Tis better indeed—much better indeed,
If talent and strength to us are given,
With many a deed, the unfortunate need,
To scatter the way that leads to heaven.

For glory and fame—for glory and fame
Harden the heart and rack the brain;
And only a name—yea, only a name
Has cost the world a world of pain.

For glory and fame—for glory and fame,
Strong men crippled and brave men slain;
For only a name—for only a name,
Widows and orphans weeping in vain.

For station and wealth—for station and wealth,
Robbing the poor and crushing the weak;
Their pleasure and health—their pleasure and health
Stealing from those who are lowly and meek.

Ah! what shall it profit a man though he gain
Titles, and wealth, and honor, and fame,
If when in his costly tomb he's lain
The poor pass by and wail the strain,
"He bartered his soul for only a name."

A GENUINE letter, addressed to a very respectable lady, well known to some of our readers, has been placed in the Drawer for publication. The writer is evidently not a reader, and will never see his epistle in print:

"A long stand of respect Most Dier Madam not only presenting you with my Respects but my love at the same time Sircumstances alters cases dier Madam I am once more plasd in a situation in life to seek the Charmes of the fair sex being once rejected is no damp to my fealings being a free born Republican I grant the same liberty to others that is to do as I think best that I take myself Believing as I always have that you are a lady that is willing to Divide the sorrows of life what you think of me is best know to yourself? it is not worth while to go thrugh a lengthy Catalogue at this ti[illegible]y request is a short one and easy grantd without [illegible]gury of any one I frankly ask the privallege of your [illegible]mpany if it is for one time only to Converse with you upon whatever Subject we may deem suitable as I Can better talk than write so in Conclusion I will say that if it should be your good pleasure to grant my request drop me a line to that effect and on the Contrary drop me a line if you should grant my request you will also hve the goodness to state the time and plase where I can find you as I am not sertain where you live if you would permit me to dictate this part of the matter I would prfur Receiving your Company by wating on you to or from some Meeting in the neighborhod as I would not like for the world to get wise too fast as I have plasd it in your power to dispose of a letter from me in the wey you thought best please give it a fair

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investigaton and do so again as I garantee to every one the liberty that I take my selfe that is to do as I think best I would say in Conclusion that if my desires and requests are Complyd with I can place any lady in easy and Comfertable situation but happiness is not mine to give but Can only say my best indevours to permote both as I fear that I have allready said too much I will conclude by subscribeing my selfe your most sincier friend."

A CORRESPONDENT, on whose word we are willing to rely, writes to us of the marvelous intelligence of one of the good citizens of Boston town, the Athens of America, and the knowingest place in all creation. He says:

"I was walking with a friend in the old graveyard on Copp's Hill. We passed from grave to grave. I was looking for the old ones—he, for the new. At length I saw an old brown stone, nearly sunk into the ground, and stooped down to decipher its inscription, and, after pulling the grass away, made out that it was the grave of a woman that died A.D. 1623. Without looking up, I made the remark that she must have died at some other place, for I thought Boston was not settled at that time; for I believed the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth in 1618 or '20. Which was it?

"'I am not sure,' said he. 'Let me see'—scratching his head—'who was it that headed the Pilgrims when they landed at Plymouth? Was it Lord Cornwallis?'

"'No,' said I, 'I think not.'

"'Yes, I am sure it was,' said he; 'for I remember reading all about it.'

"I was fairly struck dumb at hearing such a remark from an American citizen, with Bunker Hill Monument staring us full in the face. There was no excuse for such ignorance. The man had lived in Boston for twenty years, kept a store in a good street, owned a house, in which he lived, worth at least ten thousand dollars. This was all said in sober earnest; and I have no doubt the gentleman thought himself more intelligent than any man west of New England."

"IN June, 1856, when Willie was not four years old, his oldest brother died, whose family pet-name was 'Tip.' In the following August Willie's mother was confined to her bed by sickness.

"'Ma,' asked Willie, standing by her bedside, 'are you going to die?'

"'I do not know, Willie,' replied his mother; 'it is hard to answer that question.'

"'If you do die, ma,' said Willie, 'please *give my love to Tip!*'"

"VISITING the Alms-house the other day, in company with a friend, whose son, a bright little fellow of five years old, accompanied us, we discoursed by the way of *paupers*, and the best mode of treating them.

"Charley listened attentively for some time, then asked, 'Papa, what is a pauper?'

"'Why, my son, a pauper is a poor person without friends; one who has no papa to take care of him.'

"Charley looked serious for a time, then cried out merrily, 'Oh, yes, papa, I know; you're a pauper—grandpap's dead!'"

"I HAVE three boys: Bob, sixteen, Harry, twelve, and Toby, as we call him for short, four years old. Bob not appearing in proper time for breakfast, mother directed Harry to call him forthwith. Not caring to climb the stairway, Harry employed his baby brother to call Bob.

"Trotting down stairs beside his elder brother, Toby looks up and says, 'Bob, hadn't you better give me a penny for bringing you down stairs? Harry gave me one for coming up after you.'"

"THE following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, of a letter to a fascinating young lady of this city (Louisville), who spent the previous summer in the country, and added another to her numerous victims. She laughs over the Drawer, and is willing to show her partiality to you by permitting you to read her lover's letter:

"'G—— Ky. April 14th dear miss. I. adress the oppertunity to inform you that I am well hoping these few lines will find you enjoying the Same state of health an on married it is actually the fact I love you So well that I cannot rest I am always Studying about you it dos me no good at all I have been studying about you ever sense last July if you aint married ore abot to marry I want you to answer this letter. I dont want you to take it as a insuld for what I say comes from the veary botom of my heart. I love you beter than any other woman in the world non excepted. I dremp the other night that I an you was married an when I woked an found it was a dream it grieved me woss an woss. my love is Round like some golden ring so is my love to you my friend

"'B. W. I.'"

BUT the Kentucky letter is not equal to the following, from Tennessee:

"——, *Feb.* 14, '58.

"MY DEAREST MATTIE,—If you but knew the palpitations of this heart as it beats fondly for the associations which have so often shown me the delights of being in cultivated society! But, alas! sad indeed is the change which has attended me since I abandoned the numerous blandishments of a happy home, in search of that most precious of all jewels (an education). I said most precious of all jewels. This I should surely qualify. I do not include the being whom God has created as the sole associate in time of grief and sadness (a wife); but I mean of those which he may possess from industry and energetic continuity. Surely I could not compare any of man's attainments to the most glorious and wonderful of Divine mechanism! But, I say, if you but knew for one moment what revolves in this mind (though I confess it weak and illy stored), you would not have the least disposition to censure me for thus troubling you in your pleasant ovation of happiness and joy.

"The glorious bird, the pride of godlike Jove, as he sits on his imperial throne, would never have known the delights and pleasures of sailing magnificently in heaven's ethereal azure vault were he not to risk himself on the powers of his pinions, and firmly meet the raging and convulsions of the elements. So I feel with regard to this venture. If I succeed, I am amply paid; if not, I can, like the 'gallant Hector,'

"'Proclaim to kings in royal state,
That though I perish, yet I perish great!'

or, at least, in a great pursuit. Dr. Franklin says that we should temper our exertions in proportion to the value of the goal of our desires. Then indeed I, should, to do justice in this, rival at least the beauties of Virgil, and should in no degree fall behind the immortal Shakspeare or Byron. But I have already been too lengthy. I will then wish you an unending chain of happiness, and await an answer with anxiety. Please don't disappoint. Truly yours."

SCOTT tells a story of a gentleman who, irritated at some misconduct of his servant, said, "John, either you or I must quit the house!" "Vera weel, Sir," said John; "where will your honor be ganging to?"

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Spriggins's Voyage of Life.



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Fashions for December.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Home Toilet and Child's Dress.

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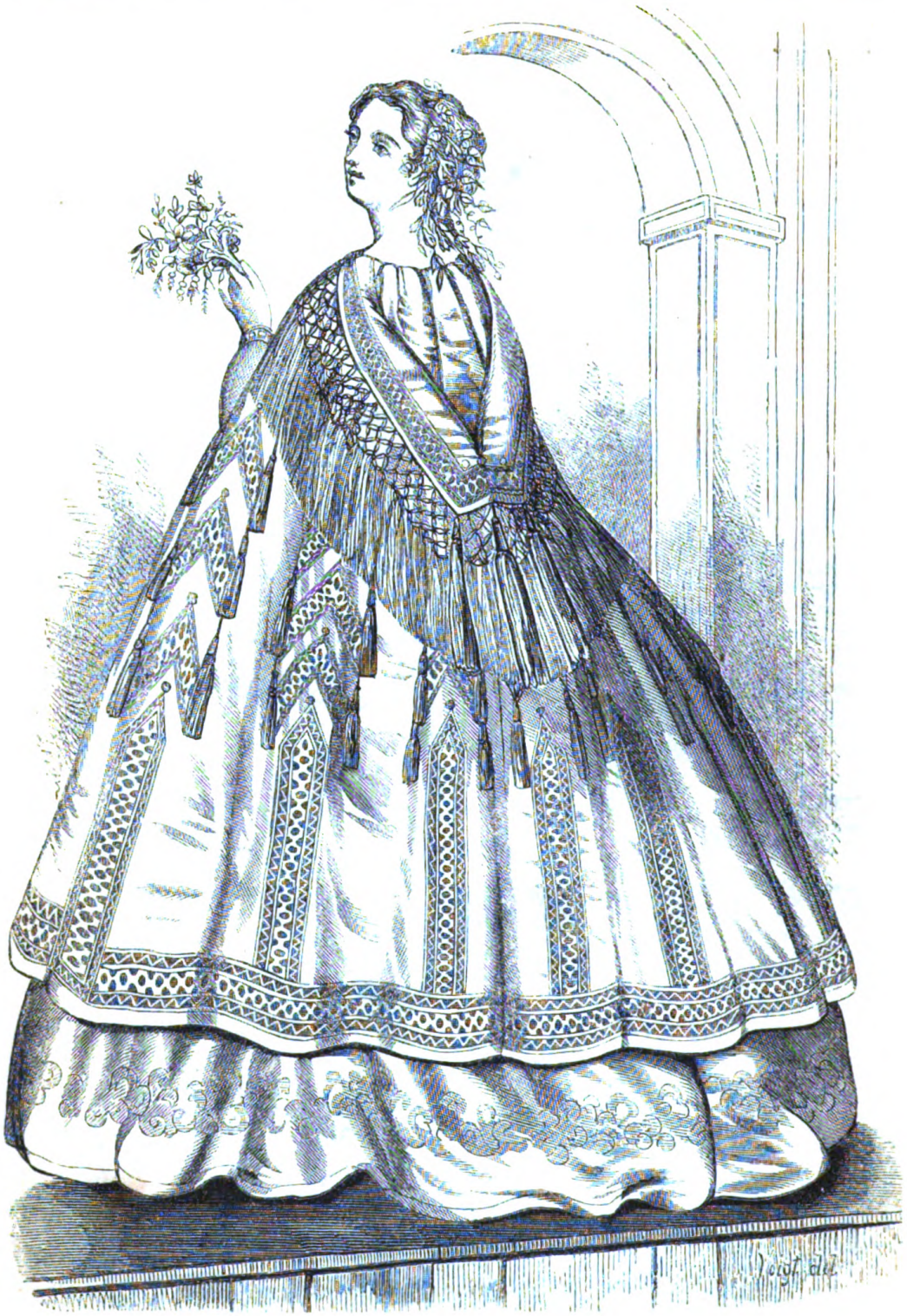


FIGURE 3.—OPERA CLOAK.

HOME TOILET.—The dress is of taffeta, of any color to suit the wearer. The corsage is close, high, and rounded at the waist, having a tie of broad ribbon, with long ends. Sleeves, *bouillonnée* at top, laid in two rows of partial plaits; they fall away from the elbow, and are open in front.

The CHILD'S DRESS is designed for festive occasions. It is of white muslin, with ranges of loops and *nœuds* of pink ribbon.

The OPERA CLOAK is of white silk, adorned with elaborate embroidery in green and gold, with cord and tassels.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXVI.—JANUARY, 1860.—Vol. XX.

HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.



THE EASTER PROCESSION.

II.—SAN JOSÉ.

EARTHQUAKES are opposed to lofty pretensions. These occur pretty often in the valley of San José. There were three during our stay—one for each month. But it is only once or twice in a century, perhaps, they do any mischief. The last of the mischievous earthquakes occurred in 1841, when 961 houses were ruined outright, 1004 damaged considerably, and 22 people were killed. Were the houses of San José taller than they are, however, a fatal fit of the *shakes* might prove with them an event of more frequent occurrence. They are but one story high. The few—the half-dozen or so—that depart from this rule, are nervous exceptions, and look like awkward intruders. Jogging along in our high-peaked saddles to the *Hotel de Costa Rica*,

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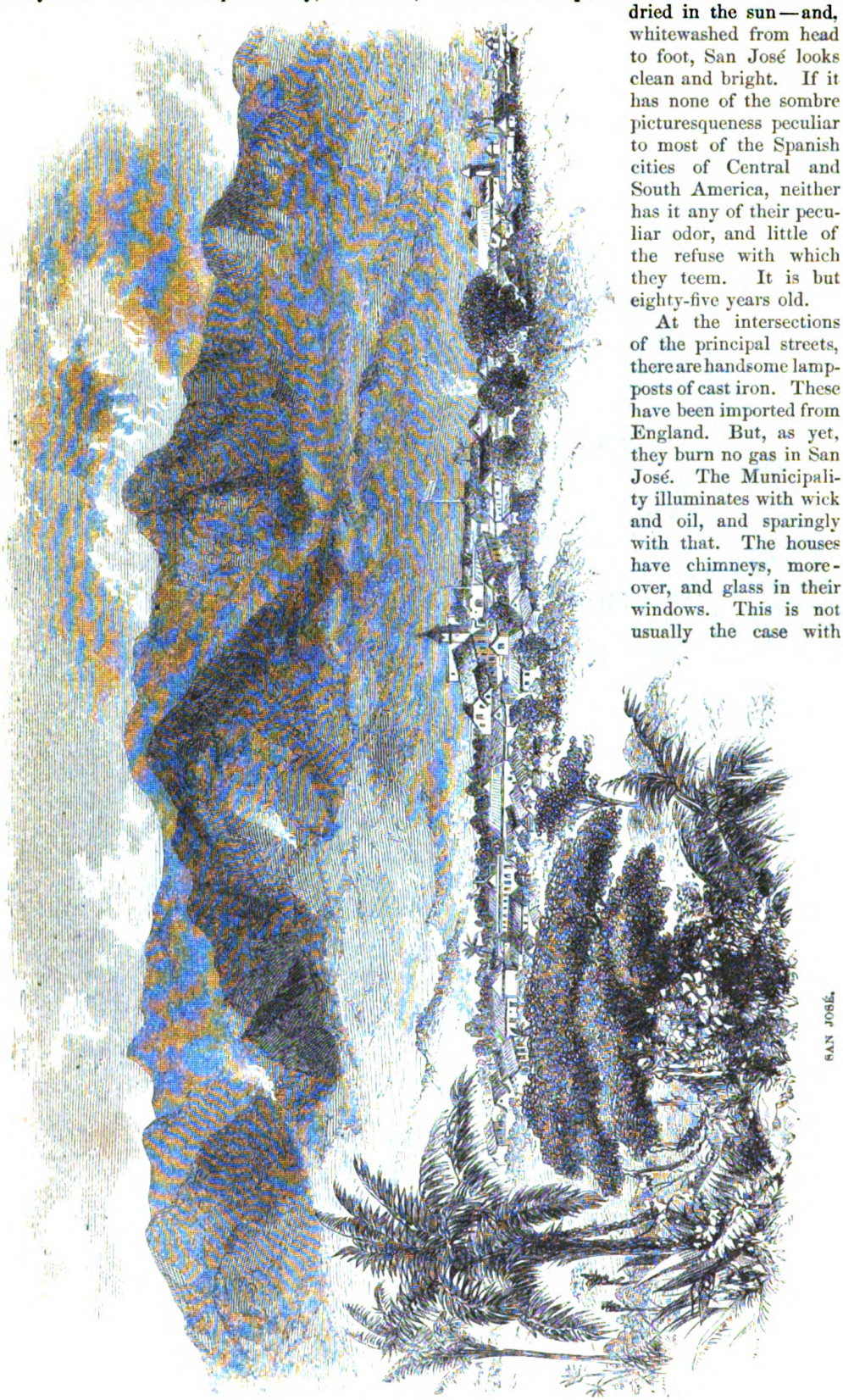
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the evening of our arrival, we felt ourselves looking over the roofs, the houses are so prudently low. It was a Liliputian city, it seemed to us, and we, the Gullivers in red flannel-shirts, riding it down.

For the most part built of *adobe*—the brick dried in the sun—and, whitewashed from head to foot, San José looks clean and bright. If it has none of the sombre picturesqueness peculiar to most of the Spanish cities of Central and South America, neither has it any of their peculiar odor, and little of the refuse with which they teem. It is but eighty-five years old.

At the intersections of the principal streets, there are handsome lamp-posts of cast iron. These have been imported from England. But, as yet, they burn no gas in San José. The Municipality illuminates with wick and oil, and sparingly with that. The houses have chimneys, moreover, and glass in their windows. This is not usually the case with

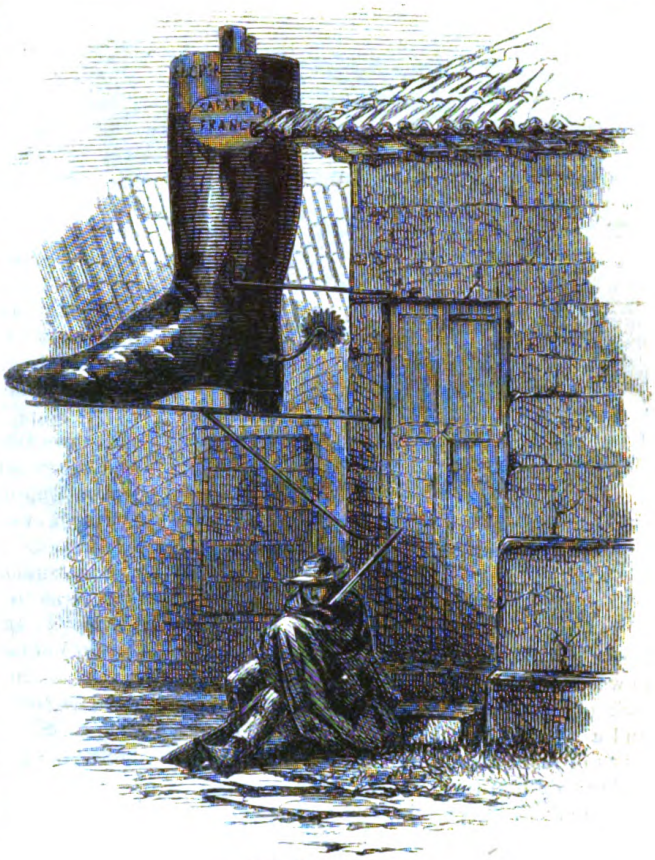


SAN JOSÉ.

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Spanish-American houses. The reason is obvious. No one wants a fire in the Dog-days—no one shuts himself up in a Conservatory when he wants a mouthful of air. But San José stands 4000 feet above the sea, and from the mountains of San Miguel and the volcano of Irazu, between which it lies, there comes many a cold wind even in the brightness of the summer.

The Municipal Council of San José consists of three Chief-magistrates, and two Syndic *procuradors*. These officers are elected annually by the property-holders of the city, and are presided over by the Governor of the Province. They employ a Secretary and a Door-keeper, and hold their meetings once a month. Should circumstances require it, an extraordinary session may be called at any moment. The duties of the Council consist in the framing of all necessary local regulations, the designation of the citizens liable to serve in the Militia, the collection and disbursement of the Municipal taxes, the assessment of the expenses of each *canton* or district within the Province, the superintendence of the rudimentary Public schools, the agricultural interests, trade and manufactures. The Council is, also, empowered to negotiate loans, on the credit of the Municipal revenues, for the promotion of Public works. These revenues are derived from various sources—partly from the Tobacco and other Custom-house duties—principally from the license-tax imposed upon shopkeepers and traders generally.



THE BOOTMAKER'S.

The Police are picturesque. A little after sunset, they are mustered in the Plaza and told off for duty. With a carbine slung across the shoulder, a short brass-hilted sword and cartouche-box, a torn straw-hat, and an old blanket, full of holes, as a uniform, they patrol the silent city until daybreak, calling the hours, whistling the *alert* every half-hour, and, as their dreary vigils terminate, offering up the *oracion del sereno—Ave Maria Purissima !*—in the most dismal recitative.

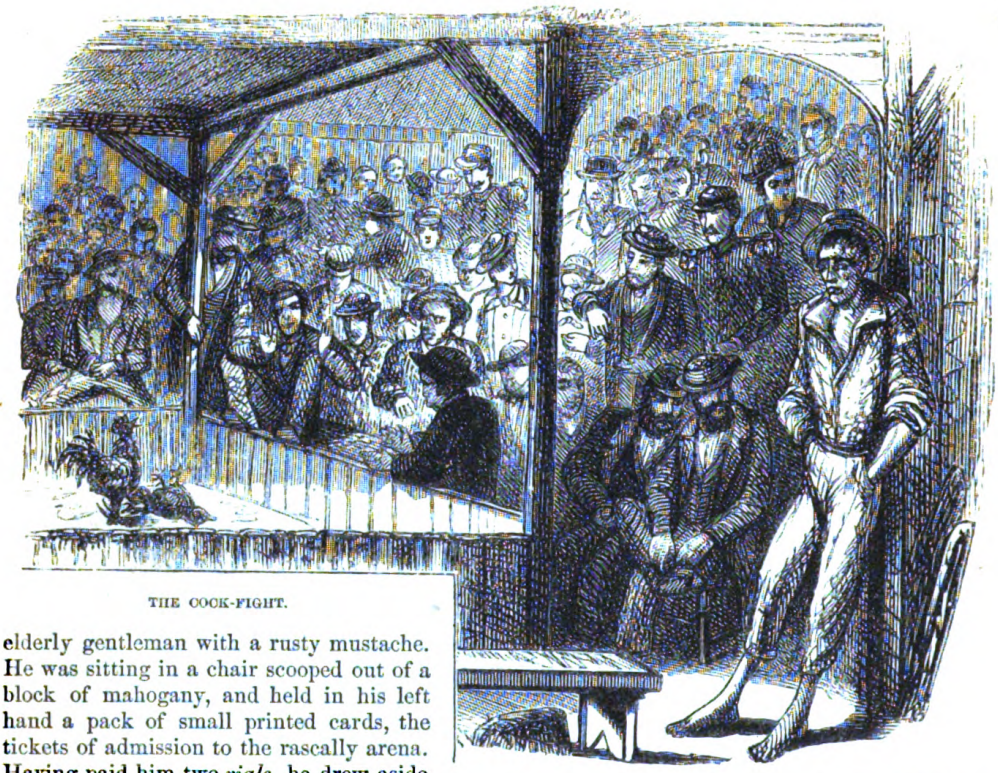
They are faithful creatures, however, those ragged Policemen of San José. They are dutiful, vigilant and brave, though a stranger now and then may come across one of them snoring on the steps of a door-way, as we did occasionally in our surveys of the city by moonlight. The first time this occurred to us, the poor fellow was bundled up under the heel of an enormous boot, the original of which stands eight feet high in Chatham Street. The copy, at the corner of the *Calle de la Puebla* in San José, was furnished by an accomplished Filibuster to Mons. Eugénie, the French boot-maker, whose portentous sign it is. The artist was a prisoner of war. But even so, in captivity and defeat he proclaimed his principles. He stuck a spur with an immense rowel into the heel of the gigantic boot, and gave three cheers for General Walker and the Lone Star!

But there is no need of the Police—none whatever. Costa Rica is the most temperate and peaceful of countries, and San José is the most temperate and peaceful of cities. One might be provoked into saying it was stupidly well-behaved and insipidly sensible. The *chiffonnier* would have little to do there. The lawyer from the vicinity of the Tombs would fare no better. The entire rascality of the exemplary place is not worth an affidavit. Cock-fighting is the only dissipation the people indulge in, and that on Feasts of Obligation and Sundays exclusively.

Being one of the Institutions of the country, it would have never done for Don Ramon and Don Francisco to have overlooked or shunned the Cock-pit. Martyrs to the love of knowledge, they visited it with the purest motives, urged by a curiosity as disinterested as that which might have tempted a perfect stranger—an Ancient Briton for instance—to drop into the Roman amphitheatre in the days of the Thracian prize-fights.

Passing a rude door-way, they came upon an

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THE COCK-FIGHT.

elderly gentleman with a rusty mustache. He was sitting in a chair scooped out of a block of mahogany, and held in his left hand a pack of small printed cards, the tickets of admission to the rascally arena. Having paid him two *rials*, he drew aside a torn pink calico curtain, and with a gracious *entren ustedes Señores*, bowed, stroked his mustache, and resumed his collection of *rials*. A second after, the Martyrs found themselves in a windy wooden building, which seemed to them, for all the world, like a cow-shed that had been converted into something resembling a circus.

It was Whitsunday. The place was crowded. All classes of Society were represented there. The merchant and the peddler — Colonels with blazing epaulets and half-naked privates—doctors, lawyers, Government clerks, fathers of families, genteel gentlemen with ample waistcoats and gray heads, youths of eighteen and less—the latter peppered with the spiciest pertness, and boiling all over with a maddening avidity for *pesos* and *cuartas*.

The benches of the theatre rise one above another, forming a square, within which, on the moist clay floor, inclosed by a slight wooden barrier eighteen inches high, is the fatal ring. In a nook, to the right of the pink calico curtain, stands a small table, upon which the knives, the twine for fastening them, the stone and oil for sharpening them, the fine-toothed saw for cutting the *gaffs*, and all the other exquisite odds and ends, devised for the deadly equipment of the gladiators, are laid out. The knives used in this butchery, are sharp as lancets and curved like cimeters. While the lists are being arranged, and the armorers are busy lacing on the gyves and weapons of the combatants, and many an ounce of precious metal is risked on their chances of life and death, the gladiators pertinaciously keep crowing with all their might, and in the glossiest feather saucily strut about the ring as far as their hempen garters will permit them.

Don Ramon and his friend remarked, the moment they entered, that the betting was high and brisk. Gold pieces changed hands with a dazzling rapidity. The Costa Ricans are proverbial for their economy and caution. Outside the Cock-pit they never spend a *medio*—not so much as half a dime — if they can help it. Inside this charmed circle, they are the most prodigal of spendthrifts. One sallow lad particularly struck them. He had neither shoes nor stockings—not so much as a scrap of raw ox-hide to the sole of his foot. But had every pimple on his face been a ruby—and his face was a nursery of pimples—he could not have been more bold and lavish with his purse. It came, however, to a crisis with him. Stretching across Don Ramon to take the bet of another infatuated sportsman in broad-cloth and embroidered linen, he staked a fistful of gold on a red cock of the most seductive points and perfectly irresistible spunk. It was all he had in the world. There was a fluttering of cropped wings, a shaking of scarlet crests, a cross-fire of murderous glances, a sudden spring, a bitter tussle, fuss and feathers, a pool of blood, and the fistful of gold — all that the sallow-skinned pimple-faced prodigal had in the world—was gone!

A ruthless, senseless, ignoble game, it is fast going out of fashion. There was a time, and that not more than five or six years ago, when the President and the whole of his Cabinet were to be seen in the Cock-pit. But it is seldom, if ever, that a distinguished politician, much less a

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statesman, even on the eve of an election, is discovered there now. Neither the mind, nor the manhood, nor the heart of the people will suffer when it has been utterly abolished.

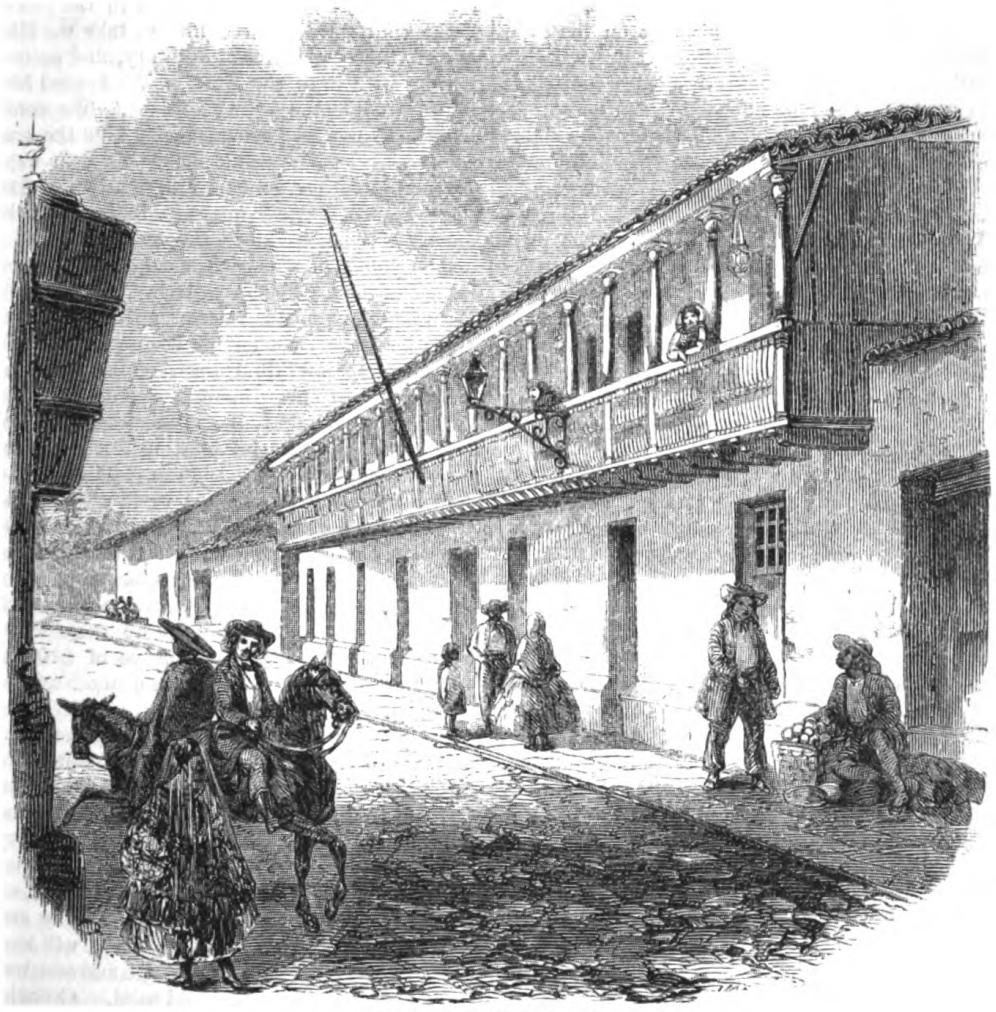
The morning after our arrival, we called on the Bishop of San José. His residence is an humble one. Two workmen, tip-toe on ladders, were repairing the plaster over the door-way just as we reached it. Stepping across a perfect morass of mortar, we entered the *zaguan*. An aged gentleman softly approached us before we had time to call the *Portero* and send in our cards.

Tall, thin, sharp-featured, with a yellowish brown skin and long spare fingers, his eye was keen, his step firm, his voice distinct and full. He wore a pectoral gold cross and purple silk cassock. The latter had a waterish look. The purple had been diluted into pink. A velvet cap of the same weak color in great measure concealed his hair, which was short, and flat, and seemed as though it had been dashed with damp white pepper. It was the venerable Anselmo Lorenté, the Bishop of San José.

A door stood open on the left of the *zaguan*. The Bishop pointed to it. He did so with a sweet smile and graciousness. Bowing to him respectfully, we passed into a dull saloon.

The walls were covered with a winterish paper, and would have been woefully bare were it not for three paintings which hung from the slim cornice opposite the windows looking into the street. One of these paintings—a likeness of Pius the Ninth—was really a treasure. A superb *souvenir* of Rome, it had all the softness, the calmness, the exquisite minuteness of finish which characterize the works of Carlo Dolce. The likeness of Anselmo Lorenté looked raw and miserable beside it. The third painting represented the ascension of a devout Prelate in full pontificals from the grave. For so glaring an outrage on canvas, it would have been a just chastisement had the Painter gone down while the Prelate went up.

Between the two windows facing these paintings, there stood a table of dark mahogany. It was covered with faded red moreen, books, pieces of sealing-wax, quills and papers. An arm-chair stood behind the table. Behind the arm-chair there stood a screen, and from this a canopy projected. Arm-chair, screen and canopy, every



STREET VIEW IN SAN JOSÉ.

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thing was covered with faded red moreen. There was neither carpeting nor matting on the floor. The boards, however, were warmly coated with dust, the accumulation of months of domestic repose.

Having read the letters we had handed him on entering, the Bishop rose from the sofa—a sad piece of furniture it was—and cordially welcomed us to San José. The cordiality of the welcome was tempered with dignity. It was the subdued cordiality of age.

Just then there was a tap at the door. The Bishop was called out for a moment. During his absence, a monk of the Reformed Order of St. Francis entered the room. He was from Quito. Heavily clothed in a drab gown and cloak, drab hood and trowsers, all cut out of a wool and cotton mixture manufactured in the Andes of Ecuador, with his cropped head, a face the color of pale butter, and a pair of dark-blue spectacles—behind which his large black eyes rolled incessantly—he was, in truth, a strange apparition. The Archbishop of Ecuador being dead, and the Archbishop of Panama being absent from that city on a visitation of his diocese, the pious brother of St. Francis had journeyed to Costa Rica to be ordained.

The Bishop, resuming his seat on the sofa, presented his case of *cigarettos*—it was a dainty little case made of colored straw—and invited us to smoke. The holy hobgoblin from Quito taking the *mecha* from the table, where it lay coiled up in the inkstand, succeeded, after a number of failures, in striking a light. Whereupon he knelt and extended the *mecha* to the Bishop. The Bishop having lit his *cigaretto*, the good monk kissed the episcopal ring, and rising with a profound obeisance, solemnly extinguished the fire. Shortly after, having silently glared at us through his purple spectacles, he bent the knee again, kissed the episcopal ring once more, and with head cast down, tucking his drab gown about him, retreated with a confused modesty from the room.

In the midst of fragrant clouds, Señor Lorenté pleasantly conversed with us. He spoke about the country, its drawbacks, its resources and its prospects, and in a few bright sentences, enunciated with considerable animation, gave us the principal points of its political history.

It was a deep source of regret to him that the churches of San José contained little to interest the stranger. They had no works of art, no paintings, no sculpture, and very few ornaments. The few they possessed were of the humblest description. The Spaniards had concentrated in Guatemala the entire wealth of the Central American church, and, up to this, Costa Rica had been too poor to enrich her altars. In Cartago, however, there were some old and valuable paintings, two or three fine images, shrines, reliquaries, and vestments of costly material and curious workmanship. From the churches, Señor Lorenté passed to the Indians of the country. His statements and surmises relative to the Guatusos of the valley of Frio—a race living absolutely secluded and permitting no stranger whatever to set foot within their mysterious domain—were deeply interesting. Every syllable he let fall upon this subject was eagerly caught up.

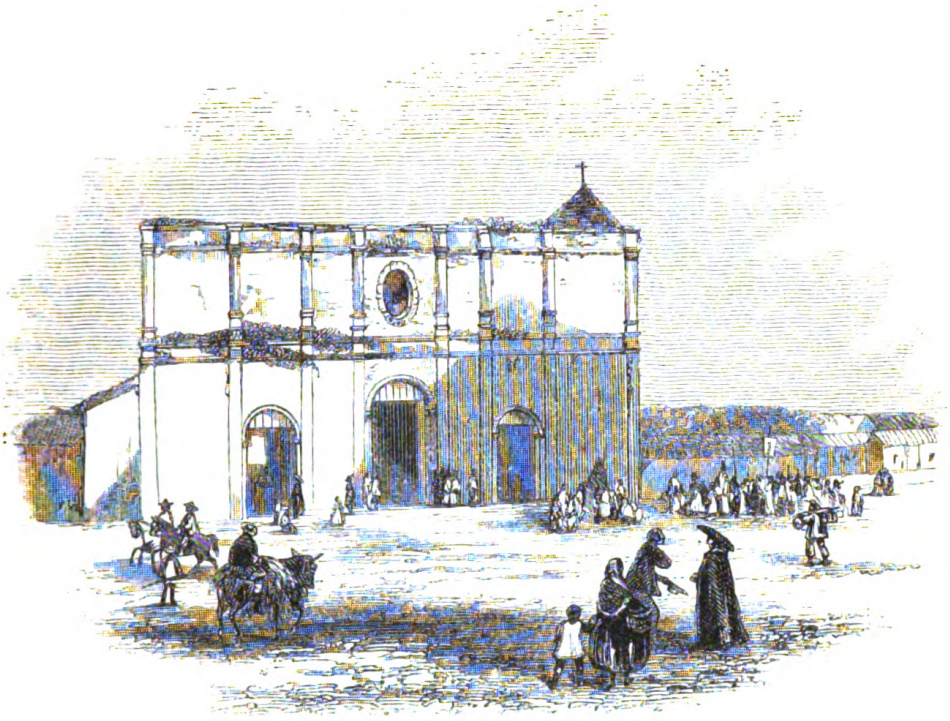
In the end, he referred us to the History of Guatemala by the Archbishop, Francisco de Paula Garcia Pelaez. There was a learned and profound chapter in it devoted to the Guatusos. We should read it. He would give us a copy of the work. It would be a pledge to us of his regard, and of his anxiety to aid us in our laudable researches. He was delighted to find we had been educated by the Jesuits. They were the nobility, the flower, the chivalry of the Church. Her bravest soldiers, they had been her sublimest martyrs. Wherever they were, there was civilization, erudition, eloquence, a disciplined society, an elevated faith, and the loftiest example of magnanimity. It would be well for Costa Rica were they established in the country. But there was an ignorant prejudice against them, and his efforts to obtain admission and a recognized standing for them in the Republic, had proved unavailing so far.

As we rose to take leave, the Bishop opened the door leading into the *zaguan*, and calling to a young student who was reading in the piazza of the court-yard, desired him to take the History of Guatemala from the library, and accompany us with it to the Hotel. We begged him not to trouble the young student. We could easily take the books ourselves. But the gracious good Bishop would have his own way. His consideration for us was relentless. And so, we returned to our quarters, followed by the History of Guatemala, in three volumes, and a modest youth in a clerical cloak, and a brown felt hat of the California pattern.

Anselmo Lorenté is the first Bishop of Costa Rica, the country not having been erected into a separate Diocese until August, 1850. Previous to that, it was subordinate to the Bishopric of Nicaragua. Astaburuaga speaks of Señor Lorenté as a zealous, prudent, illustrious man, who does honor to the Church. The Roman Catholic religion is declared by law to be the religion of the country. The Constitution guarantees it the protection of the Government, at the same time it tolerates every other persuasion. By the *Concordat* ratified with the Court of Rome, October, 1852, tithes were done away with, an allowance to the Diocese of $10,000 per annum being substituted out of the National Treasury.

But it was with no affected modesty the Bishop spoke to us of the impoverished condition of the churches of San José. For Spanish-American churches, they are strikingly destitute of ornaments and treasures. The blank exterior, to say the least of it, is an honest index to the bleak interior. That of San Juan de Dios, however, of which Mr. Francis Kurtze, an enterprising and accomplished German, is the architect, will be a grand exception. The walls are high and massive. The decorations are chaste and solid. Corinthian pillars support the roof inside. Gardens,

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THE CATHEDRAL.

stocked with fragrant shrubs and fruit trees and tastefully laid out, inclose the graceful and imposing edifice.

The Cathedral of San José stands on the east side of the Plaza. It is built of lava-stone. Three lofty door-ways—twisted pilasters flanking them and intervening, a series of plain pilasters springing from a moulding above the door-ways and supporting the plainest architrave—these are the only noticeable features of the *façade*. The elevation of the tower is little more than thirty feet. A wooden structure—something like a block-house—stands upon these thirty feet of masonry, and from a beam, close under its pointed roof, there pendulates a monstrous bell.

N. B.—There is little music in that monstrous bell.

The same, however, may be said of all the bells, profane and sacred, in San José. At times—when they ring out all together—the tumult is provocative of something the reverse of prayer. A city swarming with tinkers, and the tinkers hard at work, would be quite as melodious, and just as endurable, as the unaccustomed ear finds San José to be at such times. But it is harsh to say so. Were the people of San José wealthy enough to have them, there would resound this day, throughout the valley of the Rio Torres and the Rio Maria Aguilar, bells as sonorous as the silver *Susanne* of Erfurt, or mighty in their tones as those which, thundering forth suddenly, saved the Roman-walled city of the Yonne from the ravages of Clothair.

The interior of the Cathedral has a striking and fine appearance. Out of the simplest materials—having neither gold nor porphyry, nor Byzantine pavements, nor stained glass to help them—the people of San José have built a temple not unworthy of the Faith of which it is the attestation. Branching off into arches, graceful shafts of the hardest wood which the forests of Costa Rica yield—wood such as that of the *quiebrahacha*, which signifies the *axe-breaker*—support the roof, dividing the building into three broad aisles, the main aisle, or, to speak more properly, the nave, being 35 feet in breadth and 300 feet in length. The walls are white. These lofty shafts of *quiebrahacha* have white veins running through them. But the arches in which they terminate, as well as the steep-slanting roof inside, are painted in *arabesque*, and this gives to the whole interior a rich and curious aspect. Handsome chandeliers descend from the roof by chains of burnished metal. Supported on pillars painted in imitation of Sienna marble, stretching across the nave, the organ-gallery rises above the High-altar, a few feet behind it. A screen of lattice-work conceals the organist and choir. It is delicately constructed and painted white. The organ, also, is painted white. But it has silver pipes in front, and carvings richly gilt. The choir for the Dean and Chapter occupies the eastern extremity of the nave, the stalls, fashioned of the costliest mahogany by Guatemalian workmen, being on a level with the platform on which the High-altar stands.

Besides the Cathedral, there are two other churches in San José. There is the church of Our Lady of Mercy, and there is the church of Our Lady of Carmel. They are the Penitents of Architecture. No structures could possibly

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look more modest, sorrowfully chaste, and humble. Walls of *adobe*, roofs of rough red tiles, floors of hardened clay, all cracked and gritty, belfries which seem to be but the skeletons of belfries—nothing could be poorer. In Holy Week, however, they wear a bright appearance. All their poverty and coldness—all their simplicity and inane sadness—all their silent miseries seem to vanish. They are warm, fragrant, florid. The nakedness of the walls disappears under folds of lace, and silks, and foliage. Palm-trees supplant, as it were, the sterile trunks which support the roofs. A pyramid appears where the High-altar stood, and over the crimson cloth, with which this pyramid from base to topmost point is draped, net-work and needle-work of elaborate contrivance and mellowed hue is thrown. The *armoires* of San José fly open to the claims of the *Mercedes* and *Carmen* at such times as these. The steps of the pyramid sparkle with a thousand wax-lights burning in silver candlesticks, in translucent globes of clouded glass, in plated branches, in cups of brass and alabaster. Between the lights are flowers, shrubs, herbs and flowers—herbs, shrubs and flowers, such as a soil like that of Costa Rica alone can yield. Nature in her affluence here more than compensates for the poverty of the people, and with overflowing horns assists them in their pious observances, becoming to them a beautiful and lavish Hand-Maid, as she was who poured the ointment of spikenard on the Divine head in the house at Bethany.

In the church of the *Mercedes* there was a representation of the Garden of Gethsemane. A space, eight feet square, on the left of the nave close to the porch, was marked off with branches of palm bent and woven into fences. The flowers of the palm fell in expanding showers, or, fountain-like, displayed their chaste splendors in widening and descending circles within the Garden. Palm-leaves lay thick upon the ground, interspersed with the berries, the leaves, and blossoms of the brightest evergreens. All over this were strewn the sweetest flowers—flowers of the richest tint—flowers of the rarest form—the *lobelia* with its crimson and orange petals, the pink lily, and the canary-colored *plumeria*—vases and bowls of china filled with earth in which young shoots of rice had root—porcelain dishes in which were ripening grains of corn and aromatic herbs—oranges, wild grapes from the valley of Ujarras, the alligator pear, pine-apples, *granadillas* and sweet lemons. In the midst of all these offerings—in the midst of all this bounteousness and beauty, and all this wealth and sweetness of the earth—against a broken tree there knelt an image of the Christ of Gethsemane, overspread with a purple robe, blood oozing from the forehead, and the pale features stamped with an expression of anguish, which none, the most idle or irreverent, could witness without emotion. Inside the porch of the little church and outside, soldiers stood on guard with arms reversed. All day long, the National Flag at half-mast overhung the Palace of the Government, the *Cuartel del Artilleria*, and the Barracks in the Plaza. The shops, the billiard-rooms, the *cafés*, the public offices, all were closed. No one was within. Every one was out. Out in the best attire. Out at sunrise—the livelong day—the livelong night. The livelong night visiting the churches, going through the devotion of the Stations, carrying lanterns, and humming their *Paters* and *Aves* through the streets. The next day—Good Friday—there was the same monotonous rolling of the drums, the drums being muffled as on the day preceding—the same display of drooping flags—the same passing to and fro of vailed faces, and graceful heads enveloped in silken shawls—the same harsh creaking of wooden rattles instead of bells—the same profusion of lights, and flowers, and fruits throughout the churches—the same pervading buzz of piety—the same solemn Holiday in all respects as Holy Thursday was, but quieter, perhaps, and somewhat more impressive from the great Sacrifice it recalled, and the mournfulness which in the hush of all profane business, the reversed arms of the soldiers, the deserted aspect of the houses, and the deepening shadows of San Miguel and Irazu seemed specially to mark the day.

When evening came, the procession which commemorates the interment of Christ, moved slowly and darkly from the great door-way of the Cathedral, and, descending into the Plaza, entered and passed through the adjoining streets. The *aceras* or side-walks of these streets were planted with wild canes, round which the leaves of the palm and wreaths of flowers were woven, the carriage-way being strewn with the *seimpreviva*, the finer branches of the *urnca*, and the wondrous and beauteous *manitas* of the *guarumo*. Curtains of white muslin, festooned with crape or ribbons of black silk and satin, overhung the balconies of the houses along the line of the procession, and at the intersection of the streets were *catafalques* covered with black embroidered cloth, strewn with flowers, laden with fruit, and luminous with colored lamps and cups of silver. The pioneers of the procession were Brothers of Charity—*Los Hermanos de la Caridad*—clothed in long white woolen garments, shapeless and loose as bed-gowns, with white or checkered cotton handkerchiefs, tied with a pig-tail knot, about their heads. These Brothers carried the various insignia of the Crucifixion. The two first balanced a pair of green ladders upon their shoulders. One bore a crown of thorns on a breakfast tray, another a sponge in a stained napkin, the third an iron hammer and three nails. Then came a swarm of boys with extinguished candles. After them, three young men in ecclesiastical costume appeared, the one in the middle bearing a tall slender silver crucifix—the crucifix being shrouded in black velvet—the other two holding aloft the thinnest candlesticks, the yellow tapers in which burned with an ashy flame, melting excessively as they feebly gleamed. Close behind the candlesticks and

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crucifix there walked four priests abreast, each one in *soutaine*, black cap and surplice. There was a black hood drawn over the black cap, while a black train, the dorsal development of the hood, streamed along the leaf-strewn pavement a yard or two behind. They were the heralds of a large black silk banner which had a red cross blazoned on it, and was borne erect by a sickly gentleman in deep mourning. Then came another swarm of boys, clearing the road for a full-length figure of St. John, the Evangelist, which, in a complete suit of variegated vestments, and with the right hand pressed upon the region of the heart, was shouldered along by four young gentlemen, all bare-headed and in full evening-dress. A figure of Mary Magdalene followed that of the Evangelist. It was radiant with robes of white satin and luxuriant tresses of black hair, and the noble beauty of the face was heightened by an expression of intense contrition. As works of art, these figures are more than admirable. They are exquisite and wonderful. Guatemala, where they have been wrought, has reason to be proud of them.



MATER DOLOROSA.

But one, loftier far and statelier than those preceding it, approached. Lifted bayonets were gleaming to the right and left of it, thuribles were rolling up their fragrant clouds around it, pretty children in white frocks, and fresh as rosebuds, were throwing flowers in front of it all over the leafy pavement. It was the *Mater Dolorosa*. Sumptuously robed, the costliest lace and purple velvet, pearls of the largest size, opals and other precious stones, were lavished on it. From the queenly head there issued rays of silver which flashed as though they were spears of crystal. The black velvet train, descending from the figure, was borne by a priest. Behind him, carrying long wax candles, were many of the first ladies of the city, all dressed in black silk or satin, their heads concealed in rich *mantillas*, and these, too, black as funeral palls could be. Some of them were young, tenderly graceful, and of a pearly beauteousness. The matrons, though slim and parched, were dignified and saintly.

All this, however, was but the prelude to the absorbing feature of the pageant. This was an immense sarcophagus of glass, upheld by some twenty of the most respectable citizens of San José, whose step had all the emphasis and grandeur of practiced soldiers. Acolytes bearing inverted torches, and smoking censers, and palm-branches covered with crape, went before, flanked, and followed it. And as it was borne along, the spectators at the door-ways, in the balconies, at the windows, on the side-walks, uncovered their heads and knelt. Within the transparent tomb were folds of the finest linen—snowy folds strewn with roses—a face streaming with blood, a crown of thorns, and the outline of a prostrate image. The image was that of The Crucified of Calvary. As it passed, no one spoke. There was not a whisper even. The swelling and subsiding music of the military band—heading the column of troops with which, colors furled and arms reversed, the procession closed—alone disturbed, at that solemn moment, the peacefulness of San José.

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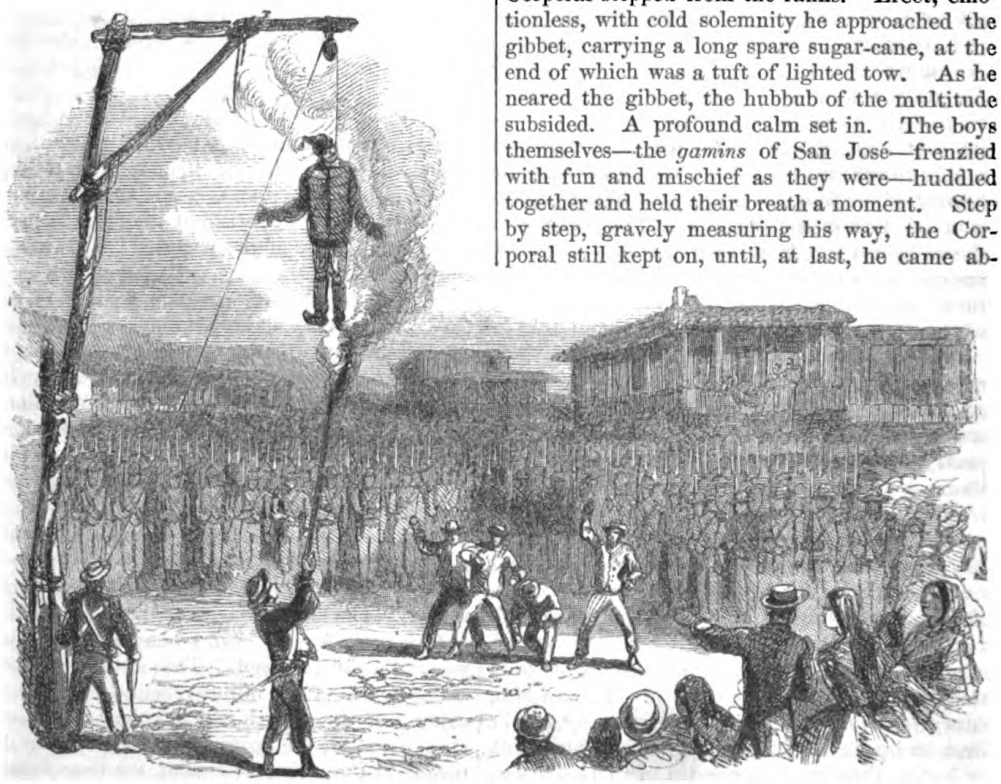
A few hours later, there was a very different scene. It was the dawn of Easter Sunday. The clouds lay full and low upon the mountains. San Miguel was a pile of clouds. The dark green base of Irazu alone was visible. The plantations and *potreros* were overwhelmed with clouds. It was a chaos of clouds all round. Nothing else was distinguishable. Nothing—unless, indeed, the lamp at the corner of the *Calle del Artilleria*, the light from which sputtered through the thick smoke with which the glass was blurred. But in the midst of this chaos of clouds, the bells of the Cathedral, the *Mercedas* and the *Carmen*, suddenly broke loose. Briskly, wildly, violently they rang out! Again and again rang out! Again and again, until the riotous air seemed to flash with the strokes! Again and again, until the drowsy earth seemed to reel and quiver!

Then came the rumbling of drums, and the shrill chorusing of fighting-cocks, and the yelping of dogs, and the moaning of the cattle in the suburbs. In less than twenty minutes every house in San José was pouring out its inmates—pouring them out in *ponchas* and *mantillas*, in shawls, velvet-collared cloaks and shirt-sleeves—down upon the Plaza. And there—as the clouds lifted, and the mountains began to show themselves, and the sun streamed over the broken crest of Irazu—a startling spectacle broke upon the view.

The Plaza was full of people. The spacious *esplanade* and steps of the Cathedral were thronged to overflowing. The balconies and windows of the houses overlooking the Plaza—the balconies and windows of the houses converging on the Plaza—all sparkled and rustled with spectators. Every one was excited—every one was chattering—every one was smoking—every one was laughing—every one was on tip-toe—every one was impatient, fidgety and nervous. There was something in the wind!

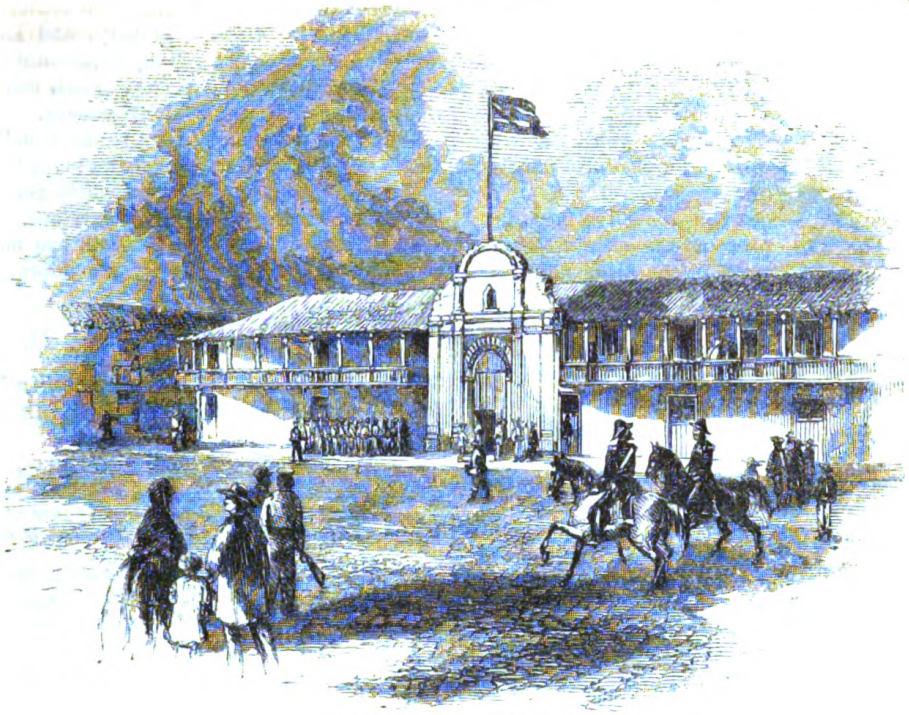
High above the crowd—in the centre of the Plaza—were four lines of gleaming steel. The troops had formed a hollow square, and within this square, overtopping the lifted bayonets by twenty feet at least, there stood a monstrous gibbet. Fastened together with thongs of raw hide and pieces of old rope, the limbs of this gibbet were gaunt and ghastly enough to scare the boldest malefactor. From the cross-beam there dangled a foul bundle of old clothes. There was a red night-cap—a yellow flannel waistcoat, striped with black, the arms outstretched—a pair of torn brown breeches and musty boots, the latter crumpled at the toes and woefully wasted at the heels. Night-cap, boots and waistcoat, all were stuffed with Roman candles, squibs and crackers, while the breeches were burdened with a bomb-shell made of the toughest paste-board and swollen with combustibles. It was the effigy of Judas Iscariot! There—in the dewy dawn, with the faint soft light of the Easter morn playing on the night-cap, in the full strained view of thousands—the *similacrum* of the traitor dangled, slowly turning, half-way round at times, as a puff from the mountains strayed against and elbowed it ignominiously aside.

The trumpet having sounded, a barefooted Corporal stepped from the ranks. Erect, emotionless, with cold solemnity he approached the gibbet, carrying a long spare sugar-cane, at the end of which was a tuft of lighted tow. As he neared the gibbet, the hubbub of the multitude subsided. A profound calm set in. The boys themselves—the *gamins* of San José—frenzied with fun and mischief as they were—huddled together and held their breath a moment. Step by step, gravely measuring his way, the Corporal still kept on, until, at last, he came ab-



HANGING JUDAS.

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PALACE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

ruptly to a halt right under the cross-beam. The sugar-cane was lifted. It touched the left heel of the scoundrel overhead. In the twinkling of an eye, there was a terrific explosion! The boot flew in shreds—flames leaped from the stomach — the bomb-shell burst and split the brown breeches into a shower of rags and soot —rockets whizzed from the ribs—the outstretched arms vanished from their sockets in a gust of sulphur—the red night-cap shot up clean out of sight, and, a few seconds after, plopped down in cinders over the sign-board of the Restaurant next door to the Barracks—all this in less than two minutes, amidst the crashing of drums, the excruciating screams of the boys, the crowing of cocks and the yelping of dogs, the tittering of the modest *signoritas* and *signoras*, the gabbling of parrots, a tempestuous flight of stones, and the hootings, *maldiciones* and uproarious merriment of soldiers and civilians, priests, paupers, and patricians.

When the smoke cleared off, the back-bone was all that remained of the exploded ruffian. And that—being of iron—continued to dangle at the end of the rope until the gibbet was lowered. In half an hour, the Plaza had resumed its decorum, loneliness, and silence.

Leaving the Bishop's residence, the morning after our arrival in San José, we asked one of the two workmen who were plastering the wall, the way to the building in which the Hall of Congress and the *bureaux* of the Ministers of State are situated. Wiping the trowel through his apron, he gave us the direction with a graceful flourish of the implement.

"But you're not going there," he said—"it's a great way off—an immense distance!"

Somewhat surprised to hear this, but nowise deterred, we determined to try it. The experiment satisfied us that the *Casa del Gioberno* was little more than three blocks, or two minutes' walk, from the Episcopal residence. Judged, however, by his own estimate of distances, the discouraging plasterer did not exaggerate. Three blocks were to him, in truth, an immense stretch to attempt on foot, and were the votes of the citizens of San José demanded on the question, an overwhelming majority, no doubt, would be found to concur with him.

They take no exercise in San José. Pensive and listless—profoundly tranquil—they remain burrowed in-doors all day. The twilight fails to bring them out. The moon influences the sea, but San José sleeps beneath it, insensible to its witchery. Nor has the sun more power. The green sugar-patches—away up the slopes of San Miguel—are glistening in the light long before the doors are opened.

"People are rather lazy in San José," I ventured to observe, one morning, to an intelligent young Costa Rican, as we passed through the vacant streets of the *Campo de Marté*, a beautiful broad plain outside the city.

"No, Señor, may it please you, they are not lazy," he replied; "but not having any thing very particular to do at this hour, they stay in bed."

And it is the truth. The people of San José are not lazy whenever there is the least necessity for them to be active. It is the extreme quietude of their little city, in the mornings especially, which would induce the contrary impression.

Passing the wide-arched gate-way of the Palace of the Government—of which the reader has here

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a correct outline copied from a photographic impression taken by Mr. T. C. Rhodes, an American resident of San José—the visitor finds himself in a spacious hall. A step or two brings him to a quadrangular court-yard floored with red brick. A gallery, ten feet in width, supported by a series of columns and arches and furnished with a pretty balustrade of bronzed iron, projects on three sides, fifteen feet above the brick flooring. The wall, fronting the entrance-hall, is unbroken. The roof of the building extends some twelve feet beyond the walls inclosing the court, and this again is supported by another series of columns and arches, precisely similar to that which supports the gallery. We have, thus, two tiers of picturesque arcades opening on the court-yard. Walls, columns, arches, all are painted white. The flooring of red brick is kept perfectly clean. The exterior is colored in imitation of blue granite, and, though modeled by a German, presents a cheerful Italian aspect in harmony with the serene and glowing sky which canopies the valley of San José. A tranquil tone of simplicity, good taste, strict order and dignified modesty pervades the whole. A fountain in the centre of the court-yard, softening with its perpetual showers the heated atmosphere which the walls inclose, would leave nothing else to be desired. With this, the Palace of the Costa Rican Government, in an architectural point of view, would be complete.

The glass folding-door of the *bureau* of the Minister of State opens on the upper arcade. So does that of the Minister of Justice, and that, also, of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Immediately off the lower arcade, or corridor, are the offices of the *Intendencia*, the tribunal before which all known violators of the Revenue laws are cited to appear. The Secretary of Congress, moreover, has his office in this quarter of the building. Passing along the gallery with the bronzed iron balustrade, from the *bureau* of the Minister of Justice, we entered one of the two small galleries which overlook the floor of the Hall of Congress.

It is a superb apartment. The proportions are imposing. The length is eighty feet, the width thirty, the height forty. The walls are white as cream. Slightly arched, the ceiling is divided by heavy gilt mouldings into panels. These are deeply-set and crusted with golden filigree-work. The lofty windows, opening on the court-yard, sixteen feet in height, are curtained with crimson silk-damask. Between them are costly mirrors festooned with silk—blue, red, and white—the colors of the Republic. The President's chair is solidly gilt and cushioned with crimson velvet. A canopy of crimson satin shadows it, and a little above it appear the Arms of Costa Rica, wrought in gold and silver thread on a field of purple velvet. With their feet buried in a luxurious carpet, the chairs of the Members of the Costa Rican Congress are ranged against the wall, to the right and left of the canopy and throne, while the stained glass, with which the doors and windows of this Hall are set, subdues the glare of the golden ceiling, the white walls, the crimson drapery, and all the splendors of paint and gilding imprisoned in it. Shortly after our arrival at the Capital, this Hall was the scene of a grand entertainment.

Returning late one evening to the Hotel, our Dutch servant, Charlemagne, with a smile heightened and diffused by the grease which pervaded his face, handed us a note in an envelope. Both were of cream-colored paper. Both had narrow crimson borders. The envelope was addressed to

Señores Don
Ramon Paez y Sr. Mars.

This was in writing. Opening the note, we found the following invitation neatly printed in Spanish—

The undersigned, at the special desire of his Excellency, the President of the Republic, request the pleasure of your company at a Ball to be given, in honor of Señor Don Felix Belly, on Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, in the Palace of the Government.

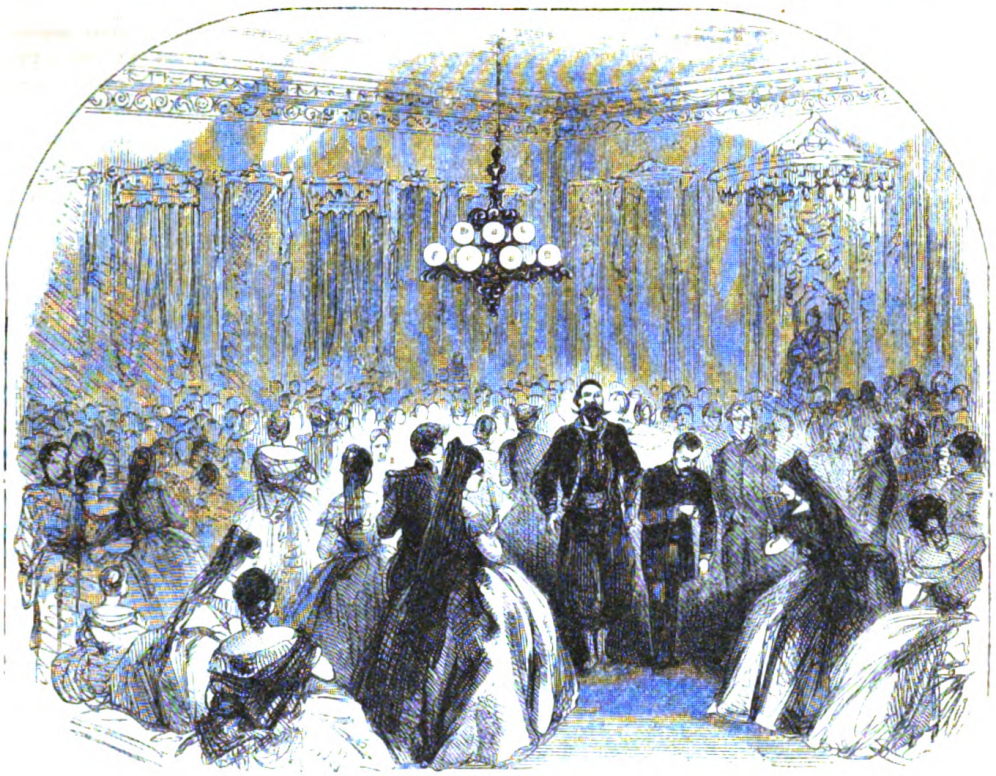
Vicente Herrera—Juan B. Bonilla.

P.S.—Sigñora Salvadora Gutierrez de Bonilla and Sigñora Mercedes Ramirez de Hiné will receive the Ladies.

Approaching the Palace, we found it all illuminated. Small colored lamps shone every where. In the niches either side the gate-way, along the window-sills of the *façade*, within the court-yard, along the balustrade of the upper corridor, from every projecting scroll and plinth, from the parapets themselves, above, below, in and out, all round, these colored lamps shone every where. There were sentries at the outer gate. There were sentries on the steps of the Hall itself. In compliment to Señor Don Felix Belly, the Guard was composed exclusively of Sergeants. They appeared in full uniform—dark blue *coatee*, red worsted epaulets, cap with yellow band, trowsers and pipe-clayed cross-belts. The cut and color of the trowsers in every instance had been determined by the fancy, the negligence, or the fortune of the wearer. Within the walls was a brilliant crowd. Every one of note in San José was there. Distinguished foreigners were, also, there.

President Mora—a dumpy, sleek, dark-featured gentleman, in a canary-colored embroidered waistcoat, his hair brushed stiff up from his forehead—sat the whole of the night in the towering gilt chair, under the crimson silk-damask canopy. From head to foot, his Excellency was one compact smile, cosily framed. In the gallery, opposite to that in which the Military Band was stationed—with a camp cloak thrown across his shoulders, the broad shirt-collar negligently thrown open at the neck, the swarthy mottled face reddening in the blaze of the chandeliers, his wild black eye flashing upon the rustling scene below—was General Maxime Jerez, of Nicaragua. General Joaquin Mora stood near him, his tranquil pale face, shrewd cold eye and staid address, contrasting strongly with the impetuous and generous nature betrayed in the features of the Nicaraguan soldier. Moping

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MONSIEUR BELLY AT THE BALL.

about the principal door of the Ball-room—holding his hands before him as though he were holding a muff—was Señor Calvo, the Minister of State. Señor Calvo is an elderly gentleman with very short legs. A yellowish brown face, a very flat mouth and a very flat nose, give him the appearance of a Japanese priest. An impassive Indian from the village of Quircôt, as Minister of State he is singularly useful. All the mistakes of the Government are remorselessly saddled on him. Reconciled to the weight, and capable of patiently carrying it to the end of his days however much it augments, no President ever thinks of removing him. This is the fifth-and-twentieth year in which he has acted as Beast of Burden, and Minister of State. His employers devoutly wish that he and they may live a thousand years! Sliding through the mazes of the dance—having a pleasant word for every one, smiling through his small compressed eyes, and with ever so many little ingenuities rendering himself universally popular—was Señor Toledo, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the best educated Member of the Cabinet, by profession an expert physician, and an acute politician by trade. General Cañas, also, was present. And so was General Castro, an ex-President of the Republic, and one of the most genial, liberal, and accomplished gentlemen in Costa Rica. And there was Colonel George Cauty—a square-built, sailor-looking, sprightly fellow, with a deep-set cunning eye and a sharply-pointed small nose, light of foot, steaming and blossoming all over—in an extremely short-skirted blue frock, immense epaulets and tricolor sash, quadrilling and waltzing with exhaustless agility. And, last of all, there was the closely-shaved head and the finikin figure, the spy-glass and spider-like legs of M. Felix Belly himself, with the Zouave at his elbow, in his prodigious red breeches, prim and smug, looking as though he were planted upon the column in the Place Vendôme, and had all its bronze and brazen glories radiating through him. This Zouave had hired himself for four years to the Government of Costa Rica at the breaking out of the war with the Filibusters, and had fought all through it. He was very ugly, very gorgeous, highly-peppered and pompous. At the time of the Ball he was detailed as interpreter, outrider, Red-Breeches-in-Waiting to M. Felix Belly, and seemed proud of the business.

A long white building, two stories high, with a heavy balcony overlooking the Plaza and a rugged roof of red tiles slanting three or four feet beyond the front wall, the Infantry Barracks flank the Cathedral on the right. The balcony is broken by a broad and lofty gate-way, rudely arched, outside which a disheveled sentinel, carelessly balancing his musket, night and day saunters up and down. Sentinels lounge along the balcony, also, while a small black field-piece looks out from under a shed of iron-work in the centre of the barrack-square, and, with its green wheels furrowing the gravel, ponderously keeps the peace. Inside the walls are dormitories, store-rooms, rows of wooden pegs hung with hats and belts, musket-racks, stretchers, frying-pans, iron-hooped buckets, and the rest of the

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furniture one usually finds in Barracks the world over. But every thing looks very faded, very dusty, very primitive and cheap. The white ant has been busy with the wood-work, giving it the appearance of incurable decay. Were it not for the *Sala des Banderas*, the Infantry Barracks of San José would be destitute of interest.

In this apartment are deposited several relics and trophies of the Filibuster war. A large glass-case, handsomely gilt and paneled, elevated a few feet from the floor, contains the torn and sooty remnants of the Flag which flew from Fort Castillo while the Costa Ricans held it. On one of the panels, in golden letters, is this inscription—

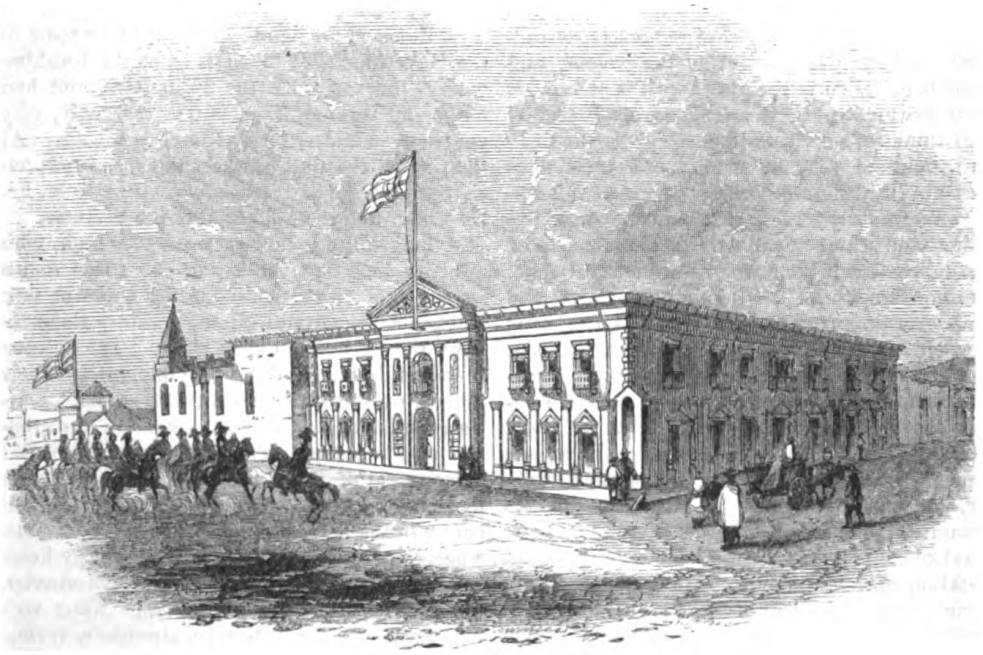
On the 15th of July, 1857, the National Flag which floated above the walls of Fort Castillo during the siege, together with the names of the Superior officers who defended it so brilliantly, were deposited in this urn, by order of his Excellency, the President of the Republic, Don José Rafael Mora. Eternal honor to the Heroes who defended the Castle of San Juan!

On the opposite panel is the following inscription—

On the 15th of February, 1857, four hundred Filibusters, under the command of the so-called Colonel Titus, attacked the Castle of San Carlos, which was in a dilapidated state and garrisoned only by thirty-seven men. But animated by the brave Colonel, Don George F. Cauty, and the worthy Commandanté of the Fort, Lieutenant Colonel, Faustine Montes de Orca, the little garrison heroically resisted the enemy until the 19th of the same month, on which day, seventy-seven Riflemen, under the command of Captain Jesus Alvarado, and Don Joaquin Ortiz, who had been sent to the relief of the Fort by the General-in chief, Don José Joaquin Mora, fell upon the Filibusters with so much bravery, that they dispersed them in an instant, compelling them to throw away their clothes, so that they might fly with greater ease. This brilliant feat of arms, planned so admirably by our General, decided the happy issue of the Holy War which was sustained by the Republics of Central America against their invaders.

The Artillery Barracks face the *Calle de Artilleria* two blocks above the *Casa de Gioberno*. They form a quadrangular court, in which two hundred men, perhaps, might be drilled conveniently. Four square towers—one at each angle — defend the premises. Nine-pounders protrude from them, and the walls are perforated for muskets. Under a slovenly shed occupying one side of the barrack-yard, jumbled together and scantily covered with matting, are two eighteen-pounders, two nines, and two sixes. The eighteens were cast in England, shipped round Cape Horn, and dragged up from Punta Arenas by a herd of bullocks. The morning we visited these Barracks, on being shown to the officers' day-room, we found there an emaciated German on a crutch, tuning a broken harp, and one of the Chaplains attached to the Costa Rican Army in Nicaragua, the Padre Francisco Calvo, who wore the Cross of Honor pinned to the breast of his *soutaine*. The Padre is devoted to the Army. He has a soldierly appearance, and his propensities and tastes seem better suited for the camp than the cloister. As we entered, he had a *puro* between his rosy lips, and was chatting to a young officer decorated with a red ribbon, the inscription in gold letters upon which, announced him one of the Conquerors of Santa Rosa, the scene of the first, as it was the most damaging, defeat incurred by the Filibusters in their Nicaraguan enterprise.

Leaving the Artillery Barracks, and galloping for a mile and a half over a splendid road—a broad avenue, solidly constructed, drained by deep trenches running parallel with it, and shaded by lofty fences of *cactus* and *erithryna*, behind which thousands of coffee-trees breathe their perfume—we found ourselves at the *Campo de Marté*, a perfectly level plain, some hundred



THE ARTILLERY BARRACKS.

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THE LABYRINTH.

acres in extent, carpeted with the softest grass, intersected with lines of young fig-trees, and in every feature displaying the studied neatness and subdued elegance of a Pleasure Park in England. Inclosed by *haciendas*, orange-groves, plantations and *potreros*, the Mountains of San Miguel shelter it on the South. In the opposite direction, the white walls of Heredia glitter against the brown slopes of Barba. Beyond that huge volcano, the fires of which have been extinguished in a lake of unknown depth, the blue peaks of Poaz sparkle in the morning and evening sunlight. There are villas, too, close at hand, such as the charming one of which we have a penciling here.

It is called the Labyrinth. There is a roomy house and a luxuriant garden. Behind the garden, a sparkling fountain throws its waters into three reservoirs faced with brick and fine cement. These serve as baths—one for gentlemen, nine feet deep—another for ladies, seven feet deep—the third for children, three feet deep. Walls of a moral height surround them, and they have shady corridors in which the bathers lay aside and renew their *toilets*. The pathway leading to the baths is cool and fragrant, hedged with rose-trees and sweet lemons. Further back is the coffee-mill, and the *patio* in which they clean and dress the coffee. The farm-yard is stocked with farming implements of the best description, and a stud of handsome horses occupy a range of open stalls. This house, this garden, these baths, these horses, all belong to the Señora Fernandez, whose wealth is but a tribute to her goodness, her gracefulness and beauty.

Between the Labyrinth and the *Campo* lies the Protestant Burial-ground. It covers about a quarter of an acre, is walled in snugly, and has an iron-barred gate to it. A lozenge-shaped metal plate, screwed to the wicket, bears the following inscription—

THIS CEMETERY
WAS GRANTED BY THE GOVERNMENT IN FEBRUARY
1850
AT THE REQUEST OF
SENOR DON FREDERICK CHATTFIELD,
Chargé-d'-Affaires of her Britannic Majesty.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me.

A little nearer to the *Campo* is the old Catholic Burial-ground. Bones have been lying there for more than two hundred years. The earlier inscriptions on the vaults and head-stones have been blotted out. The graves themselves have been blotted out. You look through the bars of the gate-way—clumsy bars honey-combed with rust—and all you see is a green mass of vegetation. Listening breathlessly for a while, you are sure to hear the rustling of the lizard, or some other reptile, in the depths of that dead sea. Four years ago, when the cholera swept the country, the neighboring victims of the plague—and they were counted by the thousand—were buried there. Since then the Cemetery has been closed. It is forbidden ground. And so, undisturbed, the green vegetation deepens, and the nameless graves are blotted out. A

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new Burial-ground has been opened for the Catholics elsewhere.

The *Campo de Marté* is to San José what the *Bois de Boulogne* is to Paris. It is the scene of the fashionable equestrianism of the Capital, the resort of carriages, and, once or twice a year, the arena in which military encampments and reviews take place. On these occasions the troops appear in uniform. The rest of the year, clean shirts on Sundays and Feasts of Obligation seem to be the only regulation in force, so far as costume is concerned. The officers, however, are handsomely uniformed. In their blue frocks faced with red, their *shakos* and red pompons, they present an appearance not inferior to that of French Lieutenants of the Line, and at the Military Mass, on Sundays, the little garrison of San José, occupying the nave of the Cathedral, forms a striking picture. The double line of bayonets quivers with the light reflected from the Altar, the lamps and chandeliers, the windows of the aisles, and the tall white shafts which support the roof. The Band, stationed in the chancel, accompanies the solemn service with martial hymns. The officers stand beside the men—the epaulets and crimson sashes of the former relieving the *camasas* of the latter—and as the Host is elevated, the sacred building vibrates with pealing trumpets and the ring of saluting arms.

Every Sunday evening, also, the Band plays in front of the President's private residence. Situated in the *Calle del Presidenté*, a little off the Plaza, this house is a model of Republican modesty. The narrow street darkened with listening groups—the lanterns at the music-desks piercing the shadows with the thinnest rays—groups of *señoritas* whispering at the door-ways, the faint smoke of their *cigarettos* gliding dreamily from their lips—a lean sentinel leaning against the door-post of the President's house, No. 12, rubbing one bare foot against the other—the whitewashed hall behind him, with a yellow candle in a glass case, suspended from the ceiling, winking at the brown balusters of the staircase—an officer in white trowsers and gold-laced cap lifting his spurred heels up the steps of the door-way, and slipping into the street again, having satisfied himself that all was right—these were the incidents I noticed the first Sunday evening I loitered in the *Calle del Presidenté*, arm in arm with Don Ramon, listening to the Band.

The Theatre, too, is open on Sunday evening. Adorned with a Grecian front, this pretty edifice occupies an area sixty or seventy feet square. The street-door opens into a vestibule lighted by a large Chinese lantern, underneath which, on the nights of performance, half a dozen barefooted soldiers are seated on a bench. There are two tiers of boxes. Under the lower tier are three rows of benches, and these are shut off from the parquette by horizontal bars of iron, which give the inclosure the appearance of a semi-subterranean cage for wild curiosities. The object of this arrangement I was unable to ascertain. Probably it is owing to an apprehension that the poorer people might grow savage if



BEFORE THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

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brought into contact with the civilization of the parquette. The night we were there the house was crowded. The boxes rustled with silk. There was a profusion of pearls, and clusters of teeth which rivaled them in whiteness, and masses of luxuriant black hair, and a plump array of arms laden with chains and bands of gold, and eyes of sparkling jet, and coronals and festoons of luscious flowers, and the airiest network floating about the daintiest heads. It was a Gala-night. The play was *El Poeta y la Beneficiada*. In a box decorated with the National colors, directly facing the stage, sat President Mora. To the right and left of his Excellency sat the Minister of Foreign Affairs, General Joaquin Mora, Señor Escalante, the Vice-President of the Republic, and M. Felix Belly, the champion, upon paper, of the Latin Race generally. The performers hailing from Cadiz and other parts of Spain, rendered the humor of Don Manuel Breton de los Herreros with a graceful vivacity. But the orchestra was fearful. Eight fiddlers, a drummer, and two trumpeters, all in a row, tortured us mercilessly whenever the curtain went down. The scenery was just as unpleasant. No two wings were alike, and fully one half the performance passed off in a parlor, upon which the sky-light and stairs of a garret obtruded. The drop-scene, however, representing Minerva instructing the Muses, displayed considerable taste, effectiveness of touch, and brilliant coloring. Between the acts, the occupants of the boxes promenaded the *galinero* or lobby of the Theatre, smoking their *puros* and *cigarettos*. The Ladies indulged in this refreshment as well as the Gentlemen. Lemonades, also, were handed round, and the *cigarettos* gave way to almond cakes, ices, and other delicacies. The President, mingling unaffectedly with the crowd, was voluble and radiant. M. Felix Belly, exquisitely booted and gloved, bowed himself constantly into profuse perspirations.

Having introduced the President—an efficient magistrate, a man of clear strong intellect, energy, and enlightenment, under whose administration Costa Rica has been blessed with a social and material development unknown to her before, and has achieved a sound national reputation, which it would be well for her sister Republics to strive for and deserve—a few words here, explanatory of the political system of the country, will not be inappropriate.*

The Constitution, under which it was reorganized in 1848, declares the Republic of Costa Rica to be a sovereign State, free and independent, and prescribes for it a popular government, representative, elective, and responsible. Asserting the inviolability of property, the liberty of the press, personal security, the equality of all citizens before the law, and vesting the Supreme Power in three distinct bodies—the Legislative, the Executive, the Judicial—it prohibits slavery, privileged classes, *primogeniture*, the violation of correspondence, and rigorously restricts the punishment of death. The Legislative power resides in a Congress of one Chamber of twelve members, over which the Vice-President of the Republic presides. To exercise the electoral franchise, a citizen must be twenty-five years old —be the father of a family or the head of a house —and own real estate to the value of $1000. Neither the President, Vice-President, nor any Member of the Cabinet can vote. All those officers, as well as the Judgeships of the Supreme Court, are incompatible with a Representative position. To be a Member of Congress, the citizen must be twenty-five years old, own real estate to the value of $3000, or be a Professor of some recognized science. Congress appoints the Judges, prorogues its own sessions, and names for the Recess a permanent Commission, consisting of the Vice-President of the Republic and four of its Members. The passage of a law requires the approval of a Congressional majority after three days' discussion, or the lapse of three days, and the sanction of the Executive. The President and Vice-President are elected, for a term of six years, by the electoral assemblies of cantons or counties. To hold either of these offices, the citizen must be thirty years old, own property to the value of $10,000, and be or have been married. Hospitality is prescribed as a duty by the Constitution, and citizenship is forfeited by ingratitude to parents, the abandonment of wife or children, and the neglect of the obligations due to the family and homestead. The Judicial power is vested in a Supreme Court, and other tribunals created by law. The first consists of a Regent, five Judges, and an Attorney-General. These officers—with the exception of the latter, who is elected for six years—hold their commissions during good behavior; but neither the former nor the latter can be suspended unless upon impeachment, nor can they be deposed except by a formal Judicial sentence. The Republic is divided into five Provinces. The Provinces are subdivided into Cantons, and these again into Districts. The Provinces have their Governors and Military Commandants. The two last-named divisions have their Political Chiefs and Alcaldes. As to the Educational system, there is a free school in every town. In San José there is a college for the education of masters, a Lyceum, and a University. Elementary and superior instruction are thus guaranteed by the Government, as well as by private enterprise; and if, as Astaburuaga remarks, Costa Rica does not as yet exhibit a more flourishing state of public education, she has, at all events, established the basis of a system which will improve and extend in proportion as the country materially advances.

Considered in an architectural point of view, the University of St. Thomas must be set down as the finest building in San José. But in point of size, the Hospital exceeds it. There is, in truth, very little need of such an institution in the Arcadian valley of San José. But a chari-

* Since these pages were given to the printer an unexpected Revolution has driven President Mora into banishment, but the writer sees no reason to modify the opinions above expressed.

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table association—*El Junta de Caridad*—thought well of having one, so that no epidemic should suddenly strike the people and find them unprepared, or the poor be without a home and kindly treatment when sickness deprived them of their bread. Hence arose the Hospital of San Juan de Dios. The expense of its erection was defrayed from a fund in the hands of the *Junta*, and by a trifling percentage on wills. The same means maintain it. The incidental expenses are few. The Medical Superintendent, Dr. John Hogan, formerly of Philadelphia, gives his valuable services gratuitously.

The situation of the Hospital is unhealthy. It is built in a hollow immediately off the road to the *Campo de Marté*. The ground, on which it stands, was a marsh five years ago. The Doctor frequently shot snipe there. Consisting of a centre and two wings, the entire length of the building is one hundred and fifty feet. The wings—each of them—are one hundred feet square. The left wing contains the sick and insane of both sexes. The right wing is temporarily used as a prison. Of this portion of the Hospital the inmates are less than a handful, and, generally speaking, their offenses are venial. The yawning sentinel, in charge of them, lazily scraping the tiled floor with his bayonet, seemed to think he might well be dispensed with.

In my visit to the Hospital, I had the advantage of being accompanied by Dr. Hogan. In the Male Ward there were eight cases under treatment. Two of them were cases of severe gun-shot wounds. The sufferers were Costa Rican soldiers who had fought under General Cañas at San Jorgé, on Lake Nicaragua. Opposite them lay three of Walker's men, suffering acutely from ulcers, the result of bad living, exposure and neglect. One of them told me he was from New York. He was fearfully emaciated and spoke with a painful effort. The second—a sprightly fellow, full of pluck and humor—told me he was from Louisville. The third hailed from Quebec. A bright-eyed, fair-skinned, gentle boy, the tears started from my very heart as he whispered the story of his adventures to me.

His father and mother were Irish-born. He himself was born in Canada. His father died while he was at his mother's breast. When she was strong enough to do so, and had scraped together a little money, his mother shifted to Chicago. There she took in washing, and was getting on very well, when, all of a sudden, he took it into his head to join the Filibusters, having heard they were carrying all before them. Somehow or other he contrived to get to New York. There he joined the Filibusters as an emigrant. He did so, believing that was all he had to do to get the best of living and lots of the richest land. He was not a day in Nicaragua before he wished he was home again with his poor, sick, lonesome mother. But it was too late—too late for him to do otherwise than make the most of his wild prank—too late for him to do any thing else than rough it good-humoredly, and fight it out as manfully as he could. He would not be eighteen till June, and yet he had been in every battle the Filibusters fought, from the burning of Granada down to the last attempt of the Allies against Rivas. After the surrender of General Walker to Captain Davis, of the *St. Mary's*, he was taken ill at Punta Arenas, on the Pacific, whither he had been brought as prisoner-of-war, with several of his comrades. Struck down with fever there, General Cañas gave orders to have him sent to the Hospital at San José. It was a year ago, but he had not been out nor up from the day he entered it. He would give his life to hear from his poor mother. He had not heard from her since he joined the Filibusters. She knew nothing of his leaving, nor had he written to her all the time he had been away. This was cruel of him. So he said. And with this he hid his face in his hands, and burst out crying. I did my best to comfort him, telling him I should take steps to let his mother know where he was, and that he was getting on well, and might soon be with her. This seemed to soothe him, and, stretching out his thin white hand, he thanked me with fervent words. The next mail to the United States brought a notice from me, which appeared in one of the New York papers, giving the particulars I have mentioned. Nothing came of it however. No mother appeared to claim the sick boy in the Hospital of San José.

In the Lunatic department of the Hospital there were two women and two men. The two women were crazy on the subject of religion. One of them had covered the walls of the room, in which they were confined, with the strangest hierogylphics—with death-heads and cross-bones—with skeletons—with horned devils and instruments of torture. These disordered fancies were portrayed in charcoal, and, as we entered, the bewildered artist was absorbed in the contemplation of her performances. The other woman was sitting upon a table—her feet bent under her—the stormiest picture of desolation. She had the one story for every ear that hearkened to her. It was that of a beautiful pure child, who, on passing through a dark street one evening, was presented by two abandoned women with an ear of corn. This she took from them and brought home. The child, the frenzied creature said, had ever since been under the spell of these bad women, and it was this which worried her. As she repeated the story to us—she tells it every day and every hour—the tears started from her blood-shot eyes, the clasped hands dropped with the weight of death upon her knees, her head fell upon her breast, and, shaking it from side to side in the vehemence of her grief, the long, black, disordered hair swept over her shoulders to her naked feet.

Leaving her, the Keeper opened the door of another room. It was a wilderness of a room. There was no ceiling to it. The cobwebbed rafters were exposed. The tiles, with which it had been floored, were torn up. Many of them were broken. The clay underneath the tiles

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was, also, torn up. The plastering on the walls was all in flakes. The window-panes had been smashed. Large splinters of glass lay strewn about the plowed-up floor. Every thing within there was defaced. Every thing bore the stamp of exhausted riotousness and irreparable ruin. Crouching in a corner — naked to the waist — the paltry covering he had suffered to remain upon his wasted limbs, flapping in frowsy rags about him—eying us with the timidity of a worried rabbit—eying us stealthily from behind a heap of earth and broken tiles—was a boy with sunken jaws, shuddering from head to foot, jabbering violently, and frothing at the mouth. This poor wretch was little more than eighteen years of age. He had been one of the garrison of Fort Castillo. On the approach of Colonel Frank Anderson, December, 1858, he was seized with spasms, and from that day to this he has been a ghastly lunatic. The shouts of the Filibusters ring incessantly in his ears. Armed to the teeth—gliding like panthers through the *chapparal*—they are ever making toward him. He leaps from them, shrieks, writhes, foams, tears his tangled hair, harrows the walls and floor with his nails, digs up the earth, as though he were a hyena tugging at buried carrion, and so hacks and wastes himself to death.



LUNATICS.

The fourth case was somewhat an amusing one, and from the agonies of that terror-stricken creature it was a relief to follow for a moment the mild vagaries of one, whose only uneasiness was an impression, that a multitude of turkey-buzzards were after him, and that all he wanted was a hat. The turkey-buzzards kept him perpetually busy. He never ceased hooting at them, pelting them with bits of plaster, rushing into them, dispersing them in desperate style, and, having put them to flight, pursuing them round and round the room. Had he a hat, he would be in glorious humor. It was impossible, however, to satisfy him in this respect. He tore up every hat he laid his hand upon.

Having seen all that was to be seen in San José—having lounged often enough through the billiard-rooms and *lager-bier* saloons, of which there are half a dozen in the little city, within musket-shot of one another, and visited the Mint, where we learned something of the mineral resources of the country—having made the acquaintance of several of the friendliest and brightest people there—having talked politics by the hour, over bottles of Bourbon, with a sprightly wise Philadelphian who is fixed there for better or for worse, but rather for the better, his two-storied house in the *Calle de la Artilleria* being spacious, and his cacao plantation close to La Muelle being in the most promising condition—having breakfasted with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, where we had the pleasure of meeting at an overflowing table an accomplished and genial family—having dined in company with a large party of Germans at the house of a wealthy hospitable representative of the *Brod* and vintage of the Rhine—having spent more than one delightful evening in a generous English home, over the gayety, good-heart, and luxury of which a black cloud has lowered since, for she who was the favored and bounteous mistress

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of that home lies in the Serapiqui, lost there on her way to see once more her old home in the oak-crowned isle—having, over and over again, ridden out with General Castro, whose graceful attentions to us were unremitting, and on his plantation of Pacifica, the finest in the country, in the midst of the perfume of 150,000 coffee-trees, and flower and fruit gardens surfeited with sweetness, and all the luxuries of a Farm in the Tropics, having dreamed away many an hour that is still a fragrant and radiant vision with me—having seen and done all this, we, the distinguished strangers from New York, betook ourselves to Cartago, the ancient Capital of Costa Rica, concerning which, the volcano that frowns above it and the valleys that girdle it with beauteousness and glory, another paper, the last of this Holiday series, will appear next month.

A LAY OF THE DANUBE.

I.—THE WISSEHRAD.

PILGRIM of the imperial Danube, pause 'neath yonder height,
Where a crumbling castle standeth draped in sunset-light,
Like a hoary king, stout-hearted, who his throne doth fill,
Though with age he tremble, totter—clad in shining purple still!

Climb those towers, and mark the river rolling calm and wide,
Till the frowning mountain-giants dare defy his tide!
Mark how he through flinty columns cuts a pathway free,
Dashes rightward, leftward, forward—throbbing, panting, toward the sea!

On those banks the angry nations gathered them of old,
Northern hordes and southern legions joined their battles bold,
Till the dark cold waves were flowing red and warm with blood—
Hideous Hun and haughty Roman, how they choked the crimson flood!

There, the sweet old rhymers tell us, Etzel held his court,
When he made, at Chrimhild's suing, feast for high disport,
Bidding fair her royal brothers from the distant Rhine—
Ah, ill-fated Nibelungen! wherefore did ye not divine

That an injured, vengeful woman, though her message fell
Loving as became a sister, could not mean you well!
All in vain the pitying mermaids warned them hence to fly;
There betrayed, the homelorn heroes died as heroes still should die!

'Neath the very towers thou scalest, now the spoil of fate,
Once a noble Magyar monarch kept his kingly state,
Great Corvinus, who Mohammed's flooding hosts could stem,
He by Rome's throned bishop counted worthiest Stephen's diadem.

There below, within the valley, lay his gallant men,
Resting from their hard-earned triumphs o'er the Saracen;
And a strange wild tale is told us from that gray old time,
Ever still of love and sorrow—wouldst thou learn it, hear my rhyme!

II.—THE MAGYAR MAID.

'Twas a day when autumn-hazes floated soft and still,
Lighter than Titania's vesture, over sky and hill;
And the sun, flushed as a lover, left the earth so fair,
With his golden smiles of promise filling all the rosy air.

On the further bank a maiden stood at that sweet hour,
Pouring o'er the bleaching linen fast the needful shower;
Humbly born this duty proved her, yet if queen might wear
On her brow such regal beauty, crown were never wanting there.

Now upon the turf she resteth, by the night-wind fanned,
Holding still the dripping pitcher with a careless hand,
More like some immortal keeper of a fountain-head,
Such as antique sculptures show us, than a simple mortal maid.

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Yet the fires of shifting passion burn in her dark eye,
And her lip now smiles, now trembles, all too humanly;
Toward the camp her face still turneth through that changeful cheer,
And the anxious glance she sendeth now is longing, now is fear.

So she leaned till twilight faded, and the moon's broad beam,
Slanting o'er the hills, with silver bridged the quivering stream;
Yet she leaned, all breathless watching, till a shadow ran,
Swifter than the winged arrow, full across that shining span.

Sudden o'er those pallid features shot a passing glow,
Faint as Borealis-flashes cast on Northern snow,
Then a cold and stiffening tremor shook the lovely form,
And her head fell like the lily 'neath the chariot of the storm.

Noiseless as the downy-breasted swan might touch the bank,
Came a lightly-burdened shallop 'gainst the rushes dank;
To her feet the maiden started as a soldier sprung
From the bark, in warrior-mantle, and his arms about her flung!

One bright smile of love, all trusting, on her lips there lay
Like a sunbeam, then grew colder till it died away,
And a cloud of doubt spread slowly o'er her forehead wide,
While beneath, from lids uplifted, shot the lightning-flash of pride.

Night's thin curtain from the lover could not hide such change:
Low he questioned, "My beloved, wherefore art thou strange?
Hath false friend or envious rival whispered cause of fear?
By Saint Stephen, but the traitor shall aby his rashness dear!"

Silent, and as one who gathers strength for utmost need,
For a moment stood the maiden, till her drooping head
Rested meek upon his shoulder—then with rapid gest
Back she threw the shrouding mantle—and the monarch stood confessed!

Swift as ever slid the wild bird from the fowler's hand,
Through his clasping arms she glided, darted toward the strand,
And ere he, abashed, bewildered, of her thought was ware,
Deep beneath the rolling river plunged her shame and her despair!

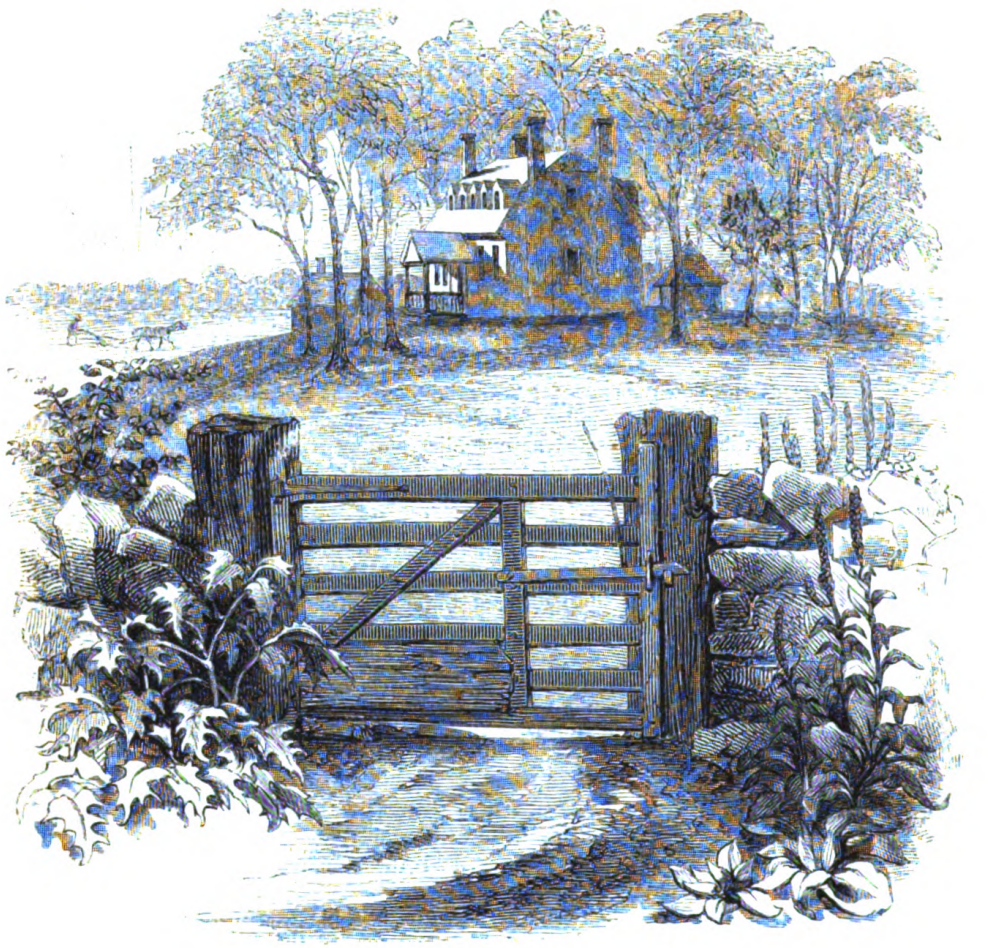
Headlong the remorseful lover follows down the wave,
Catches at the floating raiment, but he can not save!
For the hero, conscience-stricken, weakens to a child;
On the bank once more he standeth, pale and anguish-wild!

Well, oh king, thy heart might fail thee! never, from that night,
Cold and mute a spectral shadow ceased to haunt thy sight!
Blood of Paynim, tears repentant, all in vain they flowed!
Still the dread, reproachful vision, unappeased, before thee stood!

Even yet, the reapers tell us, may that maid be seen,
When the tender autumn cometh, folding mists between;
From the parting flood she rises ere the stars are bright,
And her phantom-web outstretches far, to bleach beneath their light.

Then a tall and helmed soldier draweth to her side,
And the trembling shade doth speed her 'neath the wave to hide!
When the lingering years, they tell us, to a thousand run,
Only shall the lovers rest them from the long, long penance done!

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ROCKSTON.

RURAL PICTURES.

DRAWN BY PORTE CRAYON.

"Vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis,
O pueri!" Marsus dicebat et Hernicus olim
Vestinusque senex; "panem quæramus aratro,
Qui satis est mensis: laudant hoc numina ruris,
Quorum ope et auxilio gratæ post munus aristæ
Contingunt homini veteris fastidia quercus.
Nil vetitum fecisse volet, quem non pudet alto
Per glacien perone tegi, qui summovet Euros
Pellibus inversis." JUVENAL.

A LETTER from the country—an invitation from my old friend, Colonel Manley. He wishes me to spend a month with him—six months—a year; in short, to take up my abode with him for life, if I could consent to so great a sacrifice.

Sacrifice! He must be poking fun at me. Does he imagine it is a sacrifice to leave the city with the opening of spring? to miss the dawdlings at the club-house, the yawnings at the opera, the dinings out, the evening parties? Faugh! Has he forgotten that I am no longer a boy? Well, never mind that. The old Hall is roomy, I know, but not so large as the heart of its owner. I will accept the invitation as freely as it was given. I will be with him too, sooner than he has bargained for. I will start to-morrow.

And I was as good as my word.

The next morning I was in the cars sweeping westward toward the blue mountains of Virginia, my mind occupied with mingling thoughts of the past and future. At thirty-five a man has accomplished half the journey of life, and begins to look back as frequently as he looks forward. I was thinking of myself—what else has a bachelor to think of? Besides, the country I was about to visit was the land of my birth—my boyhood's home—the theatre of youthful joys and follies. Under such circumstances it is quite natural that one's reflections should take an egotistical turn.

At the very outset of life I was left to my own guidance with a fair education, a good constitution, and a moderate competence. Since then I have "followed the devices and desires of my own heart;" or, to use a more accurate expression, "of my own head." I gave myself to books and travel; coquetted with all the Muses; sometimes with a success that might have flattered another to more persevering effort. But it was contrary to my theory as well as my nature to devote myself to a *specialité*, so that I have been content to pass in society for a very accomplished person

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THE BARN.

without attempting to scratch my autograph upon the rolls of Fame. If I have never followed any productive business, I have eschewed extravagance, so that my estate is unimpaired. If I have devoted myself at times to social life, I have carefully avoided excess, so that my constitution is sound, and, when not too closely occupied in literary pursuits, even robust. I have fixed my residence in a city, because one finds there ampler opportunity for the cultivation of elegant tastes, and, to be frank, a larger theatre for the display of accomplishment. I have shunned matrimony—why, it is nobody's business to know; yet one whose daily walk leads him through two or three miles of dry-goods and fancy stores may well be prudent.

I have sometimes flattered myself that I had mastered the art of living. Perhaps I have. When we feel satisfied that we have solved a problem, it possesses no further interest for us. This may account for the dull shadows of *ennui* that of late have so frequently darkened my sunshine—for the gradual drying up of the springs of enjoyment within and around me. Within the last year, too, I have lost a front tooth, and the hair about my temples has begun to grizzle. Ah me! There may yet be something more in life than my experience has taught; and I have begun even to hope that there may be some flaw in my theory, for with the first mild breath of spring I have been yearning continually for the country, and dreaming of those pleasant days when the true and tender impulses of the heart withered not under the cold tyranny of Reason.



AT THE DEPOT.

Five hours of railway travel brought us to the mountains, and on landing from the train I had my luggage transferred immediately to the coach that was to carry me to the village of Hardscrabble—the seat of justice and chief town of my native county. The team was slow, the roads rough, and the driver a loutish negro, as spiritless as his horses. But as the distance was only eight miles, and I was the only passenger, I bore it all philosophically. About midway of our journey my Jehu turned the horses' heads into a fence corner, and, without leaving his box, commenced hallooing at a dilapidated barn that stood at a considerable distance from the road. Having used his voice to no purpose for some time, he concluded to get down and go over to the barn himself. After a while he came back, accompanied by a hatless companion of his own race, who had, apparently, been just roused from his siesta in a straw-rick, as his eyes looked swelled and his wool well dredged with chaff. Each of these worthies was loaded with a dozen ears of corn, which were presently deposited under the noses of the horses. The four-legged brutes commenced munching their bait with an appetite, while the bipeds retired to a seat on the top rail of the next panel, lit their pipes, and discussed the affairs of the neighborhood at their leisure. This performance lasted for an hour by the watch, when we again got under way, and in the course of time hauled up in front of the village tavern and stage-office.

Although I was still five miles from the place of my destination, I did not regret to learn that this was the terminus of the stage line. I knew the road to Rockston when I was a boy, had often walked it, and could do it again. So leaving my baggage at the tavern, I started off, right glad of an opportunity to stretch my cramped legs.

As I trudged along many familiar scenes met my eye, just as I had known them in boyhood. At some points I was bewildered with changes: a forest cleared out, a thicket grown up, an alteration in the location of the road. Once I thought I had lost my way, but was soon reassured by the appearance of an unwhite-

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washed, untidy, weather-boarded building which I recognized as the country store, at the cross roads, not more than a mile from Colonel Manley's. A couple of sleepy horses at the venerable rack, half a dozen coatless loafers on the dry-goods boxes at the door, indicated the character of the place without a sign-board.

Notwithstanding my vivacity at the outset I had begun to feel leg weary, and was glad of an apology to rest. A mingled odor of dry goods and groceries saluted my nose on entering; near the stove that of whisky and tobacco predominated. The civil clerk offered a seat, and then turned to wait on a rustic customer, whom he adroitly plied with inducements to purchase certain ten-cent calicoes of lively patterns.

"Fifteen yards?" says old Homespun, thoughtfully. "It takes a sight of truck to reach round wimmen nowadays."

"But think of the price! Only ten cents for such goods as this! Less than cost, I assure you."

"A dollar fifty," said Homespun, soliloquizing.

"What's a dollar fifty to spend on such a wife as you have got?"

"She's a middlin' solid chunk of a woman," replied the farmer; "gits stouter every year."

"Just look at these colors."

"It'll fade."

"If you stand as long as these colors you'll be a rich man, I'll warrant that."

"Wheat is ninety cents. I'll think of it."

"Better let me put it up for you now. Several of the neighbors want it. Mrs. Colonel Manley admired it very much—wants to get it for her daughter."

"Well," said Homespun, drawing out his leather purse and then putting it back, "I reckon I'll take jist a sample of it, to see if the old woman likes it, and then she can try if it'll wash."

The clerk tears off a sample, treats his customer to a drink of whisky, throws his jug-laden saddle-bags across his horse, and wishes him a good evening.

If the daily exercise of tact, self-control under the most trying circumstances, universal politeness and good-humor, is calculated to improve the manners, surely a country store is the best school in the world for a young man.

Attracted by the click of the glasses, a fellow who had been dawdling about the door approached the counter. His physique resembled that of a dog that had been drowned for a week.

"Well, Squirms is 'lected," said he, addressing himself in a general way to the clerk, myself, and the bottle, with the apparent hope that one of us would respond. "We had hard work," he continued, "but the Dimocracy has carried every thing—Wigs and Know-nothin's hain't got no show now."



COUNTRY STORE.

As there was no reply the swelled dog reluctantly walked away.

I turned to the clerk. "Your friend seems to take a deep interest in public affairs."

"He is excusable," replied the clerk, "since he has no business of his own to attend to. Last fall he was sold out by the sheriff; his wife and children are on the county. A week ago he was tried for trading with negroes, and only discharged for want of legal evidence. But he's one of our leading men in primary meetings, nominating conventions, etc. Perhaps you'll drink something, Sir?"

I thought I would relish a glass of toddy—my legs felt a little stiff. The pleasant gurgle of the liquid from the bottle caught the attentive ear of the statesman, and he again approached.

"What's your idee of the chances for the next Presidency?"

This, addressed directly to myself, was a poser. To acknowledge that I had no *idee* whatever on the subject might have lowered me in the esteem

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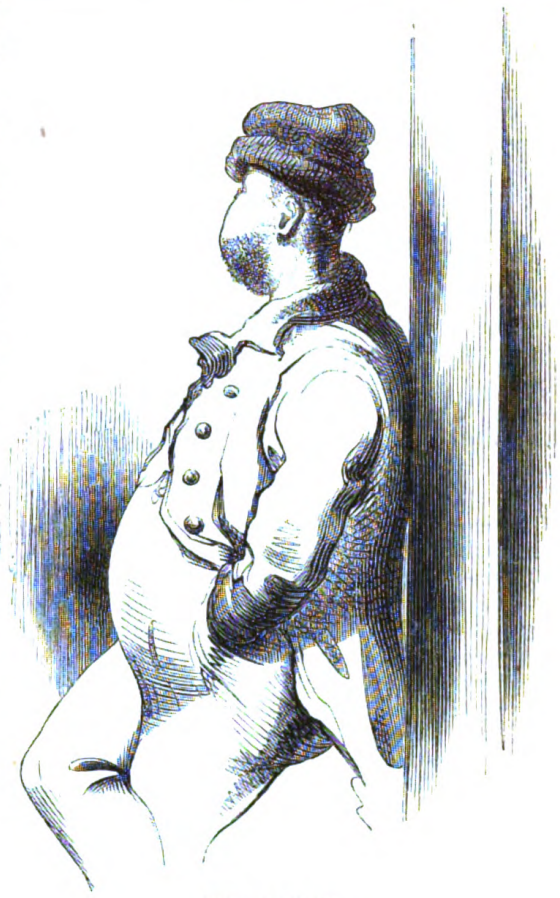
of the questioner. I therefore put my finger solemnly on the side of my nose, elevated my eyebrows, winked, and nodded toward the bottle, "Drink something?"

This solution of the momentous question appeared to be satisfactory in the highest degree. The face of the patriot burned with a lurid joy as he filled his tumbler to the brim. "Here's luck!" and in a twinkling the whisky was not. He made a sham motion toward the water pitcher, which resulted in nothing. Then leaning over as near as he could get to me he said, in an emphatic whisper, "The South is in danger—look out for squalls—you mind me."

I replied by a look of astonishment bordering on terror.

"They're a-scheming and a-conniving to rob us of our property," he went on with increasing emphasis. "But never mind." (Here his voice grew familiar, and he made several efforts to put his arm around me, which movements I delicately eluded.) "But," he continued, smacking his lips and screwing his features into an expression of ineffable diplomacy, "never mind, wait 'till we git Cuby, then it'll be all right."

It was near sunset when I got to Rockston. The old house with its queer hipped roof and outside chimneys, drawn in sharp



THE POLITICIAN.



EVENING.

outline on the glowing west, presented a picture of unmistakable respectability which the most elaborate modern cottage or costly villa strives in vain to emulate. The very dilapidation visible in its out-buildings and surroundings was more suggestive of easy, self-satisfied consequence than want of thrift or taste; while the sleek and elegant forms of the thorough-bred stock in the barn-yard, the shining faces of the negroes about the quarter, the tall grove that surrounded the dwelling, the huge pear-tree bending under its load of luscious winter fruitage—a flock of roosting turkeys—all characterized the abode of old-fashioned abundance and hospitality.

I stood leaning against the gate-post enjoying this scene until the red in the west gave place to the sheen of firelight through the windows of the old mansion. This reminded me that the evening air was frosty, and as the excitement of my walk had worn off I was chilled to the bone.

There was a warm hearth within, however, and a warmer welcome. The Colonel and his wife met me at the door, and there was a broad and genial sincerity in their greeting which took possession of the heart, as it were, by a *coup-de-main*—throwing into the shade the more pretentious and studied courtliness of cities.

I was warmed before I approached the fire—

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BLOWING THE FIRE.

at home ere I was seated. The table stood ready set out in the middle of the room; but a sudden movement of the smiling mistress arrested the servant who was bringing in tea: as she bustled out with jingling keys I easily foresaw that some extra dishes were to be ordered. The wide hearth glowed with hickory coals, yet fresh logs must be heaped on, and fresh chips to expedite the blaze, until the very walls trembled with the roaring fire. For one moderate, middle-sized individual this seemed superlative.

There was comfort and supper enough for twenty. The Colonel was fond of politics and moral philosophy. He was stuffed full of talk, having his whole winter's reading undigested, and he evidently hailed me as an object whereon he might wreak himself. I, reckless of sanitary rules and diatetics, took double vengeance on the hot batter-cakes and stewed chicken. (Mrs. M. can, by a culinary process known to herself, make an old hen as tender as a spring pullet.)

"Things are getting into a devil of a condition," said the Colonel, throwing himself back in his chair with the air of a man who has uttered an incontrovertible truth.

"What's the matter?" replied I, buttering four more hot ones.

"What's the matter! why, look at the country, Sir; look at the government; look at every thing."

"Things look very well about here," I answered. "Another breast of chicken — thank you, madam."

He continued, "I begin to fear our whole system is based upon a fallacy. In the general mankind is—"

"I beg leave to differ with you," said I, "mankind is *not*."

The Colonel looked puzzled for a moment; then smiled, and said,

"I perceive you don't take much interest in politics."

I detected a shade of disappointment in his face as he said it.

"Pardon my levity, Colonel; but good cheer and the sight of old friends have gladdened my heart, and have incapacitated me from taking a grave view of affairs, either public or private. I must acknowledge, however, that of late years I have troubled myself very little about the government, believing that, in ordinary times, that citizen best serves the State who manages his own business best."

"Suppose George Washington had held such an opinion?"

"Ah! those were not ordinary times. When the Union cracks open, for example, and another Quintus Curtius is wanted, just let them call on me."

"That savors too much of ambition. The true patriot serves his country, oftentimes, even without the hope of glory or reward."

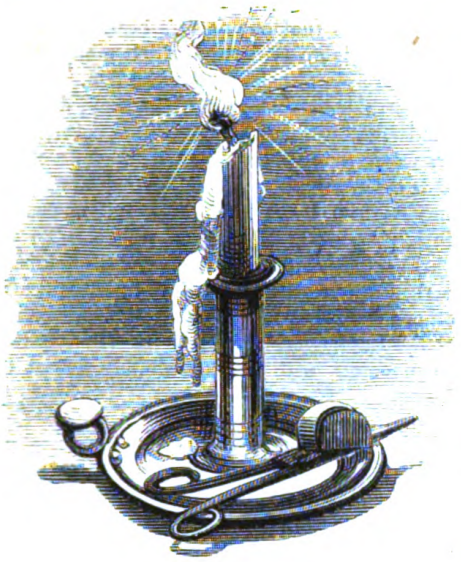
"Then I certainly met one back here at the cross-roads this evening—a fellow that looked like a boiled dog."

The Colonel reddened. "That worthless



THE PET.

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BED-TIME.

scoundrel is the person we suspect of stealing Mrs. Manley's turkeys last Christmas."

"I suspect," said the good dame, "that Mr. Berkeley is tired after his long journey, and would like to go to bed."

The suggestion chimed in with my feelings precisely; and ere long I had snuffed out my tallow dip and rolled into a high feather-bed with a delicious sense of weariness that I had not enjoyed for years.

"Dreams, call in the morning. Days of my youth, I will remember you to-morrow. For the present, good-night!"

My awakening was greeted with pleasing and familiar sights and sounds. The sun, like a hidden archer, was shooting his level beams from behind a pointed hill, glancing through the leafless tree-tops; reddening the distant summits, while the shadowed meadows were lightly vailed with a blue transparent mist. The whole plantation was astir, and I lost no time in getting out to see the fun. The turkeys had come down from their roost, while two rival cocks were strutting and gobbling—emulous in puffing and absurdity—reminding one for all the world of a couple of oratorical demagogues before the people.

As in company with some thirty or forty feathered bipeds I stood admiring this droll exhibition, I observed a negroling, accompanied by a brace of dogs, edging up toward me, his countenance evidencing a mixture of shyness and curiosity. By a sudden movement I cornered him between the porch and the house. Finding there was no escape, he stood for a moment in amazed uncertainty, then mustered pluck to inquire his fate.

"You gwine to cut my head off, Sir?"

I assured him that I had no such intention at this time. His face shone with satisfaction; and feeling secure of his own safety, he undertook to inform me of the worthy character of his companions.

"Dese is good dogs, Sir; dey don't suck aigs."

I was much gratified to hear it, but intimated that one of them had a bad countenance.

"Dat's Cæsar, Sir. He did used to suck 'em, but dey done burnt his mouf wid a hot aig, and he don't do it no more."

Upon this I promised that the dogs might go unhanged as long as they behaved themselves, and the party then ran away shouting and yelping for very joy. The delicious freshness of the air induced me to continue my walk toward a large pasture field beyond the barn, where, gathered upon a rocky knoll, I observed a fine flock of ewes with their new-born lambs. Although no sentimentalist, I could not but pause to admire this gentle family. To the political econo-



MORNING.

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mist a sight of the South Downs, in their unshorn comeliness, might have suggested good mutton and woolen factories. To the speculative philanthropist, the model of a community opposed to war—of a society based on innocence and love.

Alas for seraphic philanthropy, and the pretty gamboling lambkins—to a certainty you will all be shorn and roasted in the end!

I found more entertainment in considering the subject artistically—in the picturesque beauty of the attitudes and groupings; or physiognomically—in the varied expressions of the sheepish faces, ranging from poetic meekness and innocence, through every intermediate phase, to the most ludicrous silliness. It is a vulgar error to suppose that one sheep's head is like another, yet it is an error into which many of our celebrated animal painters have fallen. In expending their skill upon the anatomy, drawing attitudes, the peculiar texture of the covering of hair, wool, or feathers, they have done much that is essential; but not all, if they have in so doing neglected the individual and characteristic expression of the animal's face. To the accurate observer there is nothing mysterious in the readiness with which a lamb recognizes its mother; nor does he find it difficult to believe that the Laplander, who has more rein-deer than he can count, will yet immediately detect the



THE FLOCK.

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BIAS.

absence of one familiar face from the herd. Give a man a microscope, and a motive, and I believe he could seat himself by an ant-hill, and in the course of time make the personal acquaintance of every individual in the community.

A sudden movement among my sheep caused me to turn; and the world thereby lost a lecture on bestial physiognomies.

At my elbow stood the cause of the disturbance — the negro whelp and his dogs. I felt vexed at the interruption, and ordered him off. Instead of obeying, he began another eulogy on the character of his playmates, earnestly setting forth their spotless innocence in regard to sheep-killing, and extolling their prowess against cats, pigs, and ground-squirrels. When he had talked himself into a hard knot, I repeated the order with a menacing look and gesture.

"Dere's a sick lamb," quoth he, "what's gwine to die."

True enough, there stood a ewe with rueful face and distended udders beside its helpless weakling. It was curious to observe the simple arts of the poor creature to attract the lamb's attention to its natural food. In vain she bleated and gently pushed it with her foot. Nature's first instinct was wanting or dormant, and the little one refused to take hold. I called the attention of one of the farm hands to her case. He immediately took her, relieved her swelled teats of their superabundance; and then opening the lamb's mouth with his finger, filled it with the fragrant milk. The little creature swallowed again and again, and at length revived sufficiently to make a successful effort to help himself. In a few minutes he got upon his legs, and trotted after his joyful mother to rejoin the flock.

The jingling of a bell at the mansion announced breakfast, and a cheerful hour in the

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TWIN LAMBS.

frosty air had made the sound a most welcome one.

After breakfast the Colonel formally introduced me to Bias, his swarthy seneschal, and put the house and estate at my disposal. There was a saddle horse for my especial service; a buggy for a drive; a fowling-piece to shoot blackbirds (no other game being in season); and, finally, the library, with nothing in it of a later date than Scott's novels, if we except agricultural periodicals and newspapers.



THE OVERSEER.

Then for the programme of the day. The Colonel was a man of business. Although he kept an overseer he was in person chief manager of the estate. He took breakfast at seven, dined at one, supped at seven P.M., and went to bed at eight, except when he had company. In addition to his private affairs, he held public offices of trust and dignity that occupied his time. He was a Justice of the Peace and President of the Agricultural Society. To-day he had business on the farm and in town. They were planting corn, and it was law day. Would I ride with him? "Remember at Rockston you are in Liberty Hall?"

I respectfully declined the ride, the buggy, the gun, the library. In short, I determined to pass the day according to a fancy of my own. It should be a day of strolling idleness among scenes that had been familiar in boyhood.

I set out, therefore, with a sketch-book in one pocket and a volume of Thomson's "Seasons" in the other, useful to balance the skirts of my coat. Having fetched a compass, avoiding the barn-yard, I crossed an open field, and entered a romantic forest much broken with ledges of limestone rock and briery thickets. Here, in a secluded nook, I seated myself, and gave memory the reins. Vaguely and reluctantly at first the shadows came forth from the great cemetery of the Past, until called and quickened by some familiar sight or sound. The form and color of the ferns and lichens about the rocks—the tapping of the woodpecker on the hollow trunk—the bark of the squirrel—the very smell of the dried leaves, had its associations. Soon by-gone scenes, time-dimmed and distant, were seen lifelike and near, while faces of the dead and forgotten crowded around me warm with the smiles of by-gone love and friendship.

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"Gillian is dead, God rest her bier;
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marion is married—while I sit here
Alone and merry."

"Merry!"—no, not merry, Mr. Thackeray. Confound those worthless dogs! And you here again, you imp of Satan! How dare you follow me around in this way?

"Master," cried the imp, stammering and trembling, "I seed you gwine to de woods, and I thought you gwine to hunt ground-squirrels, and I fotch de dogs."

"Away with you, pestiferous varlet!" cried I, whipping out my penknife and rushing at him. "I'll cut you into forty thousand giblets!"

The imp fled through the bushes like a rabbit with the dogs after him. I followed, shouting, threatening, and pelting them with stones, until they disappeared over the brow of a hill in the direction of the house.

Resuming my walk, I passed through the wood, and on its further border paused to note a group of hen-houses prettily located among the trees. I was the more pleased to perceive that the tenants of these rustic dwellings were of the old-fashioned breeds; that the lord of the hamlet had the chivalric bearing and elegant form of the game cock. How his crimson coronet and brilliant plumage recalled the joy and pride of my boyhood! What dauntless courage in his clear eye! what proud defiance in his clarion notes! yet with what knightly courtesy

"He chucketh when he hathe a corn y-found!"

The very type of the ancient gentleman whose decadence poets profess to lament, yet which all join to expedite. How much the displacing of this noble bird from his rightful and accustomed walks, and his substitution by that ungainly mass of cowardice, greediness, and feathers, the Shanghai, may have had to do with the deterioration of society, I will not venture to suppose. But when we remember the men of light and leading who once trod the walks of our Republic, and then consider those who occupy their places, one may be excused for looking into the poultry-yard and speculating on the different breeds of chickens.

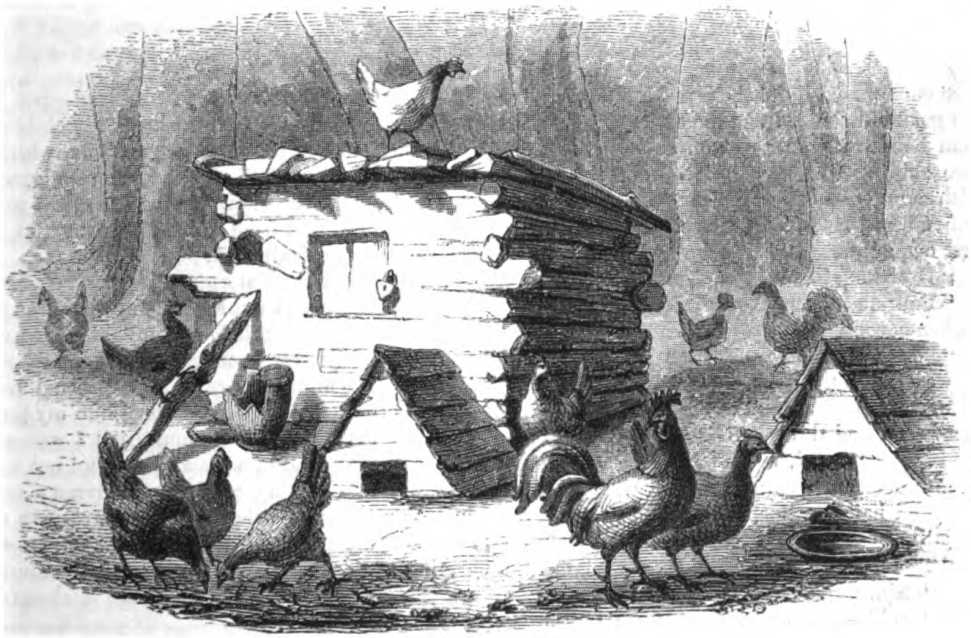
While I was pondering on these things a negro woman, somewhat advanced in years, approached, and saluting me politely went on to look into the hen-houses, opening and shutting the doors and moving the water-pans in a manner that convinced me she had come rather upon an errand of curiosity than of business. Indeed I was not sure but that the sight of a stranger loitering about the chicken-yard might have excited some uneasiness in her mind, and, to dispel any possible suspicion, I called her to me and questioned her in regard to the modes of raising fowls, the proprietor of the great house that stood near, the estate she belonged to, etc., upon all which subjects her answers were respectful but curt. But when I told her my name her quiet manner was changed instantly to one of excited and voluble pleasure.

"Why, Mass Berkeley, is this you? Laus a-mercy, Sir, I'se Harry's wife—you 'members Harry—I must run and tell him."

And she did run. It was now my turn to be surprised. "How does this woman know me? Who is Harry? Whence this flattering welcome? She possibly mistakes me for another, yet she seems familiar with my name!"

While I stood thus puzzling my brain the good woman returned with her man, a stout negro with bald forehead and grizzled hair, apparently about sixty years of age. As I looked up he exclaimed,

"Lord be praised, Mass Berkeley. It is you,



THE HEN-HOUSE.

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THE GRANDCHILD.

sure enough. I didn't believe Melindy." And the good old soul saluted me as if he were a Roman bowing before a patron saint. Ah! that face shining with gratitude—that voice husky with emotion—made all clear in a moment. I remembered Harry and the circumstances of our first acquaintance.

"How long has it been, Harry?"

"Four-and-twenty years, Master. I have tooken account of it year by year."

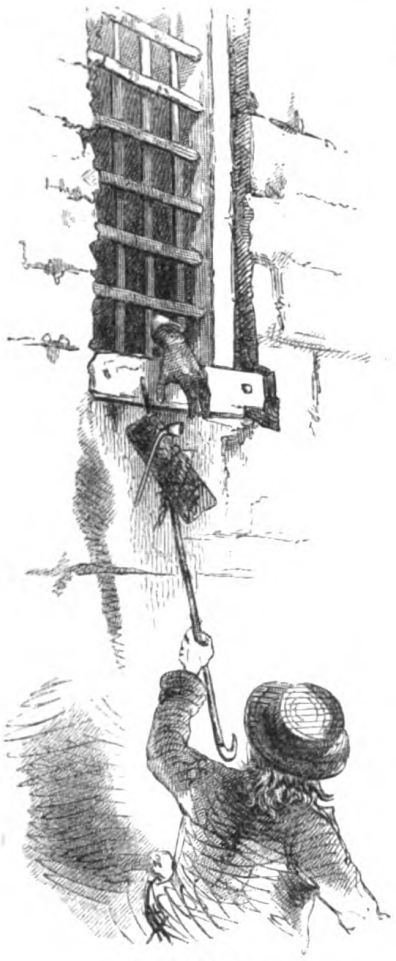
"Four-and-twenty years! Can it be possible?" So we went to their cabin, where presently a dozen or more children and grandchildren dropped in by twos and threes. These, as they were successively presented, made obeisance and retreated into nooks and corners, where, with stretched eyes and hanging lips, they stared at me reverentially, as though I were a tutelary divinity.

"Twenty-four years ago," I repeated, mentally. "Since that time how many loves have grown cold—how many friendships perished—how many pearls cast before swine—how many hundreds of dollars worse than wasted—yet in the ruder soil of this faithful heart my childish hand had planted the seed of gratitude, which, like Jack the Giant-killer's bean, grew and grew and grew, until the plant seemed out of all proportion to the root from whence it sprung, or to the earth that sustained it.

On a cold drizzling morning, twenty-four years ago last Christmas, I was making my way through the village of Hardscrabble with a light heart and a Christmas quarter in my pocket, mentally rejoicing in the number of cakes, marbles, and firecrackers that would presently come into my possession. As I passed the county jail I was arrested by the sound of a melancholy and not unmusical voice singing a Methodist hymn; and on looking up I saw the face of a negro man at the window peering wistfully through the heavy grating as he sung. When I stopped the music ceased, and the prisoner gave me a cheerful greeting.

"Merry Christmas! young master."

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THE PRISONER.

"The same to you, uncle. You seem to be having a good time, though you are locked up."

"I sings, master, 'cause I'se so lonesome."

Now I thought of all the merry-makings that were going on in the neighborhood—the fiddling, dancing, fat turkeys, and good things that were in store for white and black; and then I looked at the cold gray stone walls, and the deep interior gloom behind the grim grated windows, and thought the poor soul might well feel lonesome.

"Well, uncle, it's best to keep up your spirits any way, and I'm sure you'll soon be out. But maybe you can play the fiddle, or can read, to pass away the time. I could get you a book, or borrow Nace Coleman's fiddle for you."

"Bless your good little heart, young master, I can't play on nothing, and have no larnin' of any kind. I can only sing two tunes I larned at camp-meeting, and whistle two or three jigs. The most I longs for is a pipe and some tobaccy."

I was thrilled with a sudden joy, and hurrying as fast as I could walk to the store, I invested my quarter in a pipe and tobacco. Returning to the jail immediately, I hallooed to recall my new acquaintance to the window, from which he had retired.

"Here's your pipe and tobacco," said I, holding up the package.

"For me! young master?" exclaimed the negro, with grateful surprise. "Why, God bless the boy, has he spent his Christmas-money for the poor nigger?"

"I can get more if I want it," replied I, sturdily, although I was not so sure of it.

I tied the bundle to my little cane, and passed it up to the dusky hand that was stretched out to receive it, then hurried away in confusion to escape the thanks and blessings that were showered down from the prisoner's window.

For many days after I passed and repassed the jail on my way to and from school, never failing to exchange greetings with my grateful protégé, who always signaled my appearance by puffing a great cloud of smoke through the bars, to let me see that my present was well enjoyed. I do not remember that I ever inquired the cause of his imprisonment, or learned why he was released. Missing him from his accustomed place, I took it for granted that he had gone back to his people, and in a few weeks the whole affair had faded from my active memory.

Not so with Harry. In the following month of June I was agreeably surprised by a visit from him with a remembrance in the shape of a pair of young squirrels. So it continued, season after season, and year after year. Sometimes it was a dozen apples, a hatful of nuts, a superb water-melon, a brace of partridges—in short, any thing and every thing that his simplicity suggested, and that his humble means could command.

At length it seemed to me these grateful returns had so far exceeded the original obligation that, on receiving my accustomed present one day, I insisted on his acceptance of some remuneration. His look of wounded sensibility told me of my error before he spoke.

"Young master, I did not think you was a gwine to treat me so. You is gettin' proud now, since you growin' up to be sich a proper young man."

I protested against being thought proud, yielded my point, and peace was made.

The years of study and of travel, of calm thought and stirring adventure, that had passed since then had so nearly obliterated these little incidents from my memory that I recalled them with some difficulty; while in the monotonous and uneventful life of the negro "the time when Mass Berkeley spent his Christmas-money to get him pipe and tobacco" still loomed up as a prominent landmark.

Before taking leave, I was anxious to mark this visit by some especial compliment and gratification to my ancient friend. It was high noon. The morning's stroll had sharpened my appetite. I had remarked on the hearth a suspicious-looking heap of cinders, to which Madam Harry had occasionally paid some attention.

"Harry," said I, "I have not tasted ash-cake and buttermilk for twenty years."

Harry snickered outright. "Why, master,

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ef there is any thing Melinda can't be beat it—it's ash-cake."

The pleased alacrity with which the lunch was served showed that I had hit the nail on the head. I did not fail to point the compliment by doing the ash-cake justice, and then resumed my walk, feeling fresher in mind and body than I had done for many a day.

Through field and forest, glade and thicket, I rambled on dreamily, unconscious of the passage of time, until at length I was aroused from my reveries by the sound of a horse's hoofs rapidly approaching. I was in the midst of a dense wood, near a private road, which was apparently but little used. The sun was declining in the west. The dinner-hour was long past. My entertainers would be vexed. But I had no time to dwell on the subject, for the next moment a spirited black horse dashed by at full gallop.

The rider was an uncommonly pretty young girl—at least so she appeared to me, as I caught a glimpse of her face beneath the plumed riding-hat. She rode with the grace and confidence of an accomplished horsewoman; her figure, seen to advantage in the close-fitting habit, was strikingly elegant; while a profusion of flaxen ringlets fell upon her shoulders and floated in the breeze.

This much I noted during the fifteen seconds she was in sight. The adventure was decidedly emotional, driving the sheep and all the other rural pictures out of my head. Oh! the vanity of getting wisdom, and the absurdity of consorting with owlish Professors, if a man of my age is liable to be thus flustered at the sight of a country lass riding through the woods! She rides well—but let her go; she looks as if she were fully able to take care of herself. What is she to me? By-the-way, what an admirable sight a fine horse is, especially when excited and moving rapidly! Ah! here comes a woodman with an axe on his shoulder; and, as I live, another old acquaintance!

"Hallo, Gabriel!"

"Sarv'nt, master!" said Gabriel, lifting his hat.

"Gabriel, what young lady was that who rode by just now?"

"Didn't see her, Sir. I jest been choppin' a little wood up here on de hill, and as it's nigh sundown I'm a gwine home to supper."

"Look at me, Gabriel: do you know who I am?"

Gabriel did as he was ordered; but presently shook his head. "Please God, master, your face looks kind'a like somebody I knowed, but I can't 'member 'zactly wha' to place you."

"Don't you remember Robert Berkeley?"

"Don't tell me dis is Mass Robert Berkeley!" cried Gabriel, with a grin.

"The very same," I answered, while fumbling in my pocket for a quarter.

"Why, master, I never would have knowed you; you begins to look middlin' old."

"The devil I do!" I replied, withdrawing my hand and buttoning up my pocket.

As I started up the road I turned and hallooed, "Gabriel, do you remember the time Colonel Manley caught you in his hen-house?"

"Go 'long, Mass Robert! Who'd a thought you 'member dem foolish stories."

"'Look middlin' old,' do I? you anointed old chicken thief!"

As the sun was nearing the horizon I quickened my pace, and in the course of half an hour the chimneys of Rockston were visible, gilded by the rays of the setting sun.



MISCHIEF.

Passing by the quarter I was startled by an outbreak of unearthly yells, accompanied by vociferous scolding, sounding thwacks, barking of dogs, and loud guffaws of Ethiopian laughter; a mingled din, that startled the turkeys on their roost. A single glance sufficed to elucidate the whole matter. A half-drowned kitten escaping from the wash-tub; a stout matron, with the whelp's head under her arm, administering the condign with a heavy hand; attendant negroes and dogs laughing and barking their respective sentiments of approbation or disapproval of the proceeding.



THE CONDIGN.

One deeply versed in the mysteries of the human heart says that men, in spite of a Christian

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education, are very prone to feel a secret satisfaction in the misfortunes of others. I regret that candor obliges me to plead guilty to the charge in this instance. I left my youthful friend and follower to the tender mercies of the oppressor, and made my way quietly to the mansion.

As I entered the Hall, with the consciousness that my day's tramp was concluded, a sense of fatigue took complete possession of me. The parlor-door stood ajar, the room was untenanted, and the twilight glow of a sunken hickory-fire diffused an air of comfort through it that was irresistible. I entered; and throwing myself upon an inviting lounge, was soon in full enjoyment of the most delightful of sentimental luxuries—the dreams of evening twilight.

Pleasantly I reviewed the events of the day, with alternate smiles and soberness, following up their connections with the olden times; but most of all the fair lady of the forest haunted my thoughts with her weird beauty and dashing horsemanship. Now this unwonted freak of fancy puzzled me, for I had never been a recluse from society, and many a year had passed since the casual view of a pretty face could disturb the regularity of my pulse; whence, then, this vague and dreamy interest in a stranger, seen but for a moment, like a shooting star? Yet in that moment some rusted chord was struck, the sound whereof my dull ear has not caught; some gentle memory disturbed, not yet awakened quite to consciousness. Ah, faithless heart!—was it not Ellen Manley she was like? That sweet, laughter-loving face, those sunny curls, that form of grace. I have the secret now! Strange that I should have hesitated. Just so she looked when I rode beside her through these same groves, walked with her in these sunny lanes, worshiped her in this old Hall, and once—once only—on her red lips pressed the sweet seal of love:—ye gods and goddesses, I believe it was on this very sofa!

But time, and books, and travel, and society; the world, with its reasonings, and theories, and babblings! Has such trash then so nearly obliterated the golden dreams of my youth? Ah! sweet Ellen, had pride been less obdurate, or love more steadfast, a different life might have been yours and mine!

Ellen and myself were near the same age. When we were about sixteen we loved each other dearly, and were engaged. I sent her bouquets, wrote verses in her album, and gave her a gold ring with our names engraved on the inside; and she knitted me a purse of blue silk, and gave me one of her silken tresses tied with a blue ribbon. And when we got to this point, as a matter of course we quarreled. She returned my ring, which I pounded into little bits, and sent back to her; she threw them in the fire, and sent me a small paper of ashes, which I was given to understand was the remains of the ring. In a towering fury I took the flaxen tress with the blue love-knot her fairy hand had tied, and having frizzled it on a shovel, sent it to her reeking. Back came the tattered leaf from her album, with my tender verses interlined with a ludicrous parody. Who ever had the last word in a quarrel with a woman? I gave it up, and got drunk. In a short time my guardian, fearing that I was getting into bad habits, sent me away to college. Ellen went to Washington, caught a handsome beau, a captain in the army, who married her and took her to a post on the Western frontier. I have never seen her since. I hear that she is a happy wife and mother—may Heaven bless her!—and that her Captain is now a Colonel—may he soon become a General for her sake! She was not my first love, by half a dozen at least; nor my last, by a score. Yet now as I recall her she was the sweetest of them all—so beautiful, so enthusiastic, so artless, so sincere. Ah! could those days but come again, and I had the choosing, how gladly would I turn my back on the great world, with its gilded allurements, and seek the better part—a life-long companionship with a loving heart like hers! In dreams they say that Reason sleeps, while Fancy, ever watchful to escape her cruel mistress, slips her fetters, spreads her triumphant wings, and bears us, unresisting, where she lists.

Lights—voices! I started up in confusion. Good Heaven! is this a vision? My early love come back? Ellen Manley! A burst of laughter was the response my exclamation elicited. The Colonel stepped forward.

"You've had a good nap after your walk, Mr. Berkeley. This is my daughter Alice, the youngest-born of our house—our baby, as we still call her. She was an infant when you left us."

"Mr. Berkeley," exclaimed the old lady, "I fear you missed your dinner to-day. To be sure we had but little to tempt you: vegetables are so scarce at this season."

"Mrs. Manley," quoth the Colonel, "I'll



THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING, ETC.

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guarantee that Bob Berkeley never sat down to a finer dinner than you had to-day. Such a ham, such a turkey, such a pudding!"

Mrs. Manley modestly confessed that the pudding was a success, and remarked that she had put away a piece of it for me.

"Cold pudding for supper!" cried the Colonel.

"By no means," replied the lady, with spirit. "I had it kept warm, and the turkey too. If the gentleman has missed his dinner, it will probably not be amiss at supper."

I must have appeared very silly meanwhile; for instead of taking part in the conversation, I only rubbed my eyes and stared at the lovely vision.

The frolicsome curls were tucked up daintily, and the riding-habit exchanged for a simple gown of black silk. Dimpled smiles played amidst the roses in her cheeks as she spoke.

"I think I passed you in the wood this evening, Sir?"

"Ellen—" I stammered. "Pardon me—Miss—Miss—"

"Alice," she suggested, with a pretty blush.

Mrs. Manley spoke up:

"Mr. Berkeley forgets that his old flame, Ellen, is a fine motherly woman of thirty-five, with a son who expects to go to West Point next year."

This was the bucket of water that brought me to my senses. We laughed, and went in to supper. I then related the adventures of the day, not forgetting a description of my dinner, which caused a deal of merriment.

"Ah!" said the Colonel, "if you are fond of rambling over the country, either on foot or on horseback, this young lady will be your companion. It is her delight."

Mrs. Manley took this opportunity to express a hope that her daughter would lay aside certain wild, rustic ways she had acquired, and deport herself with a dignity and gravity befitting the occasion and company.

Bless the good lady! does she think I am a bugbear to frighten the girls? I'll take good care that Miss Alice shall not find my society a restraint.

We are to ride to-morrow morning.

Good-night, and pleasant dreams!

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

"WHEN all things were made, none was made better than this," said that stout old seaman, Salvation Yeo, handing a roll of brown leaf to the good knight Sir Amyas Leigh, "to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire, Sir; while for stanching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven." To the truth of which catalogue of good qualities many a mariner of the present day would, without hesitation, make oath.

Tobacco, this "precious stinke," as his vindictive majesty, King James, called it in his "Counterblast," first became known to Europeans shortly after the discovery of the American Continent. All its present popular uses were known to the natives of North and South America probably ages before Columbus was born, or Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his silver pipe as he sat to see his friend Essex put to death. When the Spaniards landed in Paraguay, in 1503, the natives came forth to oppose them, "beating drums, throwing water, and *chewing tobacco and spirting the juice from their mouths upon the invaders*—the last a means of offense and defense which must have painfully surprised the Spanish, if the Indians had at all acquired the skill of aim which is said to have been attained within this century by some of our Western friends. Columbus, on his second voyage, noticed that the natives of Tobago reduced their leaf to a powder, which "they take through a cane half a cubit long, one end of which they place in the nose, and the other upon the powder, and so draw it up, which purges them very much." And Oviedo speaks of *smoking* tobacco as one of the "evil customs" of the Hispaniolans of that day—"very pernicious, and used to produce insensibility." They set fire to the dried leaves, placed upon the ground, and inhaled the smoke through a hollow forked stick, of which the forks were placed in the nostrils, and the other end held over the burning mass. Thus the smoke was drawn into the lungs, and it is not surprising that, as Oviedo says, "they presently became stupefied." But our old friend, Salvation Yeo, as also Mr. Lionel Wafer, surgeon to Dampier, gives another account, according to which the Indians, "when they will deliberate upon war or policy, sit round in the hut of the chief; where being placed, enter to them a small boy with a cigarro of the bigness of a rolling-pin, and puffs the smoke thereof into the face of each warrior, from the eldest to the youngest; while they, putting their hands funnel-wise round their mouths, draw into the sinuosities of the brain that more than Delphic vapor of prophecy; which boy presently falls down in a swoon, and being dragged out by the heels and laid by to sober, enter another to puff at the sacred cigarro, till he is dragged out likewise; and so on till the tobacco is finished, and the seed of wisdom has sprouted in every soul into the tree of meditation, bearing the flowers of eloquence, and in due time the fruit of valiant action." Even pipes were known to the Brazilians; and of the Mexicans it is related by the chaplain of Cortéz that King Montezuma had his pipe brought to



THE FIRST PIPE.



THE HISPANIOLIAN CIGARRO.

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BRAZILIANS SMOKING.

him, with much ceremony, when he had dined and washed his mouth with scented water. One of the rhymsters of those days says of Cortéz and his troop:

"They, in the palace of great Montezume,
Were entertained with this celestial fume."

The Indians were so fond of the intoxication of smoking, and so constant in their devotion, that they even reckoned time by the pipeful, and were accustomed to say, "I was one pipe" (of time) "about it." It is to be supposed that their huts were in smell not very savory, and probably old Giralamo Benzoni exaggerates but little



ANCIENT MEXICAN PIPE.

when he relates: "I have entered the house of an Indian who had taken this herb, and immediately perceiving the sharp, fetid smell of this truly diabolical and stinking smoke, I was obliged to go away in haste."

Various attempts have been made to prove that the ancients had a knowledge of the tobacco plant, and a tradition of the Greek Church even has it that Noah was overcome by tobacco, and not wine, on his deliverance from the ark; but it is proved conclusively that to our own America is the Old World indebted for this invaluable weed; of which it may not be amiss here to state that upward of 2,000,000 *tons* are now grown and consumed annually in the world, which, at the low rate of five cents per pound, equals in value the entire wheat crop of the United States; while, though the plant has been known to the civilized world not yet three centuries, the duties on its importation into Great Britain bring that Government in no less a sum than $28,000,000 per annum, France deriving even a greater revenue from the same source. The city of Vienna alone consumes annually no less than 52,000,000 cigars, and the consumption of Great Britain, notwithstanding a tax of seventeen cents per pound, amounted in 1851 to over one pound per head for the whole population!

Raleigh's tobacco-box is yet preserved in the Leeds Museum. It is thirteen inches high, and seven across, and will hold a pound of tobacco. It has the initials W. R. within the lid. But



before pipes and tobacco-boxes were invented in England cigars were smoked by those few who indulged themselves in the fragrant weed. They talked in those days of "drinking" tobacco—a term which was used for nearly a century, probably because smoking took place generally in public houses. Aubrey relates that in the early days of pipes the gentry had theirs made of silver, which material is still used in Japan, while the common people "made use of a walnut-shell and a strawe," which primitive utensil was handed from man to man round the table. At that time tobacco was an expensive luxury. It sold for its weight in silver; and when the farmers went to town to lay in their stock for smoking, they "culled their newest and biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco," while many of the gentry smoked away one-third of their income.

Not only was it long the fashion to swallow the smoke, and then expel it through the nose —a pitch of enjoyment now only attained by old soldiers and sailors and the Portuguese nation generally—but there were various exquisite ways of puffing, and the hangers-on of society and captains of the Bobadil sort made a profession of the art of smoking, and publicly inducted country gentlemen into the mysteries of the "Cuban ebullition, Euripus, the whiffle," etc.



TOBACCO-DRINKERS.

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"If there be any such generous spirit that is truly enamored of these good faculties, may it please him but by a note of his hand to specify the place where he uses to eat and to lie, and the most sweet attendance with tobacco and pipes of the best sort shall be ministered."

"I warrant you make chimneys of your faces!" exclaims an irate lady in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays; and a gentleman observes, sneeringly, "'S'heart! he can not put the smoke through his nose!" The bucks of those days sallied out to court their sweet-hearts attended by a pipe and a boy to trim it, and said their fine speeches between the whiffs.



EARLY TOBACCO SYMPOSIUM.

Like coffee and tea, tobacco was no sooner introduced than the faculty seized upon it as a valuable addition to their pharmacopœia. Spenser speaks of the curative powers of "divine tobacco;" Lilly, the Euphuist, writes,

> "Gather me balme and cooling violets,
> And of our holy herb *nicotian*,"

to cure a wounded hand; Henry Butler, in a curious little volume, called "Dyet's Dry Dinner," treats of its great virtues as a digestive power:

> "Fruit, herbs, flesh, fish, white-meats, spice, sauce, and all,
> Concoct are by tobacco's cordiall."

"It cureth any griefe, dolour, imposthume, or obstruction, proceeding of colde or winde, especially in the head or breast. The fume taken in a pipe is good against rumes, catarrhs, hoarseness, ache in the head, stomake, lungs, breast; also in want of meate, drinke, sleepe, or reste."

"What is a more noble medicine, or more readie at hand, than tobacco?" asks Edmund Gardiner, in his "Triall of Tobacco" (1610);



SIR WALTER RALEIGH SMOKED THUS.

and in a broadside published 1670, entitled "*Nicotianæ Encomium*, or the Golden Leaf Tobacco displayed in its sovereignty and singular vertues," the author chants its praises more loudly yet:

> "If the grand bugbear toad, the plague, ye fear,
> Lo! under God your antidote is here.
> Ye hot, ye cold, ye rheumatic, draw nigh;
> In this rich leafe a sovereign dose doth lie.
> We'll cure ye all: physick ye need not want,
> Here 'tis, i' th' gummy entralls of a plant."

But the *herbe sacrée* (holy herb), *herbe propre à tous maux* (herb fit for all diseases), *panacée antarctique* (southern all-heal), by which and sundry other names tobacco was known in its early and medicinal days, soon gave way to less eulogistic epithets, applied by those who thought its influences pernicious. The battle, which began nearly two centuries ago, rages still, and many "eminent hands" may be found on either side. Spenser declaims about "divine tobacco;" but Stowe speaks of "the weed so much abused to God's dishonor." One old poetaster sings:

> "Much victuals serves for gluttony, to fatten men like swine,
> But he's a frugal man indeed that with a leaf can dine,
> And needs no napkins for his hands his fingers' ends to wipe,
> But keeps his kitchen in a box, and roast meat in a pipe."

To which another replies:

> "In a tobacco shop (resembling Hell,
> Fire, stink, and smoke must be where devils dwell)
> He sits, you can not see his face for vapor,
> Offering to Pluto with a tallow taper."

Bishop Earle says, sarcastically: "The tobacco-seller is the only man who finds good in it, which others brag of, but do not; for it is meat, drink, and clothes to him. His shop is the rendezvous of spitting, where men dialogue with their noses, and their communication is smoak." Against which one of the wits apostrophized the weed:

> "Nature's idea, Physicke's rare perfection,
> Cold rheumes expeller, and the wit's direction;
> O had the gods known thy immortal smack,
> The heavens ere this time had been *colored black*."

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William Penn strongly disliked tobacco, and loudly expressed his annoyance when in company where it was used. Stopping at Burlington once to see some old friends, they chanced to be smoking when he was announced, and hastily concealed their pipes. Perceiving the smoke as he entered the room, and also that the pipes had been hid, he said, pleasantly, "Well, friends, I am glad that you are at last ashamed of your old practice." "Not entirely," replied Samuel Jennings, a Quaker wit; "but we preferred laying down our pipes to the danger of offending a weak brother."

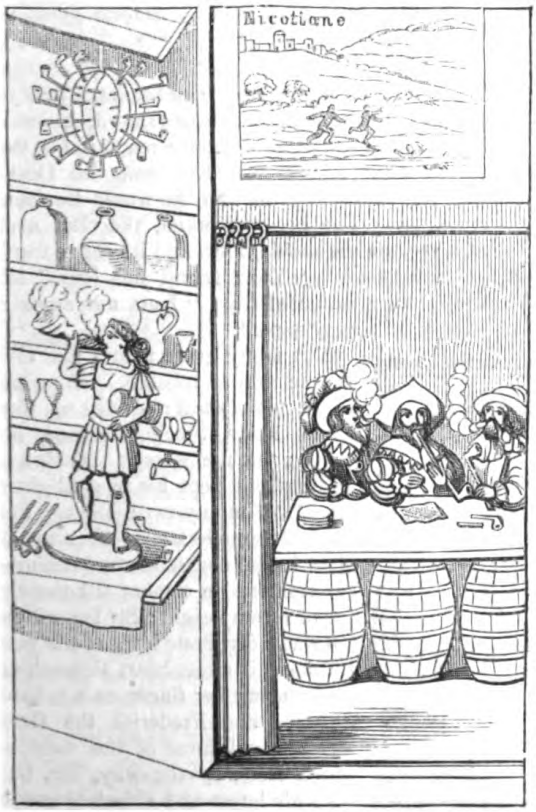
Charles II. forbade the members of the University of Cambridge to "wear perriwigs, smoke tobacco, and read the sermons they delivered." Peter Campbell, a Derbyshire gentleman, in 1616, bequeathing his goods to his son Roger, willed that if at any time his brothers or sisters "fynd him takeing of tobacco," he shall forfeit all "or their full valew." As poor Roger had five brothers and three sisters he must have had a hard time with his pipe. Aubrey, writing in 1680, says: "Within these thirty-five years it was considered scandalous for a divine to take tobacco;" but Lilly, the astrologer, speaks of William Brendon, vicar of Thornton in 1633, as a profound divine, but so given over to tobacco that when he had none he would cut the bell-ropes of his church and smoke them.

Cromwell believed, with James I., that growing tobacco in England was "thereby to misuse and misemploy the soill of the kingdom," and



LADY SMOKING.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

sent his troopers to trample down the growing crops wherever they found them. But the soldiers smoked at the Lord Protector's magnificent funeral, and thus wreaked a poetic vengeance on him who had deprived them of a loved pleasure. M. de Rochefort, who traveled in England in 1672, relates that "it was then the custom, when the children went to school, to carry in their satchels, with their books, a pipe of tobacco, which the mothers took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco, thus accustoming them to it from their youths, believing it absolutely necessary for a man's health." To this extreme, at any rate, we have not yet come.



OLD PRINT OF A TOBACCONIST'S INTERIOR.

We do not propose to take sides in the tobacco controversy; but can not refrain from the remark that, while the anti-tobacconists have been in general violent and often unmeasured in their denunciations, as indeed is shown in our quotations, the smokers have replied in temperate language, which contrasts them favorably with their opponents.

"Shun these pipe-pageants; for there seldome come
Tobacco-factors to Elysium!"

exclaims an ardent tobacco-hater. And another:

"Tobacco's an outlandish weed,
Doth in the land strange wonders breed;
It taints the breath, the blood it dries,
It burns the head, it blinds the eyes;
It dries the lungs, scourgeth the lights,
It 'numbs the soul, it dulls the sprites;
It brings a man into a maze,
And makes him sit for others' gaze."

Sylvester, the translator of *Du Bartas*, and a favorite poet of James I., sought to gratify that royal tobacco-hater by a poem which has the strange title: "*Tobacco battered, and the pipes shattered (about their ears that idely idolize* so base and barbarous a weed; or, at leaste wise overlove so loathsome a vanitie) by a volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon;" in which he thus condemns all smokers to Tophet:

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"For hell hath smoke
Impenitent Tobacconists to choake,
Though never dead; there shall they have their fill.
In heaven is none, but light and glory still."

But brave old George Wither wrote, in the face of King James's "Counterblast:"

"Why should we so much despise
So good and wholesome an exercise
As, early and late, to meditate?
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"The earthen pipe, so lily white,
Shows that thou art a mortal wight;
Even such—and gone with a small touch:
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"And when the smoke ascends on high,
Think on the worldly vanity
Of worldly stuff—'tis gone with a puff:
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"And when the pipe is foul within,
Think how the soul's defiled with sin—
To purge with fire it doth require:
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"Lastly, the ashes left behind
May daily shew, to move the mind,
That to ashes and dust return we must:
Thus think, and drink tobacco."

But the smoker's enemies did not content themselves with vituperation. Ingenious and arithmetical minds entered into elaborate calculations of the waste of money by tobacco; thus one Lawrence Spooner reckoned that the tobacco used by a thousand families cost per annum no less than $4500. This, he says, "if improved thriftily, in twenty years would amount to more than $600,000" to divide among the smokers and their heirs. We remember to have seen some years ago an equally elaborate and interesting computation of the yearly waste accruing from the wearing of useless buttons on the backs of gentlemen's coats.

Persecutions followed. First came

"A gentleman called King James,
In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches."

He imposed the first tax on tobacco; in Russia smoking was punished by amputation of the nose; in the Swiss Canton of Berne the offense ranked next to adultery, and even so late as the middle of the last century a special court tried delinquent puffers; Amurath IV. of Turkey, and the great Gehan-Geer joined in the crusade; and finally, Innocent XII., in 1690, solemnly excommunicated all who should take snuff or tobacco in church. Meantime, conscious of their innocence and their rights, the smokers placidly kept their pipes alight, and at intervals came forth with some such piece of quaint morality as this, supposed to be from the pen of Dr. Henry Aldrich:



A SNUFF-TAKER OF 1720.

"Sweet smoking pipe; bright glowing stove,
Companion still of my retreat,
Thou dost my gloomy thoughts remove,
And purge my brain with gentle heat.

"Tobacco, charmer of my mind,
When, like the meteor's transient gleam,
Thy substance gone to air, I find,
I think, alas, my life's the same!

"What else but lighted dust am I?
Thou show'st me what my fate will be;
And when thy sinking ashes die,
I learn that I must end like thee."

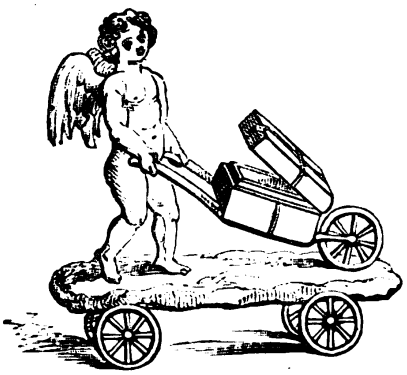
Dean Aldrich was a great smoker, and it is related of him that a student of Oxford, knowing his devotion tobaccoward, once made a bet that however early or at whatever time the Doctor was visited in his sanctum, he would be found smoking. The bet was taken, the visit made at a very unseasonable hour, and its cause frankly announced. "Your friend has lost," said the Dean, good-naturedly; "I am not smoking—only filling my pipe."



TOBACCONIST'S LABEL OF 1730.

But many great names are cited on the side of tobacco. Pope and Swift took snuff; Addison, Congreve, Prior, Steele, smoked, and were none the worse. Hobbes of Malmesbury kept his pipe alight to the age of ninety-two; Doctor Parr smoked immoderately—often twenty pipes in the course of an evening—but remained a smoker till the ripe age of seventy-eight; Sir Isaac Newton was a desperate lover of his pipe, and lost his sweet-heart through absently using her finger as a tobacco stopper; and Frederick the Great was a royal lover of the weed, in which taste, by-the-way, Mr. Carlyle, his latest and ablest biographer, emulates him! Of literary men

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FRENCH SNUFF-BOX FOR THE TABLE.

some have refrained. Goethe, Heine, and Balzac abominated smoke; their subtle spirits could not bear its gross influences. Dumas, who does almost every thing else, if we may believe his own accounts, does not use tobacco. On the other side, however, are found Sir Walter Scott, at one time an immoderate smoker, and always a lover of his cigar; Campbell, Moore, Byron; and of living celebrities, Tennyson, Thackeray, and Bulwer, have all chanted the praises of the Indian weed. Lamb loved his pipe, and was not particular as to the quality of his tobacco. Puffing once the coarsest weed from a long clay pipe in company with Doctor Parr, who used only the finest, the Doctor asked in astonishment how he acquired this "prodigious power?" "By toiling after it," replied Elia, "as some men toil after virtue." The filthy habit of chewing tobacco numbers fewer great men among its devotees, and we shall mention only —as an early chewer— General Monk, in whose time it was customary for *gentlemen* who chewed to carry about with them a small silver hand-spittoon, used as shown in our illustration — taken from a contemporary print.



AN EARLY CHEWER.

The early tobacco-sellers set off their wares with many quaint conceits and riddles, which, doubtless, amused the tranquil mind of their customers. On one side of the wrapper of a tobacco parcel was printed:

"What though I have a nauseous breath,
Yet many a one will me commend;
I am beloved after death,
And serviceable unto my friend."

Which inscrutable riddle is duly explained on the reverse side:

"This is tobacco, after being cut and dry'd, being dead, becometh serviceable."

Another and more ingenious conceit was thus unfolded:

"To three-fourths of a cross, add a circle complete;
Let two semicircles a perpendicular meet;
Next add a triangle that stands on two feet;
Then two semicircles, and a circle complete."

To elucidate which it requires that the name of the herb be written down in Roman capitals.

A man named Farr had a tobacco-shop on Fish-Hill, London, and attracted custom from his older rival opposite by this tempting sign:

"THE BEST TOBACCO BY FARR."

The sailors who patronized that region, and were then, as now, a credulous folk, went over in a body; but were reclaimed by a new sign over the old shop:

"FAR BETTER TOBACCO THAN THE BEST TOBACCO BY FARR."

In 1748 a Spanish vessel was captured and brought into New York. Part of her cargo consisted of fine paper copies of recent Papal bulls, and this paper was bought by an enterprising Yankee, who, not having the fear of the Pope before his eyes, printed on the backs "Choice Pennsylvania tobacco," and used the bulls as wrappers, advertising his willingness to sell "at a much cheaper rate than they can be purchased of the French and Spanish priests, and yet will be warranted to be of the same advantage to the possessors."

And here is an old American tobacconist's conundrum:

"O and P ran a race; Q backed O, knowing that P would win. Why was this like going into a shop and asking for *shag*, and getting *short-cut*? *Answer:* Because it was wrong *to back O.*"

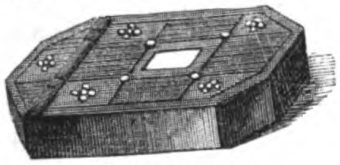
But the prettiest conceit for a smoker's pipe is the following, which will please even non-smokers:

"Tube, I love thee as my life;
By thee I mean to chuse a wife.
Tube, thy *color* let me find,
In her *skin*, and in her *mind*.
Let her have a *shape* as fine;
Let her breath be sweet as thine:
Let her, when her lips I kiss,
Burn like thee, to give me bliss.
Let her in some *smoke* or other
All my failings kindly smother.
Often when my thoughts are *low*,
Send them where they *ought to go*.
When to study I incline,
Let her aid be such as thine;
Such as thine her charming pow'r
In the vacant social hour.
Let her live to give delight,
Ever *warm* and ever *bright:*
Let her deeds, whene'er she dies,
Mount as incense to the skies."

The coloring of meerschaums, which is the present "amiable weakness" of Young America, is an old story among the Turks and the Germans, who devoted time, patience, and tobacco to this noble object quite a century ago. We have inherited the "coloring mania" from our English cousins, among whom this valuable talent has been developed to an extraordinary degree. It is related that a young English Guards officer determined not long since to obtain, by a

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device worthy the grave importance of the subject, the very ideal of a colored meerschaum. To do this he knew that the pipe, once lighted, must never be permitted to go out. Accordingly he arranged that it should be passed from mouth to mouth of the entire regiment, he agreeing to pay the tobacco bill. After seven months of arduous smoking and patient waiting, the fortunate fellow received a pipe the splendor and perfection of whose colors exceeded even his most sanguine hopes. With it a bill for tobacco used, to the modest tune of nine hundred and seventy-five dollars!



BURNS'S SNUFF-BOX.

But if such pipes are costly, the old snuff-boxes of the days when to be a gentleman was to take snuff elegantly were yet more precious.



BOX, FROM SHAKSPEARE'S MULBERRY.

Pope and Swift, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Addison, and many other great men, were addicted to snuff. Gibbon was a confirmed snuff-taker. Frederick the Great loved snuff so entirely that he carried it in his vest pockets, made very large for the purpose, and in moments of excitement threw it up his nose by small handfuls. In Spain and Italy snuffs were medicated, and even infused with a subtle poison, so that by the offer of a friendly pinch a man sometimes sent his enemy out of the world. But the most complete and luxurious pharaphernalia for snuff-takers is undoubtedly the Scotch "sneeshing mull," with its little hammer to hit the side of the mull should the snuff adhere; bodkin, to pierce and separate it should it stick together by damp; rake, to collect it into the little shovel; and hare's foot to brush loose particles from the nose!



SCOTCH MULL.

It remains to be said that no less than forty different species of tobacco are described by botanists, of all of which the leaves are now smoked, chewed, or snuffed in different parts of the world, smokers consuming by far the greater part.

MRS. ANTHON'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

MR. PETER ANTHON was a rich New York merchant—one of the old-fashioned kind. Not a parvenu, for he remembered his own great-grandfather, and was himself born in the house in Bleecker Street which that respected old gentleman built. Not a speculator either, but a sober, rigid, well-read, well-bred man, who increased his large patrimony by steady attention to business, and never invested in railway shares. At an age of discretion Mr. Peter Anthon married Miss Jane Suydam, a lady equally respectable, rich, well-bred, and rigid with himself; and in course of time Mrs. Anthon enlivened the mansion in Tenth Street by introducing to its quiet and orderly splendors a very small boy, who was christened Peter, after his papa, and was fully expected to do honor to his parentage.

Mrs. Anthon was a quiet, reserved woman naturally, and the straitest style of education had only added new force to the bent of her nature. She had no younger sisters. She knew nothing of children; and though all that was tender and feminine in her repressed heart awoke at little Peter's advent, she did not know how to express it in any sweet, motherly ways, but always talked to her child in the most correct English, and sighed over its total depravity as that Presbyterian trait developed, day by day, to Mrs. Anthon's orthodox horror.

For Peter was even a baby like other babies. He paid no regard at all to the fact that he was an Anthon. He was not in the least respectable or proper. He kicked, and cried, and laughed, and made faces just when and where he pleased, always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. He would laugh and play peep with Hannah, the old family nurse, till she declared he was a perfect angel; and one minute after would just as strenuously rub his eyes, wrinkle up his nose, kick and scream at the Rev. Doctor Sopus, till that upright man retreated in disgust from the attempt at cultivating his acquaintance.

Peter was a very pretty baby, and his mother was extremely fond of him; but it was not to be denied that he preferred old Hannah to his mamma—that, like most babies, and perhaps a few undignified grown people, he liked better to be kissed, and fondled, and rubbed, and cooed over, than to be laid straight out on two knees, or stuck bolt upright on a rectangular arm and addressed grammatically. For, say what you will, my dear brother, babies do like baby-talk, and know its professors with a "knowledge that is love," as Mr. Kingsley says. Just let you and I go down on our knees together before that cherub in white cambric on the sofa there. You enter into conversation with it as you speak to any body else, and I assail it with those honeyed elisions, and tenderest nonsenses, shorn of labials and denuded of harsh consonants, made fluent and gracious with the indescribable loving sounds that Sir Thomas Browne meant when

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he asked leave to "coin the word cordiloquy." Don't you see who those dreamy eyes turn toward and seek for? Is it you those blessed little arms reach after? Is it you the soft pink lips begin to answer with inarticulate tones and the pucker of a coming smile? Ah no! you know better! I have conquered you with the most irresistible logic—with the baby's own induction from fairly-stated premises: bless its heart!

So it naturally came about that Hannah had more to do with baby than Mrs. Anthon herself; and as she possessed fully the true feminine joy in being tyrannized over, and knew the art of spoiling children by heart, Master Peter, by his third year, had Hannah completely under his thumb, and regarded his mother with the same calm admiration he felt for the sideboard. Peter was beginning to be troublesome, to tell the truth. Mrs. Anthon had set hours for his reception; but he would secrete scraps of bread and butter under his embroidered frock, and produce them on mamma's satin lap, or daub his fingers on her camel's hair shawl, or play horse with a big velvet chair, and bang it up against the sideboard, till glass and plate trembled at the shock, while his lawful governess sat quaking on the sofa, all unable to redress her grievances short of using physical force, of which she disapproved; and uttering inadequate remonstrances and remarks, unheard in the noise of Peter's cavalry charge, and fully convinced that "some one had blundered" in supposing character to be hereditary; for did not that uproarious, astonishing, inexplicable child spring from the highest old respectability? And what was he? Scene and reflection generally ended by ringing vehemently for Hannah, and a grand display of diplomacy on her appearance, to delude Peter back to his calm obscurity of the third story.

Mr. Anthon was a man of business, and left home every day before his son's late toilet was accomplished, returning to dinner at night, when that infant was served up with the dessert, kept in order by small doses of almonds and raisins, and hustled off to bed when the cloth was finally withdrawn, leaving behind him the impression that he was as well-behaved a child as his father's son ought to be, and carrying away a private terror of that father's cool gray eye and straight-set features that was no way akin to love.

But out of this terror, which she adroitly discovered, Hannah made her most successful engine of government. If Peter the second was naughty, his father was to be told at once; and as he never was told, the boy's natural acuteness discerned that Hannah herself was afraid of his father, and from that fact he drew the necessary inference that his father was to be feared, and he behaved himself accordingly.

So Peter grew to be ten years old; for a while under the nominal teaching of a governess—a pretty, weak, soft-hearted little creature, over whom her infant charge domineered most persistently, and who could only persuade him to learn the ominous column beginning "b a, ba, k e r, ker—*baker*" by keeping him on short allowance of kisses and molasses candy. For Peter had a warm and true heart in his rebellious little bosom, and actually, like the dreadful English child recorded in Miss Brontë's life, "loved the governess!"

But the governess loved somebody else more, and one day took leave of her pupil, in a storm of hugs and tears and kicks, to marry a clerk in a dry-goods shop; at which bereavement Mr. Anthon looked more grim than ever, and forthwith provided a tutor for the seven-year manikin.

If there is any thing particularly funny in the "solemn and necessary institution" of teaching, it is to see a young man undertake the instruction of a small boy, except in a Sunday spasm of benevolence, or as the temporary didactic amusement of a rainy day. There seems to be a sort of natural antipathy between the two ages of the same sex; and the same man who holds in abject submission and awful worship a dozen of the wildest girls will be utterly routed by one naughty boy. Mr. Gaius Hogeboom, however, by dint of great natural obstinacy, poverty, and the diversion of studying theology between his lessons, managed to hold on and keep his place for nearly three years, by the end of which time Peter knew some arithmetic, less geography, a little Latin, and could write intelligibly—all but the spelling. He had also developed a great capacity for slyness, could do more mischief right under his tutor's nose than any other boy of his size, and was fast smothering his frank, warm heart under the thick selfishness that almost inevitably gathers about the only son of rich and over-careful parents. So Mr. Hogeboom came to the sober conclusion that Peter needed some more efficient training than he could give, particularly as his own course of study was fulfilled, and he now expected to be ordained. He strenuously recommended Mr. Anthon to send Peter to school, or else procure for him a companion at home, in order not merely to stimulate his mind by rivalry, but for the moral effect of another to consider and to be considered besides himself. By what Mrs. Anthon, in her profane religiosity, called a special providence, just at this time Mr. Anthon's only sister died, and left a son one year younger than Peter; as if Providence chastised and bereaved people for the convenience of somebody else, even though that somebody might be Mrs. Peter Anthon!

Mrs. Rivers was the widow of a poor clergyman, whom she married for the very unwise reason that she loved him, though her hand was solicited at the time by two other youths—rich, respectable, and of "old families."

Nobody ever knew that Mrs. Rivers pined after these advantages; probably, with the weak minds some women have (may their shadows never be less!), she thought her good and handsome husband something more precious than dollars and position; at any rate, she broke her heart when he died, and died herself six months

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afterward, leaving, as a legacy to her brother, a letter that might have drawn tears from a millstone, provided that commodity had ears or eyes—a letter that did make Mr. Peter Anthon blow his nose twice in the penetralia of the counting-room, and receive its accompanying bequest, the aforesaid child, as warmly as his nature or his habit permitted.

Harry Rivers was a frank, honest, fine-tempered boy, who despised lying and duplicity from the mere force of a nature that offered no temptation to those sins. His faults were all the faults of a character essentially noble, and just those that a life under his uncle's eye was calculated to repress. He was soon installed in the house, and treated, in all physical aids and appliances, as well as Peter. Mrs. Anthon liked him because he gave no trouble; Hannah, because he was "Miss Susan's boy;" and Peter liked him more heartily than either, because he couldn't help it—for he was naturally generous and affectionate, only till now he had never had any object but Hannah to expend either of these traits upon, and the habit of tyrannizing over her had become stronger than nature. There was no rivalry, no jealousy between these boys—not even when they were sent to a great, noisy boys' school together. They had small quarrels, little internecine wars of aggravation; sometimes got extremely tired of each other; but twenty-four hours always composed their differences, and they were friends again after a good night's sleep.

In school, of course, Peter had no end of trouble. The boys found out his social ignorance long before the master became aware of his deficient education, and they christened him at once as "Peter the Second"—a style that sent him home full of wrath and covered with bruises, achieved in the effort to punish his tormentors.

So Peter and Harry grew to be sixteen—Harry fulfilling the promise of his youth; Peter still as wild, as willful, and as warm-hearted as he was at three, but infinitely less afraid of punishment, and a great deal fonder of his mother, who had softened with time, and sent out every poor groping tendril of her shut-up heart toward the fresh young life of her son. At this time Peter was sent to college, and Harry taken into his uncle's counting-room. Unlucky separation for Peter, whose defender as well as friend Harry had been through all their school-days; persuading him into right and beguiling him away from wrong with every good influence, conscious or unconscious, of which he was capable. And much Peter needed such a friend. His generous impulses had no regulation of reason; his quick passions never had been repressed by principle or discipline; his earnest and ardent heart never stopped to look at sequences or calculate results; he knew neither the worth nor the want of money, for his father's school allowance to him had been most liberal. And with all these traits he was thrown into college with a herd of boys, few better and most far worse than he, with no restraint of home, and little of authority. Just as well might he have been cast headlong into a raging sea, and left to strike out for life!

Natural consequences ensued. He grew careless, lazy, dissipated; he fell into a bad set of companions; he became "fast;" bills poured in upon his astonished father, followed by letters from the college authorities, to say the least, rather uncomplimentary to Peter; and many a time Harry had to stand between his uncle's rage and his son, recalling to him how kind and earnest and fatally impulsive was the boy's nature; how long-patience must at length recall him to his better self and his best friends; how a knowledge of his actions would grieve his aunt; and how his own credit would suffer by refusing to pay his son's debts; till, at length, Peter put an end to intercession and forbearance by appearing suddenly at home, formally expelled from college; and though cut to the quick by a catastrophe so little expected, and burning with a sense of deserved humiliation, outwardly defiant, careless, and bold.

Mr. Peter Anthon, Senior, was enraged—not by any means to the point of noise or bluster—no human emotion could drive him to that. He was steel at white heat, rigid, concentred, intense, and scorching. Mrs. Anthon was scared and grieved to the heart; she would not look at Peter before his father, but grasp his hand when they met in the halls, or in the rare moments they were left together, and say, in piteous tones of appeal and remonstrance, "Oh, Peter!"—sole reproach her trembling lips could frame, or her heart compel itself to utter, but far more potent with Peter than all his father's bitter words or poignant accusations. Vainly did Harry Rivers try to reconcile father and son. Neither one would take the first step toward it.

"It's no use, Harry," said Peter, one night, going to his cousin's room after an evening spent with his father. "I can't stand such a rowing over again. The governor says he'll cut me off with sixpence, and leave it all to you. I hope he will. You deserve it, and I don't. I don't want his money; but, confound it! I should like to think the old man was flesh and blood, and cared a curse whether I was alive or dead, before I leave him for good."

"You're all out there, Peter," answered Harry. "If the old gentleman didn't care about you, do you think he'd make all this fuss? Not he. It's his way of showing he does care for you; and as for leaving his property to me, he won't do any such thing. He is too true an Anthon for that. It was only a threat."

"Well, he won't threaten long," interposed Peter, in a gloomy tone.

"Don't go to doing any thing absurd, Pete," said Harry, earnestly. "Just have patience to lie by till the storm's blown over, and then come quietly down to the counting-room, and do what he wants of you. Aunt Jane will break her heart over you if you don't."

"H'm!" growled Peter, "I guess not; she daren't speak to me before father now! Well,

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Harry, you're all right, anyway. You're a clever fellow, Hal. Shake hands—won't you? Good-night!"

In the morning Peter Anthon, Junior, was missing. A hasty letter informed his father that he had joined the volunteers for the Mexican war; and from that hour Mr. Anthon spoke his son's name no more for years; and his wife, having wept herself half blind, relapsed, after a while, into her old repression and formality, and wore steadily the same cool and quiet aspect that nobody but her child had ever disturbed or dispelled.

When the lists of killed and wounded came home after the battle of Chapultepec, Peter Anthon, private, was reported missing. Harry Rivers wrote to the colonel of his regiment for further particulars, and learned that a party of skirmishing Mexicans had sprung upon a few men detailed for the purpose of fetching water to the wounded after the battle, killed six, and made three prisoners, none of whom had been heard of or seen since, and one of the three was Peter. Harry laid a copy of his letter and the colonel's answer on his uncle's desk, and knew by his aunt's face and eyes at breakfast the next morning that she had seen them. But no words passed about the matter; and as year after year rolled away, and Peter never returned, he was given up for dead, mourned for in proper blackness, and every body knew that Mr. Anthon had adopted Harry Rivers for his son, in place of "that poor, dissipated creature who went to Mexico," as the New York world said.

It was no such great blessing, after all, to Harry Rivers to be so adopted; for it bound his fresh, gay, sparkling nature to the form and routine of two dull and formal people, and incarcerated him, as it were, in a jail of propriety, where another and a weaker nature would have been altogether crushed and devitalized. But Harry was not to be crushed by any thing less than a real evil; nor did he fly for relief to such pursuits as many youths would have sought for that end. He disliked wine and spirits too much to know them as temptations; cards were stupid to him; the vulgar rivalry of a race-course disgusted him with horses simply as racers. In short, his nature and his training both kept him out of sin, till the time came for religious principle to become an ally all-potent to both training and nature. So there was no danger that even the stupidness of his life should drive him into being "fast."

Really Harry Rivers was a very good young man. Not one of the inexpressible noddies who usually pass muster under that synonym, merely too stupid to be any thing—a negative of all evil because a negative of every thing—not one of these! No priggish manners asserted his superiority to the most trifling boy or girl of his rank in society; no obtrusive preachments of trite moralities bored and disgusted his friends at all times and places. He was simply a healthy, honest, high-spirited young fellow, who found hard work enough to do in fighting his own temper and his own indolence, and took his pleasures after a certain fresh and characteristic fashion, careless of laughter or sneers; for Harry kept a good horse, and every day drove or rode him; but instead of taking with him some pretty girl or stylish dandy, he carried off his uncle's old dusty, rusty book-keeper, or a pale, overworked clerk, or a couple of children belonging to some poor widow, who could as easily have compassed the Koh-i-noor as the refreshment of a drive for her white-faced, timid little girls. Just such sort of persons were his companions in the frequent sails that were his summer recreations, greatly to the wonder of his higher-life companions, and to the delight of many who laid up against him as a virtue that which was simply a pleasure. For Mr. Rivers held in small esteem the young ladies who made the staple of such gay society as he frequented now and then; and still less was he fond of companionship with most of the young men; and he had a heart full of humanity—rarest virtue in these days, when doctrines, and theories, and speculations outpreach the most living fact of God's great Gospel—the fact Christ came to illustrate and impress—the very pass-word of heaven: "For all ye are brethren." So between one thing and another it was, after all, his pleasure that prompted Harry Rivers to do these things, just as much as it was his pleasure that carried him to the Opera, to the Philharmonic, and to every decent concert that promised music—promise too often unperformed to any ear cognizant of music!

Besides, Harry was well aware that he was the only thing his aunt cared for now. She had relapsed into her old impassibility after Peter's death; but if ever any ray of affection visited her dull blue eye, or any tenderness tempered her cold voice, it was always Harry Rivers who so moved her; partly because she associated him more than any one else with her lost boy, and partly because it was next to impossible for even an Anthon to live in the house with Harry and not love him. Mr. Anthon, too, felt a kindlier warmth for him than for any thing but bank stock, and began to trust him and lean upon him in his business, in a way that both pleased and touched Harry's generous, loving nature—a nature trust and kindness never were wasted on, but one that suspicion and cruelty might have driven to any extent—to any excess.

One thing only in their nephew's conduct troubled either uncle or aunt; he had grown to be twenty-six, and never fallen in love or married! Vainly did Mr. Anthon suggest one young lady after another, of the best family, the most undoubted accomplishments, the securest fortune. Harry laughingly set aside all their claims on any score, and declared he was meant for an old bachelor. One was too pretty ever to think her husband handsome; another too rich to let him keep his independence; another too musical for a quiet man; and another too expansively flounced—laughing reasons all, playing harmless about the fact that none of them moved him a hair's-breadth; none of them stirred his heart

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or entranced his eye; not a girl of the set could wake up any thrill in his dreaming soul, or flutter his pulse with a grain's vibration, and he could not fall in love, even to Peter Anthon and Co.'s order!

But Harry's day came at length. On a journey of business he contracted a Southern fever that nearly brought him beyond the reach of love or matrimony—or rather the latter; and on his recovery he was sent peremptorily to the sea-side and quiet.

Watertown was a straggling little village on the Connecticut shore, full of white houses with green blinds; marigolds, fennel, and hollyhocks in the garden; and south doors always open in summer, provided there was any southern exposure whereon to locate such a door. A few scattered houses dotted the beach, and in one of these Mr. Rivers took board and lodging for the month of June. Of course, in his visits to the village post-office he made acquaintance with the doctor, the minister, and the lawyer of Watertown, and was, after a time, invited to drink tea solemnly with each of these dignitaries, ending with the minister—the Reverend Gideon Tennant—on which latter occasion Mr. Rivers found his fate.

And found it in the prettiest shape! for Nelly Tennant was one of those New England types most like the wild blossoms of her country, delicate, sweet, earnest, yet withal so firm in vitality that neither time nor trouble do more than bend them for a season. The first sunbeam calls them up from the sod with undimmed eye and fresh perfume. Very pretty indeed was Miss Nelly; a delicate skin, pale except with emotion or exercise; the tiniest rosy mouth; a nose proper enough, and not Grecian; two dark eyes that were sad, sweet, bright, naughty, and lovely by turns; plenty of soft dark hair; a pair of useful hands; ditto feet; and a tolerable little figure, rather too aerial for beauty, being, as the village dress-maker said, "dreadful lean"—*I* should have said, "slight."

But if Nelly Tennant had possessed green eyes and gray hair she would still have been attractive. Green and gray may laugh at tint, and shape, and regularity when they are strong in the alliance of such an earnest, tender, true nature as Nelly Tennant's, and take to themselves neither shame nor credit when a bright mind and a sunny temperament abet the nature aforesaid.

Every body in the parish loved Nelly, though she was the minister's daughter. All the children ran to meet her; all the dogs wagged their tails for a pat of her soft little hand; all the old women told her every thing about the last fit of "rheumatiz," or that "dreffal coughin' spell of his'n;" all the old men grinned at her benignly, and pronounced her "real pretty-behaved;" while young men and maidens came to Nelly Tennant with all their plans and all their troubles, from the planning of a picnic to the arranging of a knotty love affair, sure of quick sympathy and timely aid. And every body loved Nelly because she loved every body first. Her heart was certainly suffering from enlargement, for not even a sick cat missed its due pity or careful tendance if Nelly knew its need; while the few poor and the more frequent sick in Watertown blessed her daily, if not for real help, yet for her bright smile and cheerful words, always ready for sick or poor. At home she was gay, natural, charming, just like a fresh daily rose that puts out its blossom till the winter frosts smite it, and comes first in the spring-time to bring news of summer.

Of course Harry Rivers liked "Miss Helen" very well on first acquaintance; better the second time; far more on a picnic they both went to—institution most trying to female vanity and self-conceit, where Nelly never showed a bit of either trait, but gave every body else the best places, dressed all the pretty girls' hair with garlands, whose grace and adaptation made the wearers twice fair; introduced Mr. Rivers to all the homely girls, and talked to them herself; and at length—climax of virtue, as I sorrowfully confess!—washed up all the dishes and repacked them herself, giving the right owners their own, and then sat down to enjoy herself as merrily as if she were there only for that end.

It's all very well, young ladies, for you to dress, and dance, and be elegantly benevolent, or literary, or accomplished within an inch of your lives, and then go home to snap at your father, and sniff at your dear old mother, harass the luckless servants who do not suit you, and oppress the poor seamstress, whom you cheat out of her dues between overwork and underpay. But, let me tell you, the real life you live sets its mark on you in the eyes of any man or woman worth knowing; and all your finery, and education, and charity can never cover that fatal seal. Nature will out, as well as murder; in all places the traitor whispers and winks. If you want to be loved, make yourselves lovely. Neither time nor chance shall touch you then, and circumstance itself—fatalest of fates—shall only prove you fairer in its test, and attract to you more and more deeply whatever is lovely and loving about you.

For that was Nelly Tennant's spell; and it worked well indeed, since before June dazzled into July Mr. Rivers thought the day lost that he missed sight of Miss Tennant; and when he went to say good-by, in the middle of that summer-time, he looked so miserable, and Nelly felt so sorry for him, that after he went away her sympathizing little soul overflowed in a great quantity of tears, which made pretty rainbows, no doubt, among themselves at the smile that every now and then shone through them when she remembered how he said to her, at the gate,

"I shall come back again, Miss Nelly. May I?"

The hardest part of the affair to Harry was to tell his uncle of it. Not because he doubted his consent, or cared very much whether he had it or not; but because it is always hard to drag

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one's sentiment into the light and offer it for examination like a piece of goods.

However, the thing was to be done, and knowing that, Harry did it; for he was not a man to shrink from any thing that he decided necessary, and in this case he was agreeably disappointed by Mr. Anthon's reception of his confidence. It is true the old gentleman would have been better pleased had Harry married a fortune, but he had proved so untractable heretofore on the head of heiresses that his uncle was advised by the recollection that it was an act of grace in the youth to marry at all, though it was only a woman.

One battle only followed. Mr. and Mrs. Anthon insisted that Harry should bring his wife "home," as they phrased it, to their house; and at this he rebelled long and strenuously, but in vain. At last he was forced to admit their right to ask some concessions from him; and in due season, after a quiet wedding at Watertown, Mrs. Harry Rivers was installed in the pleasantest room of Mr. Anthon's house, and the world went on much as usual, though perhaps that household fancied its old grooves were oiled and its orbit easier to circle. Certainly it was to them; for Nelly Tennant was like a song-sparrow in an owl's nest there. The quiet, chilly, dreadfully neat house was quiet and chilly no more. Nelly loved sunshine and heat like a blossom, and the south windows of her room let in streams of sunshine on to the gay carpet and pretty furniture, to Mrs. Anthon's great consternation; only as Harry had furnished it, she could not interfere further than meekly to ask,

"Aren't you afraid the sun will fade your carpet, dear?"

"Oh no, aunty! Better fade that than fade me, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Anthon was forced to feel as well as say, "Yes."

Then Nelly had a voice sweet, clear, and round, always running over in some gay or tender song. Up and down stairs, through the hall and parlors, in her own room, every where, you tracked her by the little ripples of music that made one think of the good little girl in "Diamonds and Toads," who spoke jewels. Mr. Anthon himself, grave and grim, was melted into a stately and serene politeness by Nelly's perfectly natural sweetness and gayety. The only fault either uncle or aunt found with her was an inveterate propensity she had to visit poor people.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Anthon were very good people, after a highly respectable fashion; they subscribed to several societies indorsed by the Reverend Dr. Sopus, whose church they attended. They always put silver into the poor-box, and never gave any to street-beggars. They had a vague idea that poverty and sin were twin-sisters, and good to one might nourish the other, unless strict care was taken to define the "virtuous poor." But the idea that the inhabitants of Cow Bay and the Five Points were really the same flesh and blood and spirit with Anthons, Suydams, Astors, and Livingstones, was an idea they never entertained for a moment, and would have rejected with disgust as a radical, socialistic theory, calculated to destroy the whole social system, and bring Red Republicanism into vogue directly.

Nay, had one brought before them, as a case of to-day, the child of the carpenter, born in a manger, not the celestial calm of Mary's spotless brow, not the far-seeking melancholy of her Son's divine eyes, or the grave dignity of Joseph's aspect, framed in the blue Syrian skies and the low brown outline of the hills of Bethlehem, could have moved one thought of humanity in those frigid souls. The choiring heavens and the adoring Magi, with all their gold and frankincense, would scarce have indorsed for this business man's notice the lofty claims of a homeless mechanic—of a man despised, rejected, and poor!

They believed in the Bible after Dr. Sopus's teachings, as a book indeed divine, but dealing with historic sinners and publicans of a legendary nature; people isolated for examples, types of a class confined to Bible times and theories. The Magdalen of Palestine, breaking her box of ointment with the lavish waste of a gratitude that is too rich for any expression, was by no means an unmentionable woman; but the Magdalen of to-day, flaunting in silken sin, tawdry and impenitent, was another and a despicable creature, not to be named by the pure; beyond hope, below charity! The thief on the cross, raised to God's paradise, consoled them with hope of a late repentance should death appall at the last, and furnished a text for consolation and edification to Dr. Sopus when his richest pew-holder, Herman Van Slyp, died and gave no sign, except asking to have the Bible put under his head by way of easing his position; but the thief in the Tombs was only a scoundrel to be sequestered for the good of other people, as incapable of paradise as of piety—a practical illustration of the doctrine of reprobation. And the idea of Nelly Rivers, their dear, pretty, delicate Nelly, betaking herself to holes and corners only fit for poor people in order to help and comfort them! This was a shock not easily endured by the Anthons. Why couldn't she let other people do it? There were plenty of persons of a lower class whose business it was to see to such things: city authorities, police, nuns, old maids, city missionaries. Why should Mrs. Rivers soil her fingers by contact with such pollution?

But argument and displeasure were vain with Nelly. Harry did not attempt to interfere with these pursuits of hers further than to see that a servant always accompanied her into the haunts of sin and misery she threaded day after day, preaching the Gospel in her sweet smile and kind words, as the Gospel should be preached to the poor—a living and loving "good news" to man, through men, from God! And as long as Harry approved Nelly held on her way. Many a ragged child clung to her skirt with such smiles as only wretched children know—the very sunburst of gratitude and worship. Many a poor woman welcomed her as the only bright thing

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life had left for her—the only door of hope; and more than one, fallen beyond woman's touch or man's pity, died with her head on Nelly Rivers's shoulder, learning Christ's pity from Christ's child: forgiven of God, and forgiven of women by one woman whose viaticum and extreme unction were but the touch of pure lips to the death-damp brow, and the words of her Master breathed into the dying ear, "Go, and sin no more!"

Strange enough it continued to be to Mrs. Anthon that Nelly should take pleasure in these things rather than in gayety, dress, and amusement. She did not recollect her "pastoral" training, nor did she see in her heart the ever-fresh and renewing love for Jesus that made His words her dear and sacred commission, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me"—words that lingered on her lips always, and sounded in her thought whenever she fed, or clothed, or comforted another, or laid her hands upon the dying head of one out of those myriads He left for us to serve, so serving Him.

Something of a separation these different tastes made between Nelly and her aunt; nothing more than a chilly atmosphere clinging to Mrs. Anthon, and a delicate shade of disapproval that clouded her face whenever Mrs. Rivers referred to her work in any way. So Nelly learned to be silent before her aunt; and Mrs. Anthon chose to forget what she could not prevent, and content herself with her usual donations to societies—the only proper and respectable means of charity!

Nearly two years had stolen away since Harry Rivers's marriage, and it drew near to winter, finding Nelly in a state of excitement rather unusual for the little lady; but she meant this year to carry a great point, and was wonderfully in earnest about it. For the year before Nelly's soul had been shocked by the stupidest Christmas that ever she could remember. Her father, unlike New England clergymen generally, had always made this festival a celebration in his house; and Nelly's earliest remembrance was of her biggest stocking crowded full with delightfully suggestive bumps and lumps, tied to the bed-post in company with Tom's, and affording such food for the imagination in the gray dawn, as she conscientiously lay in bed, making all the noise she could without speaking, since it was forbidden to wake her little brother before due season. Then came later recollections of Tom's school and college days, when the pretty German tree stood in stead of the two stockings, and neighbors came in to gather its gay fruit and stare at its tinted tapers; when Tom brought home his chum from college, and Nelly had her dearest friend from next door; when there were vast exchanges of worsted-work, needle-work, and sugar-plums; bitter sarcasms in the shape of cigars that always burned but never were lighted, and false mustaches manufactured from the spaniel's curls; when Tom retorted on these cutting gifts with a present of a spelling-book (for Nelly never did spell quite right), and crushed the dearest friend into silence by the irony of a rattle-box! Oh! how different those funny, merry, uproarious days, that left them all tired with laughter and sleepy from mere "eye-exercise"—how altogether different from that first Christmas-dinner at Mr. Anthon's! Stately, formal, proper; where the very turkey looked as if it had resigned itself to the spit in decent fortitude, and the cranberry-jelly never dared to quiver in its exquisite moulding, or the ice-cream to swerve from its uprightness for one slippery moment; where Mrs. Anthon appeared in black velvet and a Honiton cap, and Mr. Anthon in severe broadcloth of incredible fineness; where Harry insisted on his wife's being uncomfortable in a blue brocade, her hair screwed up to the last degree of smoothness and fixture by "the" hair-dresser, and her warm soft hands gloved in immaculate kid—simply because it was Christmas! and Paul Herring, an ancient bachelor of sixty, Mr. Anthon's partner, was there to dinner, wherefore the junior partner's wife must do honor to the firm. Never would Nelly endure such another Christmas! never again would she undergo that dreadful formal presentation of gifts, however costly they might be, that came on with the dessert like a polite insult!

No; her soul was set on a merry Christmas in the very face and eyes of the Anthons, and already, in November, the preparations began. Peyser's and Doubet's were ransacked for material and devices; comical German toys hunted up from out-of-the-way shops; tapers and a tree engaged; and in the delightful hurry of such a work Nelly almost forgot some of her poor people. Not quite! The greatest difficulty in her way was to find some gift for her aunt that should be apt or odd enough to awake her, if only for a moment, from her habitual chilly apathy; and how to do this put Nelly at her wit's end.

About a week before Christmas she went out one bitter, snowy day to carry some warm clothing to a sick woman, down in one of the lower streets of the city, and, as usual, took Cæsar with her to carry the bundle. Arrived at the house, she went up its long, dingy stairway, and pausing for breath a moment at the end of the third flight, heard voices in Mrs. Tucker's room, or rather a voice, that made her suppose her errand had been forestalled by some other lady, so gentle and refined were the tones. Her tap at the door was answered by the invalid's own nasal "Come in!" and entering, she found no visitor, but a young woman seated by Mrs. Tucker, evidently a foreigner, and holding in her arms a sleeping child. Mrs. Rivers was extremely struck with the woman's face. It was fresh with youth, but of that grave, serious beauty that we dream of as the Spanish type—a pure oval outline; deep-cut features; eyes dark and full of expression, now just shining with unfallen tears; and a profusion of black and glossy hair, coiled at the back of a noble head, set on her round, full throat with a certain haughty grace, that ill-matched her dress of printed cotton, and the

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coarse soft shawl in which she had wrapped her baby.

As Nelly approached Mrs. Tucker the stranger left her seat, and, so softly as not to wake her child, disappeared into an adjoining room. So after listening to a twenty-minute account of the last fit of rheumatism and the bad dreams of her patient, Mrs. Rivers had full chance to inquire who the young woman was whom she had found there, and learned she was a Mexican by birth, who had married an American, and coming home with him the vessel had been wrecked off Cape Fear, crew and passengers rescued by a Havana steamer, on board which her husband had been seized with a violent fever, and was carried from the ship to the hospital, where he had lain raving for five days. One of the hospital surgeons procured a lodging for the wife and child in a room next to Mrs. Tucker's, miserable enough in aspect, but clean and capable of warmth, and cheap enough to recommend itself to the finances of its inhabitant, who had only rescued from the wreck a heavy gold rosary and a small diamond ring, both of which happened to be on her person at the time, and the sale of which furnished all the pittance she had to look to for support till her husband should recover, if indeed he lived.

After hearing the story Nelly at once resolved to visit the poor young wife, and see what could be done for her. So tapping at the door, she introduced herself, and was received as one lady might receive another, the Mexican speaking English fluently, with only a charming foreign accent, that was rather a fascination than a fault. Mrs. Rivers was slightly at a loss how to offer her services, so much like one of her own station appeared in the manner and aspect of the young woman; but happily for both the baby awoke, and stretching its arms toward its mother with a rosy smile, at once captivated Nelly, and gave her something to speak of cordially and naturally. No wonder; for the baby was a beautiful creature: every dimpled limb shaped like those of a statue; fair hair curling about a grand head in those soft rings that are the secret pride of mothers and nurses; great dark eyes full of innocent gravity; and a mouth nobody could help kissing, least of all little Mrs. Rivers, who got down on her knees at once to the baby, kissed and coaxed and adored it, till its mother's cheek glowed with pleasure; and the boy's mouth dimpled into smiles, and its fair arms went out toward Nelly with an appeal that brought the tears to her eyes—it seemed as if the little creature asked for help!

There was no reserve after this between Nelly and the baby's mamma. She found out that they were not yet destitute, but were in a fair way to need both aid and counsel, for but little money remained to "Mrs. Antonio," as Mrs. Tucker Americanized the stranger's title; and it was hardly possible that her husband would be able to work for months, and improbable enough that she, a perfect stranger in the city, could have found any thing to do for herself but for the timely appearance of Mrs. Rivers.

But by the time Nelly had found out all this, as well as her protége's capacity for embroidering—the only reliance she had for her support—it was late enough to bring the visit to an end; and after another earnest kissing, little Pedro's arms were unclasped from Nelly's neck, and Cæsar roused from his meditations outside the door, where he had been wondering for some time if his young mistress meant to stay till dark!

As for Mrs. Rivers, she pursued her way homeward in a most charming state of mind. Here, now, was a real adventure! Most poor people on her list were dirty, stupid, and ungrateful; and though neither of these small failings stood in the way of her patient charity, still it was refreshing to find a woman, like the poor people in books, beautiful and refined, and delicately distressed, not degraded, by want. As if a man weeding a wide field, in the midst of nettles, pig-weed, and cockle, should find a China rose full of bloom!

Of course there was a great deal of embroidery needed directly in Nelly's own wardrobe, and the next day she loaded Cæsar with another large bundle, and went again to see Mrs. Antonio. What passed on this visit it would be rather premature to declare just now. Suffice it to say that about dusk, just as Mr. Harry Rivers had pulled off his boots and seated himself before the fire in his own room, waiting for dinner and his wife, the latter institution rushed into the apartment in her walking dress, frantically embraced her astounded husband, thereby smashing into utter confusion such a love of a French hat, and then executed a waltz about the room that nothing but the friendly circumference of her hoops put an end to, since, after leveling three chairs, they at last caught on a small table, and put a sudden period to her revolutions. Harry by this time had risen to his feet, and having run his fingers through his hair to no purpose, now stood with both hands in his pockets, staring at his wife.

"What on earth ails you, Nelly?" said he, when the hoop limitation brought her literally to a stand.

"Oh, Harry!" was the breathless answer with which Madame pulled from her muff a little dirty, worn Testament, and opening it at the fly-leaf, thrust it in her husband's face, for want of breath to say more. Certainly some spell assailed both these young people—some magic of the season—for Harry Rivers turned white and then red, caught his pretty little wife up in his arms, set her carefully down in a big chair, and asked her twenty questions in a string; after which his boots speedily replaced the slippers, Cæsar was sent for a carriage, Mrs. Anthon heard they were going out to dinner, and the pair disappeared till somewhere about ten o'clock, when they came back in a more composed state of mind, said they had been dining with some friends at the Brevoort House, and made no farther revelations of any kind.

The few days between that and Christmas Eve passed rapidly enough to most people, but

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Mrs. Nelly thought no days had ever dragged so slow a course. At length it came, much at the usual time; and all day Nelly glowed, and dimpled, and laughed, and sung, and said, "Oh dear!" at least fifty times, till Mrs. Anthon really thought her growing a little hysterical, and regretted having ever given her cold consent to this business of a Christmas-tree.

But it was too late now. At eight o'clock the dining-room door opened and the sparkling, glittering, gay-fruited boughs of fir compelled approbation from both Uncle and Aunt Anthon; but Nelly could not wait to hear them admire. She laid her hand on her aunt's.

"Come, aunty, come! I want you to get your present quick!"

Mr. Anthon followed, both roused and amused by the spectacle and a certain keen excitement that thrilled in Nelly's tone. Under the tree stood the conventional cradle, but not this time of sugar or trinketry. No! a veritable child's cradle, from which Mrs. Rivers lifted the delicate vail, and there lay a beautiful child, sleeping tranquilly in the softest folds of cambric and embroidery. Mrs. Anthon looked thunderstruck. Nelly bestowed upon her one energetic hug, and cried out, between tears and laughter,

"Oh! Aunt Anthon, that's Peter the Third! —that's your own boy's baby!"

Really there wasn't any scene to describe! Only a few shy tears and a great many explanations; but in half an hour after Mrs. Anthon had the baby in her lap, and Peter's wife beside her, in the parlor up stairs; while Mr. Anthon and Harry were gone off to the hospital, and Nelly was down stairs economically putting out the Christmas tapers, and laughing to herself to think how nobody had noticed any thing at all after the first glimpse of Master Peter.

Peter Anthon had been captured by the Mexicans first, and then by Juanita, and was coming home, after the dear old fashion of the Prodigal, when fever smote him on shipboard. The rest of the story we have told; for, dear reader, you are brilliant enough to guess that Nelly found his name in the Testament just in time to achieve her little plan. And Nelly had her own reward, for nobody ever said a word against her going to see the poor ever again, and Christmas was always kept in her own fashion; though years after, when not only grandchildren, but grandnieces and nephews rifled the gracious boughs, and played all sorts of tricks off with impunity in that very house, that had somehow changed its aspect as utterly as its old rulers had changed theirs, old Mrs. Anthon would now and then put her hand on her steady, handsome son's shoulder, and say,

"They're very sweet children, Peter!—Nelly's and yours, too—but there isn't one of them to compare with my Christmas Present!"

THE POET'S SECRET.

THE poet's secret I must know,
If that will calm my restless mind.
I hail the seasons as they go,
I woo the sunshine, brave the wind.

I scan the lily and the rose,
I nod to every nodding tree,
I follow every stream that flows,
And wait beside the rolling sea.

I question melancholy eyes,
I touch the lips of women fair;
Their lips and eyes may make me wise,
But what I seek for is not there.

In vain I watch the day and night,
In vain the world through space may roll;
I never see the mystic light,
Which fills the poet's happy soul.

To hear through life a rhythm flow,
And into song its meaning turn—
The poet's secret I must know:—
By pain and patience shall I learn?

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THE ATOMS OF CHLADNI.

GUSTAV MOHLER, the once celebrated inventor and mathematician, died last year (1858) in a private lunatic asylum. His wife, more accomplished than her husband, even in his best days, has also departed. The peace of God and the love of all went with her. To disclose the causes of Mohler's alienation from her, and of the insanity which overtook him soon after, will offend no man's pride, no woman's vanity. I wish, as a friend of Madam Mohler, to justify her. None who enjoyed her splendid hospitality or the delights of her conversation will be displeased with me for the attempt.

My first interview with Mohler was preconcerted by my friend P——, the *savant*. This was in the winter of 1854. We three met by appointment in a public library. My friend had been deceived by the serene enthusiasm of the inventor, and believed that he could communicate some valuable secrets. We sat at a round table in an alcove of the library inspecting plans and diagrams. For an hour the inventor explained, calculated; plunged into abysses of constructive dynamics; his voice sounded drearily, under the Gothic hollows of the room. The old folios of alchemy and philosophy, twin children of ignorance, that cumbered three sides of the alcove where we sat listening to this madman, seemed at last to nod and shake, in sympathy with his wild, interminably worded digressions. It was like the clown fighting with the hoop; intellect struggling in a vicious circle, maddened with its own exertion.

The enthusiast seemed to be between thirty and forty years of age; well formed, well dressed; a gentleman in manners. His voice and address were mild and insinuating, but the feeling he inspired most was compassion. His inventions were for the most part mere lunacies, violating every mechanical law. The *instinct* of common sense, a suspicion that he might be wrong, made him appear timid in his statements. He deferred to P——'s superior knowledge; asked him to point out the errors; smiled sadly when P—— intimated, with some asperity, his contempt for the whole matter.

I would willingly have talked to Mohler about himself, but his personal reserve repelled sympathy. He begged P—— to look farther into the invention (a new motive power); said that something might have escaped him in the calculations; but that, "as all these things were imparted to him by spiritual communication, he dared not abandon the research."

"Spirits," replied P——, with one of his cutting scientific laughs, "will not enable you to circumvent God; and it is He, the Maker of the universe, who condemns your invention. It would wreck the universe."

Mohler replied, meekly, that "he should be grieved to think that his spirit-friends had deceived him." He then drew me aside, and with a gleaming look askance at P——, who remained yawning and fretting over the table, "He," said Mohler, "is a materialist; but in you I have confidence." He then alluded to another invention of his own, which, he said, had been perfected by evil spirits, and had ruined him.

The eyes of the lunatic dilated, and a visible tremor shook his frame, as he described the machine. "It was a means," he said, "to discover falsehood and treachery." The spirit of Chladni communicated that to him—Chladni, the Frenchman who discovered the dancing of the atoms. "It is the same," he said, "in the atoms of the brain; they vibrate in geometrical forms, which the soul reads."

P——, who had been watching us, alarmed at the maniacal excitement of Mohler, interrupted our conversation and hurried me away. Though the froth of madness had gathered upon his lips, the unfortunate inventor had still power enough over himself to show, in leave-taking, the urbanity of a gentleman.

As P—— and I left the library together, I expressed a wish to learn something of the previous life of Gustav Mohler. P—— said I was over-curious in such matters; for his part, the history of a madman was, of all, least entertaining, and useful only to those intelligent but unhappy persons who have charge of asylums. Of Gustav Mohler he neither knew nor desired to know any thing farther, and regretted the hour wasted in his company; which had delayed an important analysis of earths in which he was about to engage that day, in company with Professor M. "I suppose," he added, with a half sneer, "you are seeking characters for a novel, and you fancy the history of this creature might furnish you a high-seasoned dish of the horrible."

And so we parted, in no very good humor with each other—I to my meditations, he to his earths.

Several months had passed, after this interview, before my accomplished and practical friend, the *savant*, saw fit to honor me with a visit. One cold, rainy night in November of the succeeding year I heard his firm, quick step in the hall. There was a knock, and the door of my room opened intrusively.

The *savant* stood in the door-way, his sharp nose peering under a glazed hat, and his form made shapeless by an ungainly water-proof cloak against the wind and rain of the night.

"Ah!" said he, "you are a fixture, I fear, by the fireside. But if you have courage to face this storm, I have a pleasure to propose."

"Come in; lay off your storm armor, and we will talk about your pleasure."

He complied in the hasty, discontented manner peculiar to him, threw his wet hat and cloak over a table covered with books and papers, and drew a chair.

"You will go with me," he said, authoritatively, "to Charles Montague's this evening."

"Forty-second Street—through a northeasterly storm! Be wise—I have ordered whisky and hot water, with lemons." I rang the bell.

Professor P—— had a weakness for punch,

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especially when I made it. He acquiesced, with a sigh.

"We can go late," said he. "There is to be a meeting of rare people. At least two entomologists, an antiquarian, and a collector of curiosities from Germany, who has a tourmalin which I must steal or buy; it is yellow, or rather gold-colored. Then there will be a woman there—a Mrs. Bertaldy, American; a wonder of science, whom you must see."

"P——, you are a fool. Scientific women are more odious to me than womanish men. The learning of a woman is only a desperate substitute for some lost attraction."

"Very true, perhaps; I will think about that: but Mrs. Bertaldy *is* a beautiful, not to say a fascinating woman; only thirty years of age—rich, independent, and a delightful conversationist."

"Hum! a widow?"

"Yes, at least I am so informed."

"A friend of the Montagues?"

"They vouch for her."

"And an American, you say?"

"Yes, with a foreign name—assumed, I suppose, to avoid some unpleasant recollections; scientific women, you know, have these things happen to them. Husband dead, and no children. Charles Montague swears that it is so; his wife protests it is so; and, of course, it must be so."

"Another glass, and I am with you. We will visit the Montagues, and talk with Mrs. Bertaldy; but if you oblige me to listen to any of your alchemists or virtuosi, I promise to insult them."

My first ten minutes' conversation with Mrs. Bertaldy was a disappointment. She was of the quiet school of manners, low-voiced, and without gesture or animation. Her features were regular, well formed, rather dark, with just the merest trace of sadness.

The difference between mediocrity in a woman and the *mean* of perfection is not instantly visible, unless to very fine observers. Mrs. Bertaldy made no impression at the first view, but I found myself returning often to speak with her. Her talk was neither apophthegm, argument, nor commentary; it was a kind of sympathetic music. She bore her part in the concert of good words in a subdued and tasteful manner, putting in a note of great power and sweetness here and there, when there was a rest or silence.

P—— was dissatisfied. Mrs. Bertaldy took no part in the noisy and tedious discussions of the *savans*. On our way home he pronounced her "a humbug—a false reputation." I, on the contrary, resolved to cultivate the acquaintance. It was agreeable. P—— sees no points but the salient, in men or things; he is merely a naturalist.

My new acquaintance was domiciled with the Montagues, and I soon became an expected visitor and friend of their guest. Not, I beg to have it understood, in the manner of a lover, or wife hunter, but simply of one seeking agreeable society. The fastidious Montague and his good lady were impenetrable about the "antecedents" of Mrs. Bertaldy; but they treated her with a confidence and respect which satisfied me that her previous history was known to them, and that their sentiments toward her were grounded in esteem. They seemed to be afraid of losing a word of hers, when she was conversing. Her knowledge was various and positive, but she spoke of things and persons as if each were a feeling more than an object. I was not long in discovering that a part of the charm of Mrs. Bertaldy's society lay in the graceful and kind attention with which she listened. She encouraged one to talk, and shaped and turned conversation with an easy power.

One morning in April, while we were enjoying the first warm air of spring, and the odor of flowers, in Montague's magnificent conservatory—the windows open to the south, and the caged birds cheering and whistling to each other amidst the orange-trees—I was describing a garden in the South; my language was apt and spontaneous. The lady listened with her delightful manner of pleased attention.

She was certainly a beautiful woman!

Her eyes dwelt upon mine, when, by I know not what association, the vision of the spirit-haunted enthusiast rose before me, and I was silent.

Mrs. Bertaldy became pale, and gazing on my face with an expression of terror, she exclaimed,

"You were thinking of him. How strange!"

"Yes," I said; "but do you know of *whom* I am thinking?"

"He is no longer living," she replied; "and we may now speak of him without wrong."

"Of Mohler, the enthusiast?"

"The same."

"How came you to know it was he I thought of?"

"You need not be surprised. We have been much together, and though you have not named Mohler—he was my husband—you have made remarks and allusions which convinced me that you at least knew *him*, if not his history."

"True, I have spoken of his inventions, and often wished they were real and possible."

"And your allusions have made me shudder. Mohler was mad. You will think me mad, I am afraid, if I assure you that some of his inventions, the most wonderful of all, were perfected and applied before his reason left him."

"You were, then, the wife of this man?" I said, with a feeling of compassion.

"Yes. Our parents were foreign, though Gustav and I were born and educated in America."

"Will you tell me something of this marriage?" said I, touched with deep interest.

She sighed, but after a moment's meditation spoke with her usual manner.

"We were united by our parents. Mohler was in his twenty-first year; I but seventeen. We had no children; were rich, educated, luxurious. Mohler addicted himself to inventions,

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I to society. He faded into a recluse; I became a woman of the world. Our home was divided against itself. We occupied a double house in D—— Street. One half was reserved by Mohler for himself and his mechanics; the other half by me for my friends and visitors, whom he seldom saw. Within five years after our marriage I was left to my own guidance. Our parents died. Fearing the wasteful expenditure of Mohler on his strange inventions, they willed their property exclusively to me. Their fears for him were well-founded. On the anniversary of the seventh year of our marriage, at midnight, after a musical entertainment—I was then passionately fond of music—Mohler entered my chamber, which he had not visited for a year. He closed the door, locked it quietly, drew a chair to the bedside, facing me, and seated himself.

"'Maria Bertaldy,' he said, after a silence which I took pains not to break, 'we are no longer man and wife.'

"I made no reply. My heart did not go out, as formerly, to meet him.

"'My name is not yours,' he added.

"'No? And why, Gustav?'

"'My lawyer is about to furnish me with evidence which will make our continued union impossible.'

"'Your lawyer!' I exclaimed, starting up, involuntarily. '*My* friend, Raymond Bonsall?'

"'Your *friend*, Maria! Has he deceived me? Forgive me if I have wronged you. My soul is dark sometimes.'

"There was a manner so wretched and pleading with what he said, I could not forbear pity. His dress was soiled; his hair hung in elf locks; his eyes were bloodshot with glowering over furnace-fires. The poisonous fume of the crucible had driven the healthy tinge from his face, and given it the hue of parchment.

"'It is many a long year,' said I, 'since you have looked at me with kindness.'

"'I have deserved,' he answered, 'to lose your affection; but you should have taken better care of my honor and your own.'

"'The guardianship of both seems to have been transferred to your lawyer.'

"'I may believe, then, that you are indifferent in regard to that?'

"'You may believe what you will. I have been long enough my own guardian to look to no one for advice or protection.'

"'You are rich.'

"'That is a consolation, truly. I am thus not without means of defense—more fortunate than most women.'

"'And I have nothing but that of which you have been willing to deprive me.'

"'Your accusations—more especially as you are the last person who is entitled to make them—I repel with contempt. For your loss of fortune, miserably expended in futilities, I am deeply grieved. If you are in need of money for your personal expenses, take freely of mine.'

"'I am in debt.'

"'How much?'

"He named a large sum. I rose, and going to the escritoir, wrote an order for the amount. He followed me. The tears were streaming from his eyes. Kneeling at my feet, he seized my hands and covered them with kisses.

"I had formerly entertained an affectionate regard for Gustav. We were at one time playmates, friends. Regret made me look kindly upon him.

"He caught eagerly at the indication.

"'I will not rise, Maria,' he said, 'until you have forgiven the cruel accusation. So much goodness and generosity can not proceed from a faithless or dishonored wife.'

"'You judge truly, my husband.'

"He rose from his knees, still holding my hands in both of his.

"'You have saved me,' he said, 'by your liberality. Grant me still another favor: let the reconciliation be perfect.'

"'Any thing for a better life; but only on one condition can you and I live happily, as at first.'

"'And that is—?'

"'That you change your occupation—give up these wild researches—spare your body and your soul, and live as other men do, in simplicity.'

"'But,' said he, stammering, 'I have an invention of incalculable value. To give it up now would be to lose the labor of years.'

"'And this other favor is—?'

"'I must have means to continue my work.'

"'I will not furnish you with the means of self-destruction.'

"'Limit me. Your income is large; you will hardly miss what I require.'

"'For how long?'

"'One year. I shall then have perfected what will immortalize and enrich me. Pity me, Maria! We have no children. You have *your* pleasures and pursuits; I, only this; and this you deny me!' he exclaimed, with a slight bitterness, so artfully mingled with affection and repentance, my heart gave way. I consented.

"Gustav was not without personal beauty or manliness of character. He now studied again to please my tastes. We resumed our former relations. Though his days were devoted to labor, his evenings were given to me and my guests. His cheerfulness seemed to have returned. I was so happy in the change, I allowed him to draw from me large sums. My fortune was still ample; and I looked forward to the happy ending of the appointed year.

"You are doubtless surprised that I could so easily forgive his accusations. Satisfied that Raymond Bonsall, the lawyer, who had persecuted me, before the reconciliation, with unsolicited attentions, was the originator and cause of Mohler's suspicions, I had dismissed the subject from my thoughts. Indeed, my happiness expelled revengeful passions, even against Bonsall himself. As the friend of Gustav, I received him with courtesy, and he continued an accepted

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member of the refined and elegant society with which it was our good fortune to be surrounded.

"With surprising address Bonsall changed his plan. As before he had been secretly attentive, now he was openly and constantly devoted, but shunned me when alone.

"Bonsall's influence over Mohler became, at last, absolute and inscrutable. It did not satisfy me to hear them repeat, often and openly, that they were partners in the invention; that Bonsall had purchased an interest; and that they consulted together daily on its progress. Anxiety led me to observe them. Daily, at a certain hour in the afternoon, Bonsall entered the house and passed into the lower work-shop. There he would remain a while, and then retire. In the evening he appeared often in the drawing-room, and never failed to make himself agreeable to our friends.

"The instinct of a woman, correct in appreciating character and motives, fails always in sounding the complicated and strategic depth of masculine perfidy. I soon knew that Bonsall had become my enemy, and that his ultimate purpose was to avenge my repulses and defeat my reconciliation with Mohler; but the singularity and constancy of his behavior—attentive in public, and reserved and cautious when alone with me—together with the pains he used to create for himself relations more and more intimate with my husband, puzzled and confused me.

"'Could it be,' thought I, 'that his public attentions, so embarrassing and yet so blameless; his watchfulness of my desires, when others could see them as well as he, are to impress a belief that his private relations are too intimate?'

"The suspicion gave me excessive uneasiness. I gradually broke the matter to Mohler; but he assured me I was mistaken; that Bonsall suffered remorse for the injury he had inflicted upon both of us; that our reconciliation alone consoled him; that Bonsall was his adviser in the invention, which already, at the eighth month of the stipulated period, had nearly reached perfection. His tenderness quieted my fears, and I too easily believed him.

"Soon after he proposed certain changes in the architecture and furniture of my apartments. His reasons seemed to me satisfactory and kind. I vacated the rooms for a month, leaving him to improve and alter. He wished to give me a surprise. The apartment was large, with a dressing-room and ante-chamber. These were refitted under Mohler's direction; after which, in company with a few friends, we visited the new rooms.

"The ceiling had been made slightly concave; in the centre was a large oval mirror. This mirror, so strangely placed overhead, excited general admiration. Bonsall was, or pretended to be, in raptures with it. I observed that the mirror, beautifully fair and polished, was not of glass, but of a metal resembling silver.

"From this brilliant centre-piece radiated panels exquisitely carved, with frescoes of graceful and simple design. The carpets, wall mirrors, fountain, statuettes, jewel and book-cases, tapestries, tinted and curtained windows, all were perfectly elegant, and fresh with living colors in harmonious combination.

"In the centre of the ceilings of the dressing-room and ante-chambers were smaller mirrors of the same metal. This new style of ornament, supported by adequate elegances, and a perfection of detail of which I had never before seen the parallel, occupied continual notice and remark. Some criticised and laughed, but the most admired; for the beauty of the effect was undeniable.

"I was surprised and delighted at the results of my husband's labors. That Mohler, a great inventor and mechanic, was also a master of design, I had always believed. With the genius of Benvenuto Cellini he united a philosophical intellect, and by long years of research in the metallurgic arts had acquired extraordinary tact. In the least details of the work of these rooms there was novelty and beauty, though, with the sole exception of the metal mirrors, I observed nothing absolutely new in material.

"Mohler did not fail to observe, and turn to his own advantage, my gratification and surprise. He at once sought and obtained leave from me to occupy a suit of apartments next above mine, in exchange for others on his side of the house, which, he said, were too dark and narrow for his purpose.

"I sent immediately for my housekeeper, ordered the change to be made, and the keys given to the master.

"By a tacit understanding we had never intruded upon each other. I had not penetrated the privacy of Mohler's work-rooms, where certain confidential artisans labored night and day; nor had he overstepped the limit on my side of the house. He breakfasted, and generally dined, in his atelier, superintending operations which required a constant oversight.

"For more than two months after the completion of my own apartments I was disturbed day and night by noises of repairs and changes going on above. Mohler assured me that this would not continue; that he had perfected and was erecting the delicate machinery of his invention.

"Want of curiosity is, I believe, a greater fault than the excess of it. I am naturally incurious. It did not irritate my fancy to remain in ignorance of secrets that did not seem to concern me. My husband and I lived together in a manner that was at least satisfactory. Our affection was only an agreeable friendship, such as many consider the happiest relation that can exist between husband and wife. Our too early and hasty marriage had kept us in ignorance of the joys and miseries dreamed of and realized only by mature and long-expectant passion.

"You will not suppose that life was therefore tedious or fruitless. My parents had given me

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a full and judicious education. I could speak and write several languages. Mature and difficult studies — philosophy, natural history, and even astronomy—established for me relations of amity with learned and accomplished men. I wrote verse and prose, attempted plays, observed and sympathized with political movements. In order to perfect myself in languages, I cultivated the admirable art of phonography, and would sometimes fix in writing the rapid and brilliant repartee of accomplished persons, who could forget my presence in the excitement of conversation. I learned to prefer the living to the written word. Literature for me was only a feeble reflection of reality; for I have never found in books that vivacity, that grace, that unfolding of the interior life, which makes social converse the culmination of all that is excellent and admirable.

"At the expiration of the year Mohler announced the completion of his grand work, which he had been seven years in perfecting. I thought he would have told me its purpose; but with a cold and embarrassed manner he presented me with a check upon his banker, just equal to the sum of all I had advanced to him during the year. His behavior was mortifying, and even alarming. I noticed a gradual change in the manners and conversation of Bonsall. He assumed airs of authority. Mohler gradually withdrew himself, and began to be reserved and serious; criticising my conduct, friends, principles, and tastes. More mysterious still was the gradual loss and defection of my most valued female acquaintances. My parlors were gradually deserted. Old friends dropped away. It was as though I had become suddenly poor, when, in fact, my wealth and magnificence of living had increased. Persons of good name no longer responded to or returned my invitations. I was alone with my wealth, dispossessed of its power and its enjoyments.

"I knew that Bonsall continued to visit the friends who had deserted me. He still frequented our house, was daily closeted with my husband, and treated me now with a careless indifference. Mohler, on the other hand, withdrew until he and I were completely separated. We no longer spoke to or even saw each other. My servants became insolent; I procured others, who, in their turn, insulted me. I grew careless of externals; lived retired, occupied with books and music. Through these I acquired fortitude to resist the contempt of the world. My knowledge increased. These sad months, interrupted by short visits to the country, produced no change in my social or marital relations, but gave me an inward strength and consolation which since then has served me like an arm of God whereon one may lean and sleep.

"While these changes were succeeding I enjoyed a source of consolation which I need only name and you will appreciate it; that was the correspondence of Charles Montague, then in Europe. He had been the friend and counselor of my parents, and continued his goodness to me after their death. I confided to him all my troubles, giving him each month a written narrative of events. He replied always in general terms, mentioning no names, and giving advice in such a form that it could be understood by no person but myself. This was a just precaution, for I had discovered a system of espionage which Bonsall and my husband maintained over me, a part of which was the inspection of private papers.

"Gradually all my valuable papers, receipts, copies of deeds, important correspondence with the agents who had charge of my large and increasing property, Montague's letters, my private journal, were abstracted. I made no complaint, trusted no person with my secrets.

"At the expiration of this year of estrangement and solitude, in the fall, Montague returned from Europe with his family, and fitted up this house. Mrs. M. I had not known until then. Neither of them had visited at my house, nor were they on terms of intimacy with any of my friends. Even Bonsall was a stranger to Montague, and Mohler had disliked and avoided him. Plain sense and honesty ran counter to his dreamy vanity.

"I was received by the Montagues with great kindness. I found the lady, as you have, intelligent and amiable, and the man himself become, from a mere guardian of my property, a warm and devoted friend. I consumed almost an entire day in narrating what had passed between myself, Bonsall, my husband, servants, and acquaintances.

"Montague made minutes, and compared the narrative with my correspondence.

"'I am convinced,' he said, 'that there is a conspiracy; but whether your life and property, or merely a divorce, is the object, can not be determined without some action on your part. Find out the purpose of the changes that have been made in your apartments, and by all means visit and inspect those that are above you. You must do this for and by yourself. You are observing and not easily intimidated. You have a right to use any means that may be convenient —to pick locks, force open doors, seize and inspect papers, bribe servants, and in other ways defend yourself and obtain advantages over the enemy. Count no longer upon the good-will or affection of Mohler. He is resolved to sacrifice you and possess himself of your property, but is still at a loss for evidence.'

"With these words Montague concluded his advice. He then led me to a front window, and pointed to a dark figure in the shadow on the opposite side of the street.

"'That person,' said Montague, 'is certainly a spy employed by Mohler and Bonsall. He arrived at the same moment with yourself, has passed the house many times, and now watches for your departure. He has an understanding with your coachman. I saw them conversing in the area about noon.'

"It was late, and I proposed to return home. Montague and his wife wished me to pass the

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night with them. 'But first,' said Charles, 'we will amuse ourselves a little with the spy.' He took pistols from a drawer, went out by the basement, and returned in a few moments to the study, where Mrs. M. and I were sitting, driving in the spy before him.

"'Now, Sir,' said Charles, 'sit you down and tell your story. Out with it. You are employed by Bonsall and Mohler to watch this lady.'

"The man grinned, nodded, and seated himself quietly near the door, much in the manner of a cat preparing to run.

"'This person,' said Montague to us, 'is a volunteer detective, employed chiefly by weak-minded husbands and jealous wives. You can not insult him. He will voluntarily expose his person to any degree of violence short of maiming or murder. Kicks he pays no heed to. He passes in public for a sporting gentleman, and is, in fact and name, a Vampire. By-the-by, Mr. Crag,' said he, changing his tone, 'you may have forgotten me. You were employed, if I remember right, in the Parkins murder case, were you not?'

"'Yes, Sir. You were counsel for defense.'

"'Exactly. I think you followed me to my lodgings several times at night, and were shot through the leg for taking so much unnecessary trouble.'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, Mr. Crag, I caution you that the same, or a worse matter, will happen to you again, if you continue to watch persons entering my house. I may fire upon you.'

"'The law will protect me.'

"'Not at all. You watch my house; you are not a qualified policeman; you are consequently either a burglar or a conspirator. I can shoot you if I wish. You have admitted that Bonsall and Mohler employed you to watch this lady. Go to the table and write a full testimonial of the fact, or take a lodging in the Tombs to-night. Write dates, facts—all in full.'

"The Vampire did not evince any emotion, but refused to write. After some hesitation, however, he made a general confession of his motives in following and watching myself. It was to the effect that, on the 20th of October, of the year 185–, Raymond Bonsall, lawyer, of New York, and Gustav Mohler had sent for him to the house of said Mohler, and had there proposed to him to watch, follow, and dog the wife of Mohler, at all hours of the day and night, and to employ others to do the same, for the space of one month from that date; and to report all her actions, movements, speech, disguises, the names and occupations of all persons with whom she associated—in short, every particular of her conduct and life; for which they were to give the sum of twenty dollars a day, the half to Crag, and the rest to coachmen and assistants in his employ; that he had been occupied in this work ten days, and had each day given in a written account of his espionage. Crag rose to depart.

"'You will see Bonsall and Mohler to-night,' said Montague, 'and report to them what has happened.'

"'That,' said Crag, 'is impossible—they are out of town.'

"'Good; then you can not. Please observe that I shall be in possession of Bonsall's papers within a month. If any of yours are found among them you will be terribly handled.'

"'How?' said Crag, anxiously.

"'I will have you up in the Parkins affair, and some other little matters—the burglary in D Street, for instance, 25th of June.'

"The Vampire's impassible countenance relaxed into a horrible smile. 'I see, Mr. Montague, that you are watching me. I will go; but let *her* look out. Bonsall has made up his mind; and he's got Swipes—a better man than I; and if they can't convict her of something they'll have her poisoned. Bonsall's a better man than you, Mr. Montague, and he's got the papers.'

"'What papers?'

"'Proofs against the lady. All kinds. A *will*, for instance.'

"'A forgery?'

"'In course; but you can't prove it.'

"'How came you to know that?'

"'Well, you know Bonsall wanted to get rid of Mohler and marry his widow, years ago. He was afraid to go the common way to work; so he encouraged him in working at his lunatic notions—some kind of machinery that no man ever heard of, thinking it would kill or craze him; but Mohler succeeded, and Bonsall had to lay a new plan. He furnished Mohler with the money to repay the loan he made from his wife. A German chemist Mohler has in his laboratory told me this. He can't speak English, but understands it, and I speak German. Well, Bonsall and Mohler have got a quantity of written evidence against Madam Mohler—a volume of it—all in writing—conversations of hers with some person who visits her room.'

"At this point of Crag's narrative Montague's innocent wife looked at me with a sorrowing and pitiful expression. I paid no heed to it.

"'With your permission, Mr. Montague,' said I, 'let me continue the examination.'

"He acquiesced.

"'Mr. Crag,' said I, 'do you believe that I conversed with any person in my room?'

"'It's a common thing, marm, and it might be, for aught I know. Mohler believes it; but he is awfully perplexed to know who it was you were talking with. I believe Bonsall knew who it was, but he would not tell Mohler.'

"'How came you to be so minutely informed?'

"'Why, marm, you must know every profession has its ins and outs; it isn't enough to earn money, you must know how to get it when you have earned it; that is more than half. Now, when I am employed by any party to watch another I watches both; else I couldn't make it pay. I spend half my time watching Mohler and Bonsall, when they suppose I am after you. I thought there was small chance of a convic-

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tion, and I wanted to threaten Mohler and Bonsall for conspiracy, and make 'em pay a bonus at the end of the business, afore they gev up.'

"'Well?'

"'The German chemist, you must know, marm, agreed to divide with me, and will be ready with his evidence when he finds there is nothing more to be made out of Mohler, who agreed to give him a share in the invention, but was obliged to sell the chemist's share to Bonsall.'

"'What is the invention?'

"'I don't know—never could find out. These Germans are naterally mysterious about mechanical and chemical matters, though they'll tell any thing else.'

"'What was the real purpose of Bonsall?'

"'He hated you because you had slighted him. He has forged a will of old Bertaldy, your father. The chemist helped him to do that. This forged will leaves every thing to Mohler instead of yourself, and Mohler has mortgaged all in advance to Bonsall for funds to carry on the work. The chemist says that the invention is worth more than the telegraph; that Mohler is the greatest genius in the world or that ever lived; but, he says, a man without any feelings, marm, only bitter jealous—'

"'Had Mohler a hand in the forging of the will?'

"'No, that was Bonsall's work; but the other knew of it. He thought that the property should have been left to him to accomplish the "great and beneficial work;" so he called it, meaning the invention. You, madam, he said, spent money in frivolities; he, in doing good to the world.'

"'Did he or Bonsall converse about my death?'

"'No, marm; it is Mohler, I believe, who is to be made away with, if any one—not you; and then Bonsall would find a means to make you marry himself.'

"'What means?' interposed Montague.

"'Why, the common means, I suppose. He'd scare the lady into it. He'd have a pile of evidence against her to hurt her reputation, and women, you know, like the madam, are afraid of that. And there is the forged will in his possession, leaving all the property to Mohler, and Bonsall holding claims and notes covering the estate. In fact, he'd be sure to do it, Sir.'

"During the conversation I had written, in phonographic characters, all that had been said. Coming forward, I laid my note-book on the table. 'Mr. Crag,' I said, 'the testimony you have given is written here, word for word. I shall copy it in full, and I expect you to sign your name to it.'

"'Not without pay, marm,' replied the Vampire, rising.

"'You will remember,' said Montague, 'that these ladies are witnesses to your demand.'

"'Black-mail, eh!' chuckled the Vampire. 'I never testify unless I am paid, and I never sign.'

"'It is unnecessary,' said I, coming before Crag. 'You are one of three engaged in a double conspiracy against Mr. Mohler and myself for life, or money, or both.'

"'I will dispense with the signature,' interposed Montague; 'but you must leave the city immediately, or suffer arrest for conspiracy.'

"'It's a good job,' said the Vampire, reflectively, 'and I don't like to leave it. Can't you make an offer?—say fifty dollars on account, marm—and I'll keep dark for a month.'

"'I'm afraid not.'

"'In that case I can't go.'

"Montague looked at his wife; she pulled a bell-rope. The sight of Montague's pistol, which he cocked and held ready, kept the Vampire from moving, though he was near the door. A servant entered.

"'John, go to Captain Melton, and tell him to send me a good officer.'

"Fifteen minutes of silence followed, during which time the Vampire neither moved nor spoke. The officer entered, recognized Crag, and took him away.

"The movement of our lives is a tide that floats us on toward an unknown destiny. This we call Providence. It is doubtless the will of God working in events and circumstances. It is rather like the motion of the great globe, moving silent and irresistible through the void of space. We struggle and fret with trifles, while Divinity wafts us onward. All is for the development of the soul; to strengthen, expand, and purify its powers. Grandeur will come hereafter; in this life there is only a nursing germ of goodness and power.

"These thoughts came first into my mind while I sat looking at the miserable face of the Vampire, waiting to be taken away like a rat in a cage. Anger, terror, revenge passed away like a cloud. I hated not Mohler, nor feared the wiles of the demoniacal Bonsall. Montague wished me to remain with him, using his house as an asylum. I thanked him, but declined the offer. He feared for my life. I knew too well the weakness of my enemies to entertain such fears.

"Montague imaged to himself, in the secret invention, some unheard-of infernal machine which would take life quietly. He believed that the metallic mirrors fixed in the ceilings of my apartments were a portion of the machinery. I promised that I would not sleep until the mystery of the mirrors had been explained.

"It was the third hour of the morning when I reached home, and entered, as usual, by the side-door of the garden. My servants were junketing in the kitchen. On Mohler's side of the house all was dark, closed, and silent. The conspirators were absent. I passed in unobserved, changed my dress, and went up stairs to the rooms above mine. The doors were locked. The door of the German chemist's room opposite stood ajar. A gas-jet, turned low, as the occupant had left it, guided me to a table. In a small side-drawer were several pass-keys of un-

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usual shape. With one of these I succeeded in entering the machine-room, over my own. After closing the shutters and lighting the burners, I looked around me with a novel sensation of intense curiosity, not unmingled with fear.

"The apartment was of the full depth and width of the house; all the partitions having been removed, and the floors above supported by posts of wood. Over the centre of each room of my apartments, and consequently over each of the three metallic mirrors, stood a table about six feet square, of the usual height, solidly framed, and supporting pieces of machinery—a combination of clock-work, galvanic engines, wires coiled myriads of times around poised, pendent, or vibrating magnets; a microcosm of mechanical powers which it were impossible to describe. The three tables were connected by decuple systems of copper wires suspended from the ceiling by glass rods, and associated with a gang of batteries, sixty in number, arranged in double tiers along the side of the room, ten paces in length. From these came out a sickening fume of acid corrosion, the death and decay of metals. From these, it seemed to me, an electric power might be drawn equal to the lightning in destructive force.

"A shuddering horror seized and shook me as I gazed around upon this vast and gloomy apparatus, which some secret intimation told me had been accumulated and connected here to work for me either death or ruin; but the terror was momentary, and again I addressed myself with courage to the investigation.

"The floor of the apartment had been covered first with moss, and then with thick felt, which deadened the sound of footsteps. Around each of the tables, from their edges, depended threefold curtains of green baize. I raised one of these curtains, and the light penetrating beneath, revealed the upper surface of the metallic mirror, perfectly polished, of which the lower was a part of the ceiling of my rooms. Points of platina wire, as fine and pliable as spider-webs—perhaps a hundred in number—touched the mirror in a certain regular order, the surface upon which they rested being divided into the same number of mathematical figures, representing, as it seemed to me, the system of vibrations of the plate. The wires were connected above with the complicated magnetic machinery which rested on the table. The same arrangement appeared under each of the three tables.

"Equidistant from the tables, and nearly in the centre of the apartment, stood a wide desk, or writing-table, on which rested another piece of machinery, less complex than the others, but connected with all of them by a system of wires. This was evidently a telegraphic apparatus for the transmission of signals generated by the larger machinery. On the desk lay a record book, and a card marked with phonographic signs, for the use of the operator, corresponding with others upon the signal-wheel, and which were marked by a needle-point on a coil of paper, as in the ordinary telegraph.

"Facing the seat of the operator, on the table, stood a clock marking hours, minutes, and seconds.

"I seated myself at the desk, placed the record before me, and opened it at hazard. It was a journal of months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and even seconds. There were three handwritings, giving the dates and moments of making entries. In these I recognized the alternate work of Mohler, Bonsall, and the German.

"Although the writings were phonographic, representing only the elementary sounds of the human voice, I read them easily.

"I had but just begun the perusal of the record when the touch of a cold hand upon my shoulder, like the fingers of a corpse, caused me to spring from my seat with a cry.

"It was Bonsall. He stepped forward as I rose. The short figure of this man, my persecutor, in his slouched hat and traveling cloak, with the eternal saturnine smile, and eyes twinkling savagely under black projecting brows, reminded me of all I had read of conspirators. His face, at that moment of horror, seemed to me like that of a vulture; the livid skin clung to the cheek-bones, and the lines of the mouth were cruel and cold.

"'I should not have returned here to-night,' he said, 'but for an accident. I was not so far distant but that a messenger could reach me with information of Crag's arrest by our friend Montague. He has, of course, betrayed every thing?'

"'Yes,' I replied, reassured by the quiet manner of Bonsall, 'I am acquainted with the particulars of your conspiracy to destroy Mohler and myself.'

"'Are you not afraid to confess the knowledge, alone with me in this solitary place?'

"'Are you a murderer?'

"'Alas! Madam, it is you who are the destroyer. I fear you now as one who controls my destiny, and can blast my good name and fortune with a word.'

"A long, deep sigh of relief escaped silently from me. I no longer feared Bonsall. He saw his advantage and hastened to improve it.

"'Montague is my own and your husband's enemy. We employed a spy to observe him. The spy endeavored to extort money from your terrors. Lying is his vocation. Reasonable persons should not confide in the assertions of a Vampire. Cease to fear and believe him and he is powerless.'

"'Mohler's first enemy,' I answered, 'is his own unnatural jealousy. You may, perhaps, claim a second place. But we need not speak of that at present.'

"'Were not you tempted by an equal jealousy to penetrate the privacy of this apartment?'

"'Beware, Sir, how you trespass upon my hospitality. Your presence in this house is merely tolerated. Retire. If you have any repentance or apology to submit, let it be in the light of day and in the presence of witnesses, *as heretofore.*'

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"A flash of rage lighted up the noble but vulturine face. It was momentary. He assumed an attitude of polite humility, bowed low, and seemed willing to leave me, as I desired, but hesitated.

"'Speak,' I said, quickly, 'if you have any thing to add: I wish to be alone.'

"'Forget, if only for a moment,' said Bonsall, doubling his effort to appear humble and repentant—'forget your enmity, while I explain to you the uses of this mysterious apparatus. As a piece of mechanism it is the grandest achievement of modern science, and besides that,' he added, in a significant tone, 'you have an interest in the matter. It was made partly for you.'

"There was a cold, malicious impudence in the expression, 'It was partly for you,' that made me shrink; but I remembered my promise to the Montagues, and allowed the wily conspirator to engage my attention by a lucid and wonderfully condensed and simple explanation of the machinery. I had read and seen enough of chemistry and mechanics to comprehend all.

"'It was you,' he said, 'who suggested the idea of the invention, though you were not conscious of it at the time. Five years ago, in the winter of the fifth year after your marriage, Mohler became intimately acquainted with me. The following summer he disclosed to me his suspicion of your fidelity. He knew that your affection for him had declined into a temperate and sisterly friendship, and he believed that you had given your heart to a man of more brilliancy and personal power than himself.'

"'Whom did he suspect?'

"'I am his counselor, and dare not violate confidence. His suspicions were soon after transferred to a person much more innocent.'

"'Yourself?'

"'Yes. I own that, at first, I was deeply impressed by your beauty and intelligence; but I soon learned that these were defended by your virtue against ordinary, or even extraordinary, temptations.'

"'The "extraordinary" being the seductive manners and the wit of Mr. Bonsall.'

"'The same, Madam,' replied the lawyer, coldly.

"'Men of genius, Mr. Bonsall, are said to be the best judges of their own ability.'

"'Even when it is a secret from the rest of the world. I admire the sarcasm; but let me proceed. You were reading aloud, to a circle of *savans*, a chapter from a French journal, reviving, with the vivacity and elegance peculiar to the scientific literature of France, the old discoveries of Chladni, who found that musical vibrations imparted to tablets of glass or metal caused particles of sand, or finer powders, which he strewed upon their surfaces, to assume a regular distribution, dancing and arranging themselves, like sentient beings, to the sound of music. The hand which held the pamphlet was a delicate, a beautiful hand, sparkling with diamonds, and blushing with the same intellectual enthusiasm which inspired a melodious voice that warbled, more than it uttered, the mellow periods of the author. The face, the form, the lips, the eyes, the fair rounded arm, and the grace of attitude—much more than the interest of what you read—inspired your auditors with admiration. Mohler alone suffered in that circle: jealousy devoured his heart. The admiring *savans* listened with delight while you spoke of the atoms of Chladni and of Epicurus, and led us, by a ravishing disquisition, from the cold, angular ideas of mechanics into the rich sunlight of poetry and philosophy. While the dancing atoms of Chladni became to me the cause of passionate admiration, they suggested to your jealous spouse a means, as he conceived, of proving your suspected infidelity, even in its least and slightest expressions.'

"'Miserable man!' I exclaimed, with an expression of equal pity and scorn.

"Bonsall smiled furtively, and continued:

"'Mohler found it necessary to have an adviser and a confidant. I became both. Yes, Madam, I confess it. An irresistible passion seized upon my heart. I burned to separate you, by all and any means, even the most criminal, from him, that I might induce you to become the wife of a man who could better appreciate you. You seemed to me a woman worthy of my highest ambition. I was ready to devote my existence to the hope of one day possessing you.

"'Ah! beware, Madam, of despising me. You rejected my involuntary admiration. You made me, at last, an enemy; but,' he added, quietly, 'I am now repentant, and desire to become your friend.'

"Without waiting for my reply, Bonsall, throwing off his cloak, directed my attention first to a broad plate of thin metal suspended from the ceiling by threads of silk. Over this he strewed fine dust from a woolen bag, and then, as he drew a violin bow over its edge, I saw the dust gather and arrange itself in geometrical forms, consonant with the tone imparted.

"'See,' said he, '*The* ATOMS *of Chladni*. They mark the tone; but the plate, as you well know, has become electrified by vibration. The mirrors of your ceiling are each a vibrating plate. From the upper surface of these rise wire conductors of the electric power generated by the vibration. This is faint and feeble at first, but, by passing through metallic threads coiled a thousand times round small magnets—each geometrical division of the plate corresponding with a magnet and with a radical sound of the human voice—it has power to connect and disconnect the keys of the batteries ten thousand times more powerful, giving motion to the wheels and pendulums, which, in their turn, move the needles of the register—with a slow or swift motion—piercing more or fewer points in this strip of paper, from which, by such wonderful means, has been read off and written every clearly articulated sound uttered in your apartments.'

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"Not until that moment did the horrible reality flash through my heart, attended by a thrill of hatred and disgust as though given by the touch of a serpent. Hatred for Bonsall and withering scorn of my wretched husband took full possession of me.

"After a brief silence, during which I succeeded in mastering the violence of these emotions: 'This record, then,' I said, 'is the result of your labors?'

"'Yes,' he answered, with the old furtive smile playing about the cruel mouth; 'in that book your most secret and confidential conversations are recorded.'

"'Stolen property,' I said, taking up the book, 'goes back to the right owner.'

"'Ah!' said he, laughing, 'we have a duplicate, a copy to which you are welcome; but this one,' snatching the volume with a slight of hand, 'belongs to me.'

"'A gentleman!' I said, with I know not what sneering addition, for the littleness of the action inspired me with contempt.

"'A fine word, Madam, properly used—counterpart of the word "lady;" both significant of many virtues; and among those I class purity of mind and conduct. Look,' said he, placing and opening the volume before me. 'Read for yourself.'

"The day of the entry was Saturday of the week previous, one hour and five minutes past midnight. I read under this date the transcript of a conversation between two lovers, one of whom deplored the folly and jealousy of a silly husband; the other urged an elopement. Then followed signs of inarticulate sounds.

"Immediately after, dated at ten in the morning of the next day, was a conversation of mine with Marian, my dressing maid, concerning certain garments which she asked from me. I remembered the conversation.

"'There are ninety distinct entries of the record,' said Bonsall, closing the book, 'and of these, more than twenty are conversations between the same pair of affectionate lovers. All must have taken place in your room; and please observe, that whenever these interesting conversations have occurred you were at home and in your room.'

"'Either your machinery, or yourself, Mr. Bonsall, is a contemptible liar. I confess the ingenuity of the contrivance; but it seems to me that half a dozen perjured witnesses would have been a much less expensive and troublesome apparatus. Have you no better or more reasonable testimony than this? You are a lawyer; so am not I.'

"'It would be a profound gratification—yes, a happiness to me,' he answered, 'could you establish your innocence.'

"'I will do it here, and now. Put your machinery in order for its work. The ninety-first entry will explain the others.'

"The lawyer hesitated; but seeing no change of countenance or movement on my part, but only a certain resolute passivity, he proceeded—maintaining his *rôle* of disinterested friend—to adjust the telegraphic machinery and connect the galvanic apparatus in a continued chain. He may have been five minutes occupied in this manner, during which time a low murmur, like the frothing of the sea, rose from the three thousand couplets of electrified metals, eroded by the biting fluids of the troughs; then touching a heavy pendulum on each of the three tables, and communicating life to the apparatus by winding a powerful spring, he stood aside, and asked me what I would have him do next.

"Without replying, I raised the thick baize curtain which concealed the metal mirror under the larger of the tables, and, stooping down, uttered, slowly, a few distinct words. The clicking of the needle showed that they had been recorded, as I spoke, on the slip of paper at the telegraph desk.

"'It appears to me,' said I, glancing at the scowling, troubled face of my enemy, 'that you do not at this moment enjoy so greatly the proof of my innocence, and—pardon me if I add—of your own villainy. Your villainous machine records words spoken in this room, above the mirror, as clearly as though they had been uttered below it, in my chamber. The enamored conversations that occupy so many pages of this volume, resembling a poor novel, have been composed by yourself; proving, Sir, the just equality of your literary talent and your virtue.'

"The dark eyes of Bonsall flashed malignant fires. Shuddering and shrugging with impotent rage, he began pacing with heavy strides, his hands clasped nervously behind him, back and forth the long room. Twice, as he passed me, he threw deadly glances. I wished to retire, but would not. There is something awfully attractive in the exhibition of destructive passions. My eyes followed the man, who at that moment contemplated every possibility of violence, with a fixed regard of terror and curiosity. I felt that we were acting a part, but the actors were sincere, and thought nothing of the possible scorn or applause that might follow the lifting of the curtain.

"At length utterance returned to him, and he gave vent to his accumulated rage in a curse. Raising his right arm, he cursed me as he passed before me, with the addition of such words as the man uses when he would destroy all possibility of reconciliation with the woman. The nervous arm, raised to enforce the language, in falling broke a link of the strong connecting-wire looped along from column to column. The surging murmurs of the batteries, the whirl of the magnets, and the click of the heavy pendulums, ceased on the instant. He stopped in his way.

"'I see,' said he, 'that you, such as you are, have the advantage of me in self-command.'

"With a deep sigh he expelled the tumult from his breast.

"'As easily,' he continued, 'as I can repair the slight injury my foolish rage has inflicted

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upon this thread of metal, so easily can I mend the mischief you have brought upon me by your discovery.'

"When Bonsall uttered this threat I lost all fear. Contempt made me laugh.

"'There was a time,' he continued, 'when I loved you with a passion equal to my present hate.'

"'Pray, Sir,' I said, 'may I inquire the cause of this heroical hatred?'

"'Is it nothing to have suffered, year after year, the pangs of incurable love, until every thought, every action was absorbed in that one grief? If the passion soured into hate—'

"'I gave you no invitation to indulge such folly.'

"'True, you gave none. Becoming daily more beautiful, more lovely; as the days wore on, estranged more and more from your miserable husband—'

"'Not a word of that, Sir! You were my accuser.'

"'Yes, I own it. It was a crime—'

"'Crime upon crime, Raymond. First, an unlawful passion; then treachery to a friend; then hatred of the object unlawfully loved; then futile conspiracy to defame, to rob. Do you call that *love?* Oh, fool!'

"'It was not I who planned it; the wretch, Mohler, a mean, suspicious creature, cowardly, an intellect without a heart—it was he, Maria, who devised your ruin. He called on me to help him.'

"'And you answered the call?'

"Bonsall was silent.

"'There is no excuse. Your nature is evil. What you call love is an unholy passion that would sacrifice every thing to itself.'

"'Would not the highest virtue do the same, Maria?'

"'You are more subtle than I. Your subtlety of intellect has destroyed you.'

"'Mixed motives. I loved you, nevertheless; ay, worshiped—that is the word; I love you still. Bid me die, and I will.'

"'Love!'

"'Yes, deep, absolute. It was your silence, your avoidance, aversion, that ruined me. Now I can speak freely with you, and I no longer hate.'

"In every woman's heart (surely in mine) there is a degree of compassion and forgiveness for those who suffer by the effects of love. It is God's will that it should be so; else all women would fly from men. Great as my abhorrence was—thoroughly as I despised the baseness of Raymond—an old secret preference, a long-suppressed feeling, crept up into my throat and choked me.

"'Raymond,' I exclaimed, with an accent, I fear, not wholly harsh, 'you have chosen a base and crooked path to the favor of a woman who was once proud to call you friend. During the last two of seven tedious years you have not acted the part even of a friend—much less—'

"'It was the accursed silence,' he exclaimed, eagerly. 'We should have been more honest.'

"'*We*, Raymond?'

"'Yes, *we*. You loved me once.'

"I had gone too far to recede. My courage rose. Prudery would have been cruel and absurd. Could I, then, terminate this long career of crime by a simple explanation?

"'A word more,' I said, 'before we end this conference—which, I hope, may save us both. Tell me for what purpose you conspired to deprive me of my fortune? That was the act, not of a despairing lover, but of an unprincipled sensualist. Why this complicated and cumbrous mass of conspiracy against me and mine?'

"'Judge me as you will,' he answered. 'I have told you all. I would have restored all that I had taken from Mohler to you. I wished to load you with obligations. See, here are all the evidences.'

"He opened a drawer of the desk, drew forth a package of papers, and placed them in my hand. I accepted the gift. It was prudent to do so.

"'Destroy these papers,' he continued, eagerly, 'and the work of infamy is undone.'

"'I appreciate the motive, but how can I forget the crime?'

"'By extending pardon to the criminal.'

"Oh! my friend, when the sun-rays of mercy spread over the soul their warm and tender light, are we to be blamed if we forget the strict laws of social propriety?

"'Come near to me,' I said.

"He came and stood before me, with downcast eyes.

"'If I will forget the past, will you forget it? Will you leave me now forever, and let silence cover all?'

"'Death—death! I could not outlive the separation. Though it must come, while I live let me live near you!' he exclaimed, turning away, pale and convulsed.

"'See,' he said, taking up one end of the broken wire, 'this poor mechanism is like your favor: while the wires are united—that is, your good-will, your pity—it gives life, power, hope; the strong currents of the soul flow on, and the man is powerful, useful, happy. Without this he is only a self-corroding machine. Pardon me,' he added, while a blush mantled his features, 'if my long study of these magnetic laws has suggested an illustration that may seem mean and trivial to you; but the great laws work in souls as in matter. Give me, then, your favor, or—'

"He touched, as he spoke, the other depending piece of the broken wire. A murmurous sound arose from the batteries. The pent-up, concentrated lightnings rushed from the wires through his frame, and he fell *dead* like one who has dropped suddenly asleep.

"I went to him, and regarded for a time, in silent awe, the upturned face of the dead. Ah!

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what a terrible anguish is compassion! It is the grief of God. Kneeling by the side of Raymond Bonsall, slain by a sudden, unlooked-for vengeance — the work, inadvertent, of his own hand—all the past fled away, and I thought only of the ages of remorse that, in another world, would punish the repentant but malformed, misguided soul. The tears were falling freely from my eyes as I knelt by the dead, when I heard behind me a step that I knew to be Mohler's.

"As I arose I saw the sordid figure of the German chemist creeping behind. When he saw me, and at a glance divined the nature of the accident that had befallen Bonsall, he shrank away and fled. As for Mohler, he could hardly clear his sense sufficiently to comprehend the calamity that had fallen upon himself. His jaw dropped; he fumbled with his hands. I felt no pity for him—why, I can not tell.

"'Maria! What has happened to Bonsall? How did you get in here? Oh! I suppose you understand all now?'

"'I do.'

"'Bonsall is dead!' he murmured. 'Yes, I see the wires are broken. Three thousand pairs of plates—it would kill an ox! You say you understand the affair. Hum! You have read the evidence against you in the book?'

"'Enough to know that Bonsall, who lies here dead, is the author of these infamous conversations attributed to me.'

"'How—how?'

"'Voices above the mirror are recorded as well as those spoken beneath.'

"'I never once thought of that!'

"'You? You, then, are not an accomplice?'

"'No,' he said, hesitating, and placing his hand to his forehead, 'Indeed it troubles me much. Let us go to your room, Maria, and we will talk it over.'

"An insipid, futile smile played over his features. The suddenness of the discovery how he had been duped by Bonsall—the probable loss, in one moment, of wife, honor, friend, all the springs of a good life — smote through and through, and wounded to death the poor brain. I led him away like a child. But why did I feel no pity—none, ever?

"Mohler's lunacy, as you know, was permanent. To the last moment his brain worked upon inventions."

Two silver tears, moved gently from her large eyes by the remonstrance of a smile, coursed quietly down the cheeks of the beautiful narrator. Ah! soul full of great courage and compassion, it was with thee as with the king who did not change countenance when he saw his son led to execution, but wept grievously when a poor drunken bottle-companion went to his death.

It was a history known only to a few. I first have given it to the world. Under the names and dates I have assumed, a few only will recognize the real persons and events.

CARLSBAD ON CRUTCHES.

I.

IT was a fine morning in the month of May that I embarked on board the steamer *Vanderbilt*, of five thousand three hundred and odd tons measurement, with walking-beam attachment, to sail from New York, at reduced rates, baggage at the risk of the owner, and so forth, bound for certain ports to be hereafter casually mentioned. Somewhere about noon the mails came in bags, carefully disregarded by the post-office official in charge, on the box of the huge open wagon, and shortly after they were pitched in bulk on to the deck. Then there was infinite but polite yells for friends of passengers to go on shore, which they did; then a sturdy sailor or two was seen squatting beside the stanchion piles of the pier, quietly but skillfully cutting the seizings to the shore fasts; and presently, by some well-understood signal, those sailors shoved the bights of the hawsers clear, and a seething current of foam told us—had we not seen the giant arms, or legs rather, of the walking-beams in motion—that the wheels were beginning to turn.

Then the crowd on the pier became excited—particularly those individuals perched at imminent personal peril on top of shaky posts, who, perhaps, to show their regret at our departure, began to deluge us with a horizontal tropical shower of over-ripe oranges. It was a queer way of exhibiting grief, but fearful of worse treatment, we esteemed it a compliment and remained on the defensive. Half a minute, however, carried us beyond the reach of those missiles, and even out of ear-shot of the news-boys, when, gliding out upon the Hudson, the steamer took a majestic sweep, the gong struck in a clear, liquid tone, once, twice, thrice. Hereupon a pause; the great beams gave a noiseless, hesitating motion, then the rods rose and fell to their utmost depth in their oily throats and beds of steam, the water flashed in rainbow tints from the guards, and we were off. Before long we went rushing with race-horse speed past the Hook, the low sand spits, hummocks, and beacons seeming to spin round in circles as we passed; then out into the broad Atlantic, and as the sun sank behind us the blue hills of Navesink faded away like a dreamy line along the horizon.

We had about three hundred companions of voyage on board, speaking various dialects, and many of them of desultory habits. The Teutonic race, however, prevailed. They wore asphaltum seal rings on their forefingers, ate voraciously, and in the calm and balmy days of the ocean denounced the grub, never having, perhaps, partaken of such luxurious edible matter in their lives before; but when the sea raged they confined themselves to salads, abandoning strong food and suffering great anguish of mind, to say nothing of the pangs of stomach, in not being able to devour the entire worth of their passage money.

There were likewise a good many of the Hi-

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dalgo race on board; mostly paper cigar people and retired slavers from Guatemala, Cuba, and the Spanish Main. Believing, did those Spanishers, that tropical heat pervaded the entire globe, they only came provided with gossamer-like raiment, light silk dress-coats, trowsers of most wonderful colors, and beautifully variegated stockings and slippers; relying for warmth, when the fog and coolish weather came, upon mouthfuls of cigar smoke, which they swallowed to create a genial glow within their systems. At the first symptoms, too, of uneasy steamer motion, they utterly repudiated, to a man, good wholesome viands; their skins assumed a pale, bluish, tobacco tint—like a painter's idea of powdered amethysts—and they devoted themselves sedulously, day and night, to their national pastime of *monté*. One retired trader in colored immigrants produced a bag of doubloons and opened a bank, quite as if it were an incorporated institution. He had large gold rings in his ears similar to a Hindoo idol, and habitually wore a counterpane pea-jacket, borrowed from his berth, with the ship's name, in red worsted, embroidered on the back.

There were Frenchmen, too, who began, the first day after leaving port, to secrete cigars about their persons, in readiness to elude the lynx-eyed vigilance of the custom-house officials in their native land; and they sang, too, in full chorus, the Marseillaise Hymn the first half of the passage; but before the chalk cliffs of the English Channel hove in sight they lost all taste for that sort of music and struck up Partant-ing for the Syria.

We had the usual amount of sea misery—one day fine, the next rain, followed by spirts of gales. No incidents, except pitching overboard a dead man sewed up in a sailor's canvas coffin, who had lived deep down among the firemen in the craters of the ship; but what else connected with his history nobody knew; and so he was "hurled—any where, any where, out of the world."

The ship herself was magnificent, strong and swift, and her two mighty walking beams swung backward and forward with the iron thews of a Titan. So we rushed onward through calm, fog, sea, and wind for about ten days; passed Eddystone Light-house, and that night we screamed and whistled until a pilot came, who threaded us through the Needles to Cowes, where a lot of passengers were gonged up and sent on shore; then we turned round again and dashed across the Channel.

As we cleared the headlands of the English coast, a small two-bladed screw steamer, schooner-rigged, and about a hundred tons burden, swung round to meet us. She was a little, low, white vessel, with a hollow, clipper bow, a beautiful run, and lean as a pin's point aft. They said she was a yacht built by the Emperor Napoleon for the Prince of Prussia, and called the *Grille*. I was lying on the forward deck as this little fellow screwed along our beam, nearly hidden from view by the broad and lofty wheel-house, and I was rather surprised to see how slowly we dropped her, for it was generally supposed that the *Vanderbilt*, with her splendid model, was the fastest steamer on the high seas. Something, however, was said by the engineers on board about the ship being light and the coals bad, but at the time we were going at the rate of thirteen sea-knots an hour, in smooth water, with the advantage of striking the water with paddles at an angle of forty-five degrees; to say nothing of the enormous difference in momentum between the two vessels, the game seemed to be entirely on our side. Yet, as we were beginning, though almost imperceptibly, to pass the pigmy beside us, the little witch suddenly gave a regular slide and skimmed six times her length ahead, as if she had been shot out of a gun; then, by a succession of these skips, she soon screwed beyond and fairly distanced us, and in the race of eight miles or thereabouts she was so far ahead that she wickedly described a gyration around our bows and then betook herself off.

With this wet feather in our cap we entered the harbor-ditch of Havre; where, after a gentle and polite tussle with the Douane people, we took the evening train, and sailing rapidly through the lovely fields of Normandy, as the clocks struck midnight—to a minute—we found ourselves in Paris.

No sooner had we unshipped our sea legs than I consulted a surgeon about my malady. He was a distinguished operator at the Hôtel Dieu, and saw every day of his life lots of cases, but he declared mine was one of the most peculiar of them all. There was a good deal of inflammation and partial paralysis, and evidently something serious externally, and grave doubt also existed in his mind lest there was something wrong internally. We both agreed upon this view of the case; but then came the question, What had best be done?

And here let me go back a little—say six months or so—and state parenthetically, that one fine day I caught my foot in the coil of a gun-tackle, or rather the coil caught me around the right ankle joint, and as the tackle was fastened to a piece of ordnance weighing about ten thousand pounds, in the act of being run out in a ship's port, it gave me a twisting sort of jerk, which, in a period of time scarcely possible to compute, laid me flat on my back. A trifling abrasion of cuticle—*Anglice*, a barked shin—was all the outward and apparent damage I sustained at the time; but a few days later, perhaps a fortnight, I began to experience sharp pain in my side, and week by week the pain got sharper and sharper. I still continued, however, to move about, until, after the lapse of two or three months, I could move nor stand no longer, and so betook myself to a couch. The surgeons, who were as skillful as any the wide world over, and kinder and more attentive maybe than many of their calling, did all that skill and devotion could do for me. I was leeched, cupped, and blistered, with all sorts of inside remedies between whiles, and afterward electro-galvanized—not plated—and chloroformed; but yet I be-

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came worse, and as a last resort I was advised to try the medicinal waters of Germany.

It was under these circumstances that I reached Paris; and to give a faint idea of the crippled condition of my leg, an Anglo-Saxon youth, imbibing some grog with a companion at a café on the Boulevard, where I was being dragged along, audibly observed, while pointing to my foot, "There! that's one of the old patents, and a bad one it is: the new improvement has the natural forward motion of the instep!"—their conversation being manifestly on the subject of cork or wooden legs, and my own being a striking example in illustration of the argument.

What had best be done? This was the question I put to the Paris surgeon. He said he would turn the matter over in his mind for a few days—which he did, while I rolled over and howled during the intervening nights—when he would decide, and give an opinion. Well, after a certain time, we held another consultation, and then my surgeon asked me what my own opinion was of the case? of course unprofessional, and without prospective fee or reward. I told him that I thought it was a pretty bad case—which was just where we both started from—and that I intended to try the waters of Carlsbad in Bohemia. My surgeon hereupon stepped back and exclaimed that he quite agreed with me; that he had no faith in drugs, lotions, or frictions; even the anatomical knife was at times a little dangerous in a live subject; and that, in short, Carlsbad was the place of all others on the face of the globe he would advise me to go to. We then cordially shook hands—his was heavier when he put it in his paletot pocket—and seizing my crutch I hobbled away toward Bohemia.

Oh, weary days and sleepless nights! Flying along the grain and vine clad fields of France; the straight, tall lines of sickly green poplars, the white, dusty, powdered cross-roads, the distant vista of purple hill and winding yellow stream of mid-summer; the pretty stations by the wayside, with an inside peep of the crystal pavilions, brilliant buffets, and blithe girl *garçons* flitting about amidst the voracious crowds; then away again, with a scream and a jarring shudder across an iron bridge, or swooping over a delta of rails, pouring their iron tribute into some great junction; and yet on, with a screech of a demon, into a long black cavern of a tunnel, and out again with joyous yell, the steam and smoke dancing in cloudy shadows over the plowed fields and landscape; then down a grade, to meet with hellish clatter and blinding, dazzling flash, a passing train; and now a hard, grinding quiver from the brakes as we glide more slowly between the brick-faced bastions, and over the moat of the fortified town beyond. Old ladies poking salts at me all the while, and at intervals kindly fanning away the flies; little children timidly offering bites of pears or *brioches*, and with wondering, dear, sympathetic looks, exclaiming, "*Il est bien malade ce monsieur la! n'est pas mama!* And the good conductor, too, his face a land-and-water map of coal dust and perspiration, looking in, and hoping Monsieur *la bas* was a little better, and would he like a sip of cold water, or gassy lemonade, or some wine red? Then a tedious halt, and much rolling hither and thither of baggage trucks, and stamping of passports, until at last, by a lumbering omnibus, slowly over a bridge of boats to Manheim, and a weary respite in a hotel on the banks of the Rhine. There through the hot summer's night, when the sun has gone blazing down, after burning up the last vestige of cool air fluttering furtively about my windows, and leaving a tremulous mirage-like glow from every tile of the heated roofs around: there, tossing and watching till daylight comes, and I look out upon the Rhine again. I see great timber rafts, and little deal huts of houses on them, sagging sluggishly past the town, impelled from side to side by huge unwieldy oars; then, Dutch sloops with great spread of sail flapping idly down the varnished mast, the yellow sides reflecting the early rays of morning; then shooting by a steamer or two, with red and white checkered ports, and painting the sky from their black pencil pipes with a coloring of soot; and all the time I see the broad and shining river goes eddying on. Up and to the rails again; first to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and then to Würtzburg—the last a fine old city with noble façades of palaces and gardens, all belonging to that devoted lover of ladies and the arts, the King of Bavaria; and then another weary rest. And yet once more to the iron roads, through that lovely country, planted to the square inch, with rippling brooks beside our track, and blue hills in the distance. Skurrying on by the quaint old hamlets with zigzag, parti-colored roofs, or nestling farm-houses beneath the spreading trees, where the stout teams shake their bells a-peal at us as we fly by, or the stupid peasant women, in short petticoats and waists at the armpits, vacantly gaze up from their laborious delving in the fields; and so we go until presently a station, where a maze of electric lines meet at a large clock, like a magnified spider in his web; and then a pause. Crowds of people to greet us in their Sunday attire; pointed tailed jackets, red vests with multitudes of flat silver buttons, standing in jack boots, smoking pipes with pendent chains riveted to their button-holes as if they grew there; the other sex, too, in striped corded skirts, and bodices of red, cross-barred at the bosoms like cherry-tarts, gay kerchiefs about their heads, and gold filigree hoops in their ears; all round-faced, rude, and rosy. Kellners, too—German for waiter—rushing out of the restaurations and about the platforms, with trays filled with capacious wooden flagons; or yet with long deep glasses like speaking-trumpets, foaming with beer, returning empty and coming out full again; and still going and coming continually, until with half-empty flagons to still thirsty lips the engine screams enough; and off we glide, away from the nasty atmosphere of pipe-smoke, into the cool breezes of the green-clad valleys, whirling up the grade.

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As the night closed around us, having been borne as far on my journey as the rails could carry me, I was left at Hôf. There, at the Golden Stag Hotel, I was received by a portly man in a white choker, which brought out the ruby carbuncles on his nose in bold relief. Behind him stood a thin person in another white choker, and a little boy like a plump spider beyond—all in white chokers. I said, "Can you let us have rooms on the first floor?" "No; very sorry, but the Princess of Swingmaringen Sedlitzwasser was expected, and the grand suite engaged." "Could I have an apartment on the second?" "Very sorry — extremely desolated, but that, too, was taken for the Swingmaringen's mother, the Dowager of Seltzerwasser." "Ah! well, the third?" "Yes, one little room, but the Princess—" I believe I said something altogether so extremely disrespectful of the Swingmaringen family, for many generations back and to come, which so shocked the portly head kellner that he had hardly presence of mind to assist me up stairs. As for the thin kellner and the spider boy, had it not been for their white chokers they would, I fancy, have been suffocated with indignation on the spot. When I got to bed—that structure being narrow and short, with another little downy bed for covering, and a sheet the size of a napkin—all through the awful night, in my light-headed, troubled slumber, I heard clattering post-coaches, trains of princesses, much din and bustle within, and clocks, too, without, that kept miscellaneous time, striking the hours and chiming away at the halves and quarters the livelong night; and all mingled in my volatile dreams with the perfume of chloroform liniment and German beer. When morning came, and as the sounds of hospitality and horses died away, the ober-kellner appeared before me destitute of white choker, and I knew by instinct that the Swingmaringens had departed. It needed no words from the lips of the kellner to announce that the entire Golden Stag, from the very tips of his horns down to his hoofs in the cellar, were entirely at my disposal; it being in the very street, and facing the very house, said that kellner, where the Mynheer Sand had pursued his studies previous to proceeding to Manheim, where then and there he did, patriotically, it is believed, assassinate the Herr Kotzebue, whose infant daughter was clinging to his knees. All this, and much more, did ober-kellner pour into my aching head until the sun set once more in the town of Hôf.

In the evening a comfortable carriage, with a brave team of horses, were in the court-yard, and we continued our journey toward Carlsbad. Out of the broad, cobble-paved street, with volleys of whip-cracks, and the horses all a-jingle with bells, and down a slope, and over a bridge, and up-hill between waving fields of grain, and into a dark forest beyond, with a pale-blue ribbon of starlit sky above us—dozing away the hours till midnight, and we were at the little town of Ach, on the Bohemian frontier. It was at this memorable place, on my second visit last May, when the Italian war was raging, that I was taken for a French spy, and held in pawn for four hours, until some scholar could be hunted up to read the cabalistic seals and writings on my passport, the official bureau at Ach being quite unequal to the task. On our first acquaintance, however, we had no trouble—a paper florin bank-note, of half a dollar denomination, being slipped incidentally in the folds of the passport saved all parties infinite explanation, even to leaving the trunks strapped and unrummaged behind the carriage. The horses had a bite of hay further on, and then trotted square and brisk till sunrise, when we halted for a more general feed at a road-side gasthaus. It had been in former times the schloss or rural palace of some German grandee, but now a wretched old barrack of whitewashed corridors and desolate rooms, with a stagnant fish-pond in the overgrown weedy garden; and a tumble-down little church hard by, capped by a queer flat-domed tower; and a wrought-iron skeleton of a saint, rusty and honey-combed by the little dribbling fountain below.

Of a slatternly old cook, talking polyglot jargon, we ordered a grand breakfast, but she rather overdid the business, and served us a compost of fat sausage soaked in garlic, and a lot of cold oniony pickled trout—as detestable a morning mess as ever a Christian sat down to—served, withal, in a saloon of kingly proportions, which beyond all question had in late years been occupied by wandering students destitute of soap. How glad we were to quit this filthy gasthaus, and roll on again over the smooth roads, where the cool, fresh air of morning greeted us—where the birds were singing and the hares bounding through the bending waves of grain—where, too, in contrast, the wretched-looking peasant women were trudging, sickle in hand, either to be yoked to cows or oxen to plow the earth or to mow the fields, munching the while coarse black bread, and bowing low before us as we rolled by. Further on, clusters of red-tiled buildings, with smoke-stacks and furnaces puffing out streams of black smoke; plenty of peat piled up out of the dark, earthy pits, all smoking or steaming with a peaty odor, infecting the atmosphere for miles around, in spite of the perfume of the hops or the wide fields of new-mown hay. Then, beyond, a venerable schloss again, with its great barns for the harvest, and near at hand its village of ground-down peasantry, with swarms of children at the door-ways; always, too, a toll-house with a white and yellow painted piece of timber to bar the road, like an old-fashioned slung bucket-pole to a well; then lines of large, awkward, ungainly wagons, loaded — Heaven knows where — high up and low down, under the body and outside the creaking wheels, with crates, bales, and barrels of glass, china, pottery, and what not; the drivers slouching and clacking along in their timber sabots, and at every gentle slope chaining up the wheels, or throwing an iron shoe under, so that the jaded horses, perhaps, should not be run over in the

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descent or the crockery come to grief. All this, and more, with a town or two *en route*—of which more anon—until toward noon, when we had reached our journey's end at the Hygeia of Carlsbad.

II.

Carlsbad stands, as near as may be, in the centre of Europe and the very heart of Bohemia. It may be reached by several good roads, by the way of Prague or Toplitz on the Eastern frontier, or by a route which taps the main trunk railway to Leipsic from Schwartzenberg, or by the road we came from Hôf. The town itself, which has a population of about three thousand souls, is half-hidden on the shelving sides of a steep valley of a little stream called the Tepel, which winds in form of the letter S till it meets, at the end of the town, the River Eger, a tributary to the Elbe. The surrounding hills are of granitic formation, well wooded with pine, with almost innumerable paths and roads leading in every direction to the projecting spurs and heights, which command lovely, though not very extensive prospects of forest, field, vale, and river.

From the bed of this little Tepel stream, and on the immediate banks, spout and bubble up the famous waters. Who discovered them is buried in the mists of German tradition; but it was Charles the Fourth who founded and named the town, built a castle, and is supposed to have resided here for the cure of his wounds received at the battle of Cressy in the fourteenth century. Through all the bloody wars of the Middle Ages which convulsed Germany, and all the changes of rulers and wars of modern times, the great players of the games, when sated with blood and rapine, have come to Carlsbad to rest from their toils, and perhaps to carve out new schemes of future misery and conquest.

It would be difficult to say to what distance below the crust of the earth the mineral basin which supplies the great body of water unceasingly evolved extends; probably, however, within the sinuous course of the Tepel, and perhaps a short distance beneath its left bank. But whatever may be the extent or ramifications of this basin, it unquestionably throws off from the same volcanic or mineral caldron all the water which bursts forth from the various outlets. As to the depth of this parent source, that, too, is unknown; all the boring and sounding experiments hitherto attempted have proved unsuccessful in reaching a solid base. The crust, however, which covers this basin is from one to two yards thick, though, what is a little singular, this crust has never been seriously disturbed or rent asunder by any of the violent earthquakes which—in the memory of man—have shaken the continent. The great chasm beneath, with its fissures, vaults, and caverns, have been so firmly arched by nature herself as to bid defiance to the heaving throes of the earthquake.

There are eight sources or wells in Carlsbad used for drinking medicinally, exclusive of those recently found beneath the new military hospital, which stand in the following order according to their temperature, exactly determined by a long course of observations running through a period of eighty-six years:

Sprudel	165°	Fahrenheit.
Bernardsbrunn	156°	"
Neubrunn	147°	"
Marketbrunn	139°	"
Felsenquelle	129½°	"
Mühlbrunn	127°	"
Theresienbrunn	125°	"
Schlossbrunn	118°	"

Be it observed that the temperature of the atmosphere has no influence upon the waters, and in the coldest winters, with the thermometer below zero, they retain the same heat without perceptible variation. The problem of explaining this natural heat, as well as the manner by which the waters are supplied with mineral substances, has puzzled the most acute and skillful analysts; and, in spite of all their exertions, none but ingenious theories and conjectures have been elicited. The thermal heat, however, is more easily accounted for, upon the theory that the heat in the interior of the earth augments in the ratio of its depth; and since the water evolved can lose very little of its temperature after the conduits become heated to the open air, the depth of the Sprudel, which is thought to be the parent source, is computed to spring from seven to eight thousand feet below the surface. The Sprudel crust itself seems to cover a space of about sixty yards square, the greater portion being on the bed of the Tepel, and protected from floods in the river by an artificial stone vaulting, in which holes are bored to allow the water to pass freely off. These orifices are about three inches in diameter, and, probably by the escape of carbonic gas, the water spouts out from five to fifteen feet high, in regular jets, beating like a pulse at the rate of about thirty-five ebullitions a minute. Clouds of steam, as from a high-pressure engine, rise around these natural fountains, float in filmy, rainbow hues in the sunlight, or else hang under denser auspices along the stream and its banks, emitting the while a peaty and by no means agreeable odor.

But what is more material are the deposits which are precipitated at the outlets of all the fountains in Carlsbad. This consists of a slimy green and brown sediment, which, layer upon layer, like the freezings of successive overflows of water, solidifies into a mass till it becomes almost as hard as marble. It also clogs and chokes the artificial orifices of the Sprudel, and every month or two they are bored afresh, so as to prevent—what is sometimes feared—an explosion which might blow the entire vaulting into the air. This sediment is called the *conferva thermalis*, and is thought to be composed of animal matter. Whether it is or not, it admits of a high polish, and is used for a great variety of inlaid and mosaic ornamental work. This water has likewise the power of petrifaction; and a bunch of grapes, a bouquet of flowers with the most delicate leaves and petals, vegetables, and

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willow-wood, becomes, after the lapse of a fortnight, when immersed in these boiling fountains, as hard as agate; and often raising misgivings, too, whether the same phenomenon may not take place in the stomachs of those who saturate themselves with the water for a much longer period.

The Carlsbad water partakes almost entirely of the alkaline and Glauber salts genus, and the chemical analysis was determined by Becher in 1770, and afterward by Hugo Göttl. These analyses, together with the volatile ingredients —for which I am indebted to Doctor Mannl, of Carlsbad—are appended below.* They show conclusively that, in the intervening space of eighty-six years, the chemical compositions have undergone very little change—a sure proof of the inexhaustible material at hand in the great natural laboratory below. It is to be remembered, however, that the quantity of gas found in every spring is in an inverse ratio to the temperature and specific weight; therefore, the higher the temperature of the waters the less gas they contain.

Of the various maladies of which the flesh and bones are heir to, and upon which these waters, beyond all peradventure, exercise a salutary effect, I will enumerate a few. For disorders of the liver, kidneys, and urinary organs, whether chronic or temporary; jaundice, indigestion with its whole train of nervous complications; for the rehealing of badly cicatrized wounds, paralysis of the limbs, or for the renovation of the system after long residence in tropical climates. Very many such cases are entirely cured by a proper use of the Carlsbad waters; they stand upon the record, and are beyond doubt or cavil; not a few I saw myself, during the two seasons I passed there: what is more to the purpose, the beneficial effect exercised in my own individual case induces me to state it confidently.

There is, however, another shade to the picture; and there are diseases of the organic order, such as disturbance of the heart, aneurisms, pulmonic affections, and so forth, in which these waters are not beneficial, but are in fact highly injurious and even dangerous, and the farther people so afflicted stay away from Carlsbad the better.

It now only remains to add to the foregoing summary the mode of using the waters. They may be drunk, bathed in, or steamed in, altogether, or separately, according to the advice of the physicians, who are not only numerous, but skillful and experienced. No difference exists in the component ingredients of the various fountains, and it is only by the temperature that the strength and effects produced are measured. In no way, however, should this Carlsbad water be applied for mere pastime; for such experiments have not infrequently created serious illness and disease where none previously existed, and sometimes terminating fatally. The rule seems to be, to begin with the mildest and least stimulating water, and then as the system becomes accustomed to it, to go on drinking till you come to the Sprudel, the hottest and strongest of all. If however, headache, vertigo, or congestions arise, the drinking is either discontinued for a time, or else the patient goes back to the milder stimulant. But once having found the proper "tap"—which you will soon discover—go on in moderation, augmenting the doses as far as you reasonably may, not omitting a daily confab with your doctor until the course is ended.

With respect to bathing, the treatment by absorption seems to exercise nearly a similar effect to that produced by internal saturation. Indeed bathing was used exclusively for two centuries without swallowing a drop; and it is still used by the medium of baths and steam, for cases of paralysis of the limbs, contractions, stiff joints, and badly healed wounds, either gunshot or by steel. Persons, however, who are subject to spasms, fainting-fits, or disposed to apoplexy, should never risk the bath unless they expect to be pulled out dead; nor should any nervous individuals shut themselves up in the baths unattended. At the same time, no one need be afraid of wasting the water, for the supply is inexhaustible, and the enormous overflow from the fountains not only warms the little river itself, but affords a perpetual boiler for all the town.

The fashionable season begins at Carlsbad about the middle of May, and ends with the first days of September, though there is no good reason why a person should not come at any other time when it may be convenient, as the water is always there, summer and winter, served up hot by nature herself. The climate is changeable, and the summers are sometimes very cool—the

* Fixed Ingredients contained in 16 Ounces of Sprudel.	Becher.	Gottl.
	Grains.	Grains.
Sulphate of potash	19·35360	9·3696
Sulphate of soda	....	14·9606
Phosphate of soda	6·68160	....
Chloride of sodium	....	8·7245
Carbonate of soda	11·82720	....
Carbonate of lime	4·80080	2·0198
Carbonate of magnesia	....	0·3994
Carbonate of protoxyd of iron	0·46080	0·0307
Alumina with oxyd iron	....	0·2150
Silica	....	0·0520
Total fixed ingredients	42·62400	44·8340

Names of Springs.	Cubic Inches of Paris Standard.			Apothecaries' Weight in Grains.	
	Total fixed Ingredients.	Carbonic Acid.	Azote.	Carbonic Acid.	Azote.
Sprudel	44·94397	7·80337	0·03181	3·30593	0·00860
Bernardsbrunn	44·53578	8·58529	0·04158	3·68908	0·01137
Neubrunn	44·15361	9·87066	0·04690	4·34388	0·01313
Marketbrunn	43·88813	11·76022	0·05306	5·21717	0·01498
Mühlbrunn	43·47166	13·76191	0·05811	6·13040	0·01645
Theresienbrunn	42·20298	15·40220	0·06104	6·94203	0·01751
Schlossbrunn	40·44303	17·37673	0·06323	8·02782	0·01859
Felsenquelle	43·47206	11·75628	0·05819	6·13072	0·01613

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nights always cool, the elevation being about six hundred feet above the sea; and, therefore, thick clothing is indispensable. And now, having given a general account of Carlsbad and its famous waters—which I hope may prove valuable to whoever thinks of going there—I will descend a little more to detail, and describe what my own actual experience was during my residence there.

III.

On the banks, then, of the little Tepel is Carlsbad built, with the population pretty equally distributed on both sides. On the left is the Prado of the town, called the Old Wiese. There are tall lodging-houses standing with their backs against the Hirschensprung hills, facing a graveled path, on which, fringing the water, is a dense row of elms—stunted within an inch of their lives—beneath which, as well as the buildings opposite, are nests of pretty shops where all the knicknacks of Europe are displayed, besides the pretty mosaic work of the place and the beautiful china and glass of Bohemia. Here, too, are multitudes of tables beneath the trees, where, in true German style, the ladies sit sipping coffee over their knitting, while the men puff their meerschaums and read the small octavo German newspapers. The Wiese, in fact, is the fashionable lounge where the world of Carlsbad revolves. After a day or two's lodgment at a hotel apartments were found for us at the Golden Cannon, a fine new stone building at the extreme upper end of this Prado, kept by some excellent people named Mattoni. By-the-way, every house in the place has its peculiar name and emblem. Strange too to find, so far up in the bush, nautical names predominate! There is the "Captain Cook," "The Anchor," "The English Fleet," "The Frigate;" then Swans, Storks, Eagles, and Pheasants; one house called "Sevastopol," very high up the hills, and—either in compliment to the Allies or Russians—very rarely taken. Some of the signs, however, admit of a double meaning; and Zum Silburnen Kanne, which I ignorantly presumed was "The Siberian Kane," in honor of that Arctic explorer, turned out to be the Silver Pitcher!

Our windows commanded a pretty prospect of the steep pine-clad hills to the right, a little square of the Kursaal below, the rippling river sparkling in front, where trout turned their speckled sides to the sun from the deep pools beneath; and to the left the long green line of the Wiese, and the distant grain-covered hills beyond. The rooms were clean—as, indeed, are all the lodgings in the place—with a prettily-furnished parlor in front, and a bedchamber in the rear. So soon as I arrived I sent for Doctor Hofberger, one of the most eminent physicians in the whole Austrian dominions, to whom I bore written testimonials of my case and the treatment I had undergone. He listened, and pronounced judgment—which judgment was to begin to drink, to continue to drink, and to drink to the end. And here let me say that the decisions of the Carlsbad faculty are not at all times to the taste or will of the patient; and many are sent away in the most arbitrary manner, without being permitted to drink a drop of the water unless at the risk of their lives. One case of this nature occurred during my first season there. An obstinate Englishman, in spite of a warning, began to indulge in Sprudel libations; but to counteract any unpleasant effects, and despite the advice of the doctors, he mingled a little London-Dock brandy, which he had smuggled into the town, with his tipple; which course of practice killed him, in the space of ten days, as dead as Julius Cæsar.

To be on the safe side, I persistently followed the Doctor's directions, as I would recommend all other visitors to this Hygeia to do. It was on the 17th of June that I began my course of the waters; but as I was too ill to walk to the fountains I had a goblet purchased of the regulation pattern—to hold six ounces—and a jug of the water fetched from the spring, standing in a small wooden tub filled with the same element to preserve its temperature. I emptied this jug the first morning. The first tumbler made my head spin; the second, at fifteen minutes' interval, made my eyes dance; and the last created a buzzing sensation in my ears. Then, by way of exercise, I chartered a small donkey-cart, drawn by the smallest of that elephantine-eared class of quadrupeds. The boy-driver walked, pulling the donkey occasionally up hill, and letting the little brute slide down the steep places, for about an hour, when I had breakfast. This course I continued for some days—five, I believe—until I began to experience the most agreeable relief from the pain and swelling in my side, and I was able to pursue the usually-prescribed treatment without invariable donkey assistance.

The general regimen marked out for the Carlsbad patient is simply this: You rise from bed in the morning in time to reach the wells as the clocks strike six, and as the baton of the Herr Labitzky describes a gentle reel in the air, and is followed by as delightful music as is heard anywhere in the Fatherland. Then you approach the fountains, where are battalions of nice little girls, in tidy aprons, who fill your goblet, and you retire to some tranquil spot to drink it. Sometimes there is a cue of five hundred people in single file, with every one a goblet, many with little bronze dials to mark the time hung to their button-holes, and number of libations; but there is no jostling or hurry, for there is enough for all. The water is drank at quarter-hour intervals, moving about the while, listening to the fine music, chatting, or sniffing the lovely bouquets of flowers offered for sale near by; and the hottest waters are sipped through the medium of glass tubes like those straw throats for sherry-cobblers. At eight o'clock the music ceases, and the heavy drinking is over for the day. For an hour everybody is seen rushing about into the bakers' shops, which are very numerous, and each individual buys the particular bread he fancies. It is of great variety in taste as well as in shape: plain, sugared, or with plums; flat, round, or half-

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moons; with or without salt; with each its peculiar name; and such bread Europe does not elsewhere produce. Whether the secret of its excellence lies in the making, the grain, or the water with which it is made, it is admitted by connoisseurs in that article to be the unrivaled, unapproachable bread of the world. The bread bought, it is put in a brown paper bag, and you wander off to the hundred-and-one pleasant little retreats on the hill-top, in the valleys, or on the Wiese, to consume it at your leisure for breakfast. At these café retreats, too, you find the most charmingly-rosy girls, neat and trim in dress—never a hoop or a starched skirt to conceal their rounded lithe forms—as brisk as bees, as smiling as Hebes, and as fresh in cheek as the bread in your paper bag. The breakfast, however, is no very serious matter—nothing in the eating way is in Carlsbad; it consists simply of bread and coffee. The coffee, too, is more than half rich milk, but such a delicious mixture the Grand Turk, surrounded by his houris, never dreamed of. No butter, meat, or fruit is permitted at this repast, but smoking in moderation is allowed afterward. Even tobacco, I should presume, is hurtful to the treatment; but as its prohibition would no doubt incite a stifled rebellion or open mutiny among the German population the faculty tolerate it. Nor is tea encouraged, especially green tea, which is thought to turn into black ink in the stomach; and butter is also frowned upon, as, when mingled with the water, it resolves itself into soft soap. Chocolate, however, is taken with dry bread in the evening, which leaves the system free from nightmare during the night. After breakfast comes a happy lounging interval, when you may either wander about the hills by innumerable shady paths, or in the grove, where the handsome Tyrolers sell gloves or buckskin raiment; or up and down the Wiese promenade, looking into the pretty shops, where you are tempted by delicate lace of point d'aguille, beautiful inlaid boxes, or mosaic work crusted or polished with Sprudel petrifactions, or, what is equally elegant and enticing, Bohemian glass and china. Reading or writing to any extent is prohibited; indeed, the confusing effect of the water on the brain and eye puts a stop to such occupations were one so inclined. The mind must be left free from all care and excitement, so as to give the waters a fair chance with the body. The time, however, slips easily on in this *dolce far niente* way till an hour past noon, when dinner is to be thought of. Now there are at least fifty places within and around the town where you may dine, and the chances are fifty to one that you find precisely the same dinner at each and all of them. The cookery, however, is of a simple and artless nature, and utterly insipid. I advise you, my fat friends, not to come here for any stimulating luxuries for the stomach, as in that case you will be woefully wasted. There is but one sauce used for every thing, and though it may at times be white or dark, yet the taste is the same. There are, likewise, a variety of colored soups of a mild and fluid mixture, leaving the faintest impression on your mind of boiled napkins. Game abounds, small deer, partridges, and hares; veal, too, palpitating from the shambles, and occasionally, as a *rara avis*, a beef-steak; plenty of quarter-pound trout as big as minnows, and lots of vegetables. The poultry is not good, and the diminutive size of the chickens is attributable to their drinking the waters, which carries off the gravel from their crops.

The articles rigorously proscribed from the Carlsbad *carte* are all sorts of acids and fat, salads or raw fruit, pork, goose, duck, sausage, cheese, pastry, strong or acid wines, all spirits, cold milk, beer, or ice. The country wines, of a very thin and innocent quality, are allowed in moderation; but none of the other things enumerated could be had for love or money, since the Medical Board determine what is meet to eat and drink for the guests, and the restaurants are obliged to comply with the rule.

After dinner, which is taken between one and three, there is music by the full orchestra, either on the Wiese or at the Post-hôf, a mile beyond, where the ladies sit sociably beneath the shady groves with their knitting. Ah! such charming women you see there sometimes! Russian dames, with soft Mongol eyes and rounded forms; the soft white beauties from Vienna and Prague and the Lower Danube; with here and there a dark-haired brunette from Italy. The only drawback to these pleasant réunions is the absence of children, who are rarely brought to Carlsbad; and indeed I may say to matrons disposed to build their nests at the hibernating periods, that they must give up all hopes of such Malthusian theories while at Carlsbad, and let them know at once that children are never carried away.

When tired of the music or the conversation of the groves you may saunter up hill or down dale in an endless variety of stream and forest landscape, or you may shoot air pop-guns for sugar-plum prizes by the roadside. In the evening, too, there is sometimes a concert or a spectacle in the little theatre, or maybe a Sunday night dance in the Kursaal; but all is over and the lights shut off by ten o'clock, and the whole town sound asleep. It is this strict and temperate mode of life, the entire freedom from care and undue excitement, which contributes so much to the efficacy of the waters. Unlike the fashionable resorts of the Rhine, where the grand duke proprietors are legs and the croupiers princes, here, in Carlsbad, there is no gaming or vice. Nor is the living expensive. Lodgings may be had at moderate rates—say from fifty dollars a month downward—and as much more will cover every expense that a reasonable man or woman may choose to indulge in.

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MISS VINTON OF TALLAHASSEE:

A ROMANCE OF HYDE'S HOTEL.

WHO that has not seen "Hyde's" can gain any idea of its peculiarities from a verbal description? Who that has once been there can ever forget the visit? "Hyde's" has been the pride and the pet of two generations. When railroads were slumbering deep in the hills of Pennsylvania, and when the pompous stage-coach was in the vigor of its manhood, an inn upon a turnpike-road was a cheerful and bustling place—

I restrain my pen. This topic is not to be lightly treated, nor to be introduced here. Let it suffice that "Hyde's" was a famous stage-house in the time of the last generation. It is clear that it commenced life as a building of moderate size, in days when architecture was not a separate profession, and when the ground-plan of a dwelling was made by bisecting the four sides of a square or parallelogram, and erecting partitions accordingly.

When stages disappeared at the sound of the steam-whistle, like ghosts at the cock-crowing, "Hyde's" took a nap. As railroads were built the American people became migratory; a few families had the good taste to be captivated with the scenery of S——, and consequently "Hyde's" had summer boarders; they spread among their friends the report of good cheer and charming rides; visitors knocked at the tavern door; a piazza was built; a wing was built; another wing was built; a long "addition" was built; and behold, the "Hyde's" of the present day! Trees have grown high about the old sign-post, obscuring the name, but the reputation of the house needs not the adventitious aid of paint and letters of gold. Throughout the long summer the rambling old building is merry with laughter and music and the shouts of children; there is flirtation, and gossip, and dancing, and knitting-work, and whist; all do what they like, and the others talk about them.

It was a warm afternoon—nay, a hot afternoon—in early August that saw me jolting along a dusty road in a "stage," plying between a landing on Lake Champlain and the railway station at Brandon, pausing twice in each day at "Hyde's," whither it was now taking me. The driver, a thorough Yankee, felt an evident interest in the private affairs of all "Hyde's boarders," and gave me much curious information touching them. His horses had plodded on at their own gait for several miles, but as they caught sight of the shade trees in front of the piazza they hustled themselves into a shambling trot, and for a moment renewed their youth. Upon the lower platform stood a knot of men eager for the letters and papers which Spiller brought from the post-office; upon the upper hung a charming group of wives and maidens, peering over the balustrade to watch the distribution of the mail. Hyde himself, like Pickwick of old, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails, waved the other in pleasant greeting to the new-comer, with whom a few words were exchanged, and the preliminary business of securing a room was at once accomplished. Tea was soon on the table; soon cleared away; and the younger portion of the female guests, perching for a moment in a lovely flock upon the piazza, flew in different directions for an evening walk. Most of the men lingered nearer home, smoking.

It is always well for a stranger, coming into a house full of people, none of whom he has ever met before, to select, through the magnetism of congeniality, some *cicerone*, and by him to be informed concerning the internal social politics of the throng. Wherever there are women there will be cliques, and "sets," and rivalries; and woe betide the foolish man who ventures into this forest without having the trees "blazed" for his guidance.

Acting on this plan, I soon put myself on moderately-confidential terms with an open-eyed boarder, and received hints. While engaged in learning of the names, manners, tastes, dispositions, and pursuits of the principal guests; in hearing the description of the battles waged between rival parties, and in gaining information touching the general habits of the place, the fair daughters of careful mothers were returning by two and three to the house. Watching them as they came down the long hill at the foot of which "Hyde's" is situated, I saw an elegant form progressing with that charming sidewise, undulatory motion peculiar to thorough-bred women and horses, and to a well-balanced kite. Now I know as well as any one of the million readers of this story can tell me that I am a brute for this comparison. But it is a true one. Will some kind friend among you mention any movement more perfectly graceful than that of a kite as it tranquilly waves in the quiet air of a summer day?

During my ride in the stage before spoken of, a green wagon, filled with ladies and gentlemen, had passed us and disappeared. One of the female passengers had looked round, and the exceeding beauty of her face had awakened delicious fancies—fancies which I had nursed in secret for years. I certainly believe in sympathy at first sight; love may result, or may not. There was unquestionably a sympathy between that fair creature and myself. The driver told me that the wagon was filled with "Hyde's folks," and then proceeded—being a *'cute* chap—to jest with me on my evident internal excitement at sight of the face. I had been watching for this vision to reappear all the while I was sitting on the piazza, and now, as the elegant form came down the hill and neared the house, I recognised my green wagon enchantress.

I will not bore you with talk about dress, for I do not know a basque from a shoe-string; but I must speak of one piece of her costume which was artistically worn: it was the head covering. One of those worsted affairs called Rigolettes, or Nubiæ, or the—milliner knows what—light and airy and delicate—was confined beneath her chin

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and had originally been wreathed about her head; but it had fallen off backward, and now lay like a beautiful flower-cup out from which the erect neck and well-poised head seemed to spring as naturally as if they were indeed the handiwork of Flora. I endeavored to assume a careless air as I asked my companion her name.

"Miss Vinton, from Tallahassee. Her mother sat opposite you at the table; *she* was not there to-night."

I recalled the image of a short and rather stout dame, by the glitter of whose diamonds my eye had been attracted during the recent repast, and my enthusiasm received a slight rebuff.

"When I say mother I mean step-mother."

"Oh!"

I forgave the diamonds, and resigned myself to a fresh cigar and the anticipation of delightful vicinage for many breakfasts and dinners and teas. Sounds of music from the ball-room were now heard, and as the twilight gave way to the night, I left the corner where I had been sitting and set out on a voyage of discovery to find the entrance to the hall. I think I mentioned that there were many children at "Hyde's." Now, wherever children are there will also be playthings scattered about the floor. The spirit of all evil had prompted some infant to leave one of his drum-sticks in the long entry through which I must go, and upon this abominable gin I placed my foot just as I was turning aside to allow two ladies who approached to pass me. A man who steps unawares upon a rolling thing will undoubtedly go down; the only question is, will he go backward or forward? I quickly decided this point by flinging my right foot straight out behind me, elevating my arms, and plunging madly headlong. I found myself suddenly brought up, not against the wall or the floor, but upon the capacious neck of a short stout woman, who wore a necklace of diamonds. Two screams harrowed my soul: one, a half-strangled cry, as of a hen whose neck is unpleasantly twisted; the other, a fine, almost musical note, as of a startled blue jay. Recovering myself as quickly as possible, the whole extent of the catastrophe burst upon me.

I had cast myself on the neck of Mrs. Vinton, the step-mother of my divinity, and, worse than that, I had dashed my shoulder against her (*not* Roman) nose with such force that blood flowed from it in a manner disagreeable though not dangerous. Miss Vinton of Tallahassee stood by! *She* had uttered that first-class note. There was a pleasant situation! As through the brain of a man in sudden peril, so through mine in a twinkling rushed a folio volume of thoughts. I thought of the charming face as seen in the wagon—of the elegant form coming down the hill—of the anticipated delights of sitting opposite my beauty at the table—of imaginary moonlight rides and rambles; and now all these ravishing visions were put to flight by a trumpery drum-stick and an ensanguined nose. Then the lightning of my thoughts took a zigzag turn in another direction; I remembered that my friend on the piazza had a peculiar twinkle in his eye when he said that Mrs. Vinton was the *step-mother*. Step-mothers are sometimes disagreeable to their daughters—often a deadly feud lies hidden beneath a placid exterior—perhaps a step-mother's nose will not put mine out of joint! Hope budded as I saw the first involuntary expression of fright on Miss Vinton's face give way to a scarcely discernible smile of amusement. As I hinted before, all this passed through my mind even while I was regaining the ordinary position of upright manhood.

"I am bleeding. He has wounded me. Help me to my room," said the stout lady, with a comically tragic manner.

I could of course do no less than offer my arm. It was very properly rejected, and, leaning on the lovely step-daughter, the injured dame tottered away. To my clumsy and incoherent apologies and regrets the latter said not a word, but the former turned toward me as she departed a single glance, half kind, half of suppressed mirth. I pushed on into the hall and ruminated. Aside from any other view of the case it was most necessary for my comfort that this absurd catastrophe should not be talked about, at least till I could become somewhat acquainted in the house; it would seem rather queer for a stranger to make his *début* by breaking an old lady's nose. To be sure the deed was done very quickly and quietly, but the victim would certainly make a thrilling narrative of the affair; the young lady, also, having a keen sense of the ludicrous, might amuse her companions at my expense, and all will agree that it is better for any man to be frowned upon or shuddered at than to be made a subject for laughter. I felt that it was most necessary for me to take some action as soon as possible. So I crossed the hall, now well filled with children dancing and with adolescents promenading, and seized upon the only man whose face was at all familiar, him with whom I had conversed on the piazza shortly before. Hastily putting him in possession of the circumstances, I informed him that I desired an introduction to the young lady at the earliest moment after her reappearance in the room. This he agreed to give me, at the same time letting drop some hints which tended to make me feel comparatively at ease concerning the old-lady—suggesting that she was an enemy not only implacable but garrulous, but that she could be reached through her vanity, and that in any flattery I choose to administer I need not fear exaggeration, for she was a Cerberus who required continual sopping, and with very rich cake. Just then I heard,

"Where's Mrs. Vinton, Susie?"

"She keeps her room with a slight headache."

It was a splendid voice this last, with just enough of the contralto element to suggest the repose of a deep nature. I turned. My friend advanced.

"Miss Vinton, allow me to present Mr. Ruff, of Albany."

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Two bows, pending which my master of the ceremonies vanished. Miss Vinton seated herself; Mr. Ruff did the same. He to her:

"To apologize implies a fault; regrets apply to misfortunes; and I need not assure you how much I regret that I should have been forced to introduce myself to your notice and to that of your—aunt in so disagreeable a manner."

You see that the word *aunt* was a stroke of delicate policy, as if I had said—I know that woman can not be your mother—and I was not supposed to understand the real relationship. It was appreciated, I knew, by the tone of her reply.

"Indeed, Mr. Ruff, we must be thankful that the mishap was no worse. Mrs. Vinton—she is the widow of my father—is not badly hurt; perhaps a trifle chagrined."

The dialogue so far had been on stilts. Gradually we took to the ordinary mode of conversational locomotion, she being the chief speaker, and discoursing upon the peculiarities and advantages of "Hyde's," sketching some of the guests, describing the various means of amusement, and dropping now and then a hint of charming rides and walks.

Every writer who attempts to present an idea of a beautiful or a bewitching face by a description of its features miserably fails. The true way is to leave the sketch to the imagination of each reader, who will invest the person with those charms which most pleasantly appeal to his own fancy. Let it suffice to say, that the components of this sunny picture which attracted my admiring gaze were: raven dark hair, a low forehead, wicked brown eyes, delicately tinted cheeks, not plump—thank Heaven!—the rosiest of lips, upon which sat that peculiarly alluring expression which I can only describe by saying that it is like the appearance a pretty female mouth takes on when in the act of tasting a ripe cherry, the slight acidity of which pleasantly thrills the frame.

Does any one comprehend me?

Those who have seen and, perhaps—ah—kissed such lips will recognize them by this hint. To those who have never seen them it will convey no idea. I can but say I am sorry for their ignorance.

An hour at a watering-place will do more to put two strangers on confidential terms than a month of city calls; and when we rose to take part in a quadrille we had broken and thrown away the shell of conventionality and were chatting almost confidentially. Among the other incidents to the *sans gêne* of "Hyde's" is this: we dance without gloves. This gave me an opportunity to try the temper of Miss Vinton's hand: there breeding shows itself more clearly than in any other part of the body.

Now I will not be seduced into a disquisition on the hand. Miss Vinton's was narrow, tapering, nervous, firm. It had life to the very end of the longest finger. Soft, but not pulpy—dry, but not feverish—smooth, but not with a slippery polish: it was a perfect hand. When I resigned it to a callous youth from Boston I went down stairs and smoked a cigar. I will not bore you with my reverie; it was delicious, except when the broken nose of the step-mother thrust itself into the picture; then I writhed in mental torture till the chair on which, Yankee-like, I sat tilting against the wall, groaned with sympathy. The music of the piano-forte had ceased in the ball-room, and evidently some general sport was going on, for a burst of loud laughter dropped down upon us who sat on the piazza.

"Folks seem to be havin' purty fair time up stairs. They 'sociate a good 'eal here."

A farmer said this; he was sitting on the lowest step strapping his knife on his boot. I assented.

"Come from Bost'n t'-day?"

"No."

This plump monosyllable was followed by a short silence. Then—

"Reckon it's considerable hot down 'n *New* York?"

No response.

"Mebbe yew don't b'long 'n *New* York?"

"Certainly not."

Now what right had I to answer this honest seeker after truth in such a crusty fashion? Pricked with a sudden remorse, I opened my mouth and informed him of my business, my residence, the probable length of my stay, and divers other matters; nay, more—I gave him tobacco for his pipe. All this so won upon the good-nature of the rustic that, as I rose to go, he volunteered the information that he had "a fust-rate boat down t' the pond," and that if I felt inclined for a ride I had only to inquire for Mr. Meachem's house, and I could have the key.

When I went into the hall again Mrs. Vinton was there! Her nose was exaggerated and looking less Roman than ever. As I entered I saw that the tongue of my victim had been wagging, for several eyes looked at me with a smile in them of most uncomplimentary mirth. There was but one course to pursue. The bull was to be taken by the horns at once. I beg pardon for this threadbare and most inappropriate metaphor, but I have no other. Fortunately there was a vacant place by the old lady, and down upon it I pounced, knowing that a man who sues for forgiveness while standing looks too much like a culprit, and that, being more at ease, I could make a better defense while sitting. So I sat.

"Allow me, madam, to introduce myself; I am Mr. Robin Ruff, of Albany. I have most awkwardly put you to much pain and inconvenience this evening by a careless accident. I have no excuse to offer; but I must, in justice to myself, say that my heedlessness was partly owing to the fact that my eyes were involuntarily and admiringly attracted by the flashes of light from that most superb necklace you wore, and which was especially noticeable in the dim passage-way when we so unfortunately met."

"There!" thought I to myself; "if she can take that without winking, then I am safe."

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She was evidently pleased, certainly mollified. Indulging in some feminine imprecations upon the young musician who left his treacherous drum-stick in the path, she returned to a pleasanter topic.

"So you like my diamonds?"

"Even the Baroness of Pumpernickel, as you well know, madam, has nothing to be compared with them."

I flatter myself that I can look pleased while I am murderously bored as successfully as any man; and now for a full half hour was I obliged to bow and smile and murmur as the terrible woman avenged her nose by telling me the history of the diamonds. The tale promised to be as endless as Dumas's story of the Queen's Necklace. At last a round game of some sort, which had been going on in the centre of the hall, was broken up, and I saw my charming maiden of Tallahassee coming toward us. Involuntarily I gave her a pleading look, at which she smiled, and immediately drew nearer. I think that involuntary look of mine did more to break down the barriers of restraint raised between us by the laws of society than a week of ordinary acquaintance would have done.

As she approached and saw on what good terms I appeared to be with the old lady, she made no sign of recognition of me, and the stepmother rather ill-naturedly presented me for the second time to Miss Vinton. The latter scarcely acknowledged my bow, and her first remark to her parent was a sarcasm launched at my devoted head, or rather at my heels, in allusion to the episode of the drum-stick. I was staggered. But an hour before I was her partner in the dance, and the thrill from her taper fingers has hardly yet died out of my frame; and now she is riddling me with shots of wit, at which I should most heartily laugh if they were aimed at any other man, but which almost equally pain and perplex me! What surprised me almost as much was to hear the elder lady at once and openly take my part, remorselessly snubbing my tormentor, and positively taking me under her own protection. I presume my puzzled look struck Miss Vinton, for I noted that she had a curious light in her eye, as from internal laughter, and with a flash the truth—the blessed truth—burst upon me. With the shrewdness of her sex—and let me add, with its kindliness also—she had taken the very course to prevent me from having the old lady for an enemy. Consequently, when I was in the presence of the mother and daughter, I must expect raillery, and perhaps seeming scorn. Of course not a word was said on the subject, but a single look passing between us put us *en rapport*, and then for the future, whenever the course of events threw us into the society of the diamonds, I was allowed to behold fire-works of wit, humor, and sarcasm, played off really for my benefit, but seemingly discharged full in my face.

The effect of this strategy may be learned by paying heed to the following scrap of conversation which I overheard as I sat by my window one afternoon. The interlocutors were Mrs. Quincey Romaine, a talkative lady from Boston, and Mrs. Vinton. They sat on the upper piazza. Bostonia speaks:

"Do you know, Mrs. Vinton, I've ben thinkin' that Susie and Mr. Ruff are gettin' just a little attached to one another."

"She! he!" screamed the diamonds. "Why, they hate each other like cats and dogs. I never *saw* Sue so set against any body before in my life. They!"

And the stout woman fairly snorted with incredulity. I had the further satisfaction of hearing myself shockingly abused by the Boston partner in the conversation because I had such a singular name, and because no one knew me, and because I must be a nobody, since I had never met Mrs. Bulrush, of Beacon Street. My friend with the diamonds battled nobly for me though, winding up a torrent of eulogy by declaring that I had "a *most remarkable* judgment." I knew that meant that I appreciated her. Nevertheless I thanked her mentally for her zeal, and retired within myself to consult with my heart.

"Gettin' just a little attached to one another" were the words used by the Boston woman. Were they true? When this conversation took place I had been at "Hyde's" four weeks. During that time I had seen Susie (I long before began to think of her as "Susie") at all hours of the day—had ridden with her, walked with her, danced with her, had actually bowled at ten pins with her, much as I detest the sport. I had sailed along thus, never once thinking that I was gliding so far down the stream that I might find it hard rowing back against the current to tranquillity. Now it all came upon me. I was positively in love with Miss Vinton of Tallahassee. Then was explained to my entire satisfaction the feelings of aversion with which I had for some days looked on a young man from Brooklyn, and on another from Troy, the village lying adjacent to my own city, who had vied with each other in showering attentions upon my charmer. I certainly was jealous. How appalled I felt as I thought of the long time I had frittered away, when I might have been making love, and of the very short time remaining before she went to another place!

All young men who have not genius are precisely alike when in love—that is, while they are in doubt as to the return of their affection. If they have genius, they run to poetry and to dramatic recitations in the woods, and to black ribbon in the place of cravats, and to a languid melancholy. But if they have not this divine flame, they spend all their leisure time in going over and over again, in mind, the interviews they have had with their cruel or kind fair ones. They weigh every circumstance, and, according to the state of their bile, they are cast down or exultant. If habitual smokers, their consumption of tobacco is enormous. I passed at least two hours after hearing the above conversation in examining my conscience and my memory. The re-

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sult may be thus expressed: "Do you love Miss Vinton, Mr. Ruff?" "I DO!" "Does Miss Vinton—" "Don't put it into words! I can't tell. I don't know. I think—it just possible that—I know nothing about it!" The court is adjourned.

I have not thought it necessary to give any description of the progress of my acquaintance with Susie during the four weeks I had been at "Hyde's." There were, as usual, bright days and dull days; there were picnic parties and other kind of parties; there were private theatricals and charades; a fancy-dress ball and a "corn dance"—a sort of maizy festival peculiar to the aborigines and to "Hyde's." I remembered now that I had sought her whenever I had entered the ball-room in the evening; that I had, somehow or other, found myself on the same seat in the "green wagon" whenever a select six had chartered that for a ride; that I had looked forward to each daily meal with impatience, because then I should see her opposite me; and that I had given but a moderate share of attention to any other young female guest. I knew also that I had steadily suffered myself to be bored by the stout mother-in-law, and that I had resorted to numerous unprincipled artifices to gain ground in her good opinion. But yet, upon my life, I had never till this day paused to think whither I was drifting. Giving myself up to the enjoyment of the hour, I had allowed the intrusion of no thought of the future. It was with a new feeling—a feeling that my happiness was at stake—that I descended to the dining-room for tea, being summoned thither by the hideous rattling of the gong.

Now this climax sounds and looks very much like bathos of the most unfathomable depth. But it is only a reflection of life. No matter what troubles us, provided it be not a sickening grief—no matter if we have lost all, if our love has deceived us, if our friend has proved false, if our book has fallen flat from the press, if our table is covered with duns—we still must go to supper or dinner, and to dinner or supper we do go. And if, perchance, on the way to our food, we meet Tom or Dick or Harry, we speak about the weather, or the latest news, or the current gossip of the house; and no one could imagine that our hearts are like lead within us, and that our minds are full of clouds which would be glad to shed themselves in a rain of tears. And inasmuch as we do not in real life smite upon our breasts and refuse food when weighty thoughts oppress us, why should we pretend to do so when we write of this real life?

So I repeat, I, with a heart full of serious love, descended to my tea.

She was looking charmingly that night! I remember that she wore a dress of delicate white muslin, or some fabric similar, fitting closely to the throat, and relieved by an elegantly-embroidered collar, confined by a knot of ribbon, of what shade I know not. I only know that her very graceful form appeared to even unusual advantage in its modest robe. I presume I looked at her more intently, and perhaps with a warmer expression than I was in the habit of using, for she seemed slightly embarrassed, and I even noticed an evanescent blush upon her cheek. By-and-by she said,

"Why do you look at me so, Mr. Ruff?"

"I am trying to interpret the past, to decipher the present, and to look into the future," said I, stupidly enough.

"And you take me for the philosopher's stone?"

"Stone, indeed! Stone is no word to express the hardness with which you treat those whom you dislike!" This said Mrs. Vinton, the step-mother, with a considerable degree of spite; but I was glad of the interruption, for I really knew not what to say next.

It had been arranged that a party should go to the pond after tea for a moonlight row. Accordingly nine of us soon set off—seven in the green wagon before spoken of and two on the "buck-board." When I say *two*, I of course mean Miss Vinton and myself.

Pray, do you know what a buck-board is; and did you ever ride on one? No? Then you have a sensation yet to come. It is simply a wide, elastic board, fastened at each end to an axle-tree, and furnished with a seat placed about midway between the forward and hind wheels. Its elasticity is so great that no unevenness in the road can give it an unpleasant jolt; pebbles and ruts only serve to impart to the board a delightful undulation, and the poetry of motion is illustrated by this rude contrivance.

As Mrs. Vinton saw us preparing to drive off upon the buck-board I fancied that she thought herself in a dream; and as I stepped from the piazza, well filled with guests, to my place beside Susie, I saw Mrs. Quincey Romaine's look of triumph as she "nudged" the step-mother, and emitted that singular sound commonly called a "hem." For some reason, though perhaps neither of us would have acknowledged it, we were almost silent during our drive. It was a delicious evening at the end of August; a brilliant golden sunset had just changed to a sober red; the moon, near its full, was still like silver, and its light struggled with the twilight in a loving contest for supremacy; down in the meadows the reapers, the oxen, and the kine were slowly returning to their rest, and the musical lowing of the cattle came pleasantly to the ear. Susie pensive, slightly embarrassed—as if in expectation of a nameless something—was nervously playing with one of her gloves, thus placing in provoking prominence her taper hand. As if in a fit of abstraction I took this hand, and had opened my mouth to say something, when—

Bucephalus kicked up!

Bucephalus was the horse I drove; Mr. Hyde called him 'Ceph for short. He was a new steed to me, for he had recently "come from grass." I remembered that Mr. Hyde had remarked, just before starting, that perhaps he'd been "livin' a little high lately;" but I supposed this a playful exaggeration; for though the worthy innkeeper's

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horses would not infrequently lie down in the road, and otherwise give signs of an indolent disposition, no one of them was ever known to sport any exuberance of feeling.

Nevertheless, Bucephalus kicked up. Then he stood on his hinder feet. Then he stood on all-fours and looked stupidly over his shoulder at the buck-board. Then he poked his nose down and examined the ground like a near-sighted geologist. Then he burst into a zigzag course, shooting diagonally across the road, shying at every stump, and standing aghast at every puddle. All this was amusing enough, and by no means dangerous; but still one can't make love and drive a horse which prefers a parabolic curve to a straight line; so I postponed a tender of myself and became stern, dropping the soft accents of love for the rough word of command. Fortunately a mile is soon passed over, and at that distance lay our destined sporting water, Lake Hortonia.

I wish it distinctly to be understood that I frown on that name. The sheet of water so called was baptized Horton's Pond. Some Anna Matilda sprinkled upon it a weak infusion of roses, and called it Lake Hortonia, and all the rest cried, "How pretty!"

We had lagged so far behind the others that they had taken to their boats and paddled away, leaving us to follow with the craft owned by Mr. Meachem, above alluded to. I was pleased with this, because the latter was the best boat, and fortunately would hold but two. I put Susie at the helm, placed myself on the middle seat, facing her, and pulled after our companions. By this time the shadows from the woods which bordered the pond on the western side fell dark upon the water, on which the moonbeams elsewhere were trembling. The boat which carried four soon turned aside and went on its separate way. I thought then, and I have always believed, that this was done for purposes of unobserved flirtation, the ages and sexes of the voyagers being favorable. The second vessel bore two spinsters and a romantic youth with spectacles and a flute. They had come down with the avowed design of "hearing Mr. Noyes play on the water; it is *so* beautiful."

Before long Mr. Noyes rested on his oars, took out the three pieces of his flute, moistened the joints with his mouth—which I thought a foolish waste of the animal fluids while there was so much pond about—tried the instrument, with a great deal of the *whang* on the low notes, and much of the *tootle*, *tootle*, *too* on the high ones, and then began to warble "Sweet Home"—of course. A fortunate want of ear and a failure of memory combined to break him down before he had arrived at the "place like home;" then he tried "Hope told a flatt'ring tale" and was deceived again; then he played, with more care than expression, quite through "Auld Langsyne." Then he rowed, as if to tone down his system after this success.

During this musical treat our boat was floating idly at the will of nature; I sat looking at Susie, who paddled in the water with her hand. Pretty soon Noyes stopped, took up his flute, and called out to us: "There's a fine echo somewhere about here; if you'll keep still I'll try to find it."

Whang! Tootle—Whang! Tootle
Tootle Tootle! Tootle Tootle! Too!

The echo remained silent.

Too—tle! Too—tle! To-o-o!

No response.

Then Mr. Noyes besought the nymph for the sake of Auld Langsyne—threw open a few bars of "Sweet Home"—invited her to come a very little way "Over the Moonlit Sea"—in broken accents begged her to Meet him by Moonlight alone—set "Roy's Wife" at her—appealed to her patriotism with "Hail Columbia"—tried to touch her devotional feelings with "Greenville" and "St. Martin's." All with no effect. Neither did the noise awaken any echo in *my* breast; so I pulled rapidly and quietly in another direction. Mr. Noyes had by this time dropped his flute for nature's organ, the human voice, and was addressing to the obdurate echo idiotic questions. As we moved still farther off, I knew he had returned to his oars, shifted the scene, and again taken to his reed; for the last sounds I heard from him were,

Whang!———Too!

We were now alone with the moon, Susie and I, and yet we said nothing. By-and-by, however, she began to talk rapidly, and with something like a forced gayety, as if embarrassed by the silence. We were quite near an island where we had once or twice held a picnic. Susie suddenly remarked that she had left a book there in the "hut" the last time she was at the spot; so we secured the boat and went together up the bank to search for it. We soon found the lost volume, but we still lingered, sitting on a rude bench at the side of the hut. The scene was glorious beyond description. The moon flooded us with a dazzling light; the outline of the distant hills was clear but soft; the farm-house lamps about us twinkled like glow-worms among the grass; the only sounds to be heard were the occasional barking of dogs and the rattling wheels of some rustic wagon. It was one of those nights which fill the memory with a wealth of entrancing recollection. We sat and gazed, nor yet said much. Then we began to speak of the pleasant past, of the rapid passage of the summer weeks, of sure partings and possible reunions; in fine, does not every one know what we talked about? The words of our lips meant very little, but there was surging thought in our hearts. Susie grew more and more embarrassed and seemed most absorbingly occupied in smoothing, with her pretty and neatly booted foot, the gravel on which it lightly rested. With the ordinary pretense of lovers—a pretense ever shallow, always successful—of examining her rings, I took her hand for the second time this evening, indeed, for the second time ever. I valorously determined to do or die; I *would* learn my fate; and many other mental absurdities uttered I.

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Yet, even for the love of Susie, could not I open my lips.

Men who have been in battle, and who have also proposed to some much-adored woman, say that it is about equally difficult to draw trigger for the first rifle-shot and to compel the tongue to move for the pregnant question. I think it likely. But I had never been in battle, and I felt as if I should not have hesitated so stupidly to draw the trigger, even of a pistol pointed at my own head, as I did then to speak of what was in my heart. Two or three times I commenced a halting speech, but the very sound of my voice was unnatural, and I clawed back again upon the safe bank of general conversation, awkwardly endeavoring to make the lame conclusion of my remark bear some reference to its imbecile commencement. And then, when I reflected that my doom was not yet sealed, that if I had only gone boldly on I should have been through by this time, and that I was still shivering hopelessly on the brink of the flood, I inwardly cursed myself. Have not other men been through the same experience—seeing the precious minutes slipping like quicksilver away, yet not daring to speak?

But at last I was absolutely determined. Giving one farewell look at the moon, at the tremulous waves, at the farm-house lights, at all the sleeping world, I opened my mouth and said,

"I can not allow you to go—"

I was interrupted here by a little start and diminutive exclamation from Susie, who caught me lightly by the arm and cried out, pointing to the water,

"Why, there's our boat running away!"

Sure enough, "the blarsted thing," as farmer Meachem was in the habit of calling her, had actually slipped from her fastening, and, driven by a faint night-breeze blowing around the island, had floated away; but a short distance, it is true, yet far enough to put her quite out of unaided human reach. Thus, for the second time in one evening, was my bower of bliss changed into a howling wilderness—first by the freaks of Bucephalus, now again by the defection of the boat.

But something must be done. Slowly but surely the absconding craft drifted away. I first fished for it, by tying a pebble to the end of a trout-line and heaving it out with the hope of catching the hook in the woodwork; but the line was several feet too short. Then I flung large stones into the water beyond the boat, if, perchance, the ripples thus created might not send it toward the shore; this was a miserable failure, effecting only a partial dislocation of my right arm. Then I looked at Susie, and compared myself to Robinson Crusoe, much to the advantage of myself. Then she suggested that Mr. Noyes and his boat might be somewhere in the neighborhood, and that he might be attracted by shouts of distress. Acting on this hint, I mounted a knoll which overlooked the pond, and howled till I was hoarse in voice and ashamed in spirit. No response followed. We were quite alone. The night was warm, the island was uninfested by savages, wild beasts, or reptiles, and we were not hungry. So far as personal comfort was concerned we could have it here; but then the people at "Hyde's!" What a consternation would strike their hearts! What a scandalous chattering would be kept up! No, it would not do; we must have back the recreant boat.

"The water is warm, the distance is only half a dozen rods; I will swim out and bring the miserable thing to shore."

"Oh no! Mr. Ruff." Thus Susie, with a step forward, and with a dismayed countenance.

"But then, what to do? We can not stay here all night." This was a poser.

"You will take cold" (suggestively).

"With your permission I shall leave here my coat, waistcoat, and shoes. The exertion of rowing will keep me warm, and I will soon dry myself at Mr. Meachem's."

The silence which gives consent followed. So I deposited on the bank all the clothing I could with propriety spare, and waded in the water till I was out of my depth, then struck out for the boat. I was going on most swimmingly, had come almost within reach of my prey, when a sudden pang seized my right leg, as if it were griped by the sharp teeth of some sea-devil. Dire sickness, rushing noises in my head, blazing fires in my eyes, and that horrible knotting pain in my limb, filled my body with anguish, my heart with deathly despair, as I knew that the foul fiend Cramp had me in his clutches. I tried to free myself from him by convulsive kicks; 'twas without avail. He held me fast; he dragged me down; he paralyzed every cord. Then passed before me the swift procession of my life. Flash upon flash of memory brought into most fearfully vivid relief various scenes of my boyhood—the old school-house, the play-ground, the church, the hill I was wont to climb, my college days, class-mates, tutors, the aged boot-black, my office, my present home, my parents, sisters; reminiscences grotesque, humiliating, painful, rushed through my brain in the fearful dance of death. Then I thought of the boarders at "Hyde's," half shocked, half bored by the catastrophe which marred their festivities; I read in imagination the newspaper paragraph announcing my fate; I even thought of old Bucephalus, tied to the fence on the other side of the pond, and wondered whether he might not have become unhitched and taken the buck-board home. Then, last, but most painful, came the thought of poor Susie, compelled to sit there upon the bank and see me drown, herself left to dreary, frightful solitude; and as I remembered the budding love so lately on my lips it seemed as though my heart would burst in an agony of regret. And still the demon Cramp dragged me down, binding me with the chains of paralysis.

Only those who have been in a similar peril can understand or imagine the supernatural, the frightful velocity of thought at such times. A volume of recollection ran through my mind

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during the five seconds which elapsed between the moment of my seizure and the moment when I sank. As I went down, I remember that through all the net-work of fancy and reminiscence I still had a moment to spare for the outline scenery about the pond; I noted particularly one tall tree which stood up boldly against the sky upon the brow of a distant hill; I remarked that the breeze was freshening, and observed the sudden extinguishment of a light in a house upon the border of the lake. I uttered no sound; I could not call out though I tried; but raising one hand above my head, as if to pluck at some phantom bough, I sank—down—down. Has this pond no bottom? It seemed an age before I touched the gravelly bed and began to rise, aided in my ascent by the slight rebound; I had involuntarily retained my breath, for I was accustomed to sinking in deep water, and I knew my supply would hold out till I reached the surface; but still the devil Cramp held me in his iron gripe, and all hope was dead. As I neared the air again I felt a disinclination to look upon the world once more, and I tightly closed my eyes. My hand, still raised stiffly above my head, had hardly emerged from the wave when it was seized by a firm but delicate grasp, the touch of which dissolved as if by magic the fetters that bound me. With a joyful rush hope came back to me, and I was once more a living man. To discharge my pent-up breath, to dash the water from my eyes, was but an instant's work. Then, with one arm about Susie's waist—for it was indeed her hand that had saved me—I struck forth with the other for the boat. A moment and we were there; a moment more, and I had lifted her over the side, had laid her in the stern, had wrapped about her some spare shawls there lying, and was sprinkling her fair face with water—for she had swooned. It was only a quickly passing faintness, however, and in a few seconds she opened her eyes, and upon her beautiful lips dawned a smile. Shall I ever forget it—that smile of wondrous sweetness?

But there was no time for sentiment. A few strokes of the oars brought the boat to the island, and then, hastily collecting my garments, I spread them over my precious freight, and pulled vigorously for the shore by Mr. Meachem's house. I am convinced, by my performance that night, that I could with very little preliminary training have won the belt in the Champion Scullers' Regatta they excited themselves about the other day in Boston—such rowing had never before been done on Horton's Pond.

Mr. Meachem lived quite near the place where we landed, and taking Susie in my arms I sped along toward the house. Was she not a lovely burden? And did not the blood rush tumultuously along my veins as I pressed her against my heart, and felt the gently encircling arm about my neck? I don't think we spoke a word while rowing from the island, and I well remember that on the way to the house an inquiry whether she was cold, and a softly whispered negative in reply, comprised all our attempts at social intercourse.

It was not yet quite nine o'clock in the evening, and the family of the farmer had not retired for the night. Knowing that the "front door" of a New England farm-house is never used, and that the kitchen is the common sitting-room, I pushed open the door of this and placed Susie on her feet inside the threshold. Mr. Meachem sat "in his stocking feet" by the flaming oil-light, spelling along the columns of a weekly religious paper; his wife, a large—what they call in the country a *fleshy*—woman, was paring and stewing apples with the aid of a knife, a kettle, and a fire of wood. A great cat was most deliberately washing its face, and yawning in preparation for bed. Altogether it was a pleasant scene.

"Law sakes me! Why! Of all things in this world! What on airth *hev* yew bin doin' to yerselves?"

"Hain't lost the boat, have ye?"

These were the first words, extorted by surprise at our sudden appearance, from Mr. Meachem and his spouse. But the next moment the good old souls were rushing about the room, the farmer wildly and to no purpose, the wife making every step tell. Susie was hurried to a bed while her apparel could be dried, and there she was given over to the tender mercies of the motherly woman. My own trowsers and so forth were replaced with the fatlings of Mr. Meachem's wardrobe, which, as he remarked, were "not so gay as yourn, but an orful sight more soothin' to the feelin's"—a sentiment most just.

Requesting him to keep the adventure a secret, I told him the circumstances of the affair, and the recital moved him to an unwonted degree.

"Sho! Wa'al, there ain't many gals 's would ha' done that; 'n she's a kinder peaked looking thing too."

This said he when I had closed. It was not later than half past nine when Susie was in perfect condition again and Bucephalus and the buck-board were ready at the door. Mrs. Meachem, in her homely way, begged the young girl to come down and see her before she left the place, and the farmer, going close up to the side of the buck-board, dryly said: "Ef he can't take care of himself no better, I don't see but you'll haf ter look arter him allus."

"What 'n the world ar' yew sayin' on, Mr. Meachum?"

"Nothin' out the way, wife."

And so we drove very briskly off, for 'Ceph had lost all patience at our delay. It was not long before we came to a gentle ascent by a road fringed with forest trees. Susie had been telling me of her view of my sudden sinking, of the different ideas that entered her mind, and how, almost before she knew it, she was in the water herself.

"And did you not think that I might clutch you and drag you also under the water?" We were approaching the woods.

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"No; and if I had thought of it, I should have had no fear—of you," with a timid hesitation in her voice.

"I thank you more for that confidence than for my life;" and somehow my arm was around her.

We were in the woods. The heavy gloom contrasting so suddenly with the brightness of the moonlight caused Susie to nestle a little closer to my side—my arm drew her still nearer.

"Susie!"

She looked up. Just then a gleaming moonbeam struggled through the trees and kissed her sweet face, upturned toward me. Should I be blamed for doing likewise?

Bucephalus began to trot. We were out of the woods.

We drove quietly up to the door of "Hyde's." We hastened to our respective rooms and repaired the disorders of our costume. When, some time after, I entered the ball-room, Susie was there, radiant, with a subdued light, as a newborn joy, transfiguring her countenance. Mr. Noyes and the two spinsters were there also. He spoke:

"We heard you shouting to the echo, Mr. Ruff. Did you succeed?"

"Yes, *I found an echo!*"

I looked at Susie. She looked down. But I knew she took my meaning.

On the third morning after this night I mounted into the "Lake Stage" and set out for Albany, in order to arrange my affairs and prepare for a visit to Tallahassee, where a wedding was to take place some time in the winter. As we drove from the hotel I looked back out of the rear end of the stage and waved my hand. From the half-opened blind of an upper chamber a female hand, white and taper, gave an answering farewell salute. When I turned myself back to my position I saw that "the driver" had been looking behind also; he scratched his ear with a comical expression on his face, but for a long time said nothing. While we were waiting at the gate of the post-office yard for the mail-bag he examined one of his horses' feet, looked scrutinizingly at the axle-tree of his vehicle, took his knife from his pocket, picked up a stick, set one foot on the hub of the forward wheel, and whittled.

Something was on his mind; it must come out.

"Guess yer'v bin cuttin' on't consider'ble fat down 't Hyde's, ain't ye?"

Could any body but a Yankee have given utterance to such a horribly uncouth and, at the same time, such a compendiously expressive speech!

Fortunately, just then the mail-bag was brought out, and with it there came a rosy-cheeked country girl, who mounted by the side of my Yankee and engrossed his attention for the remainder of the stage. Being otherwise occupied, his tongue wagged no more with allusions to my sojourn at "Hyde's."

BEHAVE YOURSELF.

I AM a poor, miserable fellow. At least, I *was*. Within two months I have felt more confidence in myself, and less enmity to my kind.

The case stands thus: Last year I married a wife—a proceeding so common to young men of a certain age* that I should not have obtruded it here were it not, in this instance, so intimately connected with the wretchedness of which I complain. My wife is a *little* woman—an extremely nice little woman, I assure you; black hair, brown eyes, and nose and mouth all right, I suppose. I don't know how to describe women, but if you could see her you would be charmed. Now you must understand that we agree very well—no marital differences, visions of divorce, and all that kind of thing. She knows a good deal more than I, as I tell her every day; and she ought, because, as she said only last Tuesday, I am all day in my counting-room studying the market price of cotton batting, whereas she goes out into society, and knows how people do who *are* people. Of course it's perfectly natural that this should be so; couldn't be otherwise.

But now see how even love will sometimes make people unhappy. My wife, though she knows so much more than I, loves me sincerely, and shortly after our marriage conceived the pleasing idea that she would make of me also a man of society.

"Business is all very well, dear Augustus," she remarked, "but you must have some change. Now that we are married, I shall be always near you to tell you what to say and do; and there is no reason why you should not go much more into society than you did before our marriage. I don't like to go out without you," she added, kindly; and I, who felt that with her to check my mistakes I should be safe, was but too glad to go out every evening with a charming woman on my arm.

But see how oddly things turn out! At first we used to enjoy society very much. But presently I noticed a furrow of care in my dear Angelina's face whenever an invitation came for us, and the gloom of annoyance upon her brow whenever we re-entered our comfortable home after spending an evening with our friends, Brown, or Jones, or Smith. Of course I inquired solicitously what was the matter. At first it was a headache—to which, I am sorry to say, my wife is subject when she is annoyed by unreasonable or stupid people in society. But by-and-by, in obedience to my most earnest and solemn request, she unbosomed herself to me. She told me that I had shocked her. She admitted that I had disappointed her by my conduct in society. She owned—not without hesitation though, the dear affectionate woman—that it was torture to her to see me crossing a room, or hear me laugh at a story; and that

* "When they can get any body to have them," is here added, in a neat, lady's hand.—EDS. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

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when I punched Smith in the ribs to show him the point of a joke, or slapped Jones on the back by way of saying good-evening, she could not always repress a sentiment of disgust. In conclusion, she declared, with tears, that it was excruciating to her feelings to see me continually doing the wrong thing at the wrong time in society; that she wondered other people did not make remarks about me, and cease to invite us to their houses—here I stated my conviction that they only invited me on her account—and that she really despaired of ever being able to go out with me with any degree of comfort.

Now bad as I am, and ignorant, I am not such a brute as not to see my faults when they are so plainly told me. I was sincerely sorry. And I determined to do better. I prevailed on Angelina to tell me, after every evening spent from home, all the mistakes I had made in the course of the evening. But this did not answer. My poor wife had no pleasure in society because of my ignorance. I had continually an awkward conviction that I was bowing, speaking, standing, sitting, leaning, or doing nothing just in the very places when I should have done the reverse. In short, we were both wretched.

About this time the season for parties came to an end; and when the summer came, Angelina went off into the country to see her mother, a middle-aged lady, of great experience in life, and for whom I have a profound respect. I was obliged to stay in town on business; and finding my evenings rather lonely, took to reading. Now looking through the catalogue of the Mercantile Library—to which I have for many years been a subscriber—I saw there the titles of a number of works on the very subject that caused my unhappiness, namely, Etiquette, Behavior, Conduct in Society, Manners, Gentlemanliness, etc., etc., etc. An idea struck me. How could I better employ my lonely evenings during Angelina's absence than by studying these works? many of which I found to be written by "French noblemen," by "English clubmen," and by "American gentlemen"—persons who, as all the world knows, move in the very best and most elegant society of their respective countries, and, being the "pink of courtesy" themselves, must speak with authority on a subject which I have found to possess much more importance than a mere business man would think. For three months I have devoted my evenings to the study of these works; and to make evident to the ignorant readers of this Magazine the radical difference between a mere *man* and a *gentleman*—to show them how much more delightful, how immeasurably finer a thing "good society" is than they have before imagined, I shall set down here a few of the leading traits which, according to these books, distinguish a lady or a gentleman from a common man or woman.

And, to begin at the beginning, I find it stated, in a Philadelphian work, "The Laws of Etiquette," that "every man is naturally desirous of finding entrance into the best society of his country; and it becomes, therefore, a matter of importance to ascertain what qualifications are demanded for admittance." To this I agree, cordially, though I confess to have thought that perhaps the first "matter of importance to ascertain" was, what *is* the "best society." But let that pass. It seems, farther, that whatever other qualifications a man may possess, he will not fit into the best society without "*good breeding*." "Without this," remarks my Philadelphia friend, "we believe that literature, wealth, and even blood, will be unsuccessful. By it, if it co-exist with a certain capacity of affording pleasure by conversation"—which, it seems, is not essential to "*good breeding*," whereby that fashionable anomaly, a well-bred ninny, becomes at once possible—"any one, we imagine, could frequent the very best society of America."

So far so good. I do not intend to set down here a compressed manual of "good society" manners, because, in that case, every one of my male readers would at once make himself a *gentleman*, and this would not be a desirable consummation. I shall only pick out here and there what I might call the salient angles of gentlemanliness, as, for instance, an American writer remarks that, "as a general rule, you" (that is, if *you* are a gentleman) "should never cut any one in the street; even political and steamboat acquaintances should be noticed by the slightest movement in the world. If they, however, presume to converse with you, or stop you to introduce their companion," then you may deliver the "cut," which is done by "raising your eyeglass, and saying, 'I never knew you.'" From which I deduce two important points: that the American gentleman is always armed with an eye-glass, and that he sometimes indulges in a fib.

In his dress, a gentleman, I find, always aims to unite elegance with simplicity; and in a valuable French work I find that the "simple and elegant" dodge consists in wearing a blue frock coat, white trowsers, a black vest, and an azure-colored cravat, fastened with a pin." But an American writer warns me that if I go out in the morning before eleven o'clock I "must not be dressed," though, he adds, "at dinner, of course, a coat is indispensable." I should say so too, unless it were *very* hot, when a coat *might* be dispensed with without personal inconvenience.

If I have a weakness, it is to sleep late in the morning. I was therefore much alarmed to find that all my mentors insisted on *early rising* as a gentlemanly habit. Judge of my relief when I read that "no person in good health should remain in bed, during spring and summer, after seven or half past seven." Since reading this passage I have become a convert to the early rising movement, and confess that I enjoy it vastly; especially as, before this, my wife used to have me up and dressed by half past six.

In making visits—*calls*, *we* call them—I read that the gentleman is first to weigh well the object of his visit, which object is stated to be "the exciting a new sensation of a pleasing nature in the person you call upon, or the detracting as

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little as possible from his pre-existing sensations of the kind." This dreadful sentence I read over for six mornings, before breakfast, before I finally secured it in my memory. As to the hour for calling, I am assured by another writer that "ladies in London are obliged to receive in the morning, because after dinner gentlemen are usually too drunk to be presentable." Reading this to an English friend who has lately arrived here, and who has what he calls "a proper contempt" for the American people, he cried out, in great wrath, "I deny the *fact*, Sir." From which I gather that "facts" are not such stubborn things in England as they are with us.

As for the minutiæ of conduct during that embarrassing process a "call," I find it laid down in the very latest work which discusses the "Habits of Good Society," that "you should never speak without a slight smile;" and that "it is painful to see the want of ease with which some men sit on the edge of a chair"—painful, but natural, I should say. I have tried, on several occasions, to "sit at ease on the edge of a chair," but have to chronicle a lamentable failure in this branch of gentlemanly accomplishments. Also, that "straddling a chair, or tilting it up, is not good conduct in a lady's drawing-room."

My Philadelphia friend—whom I love to read and quote, because I have been assured by Philadelphians of my acquaintance that the Quaker City has the "best society in the United States"—my Philadelphia friend, then, says, "When you call upon a man staying at a hotel, with whom [the man, not the hotel] you are not acquainted, the most convenient method of presenting yourself is this: arrest one of the servants, place your card in his hand, desiring him to give it to the person whom you wish to see, and to let him know you are there. The servant will return *accompanied by the object of your visit.*" Now this whole paragraph seems to me to be intended more especially for a sheriff's officer or constable. I am encouraged in this supposition by what follows: "If the stranger whom you call upon should be a woman, you would probably find her sitting with the other lodgers in the parlor. If so, you should order a servant to carry your card to the person whom you designate, *and follow it immediately.*" Evidently a wise precaution to prevent escape. I think the Philadelphian should have put his "Manual for Policemen" separately, in an appendix.

We all know that "self-possession" is one of the distinguishing traits of an American gentleman. I was glad, therefore, to find this paragraph in the "manual" just quoted. It refers to a predicament—if I may use the word—in which a stranger might find himself in Gotham, as well as in the Quaker City. "If you are intending to enter one house, and have got by mistake into another, it is better, provided you have fairly entered the parlor before perceiving your error, to remain for a short time, as if you intended to pay a visit there, *but your visit should not be quite so long.*"

I confess to a regret that the old and honest way of kissing all the pretty women you meet at a party or call has gone out of fashion. I always liked the Virgin Queen the better for reading that she used particularly to enjoy Leicester's calls and kisses, and the best parts of Mr. Pliny Miles's Travels in Iceland are surely those in which he describes the kissing which took place when he visited his friends in that hospitable region. Indeed, I am at a loss to account for the going out of a fashion which must have been so mutually agreeable as this. I have a bevy of fair cousins, meeting whom I always stick to the good old salutation of a kiss all round. (What would be the use of cousins, I should like to know, if this last privilege were debarred us?) Now, I always noticed that the girls enjoyed my visits exceedingly—all but one. But she had a lover, and some lovers are such stupid creatures that I thought probably he came the jealous dodge over her, poor soul! But I am sorry to say that I have discovered another—possible—cause for her aversion. In one of my manuals of etiquette, I am told that it is very ill-bred to kiss ladies with any degree of vehemence, and this for the reason that such ungentlemanly force sometimes rubs the *rouge* off the fair cheeks of the kissee! How is this? Did kissing go out because rouging came in? How about good Queen Bess? Did that prudent dame paint in oils? However, says one of my authorities, "though you will frequently find yourself authorized by a certain concurrence of circumstances to kiss a young person of the female sex, this kiss, far from being tinged with gallantry, ought on the contrary to be impressed with all possible respect." To which another adds, that "kissing of the lips is now reserved for lovers, and should *scarcely* be performed in public."

And speaking of lovers, I am reminded that "good society" gives the gentlemanly swain this caution: "During the period that elapses *before the marriage* the betrothed man should conduct himself with peculiar deference to the lady's family." This is one of the finest touches I have met, and shows how difficult a matter it is to be a *real* gentleman.

In all accounts of "good society" great importance is attached to accomplishments. In fact, to quote the elegant language of one of my pet authors, "Though wit and conversation are worth all the amusements a toy-maker could dream of, you [the gentleman, that is] must not forget that the world is mainly peopled with fools, and to appreciate your [gentlemanly] sallies, and join in your [gentlemanly] mirth, requires an amount of sense not to be found in every country bumpkin." And chief among gentlemanly accomplishments, in "good society," is the noble art of self-defense. "Of course," says the latest authority on this point, "to knock a man down is never good manners; but there is a way of doing it gracefully, and one rule should be observed; viz., whether you can command your temper or not, never show it, except by the blow. Never assail an offender with words, nor,

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when you strike him, use such expressions as, 'Take that,' etc. There are cases in society when it is quite incumbent on you to knock an offender down, if you *can*, whether you feel angry or not; so that if to do so is not precisely good manners, to omit it is sometimes very bad manners: and to box, and that well, is therefore an important accomplishment, particularly for little men."

Here is the proper place to append a series of hints on matters which would seem to be of minor importance, till it is remembered that the *gentleman* is known by just such little things; and that good society is rather fond of tripping people up on them, as in the case of an honest English admiral, who incurred the just scorn of all beholders, at an archery meeting, by descending the steps of his carriage stern foremost, as though he had been going down his own main rigging. So an unfortunate habitué of "good society," about whose antecedents nothing definite was known, but whose manners were particularly good, was discovered by an inadvertence in a billiard-room. Entering the room he took up a cue, and placed himself before the marking-board so naturally that at once every gentleman present perceived him to be only a billiard-marker. Now it is as impossible for a billiard-marker to belong to "good society," and be a gentleman —of course unless he were an undoubted millionaire, which alters the case—as it was for Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, having begun life as a footman, once handed some ladies into a carriage, and then, absently, and from mere force of habit, got up behind himself—no doubt to the vast amusement of the *gentlemen* who looked on.

But to our hints, which should be read with much attention, as they seem to me to contain the very gist and essence of what constitutes "good society."

I find it stated, first, that at dinner, in good society, "soup must be helped with a ladle." My Philadelphia oracle adds that it "should be eaten with a spoon, though some vulgar people make use of a fork!"

Also, it is written, that "gentlemen must never smoke in church;" and that, when dining out, "if your host asks you to smoke, he will generally offer you an old coat for the purpose"—though I should prefer an old cigar. A gentleman "must not smoke in the streets—at least, not in daylight; the deadly crime may be committed, like burglary, after dark, but not before." Thank Heaven, except in Boston, it is not accompanied with the same penalties! And, finally, "you should always smoke a cigar given to you, whether good or bad, and never make any remarks on its quality;" which calls to mind the gentlemanly conduct of an old Scotch peasant, who, having a cigar given him, thought it was to be eaten, and ate it accordingly, much disgusted, but civilly resigned. But I shall never get through if I don't stick better to my text. "Pointing," it appears, "is a habit to be avoided, especially pointing with the thumb over the shoulder, which is an inelegant action." "A man has no right to take a lady's hand until it is offered. He has even less right to pinch or to retain it;" which I freely admit.

Introductions have a certain awkwardness about them to a man who does not frequent "good society," but all this stiffness is lost when a *gentleman* is the introducer. "Thus, for instance," a distinguished writer remarks, "in presenting Mr. Jones to Mrs. Smith, you will say, 'Mrs. Smith, allow me to introduce Mr. Jones,' and while they are engaged in bowing, you will murmur, 'Mrs. Smith—Mr. Jones,' *and escape;*" which I call getting out of a difficulty in the very handsomest manner. It may be well to add that, "in being introduced to a new acquaintance, there should be more dignity and a little more distance in the manner of the married woman than that of the single lady." And as to general manners, it is well to know that "there are modes of salutation which, being too familiar, should be avoided [in good society]; such as clapping a man on the shoulder, digging him in the ribs, etc." Also, "if you go in an omnibus—which a gentleman may do under certain circumstances—it is well to avoid conversation; but if you enter into it, beware of inflammatory subjects. An acquaintance of mine once talked politics to a radical in an omnibus. The two got heated, and more heated, and my acquaintance ended by driving his opponent's head through the window of the vehicle"—which must have been pleasant, to say the least, to the other "ladies and gentlemen" present.

I have already quoted a word or two about "cutting," but am pleased to be able to add some definite rules on the subject. It appears that in good society "a gentleman must never cut a lady under any circumstances. An unmarried lady should never cut a married one. A servant should never cut his master; near relations should never cut one another at all; and a clergyman should never cut any body, because it is at best an unchristian action. Perhaps it may be added that a superior should never cut his inferior in rank; he has many other ways of annihilating him."

This is sufficiently definite, though it rather sadly limits the privileges of the clergy. But the stupid reader will be pleased with the story which follows, and which shows at a glance how a perfect gentleman, and a "Noble Duke" at that, delivers the cut. It appears that an unfortunate "Clerk of the Treasury" of Great Britain, being in the receipt of a good salary, and willing to pay for good company—which I notice is mostly to be had for a sufficient pecuniary consideration—was permitted to dine at the Beef-Steak Club. "He sat next to a noble duke, who, desirous of putting him at his ease, conversed freely with him, *yet probably forgot even the existence of such a person half an hour afterward*"—noble dukes having proverbially short memories. "Meeting his Grace in the street some days after, the Clerk of the Treasury accosted him in a familiar manner: 'Ah, my Lord, how do you do?' The Duke looked sur-

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prised. 'May I know, Sir, to whom I have the honor of speaking?' said his Grace, drawing up. 'Oh! why, don't you know? We dined together at the Beef-Steak Club the other evening! I'm Mr. Timms of the Treasury.' 'Then,' said the Duke, turning on his heel, 'Mr. Timms of the Treasury, I wish you a good-morning!'" I give the story as 'tis written; and surely every well-balanced mind will recognize with delight the fine gentlemanly spirit which actuated both the noble duke and the elegant gentleman who relates the story. The discomfiture of poor presuming Mr. Timms is excessively funny. But if Mr. Timms had possessed the gentlemanly accomplishment of boxing, and had returned the noble duke's "cut" with a knock-down blow? But then Timms was only a common person, and no gentleman. Let us leave him, and turn to pleasanter things—balls and parties, namely.

And here I am able to inform the gentle reader that a gathering of "any number over one hundred constitutes a 'large ball;' below that number it is simply 'a ball,' and under fifty 'a dance.' It appears also, that, in getting up large balls, young men are at a premium, for which reason it is common to invite your friend to bring *his* friend—*if* he dances. But it will be well to intrust this privilege only to young men of tried prudence, for it leads sometimes to disagreeable circumstances, as is shown by a story of a certain Mrs. P——, who had Junot's house in Paris, and in its magnificent rooms gave some of the largest and most brilliant balls, but, owing to the 'friend' system, very mixed. So much so that on one occasion a gentleman went up to her and told her that there was one of the swell mob present. Mrs. P—— was deaf and amiable. 'Dear me,' she replied, 'is there really? I hope he has had some supper.' But the disciple of Fagan had taken care of himself; he had not only had supper, but when he had done using his fork and spoon, had, in the neatest manner, put them away in his pocket."

At Mrs. P——'s next ball a policeman stood at the door, and noted the names and descriptions of all who came.

About gentlemanly behavior at balls I find only a few directions worth noting. "If you are prudent you will not dance every dance," advises an English club-man; and another remarks that "a young lady often goes down half-a-dozen times to the supper-room, but she should not do so with the same partner more than once." He adds: "You lead the lady up stairs again, and if you are not wanted there any more, you may steal down and do a little quiet refreshment on your own account. Nothing marks a man so much as gorging at supper." And last, but most important caution of all, "Be careful what you say and how you dance after supper, even more so than before it; for if you in the slightest way displease a young lady, she may fancy that you have been too partial to strong fluids, and ladies never forgive that."

"As to flirtation," continues this sage instructor in morals and manners, "it is difficult to draw a limit where the predilection of the moment becomes the more tender and serious feeling, and flirtation sobers into a more honorable form of devoted attention. I think flirtation comes under the head of morals more than of manners; still I may be allowed to say that ball-room flirtation, being more open, is less dangerous than any other. But a young lady of taste will be careful not to flaunt and publish her flirtation, as if to say, 'See, I have an admirer!' In the same way a prudent man will never presume on a girl's liveliness or banter. No man of taste ever made an offer after supper, and certainly nine-tenths of those who have done so have regretted it at breakfast the next morning."

Be warned, oh young men who "do a little quiet refreshment on your own account." For in such cases regrets are mostly vain.

Balls and parties cost money, and money is sometimes scarce, even in "good society." I am happy to state, however, that provision is made for poor people, and one of the most genial writers on etiquette gives the following charming recipe for cheap yet elegant sociability. "The best way of giving receptions which cost very little, is to fix on some day of the week, and repeat them every time it comes round. You then issue invitations to a very much larger number than your rooms will hold and for the whole course of receptions, so that your friends can choose the weeks most convenient to them. If at the first party you should only have a dozen guests, do not be disheartened. If your rooms are well lit up and well arranged, and yourself agreeable, they will be filled to excess before the middle of the season."

So far I had written, when my old friend Smith came in. I have read that all authors are vain, and I confess that I—if I may for this time rank myself with authors—am but a weak mortal man. In short, I could not help telling Smith that I had been writing an instructive article on Good Society, which I intended to hand in to the editor of *Harper's Magazine*. I was not so ill-mannered as to read my MS. to Smith, but was desirous to know how it would strike him—he is a fair average sort of man, don't know much, but means well, you know. I therefore handed it to him, when he left me, requesting him to read it to his family, and let me know his opinion. Yesterday morning he returned it to me, by mail, and on opening the parcel I found that he had added what follows below. I do not think what he has written of much importance; but then it would be absurd to expect much of a man like Smith, who, though good enough in his way, is absurdly ignorant of the laws of good society. He writes:

To be a true gentleman is an ambition worthy of the best and greatest men; inasmuch as that term, properly understood, includes the possession of all good and noble qualities of heart and mind. To be gentle to the weak, generous to the poor, and just to all men; to carry the grace of a heartfelt courtesy into all the affairs of life;

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to restrain the passions and cultivate the nobler sentiments of his nature; to be true without rudeness, honest without self-interest, brave without braggadocio, and polite without servility; to be clean of body, pure of mind, and reverent of heart: this is to be a gentleman. When you meet a man possessed of such qualities, you will care little whether or no his hat be unexceptionable, his neck-tie faultless, his coat from the hands of the alone-fashionable tailor, or his language polished to the smoothness (and inanity) of parlor gossip. Only dandies and other little-minded men—who would have been tailors had not fortune made them geese—are nervous about the cut of a coat or a caper. Napoleon, who, with all his genius, essentially lacked a great soul, and who in his best days was rude to women, could also condescend to prescribe and examine the toilets of his staff and his court ladies; but Washington had a soul above such meanness. Byron wore the finest coat, but Charles Lamb had the truest heart; Burns was a rough plowman, while Beau Brummel was a scented exquisite of "the most perfect manners in the world." But which of the two is in your mind when you say the word gentleman?

There is a species of rabbit which is valued by fanciers, and raised by breeders, not for its meat, nor for the harmonious beauty of its form or color, but solely for the length of its ears.

So what you, friend Jenkins, call "Good Society" has a way of valuing not the sterling heart, but chiefly the fine coat and silvery speech of its members. But be assured that while money will buy you a tailor, and Mr. Turveydrop and the "American gentleman" (who is ten to one only another dancing-master) may teach you "Deportment," if you are not honest, if you are not loyal, if your fine manner but hides a cold heart, or your smooth speech a filthy thought, though you may pass current with those who regard a slip from virtue less than an error in grammar, and value bright boots more than a clean heart, you will be, after all, but a wretched donkey, valuable chiefly for your ears.

HOW THE SNOW MELTED ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

I.

NINE o'clock P.M.

The last stage-coach came rumbling and creaking up to the Crawford House door. Passengers, half roused from torpor, oozed forth, somnambulated with uneven steps, and dreamily performed the act of registration. Avalanches of baggage fell upon the piazza, and were hurried with something like ferocity by stalwart porters into the spacious hall. Choruses of tinkling bells arose. From drawing-rooms came flocking curious groups to exercise the zealous scrutiny which always on such occasions awaits fresh visitors.

The proprietor stood calmly at his desk, turning over in his mind an oft-recurring problem. Here were a weary dozen to be provided for, and his last apartment had been delivered up a few hours before. Silently he stood, until all names had been recorded, and then spoke thus:

"Gentlemen, I will feed you up to the handle, and you shall stay under my roof; but I can give you no rooms."

All traces of drowsiness instantly vanished. A confused tumult of expostulation burst forth. Presently indignation took possession of every manly breast.

"Why, landlord, what do you mean?" said one.

"Oh, but you know this is absurd," said another.

"Perfectly, perfectly," agreed a third.

"Come, come, landlord, talk sense," reasoned a fourth, with a momentary show of good-nature.

"Gentlemen," said the imperturbable proprietor again, "you shall stay under my roof, and I will feed you up to the handle; but I have no rooms."

The newly-arrived guests, hitherto strangers to one another, were welded into friendship by their common disappointment. They consulted together. Small shot of rage flew about.

"Well, this is infamous."

"I call it atrocious."

"It is simply a swindle."

"He can't keep a hotel."

"Not he, indeed."

All this the lookers-on, who had by lucky accident come in a little ahead, and were now snugly quartered, enjoyed vastly. Perhaps they all had suffered similarly at odd times, which would account for the spirit of Christian sympathy they displayed.

"Gentlemen," said the landlord once more, "there is not a room to be had; but you shall stay under my roof, and I will feed you up to the handle."

"The devil take your roof and your handle," said an aggrieved party.

"And your feed too," said another.

The end of it was that the landlord had every thing his own way. It is always so, especially in the region of the White Mountains. Six ladies were compressed into one parlor, the floor whereof was densely strewn with mattresses. Five gentlemen were likewise served, to their unspeakable discontent, which they manifested by awful frowns and injurious remarks. These failed to produce effect. The landlord shed insults as the leaf of a cabbage sheds rain-drops, leaving not a stain behind.

As soon as this turbulent crowd had dispersed the lookers-on before-mentioned gathered near for purposes of investigation. Each newly-written name was duly weighed and discussed, and its value estimated. Feminine anxiety could be satisfied with no less.

"But there is one vacant room, at least," suggested a young lady. "It is next mine, and I know it is unoccupied."

"The only one in the house, mum, and not a good one. Besides, that is kept for Mrs. Wimbleford's young man, who was to come to-night."

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"For whom?"

"For Aunt Wimbleford's servant," said a second young lady; "that is right."

The inquest ended, and the jury rose.

A few minutes after this a gentleman entered, approached the office, and rapidly wrote his name.

"How are you?" said he, nodding to the landlord.

"How do you do, Sir?" retaliated the landlord.

"Back again, you see," said the new-comer. "It was stupid on the coach, so I walked the last two miles. What can you do for me? Can you give me number thirty-four? I had thirty-four last time."

"Number thirty-four?" said the landlord, inquiringly.

"Yes, thirty-four, first floor."

"No, Sir, I can not give you number thirty-four."

"Thirty-five, then, or thirty-three?"

"No, Sir; number thirty-five and number thirty-three are occupied."

"Well, something near them, then?"

"I have no room near them, Sir."

"Any thing you have, then; what can you give me?"

"Well, Sir, I can not give you any room at all."

"All gone?"

"All gone, Sir."

The stranger laughed a little, and said:

"Now, old fellow, you're not so much of a brute as you try to make us all believe. You have some close corner somewhere, I know. Come, hunt it up."

The landlord reflected. "There is a small room," said he, with unvarying suavity, "that was held back for Mrs. Wimbleford's young man. Mrs. Wimbleford's young man didn't get off the coach and walk with you, Sir, did he?"

"No."

"Nor before you, I suppose?"

"Nor before me."

"In that case, Sir, I can let you have the room for to-night; but I might have to call upon you to give it up to-morrow."

"All right," said the delighted traveler; "to-morrow I go over the mountain. Fix me for to-night, and I am happy."

II.

Mrs. Horatio Wimbleford never traveled without two (m. and f.) servants. 'Twas a point of dignity she would not relax. Another point was, that she never traveled without her own spoons. The apprehension of at any time admitting spurious metal within her lips constantly beset her.

Mr. Horatio Wimbleford never traveled at all.

Master Horatio, aged sixteen, took charge of his mother and sister in all their rambles. About this time he also exercised protecting influence over his cousin, Miss Mervane, of whom he stood in awe, while at the same time secretly adoring her.

Master Horatio was not firm of temper. Somewhere on the route he had quarreled with man-servant. Man-servant bore much, but at length rebelled. Master Horatio then became irate to that degree that it was necessary to his honor that man-servant be cast adrift. This caused inconvenience, but seemed inevitable. So Mrs. Wimbleford dispatched letters homeward, enjoining Mr. Wimbleford to send a substitute without delay.

Mr. Wimbleford consoled his wandering wife with the assurance that on a certain day the substitute, with credentials, should appear at the point she named, to receive her orders. But before the time or the substitute arrived the Wimbleford family had risen in wrath against the Crawford House proprietor, whose apartments were contracted, and whose manner was not deferential, and had shaken dust from their feet on departure for the other side of Mount Washington. Miss Mervane had declared intentions of crossing the mountain with friends fortunately encountered, and rejoining her cousins in the Glen at the opposite base. She was intrusted with the temporary control of the expected attendant.

III.

Miss Mervane and her friends sat at breakfast.

"Your aunt's servant came, Julia," said one.

"Did he?"

"Yes; I heard him singing opera melodies this morning in the room next mine, and saw him, when I came out, taking in fresh towels at his door."

"Mercy upon us!—the dainty gentleman!"

The dainty gentleman walked in, seated himself close at hand, and was lost in the bill of fare. Next he employed lucre to win the heart of a waiter, and confided to him his desires.

Miss Mervane and Co. found great difficulty in restraining their laughter. This sumptuous conduct on the part of a servant quite overcame them. When the dainty gentleman complained that his napkin was not clean, their mirth was irrepressible. At this he glanced over at them, his eye resting for a moment upon Miss Mervane, who gave her attention to the prospect from the nearest window. It seemed to her that her friend might be in error; the man had hardly the appearance of a menial. She must ascertain.

After breakfast the dainty gentleman immediately accosted her.

"May I ask if this is Miss Mervane?"

"Yes, I am Miss Mervane."

"I am told that you were with Mrs. Wimbleford until yesterday."

"Yes."

"I am anxious to know where I shall find her. I have a note to give her."

It was the substitute, of course, then.

"She has expected you—"

"Indeed!"

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"You are to follow her. You will find her at the Glen. I suppose you know the route."

"Well, surely—"

"You can give me the note, if you have it."

"It is for Mrs. Wimbleford; I would prefer to hand it to her."

"Very well;" and the young lady turned her back with ineffable frigidity.

"Excuse me, Miss Mervane; I think you mean to join Mrs. Wimbleford's party again. I have also some hope of joining it. If I can be of any service you must command me. My name is Fletcher."

"None at all, at present;" and Miss Mervane glided away.

"This is airy," said Mr. Fletcher, to himself; and he marched off more erect than was usual or necessary.

"This is worse than the last," said Miss Mervane, "and he was bad enough;" and she amused her friends with a report of the dialogue.

After Mr. Fletcher had been held up to sufficient ridicule, conversation turned upon more important matters.

"We cross the mountain to-day," said one.

"But there are heavy clouds overhead," said another.

"They will pass away by noon."

"And then we shall have no time to descend the other side."

"That is nothing; we will wait all night on the summit, see the sun rise, and go down early to-morrow morning."

At this point guides were consulted. Under pretense of offering occasional opinions, they slyly contrived to agree with the prevailing wish. So the last proposition was adopted, and horses were to be on hand, storms not interfering, just after dinner.

IV.

"The horses are ready," announced the guide.

"And so are we," said four or five ladies, issuing forth in long and hoopless robes.

Mr. Fletcher sat smoking upon the piazza. He beckoned to the guide. "What," said he, "are you going to attempt to take these people up to-day?"

"They want to go," said the guide; "it's no affair of mine."

Mr. Fletcher rose. "Miss Mervane," he said, "I hesitate to offer you any counsel" (with profound emphasis); "but I beg to assure you that I am familiar with these mountains, and that you need more clothing. After the first three miles you will have rain all the way, and the cold will be excessive."

The lady turned to a gentleman of her party: "Is this so?" she asked.

"Let us see what the guide says," was answered.

Mr. Fletcher walked away indignant without saying another word.

The guide admitted that there was something in the suggestion, but refused to acknowledge the probability of rain. This convinced them all that the warning was unworthy their consideration, so they started off, hearts and vesture light.

Half an hour after Mr. Fletcher cleared his brow, settled his bill, and called for a horse, intimating that he was bound over the hills and far away. He made directly for the mountain bridle-path, with which he seemed thoroughly acquainted. The first open space he came to he saw the Mervane party winding and straggling at the distance of about a mile ahead. In little more than an hour he overtook a loiterer. It was Miss Mervane. She turned and saw him.

She was annoyed, and then vexed with herself for being so. What was it about this man that disturbed her? Her impulse at the first was to push on more rapidly; but an afterthought convinced her that dignity would be best preserved by absolute unconsciousness of his presence; which she assumed, but had it not.

Mr. Fletcher, for his part, was turning over a doubtful question. He had observed that, with a carelessness not uncommon, Miss Mervane's saddle-girths had been left precariously loose. Should he tell her? He had been twice rebuffed, and rather badly; was it worth his while to risk a third affront? If the guide had been by he could have directed him to arrange it, but guide and all had disappeared among the turnings of the road. After a while good-nature triumphed. He advanced to the lady's side.

"I think it is proper for me to tell you," said he, as if he had never spoken with her before, and was now mentioning a fact unimportant, but possibly of interest to her, "that your saddle is loose, and you are in danger of falling. If you like, I'll secure it, or I'll send the guide back, if you prefer."

"No," she said, with perfect unconcern; "I like it better as it is."

Fletcher bent his head and hurried forward, less pleased than ever. He astonished his pony by insisting upon a degree of speed wholly at variance with the ordinary rate of mountain travel, and which he did not permit to subside until Miss Mervane had fallen out of view. Soon he came close upon others of her company, and drew rein. As for Miss Mervane, she was now provoked by a pertinacity which, proceeding whence it did, she could not understand, and resolved to check it once for all, next time it should show itself.

Resolutions are good rudders to steer by in a calm.

The air, which for the last half hour had been thick and heavy, now grew rapidly cold. Sharp breezes came sweeping down the mountain, and a little way above great clouds were gathering. Puffs of thinner mist soon descended, and enveloped the ascending party in their damp folds. Mr. Fletcher erected his coat-collar, and drew his shawl closely about him.

As he reached the top of a sudden acclivity the storm beset him. Mingled rain and sleet attacked his face, gusts of wind whistled in his

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ears and tampered with his costume. It was not comfortable, but still it was not unendurable. He had encountered worse on the same spot, so he whistled a merry defiance to the wind, wiped his eyes clear, and pushed on.

Then a touch of good-nature came upon him again. Likely enough, the young girl behind him was suffering. Spite of her extraordinary temper he would even once more offer her as much comfort as his big shawl could afford. And he pulled up.

He waited so long without seeing her that he became vaguely alarmed, and turning about, began to descend. If he did not meet her soon, he would conclude that the tempest had intimidated her, and that she had returned to whence she had started. But he had gone back only a few rods when he met her, on foot, making her way with difficulty over the loose rocks which filled the path, and looking pale as death.

What Fletcher had foretold had come to pass. On the very verge of the storm-cloud she had attempted to urge her horse to greater speed. He jumped forward a step, the saddle lurched, then slid off to one side, throwing her down among the creature's feet. He, taking advantage of the incident, quietly shook himself, and withdrew in the direction of his stable. Miss Mervane, a little hurt, but more confused and frightened, stood dismayed a moment, and then, gathering up courage and her skirts, strode dauntlessly forward. It was rough work, however, and her spirits sank with each step. Her heart failed her altogether, and she was seized with trembling and terror when Fletcher, returning, came in sight. Then the mouse became a lion again.

The young man, noticing her pallor and apprehending a variety of evils, alighted and approached her. The instant he did this his horse also took opportunity to retreat homeward. Fletcher foreseeing the consequence ran a little distance after him; but four legs being better than two, he soon returned with a very blank face.

"You were right, and I was wrong; it is unfortunate," was the somewhat ungracious remark with which he was received. The wind came screaming down shriller than ever, and he had to shout to be heard in answer.

"Very unfortunate," he said. "I am glad I came back. There is only one thing to be done now. You must consent to be guided by me. Take this shawl, which you need more than I, and I will show you the way down."

Miss Mervane's handsome eyes flashed a little. "No," she said, shortly, "keep your shawl; it is not very cold"—at the same time her shivering lips contradicted her words—"and as for going down, I do not think of it. I mean to walk up."

"Miss Mervane, this is folly. It is impossible. The storm is now severe, as you see. Well, it will grow worse as you advance. I can not think of permitting you to go on."

Her face, hitherto pale, reddened as she answered, "I *intend* to go on. They will very soon discover my absence, and send back. I desire that you continue with me, in case of accident."

It was now Fletcher's turn for anger. "I am sorry to find," he said, "so singular an acknowledgment of my thoughtfulness. But this shall not cause me to desert you, because I know you are unconscious of the danger you are venturing into, which is great. If you persist, I will not leave you; but I protest against this folly again and again."

Miss Mervane kept her lips firmly closed, and without speaking again began to ascend. Mr. Fletcher walked near her. For three minutes they struggled and labored onward. The sleet dashed into their faces, piercing their cheeks like needles. The rain penetrated their garments and weighed them down wearily. The winds whirled around them more wildly than before. Their feet failed them upon the slippery rocks.

Suddenly Mr. Fletcher stopped. "This is simply madness," he said; "the path is treacherous, and my eyes are almost blinded. If I were alone, I would not dare to go on. You, Miss Mervane, can not hope to proceed for ten minutes."

"It seems to me, Sir," she said, more chillingly than the bleak wind itself, "that you are afraid."

"Yes," said he, quick and sharp, "I am afraid to see a woman die, with no help near. I am afraid to see a life flung recklessly away!"

For the first time she turned and looked steadily at him. His eye, quite firm and untroubled, met hers; and at the same moment her confidence fell, and she was irresolute.

"I leave it to you," she said; "I think you are right."

"Very well," he answered, quietly, "let us turn."

But at the second step he paused, then glanced nervously around. Then another step, and another pause. Then she saw him stoop down and examine the ground beneath them. After that he stood silently for three or four seconds, and at last thrilled her with these words:

"Miss Mervane, it is no matter which of us leads now. We will do what we can, and that is—nothing. We have lost the path!"

At this the sense of peril overcame her. "What is to be done?" she cried; "what is to be done? Is it hopeless—is there no escape?"

"Not hopeless," he answered; "no, indeed. Our position is awkward, but we must not stand idle. We will try to regain the path, but above all we must not separate. Our voices can not be heard at the least distance, and our eyes will not help us in this storm." Observing a great distress in her countenance, he added, "Don't be disheartened; don't waste strength; but call up all your energies."

Then her better nature showed itself. "I am not a coward," she said; "and for myself, I could bear the result of my rashness. But I feel that I have brought danger, perhaps brought death,

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upon you. And that," she said, shuddering, "is a crime."

"I have done you wrong," said Fletcher, generously, "and I thank you for putting me right, now. But don't talk of death yet, or at all. We have a great many chances before that."

Although he spoke boldly to reassure her he had no power to conceal his anxiety from himself. The tempest increased, he was benumbed with cold, and the daylight had already begun to fade. Together they groped among the rocks in search of the path, but always unavailingly. The darkness increased. Their eyes were sore with straining.

"I can not stand much longer," said Miss Mervane; "tell me, is there any thing to hope? Tell me the truth."

"We can not find the path," he answered, "but there is one chance left. Come this way," and he led her cautiously down a precipitous ledge of broken rock. Without a question, and without a doubt, she followed.

Without a doubt, so far as his better judgment was concerned; but on another point she began to question herself uneasily.

Was this man what she had supposed him to be?

Had she not been in some way misled? His bearing, his language, his thoughtful devotion were not those of a servant. Oh, it could not be!

And yet he bore credentials for her aunt. She must question him again.

"Was the note you spoke of written by Mr. Wimbleford?"

"What note?" said Fletcher, amazed.

"For Mrs. Wimbleford."

"Oh yes, it was," said he, wondering vastly at the question at such a time.

This, then, was convincing; and yet it was hard to be convinced.

At the foot of the ledge Fletcher paused and took observations.

"What do you mean to do?" asked the lady.

"Do you see," said he, "that the storm comes upon us with less violence? Down here we find a partial shelter. The wind is from our left. We must go to the right. I expect the wall of this ledge shelves in sufficiently to ward off much of its force. At any rate I have no doubt we can escape this distressing sleet."

"And what then?"

"Why then I will seek the least exposed spot. Perhaps we may fall in with some rocky crevice—there are plenty of them near the summit, and plenty here, too, I suppose—tolerably secure from the weather. With my shawl, and overcoat, if necessary, you will contrive to pass the night without severe suffering."

Miss Mervane recoiled with affright. "What! pass the night? It would be as well to reserve your pleasantry, Sir."

Fletcher thought, not very unreasonably, that the time for these exhibitions of feminine humors was gone by; so he said, composedly, "I mean to. Meanwhile, we will go on, if you please."

"Listen a moment, Sir," said Miss Mervane, whose old impulses had taken new possession of her; "this proposition is absurd. I wish you to understand that I know you. I know your position, and I expect you to remember it."

"Miss Mervane," said Fletcher, "you certainly can not expect me to discuss any question whatever at this time. If you do know me, you probably know that, as I am straining every nerve to save both our lives, I can have no thought beyond, whatever you may have. We are too near eternity to be over-delicate."

The retort stung, and she smarted under it. She felt, moreover, that she had compelled it and deserved it; so she only said, "I yield to you, Sir," and inwardly resolved to give over a contest which only revealed her weakness.

After clambering slowly and painfully for ten minutes, they stopped to get breath.

"It is worse," she said; "we are in a hurricane."

"Nevertheless," he answered, "it may be better. By this sudden rush of wind I judge that we are near a sharp corner of the ledge. I look for shelter soon."

And sure enough in five minutes more they stood relieved and much comforted beneath a rugged projecting ridge, around the edge of which, two yards beyond them, the blast sped furiously, passing them untouched.

"See, now, what we have been through," said Fletcher, pointing toward it.

It was now so dark that the nearest objects were but dimly visible. Fletcher prowled a little, and discovered a corner where four or five loose rocks, piled one above the other, gave a slight additional protection. There he conducted Miss Mervane, who seated herself with satisfaction. He handed her his pocket-companion, with a word of advice, "You should drink all you can, at first. Then, if your feet or hands feel stiff with cold, pour a little upon them, without removing boots or gloves. Then drink as much again as before."

She had now time to observe her own extreme discomfort. She shook with cold, head to foot. Seeing this, Fletcher wrapped his great shawl about her, she offering no opposition.

"Do you think they sent back for me?" she asked.

"Who, your friends?"

"Yes, their carelessness is inexcusable; they think only of themselves."

"I suppose they must have sent; but we had lost the path, you know."

"They should have looked to it before. To think that my friends should have deserted me, and that I have only escaped by the aid of a s—stranger."

"That is nothing, Miss Mervane."

"It is every thing, Sir. I assure you that I do not mean to forget it. For a person like you it is noble, and I shall always say so."

"It is nothing. Are you comfortable?"

"Very comfortable now." And then, timidly, "Are you comfortable?"

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"Oh yes. I have my coat and every thing; I am well enough."

"Because I do not wish you to deprive yourself of your shawl, if you need it."

"No, indeed." Then, after a pause, "Can you sleep, Miss Mervane?"

"Sleep, no; I would not go to sleep for the world—that is, I could not. I have no desire to."

"The accommodations are spacious, but not luxurious," said Mr. Fletcher. "Nature is not an obliging landlord; we have only beds of granite and sheets of rain."

Miss Mervane was not yet prepared to enter into general conversational relations with her protector, so she was silent. In a few minutes she, who would not go to sleep for the world, was breathing regularly in a sound slumber.

V.

About five o'clock the next morning Miss Mervane moved, stretched out her hand, scratched it against a sharp stone, and with a little cry awoke.

She half rose, and, after a hasty review of some of the strangest incidents of her life, came finally to this, the strangest of all, and began to recognize the real condition of affairs. First she saw with joy that the sun was shining in the distant east. Then she proceeded to disencumber herself of her swathings. What! here was a heavy coat spread over her feet; how came that? The shawl she knew about, but the coat? Ah, it was this man's tender solicitude. What should she do? How was it proper for her to thank him?

Oh, most mean question for her to ask herself. To take thought of how to acknowledge the preservation of her life without self-degradation. Miss Mervane was agitated by a struggle between gratitude and Grundy. Her social education had taught her one thing, her heart told her another. She sprang up and looked for Fletcher.

He was standing at some distance, apparently enjoying the view. As soon as he saw her he drew near.

"I have no words to thank you," she said, with true emotion; "I have no need to thank you, for all that I can say will fall far short of what you know I must feel."

Mr. Fletcher looked around as if anxious to escape. He evaded a reply.

"I hope you are rested?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Were you cold?"

"No, your care prevented that. Take your coat; you were wrong to leave it."

"Oh, my coat—why, so I did. I guess I forgot it."

She looked very benevolently at him. "And how did you sleep?"

"I, why, the truth is, I have not been asleep."

"Not slept at all?"

"No; you see I thought they might be out in search of you, and in that case their shouts might have reached here. It would have saved us a good deal of discomfort."

"Yes, I think I understand."

"Are you able to go down now?"

"Can you find the way?"

"Oh, it's quite clear. I have been over to the path this morning."

"Is it so? Well, let us go down."

Presently they started. Mr. Fletcher stooped and picked up a lump of snow, which he had found a few rods off, and had brought along in his handkerchief. "I thought you would like to see what sort of storm you went through," said he; "this fell and collected last night. Pretty well for August, but not uncommon here. I'll try to take it down, but it seems to be melting."

"Yes," said she, "the snow is melting."

They went a long distance, seldom speaking. When they were well off the rocks, and on solid soil, Fletcher said,

"It is warmer here. You have no need of that heavy shawl. Let me have it."

"When it is useful you give it to me. When it is an inconvenience you take it yourself; no, no."

But Fletcher insisted, and she gave it up.

"We are not far from the hotel," said he, some time after; "fortunately it is yet early. You will not be troubled by so many questions."

He opened his handkerchief. "No use," he said; "see, the snow has melted."

"It has, it has!" said she, with earnestness that astonished him.

VI.

"Sit you here," said Mr. Fletcher, leading her to the parlor fireside, "while I re-engage your room."

But as he turned to go his cheeks and lips whitened, his limbs shook, and he sank down, incapable of motion, on a chair.

"What is the matter? Good Heaven! what has happened?" said Miss Mervane, starting up.

"It is only a little cold," he answered—"a mere chill, a thing of a minute, nothing to be feared"—and, attempting to rise, he showed exactly how little there was to apprehend by falling back, insensible.

A few persons clustered around. One brought water which Miss Mervane bestowed upon his countenance. He revived a little, and she flew to the office, where the impassive proprietor stood levigating his hands as usual.

"What rooms are there?" she asked.

"Very few, mum."

"Is the one I had still vacant?"

"That one is, mum."

"Send at once to the parlor, and have the gentleman who is ill carefully assisted to it. Quick, if you please, there is no time for delay."

"But you will want a room, mum."

"Any thing will do for me; only lose no time, now."

All was done as she bade.

"Now," she continued, "is there a physician in the house?"

"There almost always is one with us, mum; I will see."

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On investigation, it appeared that there was a physician. Miss Mervane sent for him, and implored him to look most kindly after Mr. Fletcher. "He has saved my life," she said, "by risking his. Last night in the storm, he threw off all his outer clothing to protect me. He is very ill; but not so ill, I am sure, that you can not restore him if you try, Sir."

The doctor was a pleasant old gentleman. "To be sure," said he, "to be sure. He shall be all right as soon as I see him. Where is he? Don't you cry, my dear, but show me where he is. Ah, very well."

Miss Mervane returned to the parlor to receive the congratulations, and answer the inquiries of a feminine crowd that was lying in wait for her. As she stood among them, she remembered for the first time since her arrival that her costume was inelegant, and her condition damp. A tremor passed over her. Never before, within remembrance, had she been for an entire hour heedless of her external self. She was sore afflicted, for her trunks had been sent to meet her at the Glen. She whispered her wants, and a score of sympathetic hearts were opened to her. From the invitations that came upon her she selected one to accept, and disappeared.

Half an hour later she emerged, freshly adorned and blooming. She sought the doctor, and questioned him.

"He is well enough, my dear. A little shaky, but not much. A couple of days' repose will set him up again."

"Oh, thank you, doctor, I am very glad."

"Perhaps it would do him no harm if you should look in upon him a minute."

"Oh no, doctor, I could not do that."

"Very well, he must wait then, I suppose."

"Did he say he wished to see me, then?"

"No, indeed; he seemed to believe you had suffered more than he, and wanted me to look after you most. I thought it might relieve him to see how well you evidently are."

"Doctor, since you say it is necessary to his recovery that he should see me, it would be wrong for me to refuse. I will go with you."

The doctor laughed a little, and led the way. "Here is a visitor for you, Mr. Invalid," he said.

"Ah, Miss Mervane, this is good of you."

His voice was firm enough, but his hand, which rested upon his pillow, shook in a manner which he could not control. It was plain that his strength had been greatly overtasked.

"Is this dangerous?" she asked the doctor, aside.

"Not a bit," said he, "not a bit;" and he went away.

Then Miss Mervane was frightened. It would not do, however, for her to follow without a grateful word.

"What can I do for you, Sir?" said she. "There is nothing you can ask for that shall not be ready for you. I am very sorry to see you thus."

"Nothing, thank you," he answered, "except, perhaps, to look at this note. I hope you will forgive me for saying that I refused to give it up yesterday, because—well, because you demanded it rather oddly. But as we are likely to be acquainted without Mrs. Wimbleford's intervention, I wish you would read it now."

He pointed to it lying upon a table. With some trepidation she took it and read:

"My Dear Maria,—The gentleman who bears this is Mr. Frank Fletcher, who has just returned from abroad, and whose family I have long known. He would be pleased to join your party. He has a sort of claim on Julia, for he has been traveling with her brother on most intimate terms for many months. I recommend him to your attention. Horatio Wimbleford.

"Your letters tell me that your movements will be so uncertain, and your return so speedy, that I have determined not to send the servant. He will remain here.

"New York, *August* 17."

After the fifth perusal, Miss Mervane took courage and looked up. Meeting Mr. Fletcher's eye, she became once more intent upon the writing.

"Why, it interests you," he said.

"Mr. Fletcher," she said, "I find that I am not the first of my family toward whom you have acted nobly."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"My brother has told me of much that you have done for him. I have often heard of you, Sir."

"Oh, why speak of that?"

"But why did you let me remain ignorant this while? You should have told me who you were."

"I mentioned my name."

"How could I know? Listen, Mr. Fletcher, there has been a great mistake. It is not a pleasant thing for me to do, but I am going to explain it all to you. I hope I can partly excuse some of my great rudeness."

"Oh, Miss Mervane—"

"Please listen, Mr. Fletcher;" and she laid open to him in a few words the entire mystery. He did not appear to regard it with much concern.

"To think," she said, "that I took you for a servant, and treated you worse than one. I ought to be your servant," she added, with roses in her face, "all my life."

VII.

That afternoon Miss Mervane's friends, frightened far away out of their wits, came down the mountain in search of her. At sight of her they melted into tears, and one or two gave hysterical symptoms. Miss Mervane took it quite coolly, and reminded them that this excessive anxiety would have been better shown before. She begged that they would no longer consider her a burden upon them, as she had sent for her aunt to return, and expected her without delay. Then ensued little heart-rending scenes, followed by most affecting reconciliations, and expressions of admiration respecting Mr. Fletcher.

The next day the Wimblefords reappeared. Mrs. Horatio was full of thankfulness for her niece's preservation. She admitted that the

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young gentleman had conducted himself with much propriety. She would cause her gratitude to be conveyed to him on an enameled card. But one thing there was which shocked her beyond measure. That her niece had passed a night upon a mountain with a stranger, even one so exemplary as this Mr. Fletcher, near her, was a circumstance which carried great discomfort to her breast. She hinted her sufferings to Miss Mervane.

"Perhaps, aunt," said that young lady, with roses in her face again, "perhaps"—and she whispered the rest.

"Oh, if that is to be the case," said Mrs. Wimbleford, pacified, "then I have nothing more to say."

THE THREE GREAT VOYAGES.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, THE DOUBLING OF THE CAPE, AND THE CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE EARTH.*

THE advancement of Europe in civilization did not take place, as is commonly supposed, through the influence of Constantinople and Rome, but through that of the Spanish Arabs. The South of France was first affected, then Sicily was involved, and the movements of Frederick II. in his disputes with the Popes, the establishment of Mohammedan colonies in Italy, the marching of large bodies of Saracen troops in all directions through that peninsula, aided by the propitious state of the northern Italian towns, not only made those places foci of light, but eventually revolutionized the Papacy itself, imparting to it tendencies signally seen in the pontificates of Nicolas V. and Leo X. The Mohammedans were the authors of our physical science, the founders of our modern industrial system.

At the time of which we are speaking the commerce of the Mediterranean was chiefly in two directions. The ports of the Black Sea furnished suitable dépôts for produce brought down the Tanais and other rivers, and for a large portion of the India trade that had come across the Caspian. The seat of this commerce was Genoa.

The other direction was the southeast. The shortest course to India was down the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, but the Red and Arabian seas offered a cheaper and safer route. In the ports of Syria and Egypt were, therefore, found the larger part of the commodities of India. This trade centred in Venice. A vast development had been given to it through the Crusades, the Venetians probably finding in the transport service of the Holy Wars as great a source of profit as in the India trade.

Toward the latter part of the fourteenth century it became apparent that the commercial rivalry between Venice and Genoa would terminate to the disadvantage of the latter. The irruption of the Tartars and invasion of the Turks had completely dislocated her Asiatic lines of trade. In the wars between the two republics Genoa had suffered severely. Partly for this reason, and partly through the advantageous treaties that Venice had made with the Sultans, giving her the privilege of consulates at Alexandria and Damascus, this republic had at last attained a supremacy over all competitors. The Genoese establishments on the Black Sea had become worthless.

With ruin before them, and unwilling to yield their Eastern connections, the merchants of Genoa had tried to retrieve their affairs by war; her practical sailors saw that she might be re-established in another way. There were among them some who were well acquainted with the globular form of the earth, and with what had been done by the Mohammedan astronomers for determining its circumference by the measurement of a degree on the shore of the Red Sea. These men originated the attempt to reach India by sailing to the west.

By two parties, the merchants and the clergy, their suggestions were received with little favor. The former gave no encouragement, perhaps because such schemes were unsuited to their existing arrangements; the latter disliked them because of their suspected irreligious nature. The globular form had been condemned by the Fathers from Lactantius and Augustine. In the Patristic Geography the earth is a flat surface bordered by the waters of the sea, on the yielding support of which rests the crystalline dome of the sky. These doctrines were for the most part supported by passages from the Holy Scriptures, perversely wrested from their proper meaning. Thus Cosmas Indicopleustes, whose Patristic Geography had been an authority for nearly eight hundred years, unanswerably disposed of the sphericity of the earth by demanding of its advocates how, in the day of judgment, men on the other side of a globe could see the Lord descending through the air!

Among the Genoese sailors thus seeking the welfare of their city was one destined for immortality—Christopher Columbus.

His father was a wool-comber, yet not a man of the common sort, for he procured for his son a knowledge of arithmetic, drawing, painting; and Columbus is said to have written a singularly beautiful hand. For a short time he was at the University of Pavia, but he went to sea at fourteen. After being engaged in the Syrian trade for many years, he had made several voyages to Guinea, occupying his time when not at sea in the construction of charts for sale, thereby supporting not only himself, but also his aged father, and finding means for the education of his brothers. Under these circumstances he had obtained a competent knowledge of geography, and though the state of public opinion at the time did not permit such doctrines to be openly avowed, he believed that the sea is every where

* Extract from *A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, by JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Shortly to be published by Harper and Brothers.

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navigable, that the earth is round and not flat, that there are antipodes, that the torrid zone is habitable, and that there is a proportionable distribution of land in the northern and southern hemispheres. Adopting the Patristic logic when it suited his purpose, he reasoned that since the earth is made for man, it is not likely that its surface is too largely covered with water, and that if there are lands, they must be inhabited, since the command was renewed at the flood that man should replenish the earth. He asked, "Is it likely that the sun shines upon nothing, and that the nightly watches of the stars are wasted on trackless seas and desert lands?" But to this reasoning he added facts that were more substantial. One Martin Vincent, who had sailed many miles to the west of the Azores, related to him that he had found, floating on the sea, a piece of timber carved evidently without iron. Another sailor, Pedro Correa, his brother-in-law, had met with enormous canes. On the coast of Flores the sea had cast up two dead men with large faces, of a strange aspect. Columbus appears to have formed his theory that the East Indies could be reached by sailing to the west about A.D. 1474. He was at that time in correspondence with Toscanelli, the Florentine astronomer, who held the same doctrine, and who sent him a map or chart constructed on the travels of Marco Polo. He offered his services first to his native city, then to Portugal, then to Spain, and, through his brother, to England; his chief inducement in each instance being that the riches of India might be thus secured. In Lisbon he had married. While he lay sick near Belem an unknown voice whispered to him, in a dream, "God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded through the earth, and will give thee the keys of the gates of the ocean, which are closed with strong chains." The death of his wife appears to have broken the last link which held him to Portugal, where he had been since 1470. One evening, in the autumn of 1485, a man of majestic presence, pale, careworn, and, though in the meridian of life, with silver hair, leading a little boy by the hand, asked alms at the gate of the Franciscan convent near Palos—not for himself, but only a little bread and water for his child. This was that Columbus destined to give to Europe a new world.

In extreme poverty he was making his way to the Spanish court. After many wearisome delays his suit was referred to a Council at Salamanca; before whom, however, his doctrines were confuted from the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Prophecies, the Gospels, the Epistles, and the writings of the Fathers—St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Basil, St. Ambrose. Moreover, they were demonstrably inconsistent with reason; since, if even he should depart from Spain, "the rotundity of the earth would present a kind of mountain up which it was impossible for him to sail, even with the fairest wind;" and so he could never get back. The Grand Cardinal of Spain had also indicated their irreligious nature; and Columbus began to fear that, instead of receiving aid as a discoverer, he should fall into trouble as a heretic. However, after many years of mortification and procrastination, he at length prevailed with Queen Isabella; and on April 17, 1492, in the field before Granada, then just wrenched from the Moors by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, he received his commission. With a nobleness of purpose he had desired no reward unless he should succeed; but, in that case, stipulated that he should have the title of Admiral and Viceroy, and that his perquisite should be one-tenth of all he should discover—conditions which show what manner of man this great sailor was. He had bound himself to contribute one-eighth to the expenses of the expedition: this he accomplished through the Pinzons of Palos, an old and wealthy seafaring family. These arrangements once ratified, he lost not a moment in completing the preparations for his expedition. The royal authority enabled him to take—forcibly, if necessary—both ships and men. But even with that advantage, he would hardly have succeeded if the Pinzons had not joined heartily with him, personally sharing in the dangers of the voyage.

The sun, by journeying to the west, rises on India at last. On Friday, August 3, 1492, the weary struggles and heart-sickness of eighteen years of supplication were over; and as the day was breaking Columbus sailed with three little ships from Palos, carrying with him charts constructed on the basis of that which Toscanelli had formerly sent, and also a letter to the Grand Khan of Tartary. On the 9th he saw the Canaries, being detained among them three weeks by the provisioning and repairing of his ships. He left them September 6th, escaping the pursuit of some caravels sent out by the Portuguese Government to intercept him. He now steered due west. Nothing of interest occurred until nightfall on September 13th, when he remarked with surprise that the needle, which the day before had pointed due north, was varying half a point to the west, the effect becoming more and more marked as the expedition advanced. He was now beyond the track of any former navigator, and with no sure guide but the stars; the heaven was every where, and every where the sea. On Sunday, 16th, he encountered many floating weeds, and picked up what was mistaken for a live grasshopper. For some days the weeds increased in quantity, and retarded the sailing of the ships. On the 19th two pelicans flew on board. Thus far he had had an easterly wind, but on September 20th it changed to southwest, and many little birds, such as those that sing in orchards, were seen. His men now became mutinous, and reproached the King and Queen for trusting to "this bold Italian, who wanted to make a great lord of himself at the price of their lives."

On September 25th Pinzon reported to him that he thought he saw land; but it proved to be only clouds. With great difficulty he kept down his mutinous crew. On October 2d he

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observed the sea-weeds drifting from east to west. Pinzon having seen in the *Pinta* a flight of parrots going to the southwest, the course was altered on October 7th, and he steered after them west-southwest—he had hitherto been in the parallel 26° N. On the evening of October 11 the signs of land had become so unmistakable that, after vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an address of congratulation to his crew, and commended watchfulness to them. His course was now due west. A little before midnight Columbus, on the forecastle of his ship, saw a moving light at a distance; and two hours after a signal-gun was fired from the *Pinta*—a sailor, Rodrigo de Triana, had descried land. The ships were laid to. As soon as day dawned they made it out to be a verdant island. There were naked Indians upon the beach watching their movements. At sunrise, October 12, 1492, the boats were manned and armed, and Columbus was the first European to set foot on the new tropical world.

The chief events of the voyage of Columbus were—1*st*. The discovery of the line of no magnetic variation; which, as we shall see, eventually led to the circumnavigation of the earth. 2*d*. The navigability of the sea to the remote west, the weeds not offering any insuperable obstruction. When the ships left Palos it was universally believed that the final border or verge of the earth is where the western sky rests upon the sea, and the air and clouds, fogs and water are commingled. Indeed that boundary could not actually be attained; for, long before it was possible to reach it, the sea was confused with inextricable weeds, through which a ship could not pass. This legend was perhaps derived from the stories of adventurous sailors, who had been driven by stress of weather toward the Sargasso Sea, and seen an island of weeds many hundreds of square miles in extent—green meadows floating in the ocean. 3*d*. As to the new continent, Columbus never knew the nature of his own discovery. He died in the belief that it was actually some part of Asia; Americus Vespucius entertained the same misconception. Their immediate successors supposed that Mexico was the Quinsay, in China, of Marco Polo. For this reason I do not think that the severe remark that the "name of America is a monument of human injustice" is altogether merited. Had the true state of things been known, doubtless the event would have been different. The name of America first occurs in an edition of Ptolemy's Geography, on a map by Hylacomylus.

Two other incidents of no little interest followed this successful voyage: The first was the destruction of Patristic Geography; the second was the consequence of the flight of Pinzon's parrots. Though, as we now know, the conclusion that India had been reached was not warranted by the facts, it was on all sides admitted that the old doctrine was overthrown, and that the Admiral had reached Asia by sailing to the west. This necessarily implied the globular form of the earth. As to the second, never was an augury more momentous than that flight of parrots. It has been well said that this event determined the distribution of Latin and German Christianity in the New World.

The discovery of America by Leif, the son of Eric the Red, A.D. 1000, can not diminish the claims of Columbus. The wandering Scandinavians had reached the shores of America first in the vicinity of Nantucket, and had given the name of Vinland to the region from beyond Boston to the south of New York. But the memory of these voyages seems totally to have passed away, or the lands were confounded with Greenland, to which Nicolas V. had appointed a bishop A.D. 1448. Had these traditions been known to or respected by Columbus, he would undoubtedly have steered his ships more to the north.

Immediately on the return of Columbus, March 15, 1493, the King and Queen of Spain dispatched an embassador to Pope Alexander VI. for the purpose of insuring their rights to the new territories, on the same principle that Martin V. had already given to the King of Portugal possession of all lands he might discover between Cape Bojador and the East Indies, with plenary indulgence for the souls of those who perished in the conquest. The pontifical action was essentially based on the principle that pagans and infidels have no lawful property in their lands and goods, but that the children of God may rightfully take them away. The bull that was issued bears date May, 1493. Its principle is, that all countries under the sun are subject of right to Papal disposal. It gives to Spain, in the fullness of apostolic power, all lands west and south of a line drawn from the Arctic to the Antartic pole, one hundred leagues west of the Azores. The donation includes, by the authority of Almighty God, whatever there is toward India, but saves the existing rights of any Christian princes. It forbids, under pain of excommunication, any one trading in that direction, threatening the indignation of Almighty God and his holy apostles Peter and Paul. It directs the barbarous nations to be subdued, and no pains to be spared for reducing the Indians to Christianity.

This suggestion of the line of no magnetic variation was due to Columbus, who fell into the error of supposing it to be immovable. The infallibility of the Pontiff not extending to matters of science, he committed the same mistake. In a few years it was discovered that the line of no variation was slowly moving to the east. It coincided with the meridian of London in 1662.

The obstacles that Patristic Geography had thrown in the way of maritime adventure were thus finally removed, but Patristic Ethnology led to a fearful tragedy. With a critical innocence that seems to have overlooked physical impossibilities and social difficulties, it had been the practice to refer the peopling of nations to the legendary heroes of mythology, or to the patriarchs of Scripture. The French were descended from Francus, the son of Hector; the Britons from Brutus, the son of Æneas; the genealogy

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of the Saxon kings could be given up to Adam; but it may excite our mirthful surprise that the conscientious Spanish chronicles could rise no higher than to Tubal, the grandson of Noah. The divisions of the Old World, Asia, Africa, and Europe, were assigned to the three sons of Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; and the parentage of those continents was given to those patriarchs respectively. In this manner all mankind were brought into a family relationship, all equally the descendants of Adam, equally participators in his sin and fall. As long as it was supposed that the lands of Columbus were a part of Asia there was no difficulty; but when the true position and relations of the American Continent were discovered, that it was separated from Asia by an impassable waste of waters of many thousand miles, how did the matter stand with the new-comers thus suddenly obtruded on the scene? The voice of the Fathers was altogether against the possibility of their Adamic descent. St. Augustine had denied the globular form and the existence of Antipodes; for it was impossible that there should be people on what was thus vainly asserted to be the other side of the earth, since none such are mentioned in the Scriptures. The lust of gold was only too ready to find its justification in the obvious conclusion; and the Spaniards, with an appalling atrocity, proceeded to act toward these unfortunates as though they did not belong to the human race. Already their lands and goods had been taken from them by apostolic authority. Their persons were next seized, under the text that the heathen are given as an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. It was one unspeakable outrage, one unutterable ruin, without discrimination of age or sex. They who died not under the lash in a tropical sun died in the darkness of the mine. From sequestered sandbanks, where the red flamingo fishes in the gray of the morning; from fever-stricken mangrove thickets, and the gloom of impenetrable forests; from hiding-places in the clefts of rocks, and the solitude of invisible caves; from the eternal snows of the Andes, where there was no witness but the all-seeing sun, there went up to God a last cry of human despair. By millions upon millions whole races and nations were remorselessly cut off. The Bishop of Chiapa affirms that more than fifteen millions were exterminated in his time! From Mexico and Peru a civilization that might have instructed Europe was crushed out. Is it for nothing that Spain has been made a hideous skeleton among living nations, a warning spectacle to the world? Had not her punishment overtaken her, men would have surely said, "There is no Retribution, there is no God!" It has been her evil destiny to ruin two civilizations, Oriental and Occidental, and to be ruined thereby herself. With circumstances of dreadful barbarity she expelled the Moors, who had become children of her soil by as long a residence as the Normans have had in England from William the Conqueror to our time. In America she destroyed races more civilized than herself. Expulsion and emigration have deprived her of her best blood, her great cities have sunk into insignificance, and towns that once had more than a million of inhabitants can now only show a few scanty thousands.

The discovery of America agitated Europe to its deepest foundations. All classes of men were affected. The populace went wild at once with a lust of gold and a love of adventure. Well might Pomponius Lætus, under process for his philosophical opinions in Rome, shed tears of joy when tidings of the great event reached him; well might Leo X., a few years later, sit up till far in the night reading to his sister and his Cardinals the "Oceanica" of Anghiera.

If Columbus failed in his attempt to reach India by sailing to the west, Vasco de Gama succeeded by sailing to the south. He doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and retraced the track of the ships of Pharoah Neco, which had accomplished the same undertaking two thousand years previously. The Portuguese had been for long engaged in an examination of the coast of Africa under the bull of Martin V., which recognized the possibility of reaching India by passing round that continent. It is an amusing instance of making scientific discoveries by contract, that King Alphonso made a bargain with Ferdinand Gomez of Lisbon for the exploration of the African coast, the stipulation being that he should discover not less than three hundred miles every year, and that the starting-point should be Sierra Leone.

We have seen that a belief in the immobility of the line of no magnetic variation had led Pope Alexander VI. to establish a perpetual boundary between the Spanish and Portuguese possessions and fields of adventure. That line he considered to be the natural boundary between the eastern and western hemispheres. An accurate determination of longitude was therefore a national as well as a nautical question. Columbus had relied on astronomical methods; Gilbert at a subsequent period proposed to determine it by magnetical observations. The variation itself could not be accounted for on the amusing doctrine vulgarly received that magnetism is an effluvium issuing forth from the tail of the Little Bear, but was scientifically though erroneously explained by Gilbert's hypothesis that earthy substance is attractive, that a needle approaching a continent will incline toward it; and hence that in the midst of the Atlantic, being equally disturbed by Europe and America, it will point evenly between both.

Pedro de Covilho had sent word to King John II., from Cairo, by two Jews, Rabbi Abraham and Rabbi Joseph, that there was a South Cape of Africa which could be doubled. They brought with them an Arabic map of the African coast. This was about the time that Bartholomew Diaz had reached the Cape in two little pinnaces of fifty tons apiece. He sailed August, 1486, and returned December, 1487, with an account of his

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discovery. Covilho had learned from the Arabian mariners, who were perfectly familiar with the east coast, that they had frequently been at the South of Africa, and that there was no difficulty in passing round the continent that way.

A voyage to the south is even more full of portents than one to the west. The accustomed heavens seem to sink away, and new stars are nightly approached. Vasco de Gama set sail July 9, 1497, with three ships and 160 men, having with him the Arab map. King John had employed his Jewish physicians, Roderigo and Joseph, to devise what help they could from the stars. They applied the astrolabe to marine use, and constructed tables. These were the same doctors who had told him that Columbus would certainly succeed in reaching India, and advised him to send out a secret expedition in anticipation, which was actually done, though it failed through want of resolution in its captain. Encountering the usual difficulties, tempestuous weather and a mutinous crew, who conspired to put him to death, de Gama succeeded, November 20, in doubling the Cape. On March 1 he met seven small Arab vessels, and was surprised to find that they used the compass, quadrants, sea-charts, and "had divers maritime mysteries not short of the Portugals." With joy he soon after recovered sight of the northern stars, for so long unseen. He now bore away to the northeast, and on May 19, 1498, reached Calicut on the Malabar coast.

The consequences of this voyage were to the last degree important. The commercial arrangements of Europe were completely dislocated; Venice was deprived of her mercantile supremacy; the hatred of Genoa was gratified; prosperity left the Italian towns; Egypt, hitherto supposed to possess a pre-eminent advantage as offering the best avenue to India, suddenly lost her position; the commercial monopolies so long in the hands of the European Jews were broken down. The discovery of America and passage of the Cape were the first steps of that prodigious maritime development soon exhibited by Western Europe. And since commercial prosperity is forthwith followed by the production of men and concentration of wealth, and, moreover, implies an energetic intellectual condition, it appeared before long that the three centres of population, of wealth, of intellect, were shifting westwardly. The front of Europe was suddenly changed; the British islands, hitherto in a sequestered and eccentric position, were all at once put in the van of the new movement.

Commercial rivalry had thus passed from Venice and Genoa to Spain and Portugal. The circumnavigation of the earth originated in a dispute between these latter kingdoms respecting the Molucca Islands, from which nutmegs, cloves, and mace, were obtained. Ferdinand Magellan had been in the service of the King of Portugal; but an application he had made for an increase of half a ducat a month in his stipend having been refused, he passed into the service of the King of Spain along with one Ruy Falero, a friend of his, who, among the vulgar, bore the reputation of a conjurer or magician, but who really possessed considerable astronomical attainments, devoting himself to the discovery of improved means for finding the place of a ship at sea. Magellan persuaded the Spanish government that the Spice Islands could be reached by sailing to the west, the Portuguese having previously reached them by sailing to the east, and if this were accomplished Spain would have as good a title to them, under the Bull of Alexander VI., as Portugal. Five ships, carrying 237 men, were accordingly equipped, and on August 10, 1519, Magellan sailed from Seville; the *Trinitie* was the admiral's ship, but the *San Vittoria* was destined for immortality. He struck boldly for the southwest, not crossing the trough of the Atlantic as Columbus had done, but passing down the length of it, his aim being to find some cleft or passage in the American continent through which he might sail into the great south sea. For seventy days he was becalmed under the line. He then lost sight of the north star, but courageously held on toward the "pole antartike." He nearly foundered in a storm "which did not abate, till the three fires called St. Helen, St. Nicholas, and St. Clare, appeared playing in the rigging of the ships." In a new land, to which he gave the name of Patagoni, he found giants "of good corporature" clad in skins, one of them, a very pleasant and tractable giant, was terrified at his own visage in a looking-glass. Among the sailors, alarmed at the distance they had come, mutiny broke out, requiring the most unflinching resolution in the commander for its suppression. In spite of his watchfulness, one ship deserted him and stole back to Spain. His perseverance and resolution were at last rewarded by the discovery of the strait named by him San Vittoria in affectionate honor of his ship, but which, with a worthy sentiment, other sailors soon changed to "the Strait of Magellan." On November 28, 1520, after a year and a quarter of struggling, he issued forth from its western portals and entered the great south sea, shedding tears of joy, as Pigafetti, an eye-witness, relates, when he recognized its infinite expanse—tears of stern joy that it had pleased God to bring him at length where he might grapple with its unknown dangers. Admiring its illimitable but placid surface, and exulting in the meditation of its secret perils soon to be tried, he courteously imposed on it the name it is forever to bear, "The Pacific Ocean." While baffling for an entry into it, he observed with surprise that in the month of October the nights are only four hours long, and "considered, in this his navigation, that the pole antartike hath no notable star like the pole artike, but that there be two clouds of little stars somewhat dark in the middest, also a cross of fine clear stars, but that here the needle becomes so sluggish that it needs must be moved with a bit of loadstone before it will rightly point."

And now the great sailor, having burst through the barrier of the American continent, steered for

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the northwest, attempting to regain the equator. For three months and twenty days he sailed on the Pacific, and never saw inhabited land. He was compelled by famine to strip off the pieces of skin and leather wherewith his rigging was here and there bound, to soak them in the sea and then soften them with warm water, so as to make a wretched food; to eat the sweepings of the ship and other loathsome matter; to drink water gone putrid by keeping; and yet he resolutely held on his course, though his men were dying daily. As is quaintly observed, their gums grew over their teeth, and so they could not eat. He estimated that he sailed over this unfathomable sea not less than 12,000 miles.

In the whole history of human undertakings there is nothing that exceeds, if indeed there is any thing that equals, this voyage of Magellan's. That of Columbus dwindles away in comparison. It is a display of superhuman courage, superhuman perseverance—a display of cold intellect not to be diverted from its purpose by any motive or any suffering, but inflexibly persisting to its end. Well might his despairing sailors come to the conclusion that they had entered on a trackless waste of waters, endless before them and hopeless in a return. "But though the Church hath evermore from Holy Writ affirmed that the earth should be a wide-spread plain bordered by the waters, yet he comforted himself when he considered that, in the eclipses of the moon, the shadow cast of the earth is round; and as is the shadow, such in like manner is the substance." It was a stout heart—a heart of triple brass—which could thus, against such authority, extract unyielding faith from a shadow.

Such unparalleled resolution met its reward at last. Magellan reached a group of islands north of the equator—the Ladrones. In a few days more he became aware that his labors had been successful; he met with adventurers from Sumatra. But though he had thus grandly accomplished his object, it was not given to him to complete the circumnavigation of the globe. At an island called Zebu, or Mutan, he was killed; either, as has been variously related, in a mutiny of his men, or—as they declared—in a conflict with the savages, or insidiously by poison. "The General," they said, "was a very brave man, and received his death-wound in his front; nor would the savages yield up his body for any ransom." Through treason and revenge it is not unlikely that he fell, for he was a stern man; none but a very stern man could have accomplished so daring a deed. Hardly was he gone when his crew learned that they were actually in the vicinity of the Moluccas, and that the object of their voyage was fulfilled. On the morning of November 8, 1521, having been at sea two years and three months, as the sun was rising they entered Tidore, the chief port of the Spice Islands. The King of Tidore swore upon the Koran alliance to the King of Spain.

I need not allude to the wonderful objects—destined soon to become common to voyagers in the Indian Archipelago—that greeted their eyes: elephants in trappings; vases, and vessels of porcelain; birds of Paradise, "that fly not, but be blown by the wind;" exhaustless stores of the coveted spices, nutmegs, mace, cloves. And now they prepared to bring the news of their success back to Spain. Magellan's lieutenant, Sebastian de Elcano, directed his course for the Cape of Good Hope, again encountering the most fearful hardships. Out of his slender crew he lost twenty-one men. He doubled the Cape at last; and on September 7, 1522, in the port of St. Lucar, near Seville, under his orders, the good ship *San Vittoria* came safely to an anchor. She had accomplished the greatest achievement in the history of the human race. She had circumnavigated the earth.

Magellan thus lost his life in his enterprise, and yet he made an enviable exchange. Doubly immortal, and thrice happy! for he impressed his name indelibly on the earth and the sky, on the Strait that connects the two great oceans, and on those clouds of starry worlds seen in the southern heavens. He also imposed a designation on the largest portion of the surface of the globe. His lieutenant, Sebastian de Elcano, received such honors as kings can give. Of all armorial bearings ever granted for the accomplishment of a great and daring deed his were the proudest and noblest—the globe of the world belted with the inscription, "Primus circumdedisti me!"

If the circumnavigation of the earth by Magellan did not lead to such splendid material results as the discovery of America and the doubling of the Cape, its moral effects were far more important. Columbus had been opposed in obtaining means for his expedition, because it was suspected to be of an irreligious nature. Unfortunately the Church, satisfying instincts impressed upon her as far back as the time of Constantine, had asserted herself to be the final arbiter in all philosophical questions, and especially in this of the figure of the earth had committed herself against its being globular. Infallibility can never correct itself—indeed, it can never be wrong. Rome never retracts any thing; and, no matter what the consequences, never recedes. It was thus that a theological dogma—infallibility—came to be mixed up with a geographical problem, and that problem liable at any moment to receive a decisive solution. So long as it rested in a speculative position, or could be hedged round with mystification, the real state of the case might be concealed from all except the more intelligent class of men; but after the circumnavigation had actually been accomplished, and was known to every one, there was, of course, nothing more to be said. It had now become altogether useless to bring forward the authority of Lactantius, of St. Augustine, or of other Fathers, that the globular form is impious and heretical. Henceforth the fact was strong enough to overpower all authority, an exercise of which could have no other result than to injure itself. It remained only to permit the dispute to pass into oblivion; but even this could not occur without those who were observant being impressed with the fact that phys-

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ical science was beginning to display a fearful advantage over Patristicism, and presenting unmistakable tokens that ere long she would destroy her ancient antagonist.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A BALLAD OF LOUISIANA.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

HERE, in my rude log-cabin,
Few poorer men there be
Among the mountain ranges
Of western Tennessee.
My limbs are weak and shrunken,
White hairs upon my brow;
My dog—lie still, old fellow!
My sole companion now;
Yet I, when young and lusty,
Have gone through stirring scenes,
For I went down with Carroll,
To fight at New Orleans.

You say you'd like to hear me
The stirring story tell
Of those who stood the battle
And those who fighting fell.
Short work to count our losses;
We stood and dropped the foe,
As easily as by fire-light
Men shoot a buck or doe;
And while they fell by hundreds
Upon the bloody plain,
Of us fourteen were wounded,
And only eight were slain.

The eighth of January,
Before the break of day,
Our raw and hasty levies
Were brought into array.
No cotton-bales before us—
Some fool that falsehood told—
Before us was an earth-work,
Built from the swampy mould;
And there we stood in silence,
And waited, with a frown,
To greet with bloody welcome
The bull-dogs of the crown.

The heavy fog of morning
Still hid the plain from sight,
When came a thread of scarlet,
Marked faintly in the white.
We fired a single cannon,
And, as its thunder rolled,
The mist before us lifted
In many a heavy fold.
The mist before us lifted,
And, in their bravery fine,
Came rushing to their ruin,
The fearless British line.

Then from our waiting cannons
Leaped forth the deadly flame,
To meet the solid columns
That swift and steady came.
The thirty-twos of Crawley,
And Bluche's twenty-four,
To Spotts's eighteen-pounders
Responded with their roar—
Sending the grape-shot deadly
That marked its pathway plain,
And paved the road it traveled
With corses of the slain.

Our rifles firmly grasping
And heedless of the din,
We stood in silence waiting
For orders to begin.
Our fingers on the triggers,
Our hearts with anger stirred,
Grew still more fierce and eager
As Jackson's voice we heard—
"Stand steady! waste no powder!
Wait till your shots will tell!
To-day the work you finish;
See that you do it well!"

Their columns drawing nearer
We felt our patience tire,
When came the voice of Carroll,
Distinct and measured—"Fire!"
Oh! then you should have marked us
Our volleys on them pour,
Have heard our joyous rifles
Ring sharply through the roar;
And seen their foremost columns
Melt hastily away,
As snow in mountain gorges
Before the floods of May.

They soon re-formed their columns
And, mid the fatal rain
We never ceased to hurtle,
Came to their work again.
The Forty-fourth is with them,
That first its laurels won
With stout old Abercrombie
Beneath an Eastern sun.
It rushes to the battle,
And though within the rear
Its leader is a laggard,
It shows no sign of fear.

It did not need its colonel,
For soon there came instead
An eagle-eyed commander,
And on its march he led.
'Twas Packenham in person,
The leader of the field;
I knew it by the cheering
That loudly round him pealed.

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And by his quick, sharp movement
We felt his heart was stirred,
As when at Salamanca
He led the fighting Third.

I raised my rifle quickly,
I sighted at his breast—
God save the gallant leader,
And take him to his rest!
I did not draw the trigger,
I could not for my life;
So calm he sat his charger
Amid the deadly strife,
That, in my fiercest moment,
A prayer arose from me—
"God save that gallant leader,
Our foeman though he be!"

Sir Edward's charger staggers,
He leaps at once to ground,
And, ere the brute falls bleeding,
Another horse has found.
His right arm falls! 'tis wounded!
He waves on high his left;
In vain he leads the movement;
The ranks in twain are cleft.
The men in scarlet waver
Before the men in brown;
And fly in utter panic
The soldiers of the crown.

I thought the work was over,
But newer shouts were heard;
And came with Gibbs to lead it,
The gallant Ninety-third.
Then Packenham exulting,
With proud and joyous glance,
Cried, "Children of the tartan!
Bold Highlanders advance!
Advance to scale the breast-works,
And drive them from their hold,
And show the stainless courage
That marked your sires of old!"

His voice as yet was ringing,
When quick as light there came
The roaring of a cannon,
And earth seemed all aflame.
Who causes thus the thunder
The doom of men to speak?
It is the Baratarian—
The fearless Dominique!
Down through the marshaled Scotsmen
The step of death is heard,
As by the fierce tornado
Falls half the Ninety-third.

The smoke passed slowly upward,
And as it soared on high
I saw the brave commander
In dying anguish lie.
They bear him from the battle,
Who never fled the foe;
Unmoved by death around them,
His bearers softly go.
In vain their care so gentle—
Fades earth and all its scenes;
The Man of Salamanca
Lies dead at New Orleans.

But where were his Lieutenants?
Had they in terror fled?
No! Keane was sorely wounded,
And Gibbs as good as dead.
Brave Wilkinson commanding,
A Major of Brigade,
The shattered force to rally
A final effort made.
He led it up our ramparts—
Small glory did he gain;
Our captives some, while others fled,
And he himself was slain.

The stormers had retreated,
The bloody work was o'er;
The feet of the invaders
Were soon to leave our shore.
We rested on our rifles,
And talked about the fight,
When ran a sudden murmur
Like fire from left to right.
We turned and saw our chieftain,
And then, good friend of mine,
You should have heard the cheering
That rang along the line.

For well our men remembered
How little when they came,
Had they but native courage,
And trust in Jackson's name;
How through the day he labored,
How kept the vigils still,
Till discipline controlled us,
A stronger power than will;
And how he hurled us at them,
Within the evening hour,
That red night in December,
And made us feel our power.

In answer to our shouting,
Fire lit his eye of gray;
Erect, but thin and pallid,
He passed upon his bay.
Weak from the baffled fever,
And shrunken in each limb,
The swamps of Alabama
Had done their work on him;
But spite of that and fasting,
And hours of sleepless care,
The soul of Andrew Jackson
Shone forth in glory there.

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TURY; OR, THREE STORIES IN ONE.

IT is nearly sunset of a clear, golden day early in September; and we would request our readers to transport themselves, in *imagination* (which is a pleasant, easy, and unexpensive mode of conveyance, and not on the whole an unsafe one—as, though it does sometimes run off the track or break down, these accidents are not usually attended with any disastrous loss of life or limb, as is the case in the blowing up of a steamboat, or the collision of rail-cars), to a pleasant country seat in the vicinity of B——.

Passing up the broad, well-kept carriage drive, the graceful sweep of which is shaded by fine old trees, and adorned with vases and statuary, we come in front of a handsome brown-stone edifice; but this front, though fitly embellished with column, capital, and frieze, is not the point of interest. Passing round the house, we come to the "back-front," as some of the architects lucidly call it, and *here* is the "locale" of the following story.

Across the back of the house, which was carried out in two wings or projections, was a broad piazza, which, supported on arches, ran the length of the centre building, terminated at either end by the projecting portions. From this piazza a broad flight of easy stone steps led to the graveled walk below, and although of very simple construction, and of no distinguished merit in an architectural point of view, these steps were, nevertheless, a very important feature in the domestic arrangements of the inmates of the mansion; for, the piazza being upon the principal floor, the back drawing-room, dining-room, hall, etc., all opened upon it, and its sofas and its upper steps were the accustomed lounging places of the family and their guests; while, the kitchen department being situated in the basement under the arches, the lower steps, which came down to its level, were the resting-places of the servants, whenever their more active duties were over; and thus, by the long and habitual usage of the family, these steps had become a sort of neutral ground, a connecting link, bridging the space between "the House of Lords and the House of Commons."

But although the different members of the household were often by these means brought into a visible communication with each other—which was perhaps for the good of both parties—there was no republican leveling in the arrangement; "the upper and lower houses" *met*, but never *mingled;* the steps being what the old grammarians would have termed "a conjunction-disjunctive," and *uniting* only to *separate*, like an iron rail between two stone posts, which *connects* yet at the same time keeps them asunder; for the etiquette of quarter-deck and forecastle is not more rigidly observed than the unseen but fully understood barrier between the upper and lower steps; and while the servants would seat themselves on the latter with all the nonchalance of prescribed right, even when the members of the family were gathered at the top, they would, one and all, as soon have invaded the sanctity of the drawing-room couches, or the tabooed comforts of the guest-chamber, as to have allowed themselves to occupy the upper steps for a moment, even in the known absence of all the family.

Upon the particular afternoon alluded to above five persons were met at this trysting-place. Upon the upper step sat Master Herbert, a fine manly boy of about sixteen, the only son of the family: he was busily engaged in cleaning his gun, a somewhat elaborate performance, always attended to with great pomp and circumstance, and with a frequency which appeared, to common observers, not exactly commensurate with the amount of game which his shooting expeditions produced. But that is *his* affair, not *ours*.

Close to Herbert's side, nestling so close that her soft, waving curls almost impeded his important occupation, sat his youngest sister, the little fairy Effie, in whose loving eyes Herbert was a great man, full of profound wisdom, and capable of—any thing! These were the only members of the upper house then present. Upon one of the lower steps, perhaps the third from the bottom, sat Keturah (or, as she was more familiarly called, *Tury*) Hapgood, a genuine, true-born, Yankee maiden, and a "strong-minded woman," as most of her class are. But in attempting to describe our friend Tury a difficulty meets us at the very outset in regard to stating her age; there were no data to go upon—*facts* were unknown, and appearances are proverbially deceitful. Certainly no one would for a moment have thought of calling Tury *young;* yet to look at her strong, square-built, athletic figure—her crisp, wiry, black hair, scarcely invaded by a silver thread—her bright black eye, vigorous, elastic tread, and the wintry cheek, which, though wrinkled and seamed like what children call "a froze and thawed apple," had yet a frosty bloom upon it, like the autumnal tints of her native woods—one would as certainly have hesitated to call her *old*.

It was a face which wore a good-natured but defiant look; and there was in her whole person a sort of *noli me tangere* expression, which was, perhaps, partly the *cause* and partly the *effect* of her long years of single blessedness. She had an easy, off-hand, good-humored manner; and yet there was a certain puckery look about the lips, and an occasional quick flash of the eye, that made one feel that, though she had an abundance of the milk of human kindness in her nature, a sudden thunder-storm *might* possibly arise to sour and turn it all into bonny-clabber. In her dress Tury was always scrupulously neat, as far as that word expresses *cleanliness;* but her tastelessness in matters of this nature actually reached the limits of the sublime and terrible. Strange combinations of colors were her delight: hideous unions of dull indigo blues with coarse brick-reds, or an opaque purplish pink with a flaming brimstone yellow; and unnatural and grotesque patterns, which awakened less contempt of her

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for buying them than of indignation at the artist whose weird fancy had designed such nightmare shapes, and made one instinctively shudder to think what such a pencil might produce if devoted openly to the creation of the horrible.

Besides this, Tury had a way (not entirely peculiar to herself, I am afraid) of joining the seams of her fabrics without any regard whatever to the pattern; and thus half of a turkey-red flower would be united to half of a blue-green leaf, or half a huge pink square or diamond would be joined to half a golden circle, like some ill-assorted couples in the galling bonds of matrimony; or, if the pattern happened to be, as it often was, a plaid of gigantic size and rainbow hues, it would be met in such a provokingly disjointed manner as to give a spiral, corkscrew look to the wearer, fascinating the unfortunate gazer's eye and tormenting his ingenuity by a pertinacious, vain, and insane desire to match it, and try to bring order out of confusion. The starched petticoats, hoops, double skirts, and flounces—the cheap pins, and imitation earrings of modern serving-maids, offered no temptation to Tury; her only and invariable ornament was a string of dumpy gold beads worn close around her throat. This, before the comparatively modern days of Savings Banks, was the universal trust fund in which industrious females were wont to invest their little savings—a sure deposit, always under their own control, available as cash at any moment of need, and which, while worn as a personal ornament, was at once the preserver and the exponent of its owner's wealth, so that the rustic admirer might count up the solid charms of his fair one while he "told her beads."

Upon the occasion in which she is presented to the reader's notice Tury, having got through her more arduous and active duties, was dressed for the day; she was then attired in a stiff, scant, black woolen skirt, over which she wore a calico gown, of the peculiar fashion then known in the country as "a *long-short*" (possibly because it was neither one nor the other), which reached about half-way below the knees. This garment was in all the gloss of its newness, and being of very marked colors and of an unusually ugly pattern, in which an unlimited number of terrific-looking red and yellow comets, aided and abetted by a running accompaniment of jagged lightning, seemed to threaten the immediate destruction, soul and body, of any amount of blue tomatoes, with pinkish-brown leaves, was of course an especial favorite with Tury. It was gathered in around the waist, and confined by the strings of a clean coarse apron. Her shock of thick, strong, black hair was parted and combed back as smoothly as its wiry nature would admit of, and a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, with black and yellow spots on it, was folded cross-wise and thrown over the back of her head, the corners being knotted under her chin. She was sitting on the steps, with her garments tucked closely about her in a way quite the reverse of modern fashion, and held a large tin pan upon her lap containing pease, which, with sleeves rolled up above the elbows displaying her sturdy mottled arms, she was busily shelling.

On the lowest step of all, sitting half sideways, with his back to the balusters so as to look up into Tury's face as she spoke, sat old Prince, an antiquated black man, who, born in Africa, and imported at a very remote period, had once been a slave in the family of his present mistress's father, and had, in course of time, descended as an heir-loom, with other goods and chattels, to her: but it must be remembered that slavery, even while it existed in New England, was a very different thing from what it was and is at the South. Our agricultural operations and produce being widely different, they were rarely employed in field culture here, but were almost universally house-servants, and thus brought more within the circle of domestic sympathy; and old Prince, who had been a faithful servant to his early employer, was now a petted dependent in the same family.

Prince was of unknown age, coal-black, short, and square-built in figure; his natural stature, which was less than the average height, being lessened by a stoop. He was considered as past his labor, and spoken of as a supernumerary; in fact, beyond feeding the pigs and the poultry, polishing the knives and bringing in the vegetables (or, as he always called them, "the sass") for dinner, no service was actually claimed from him. But if his duties were not clearly defined, nor indeed exactly definable, "their name was Legion;" he made it his peculiar province to fulfill the duties neglected by others, and any good American house-keeper knows *this* is no light task. To shut neglected gates, to lock forgotten doors, to cover up pork tub and flour barrel, to sweep the cellars, sift the coal-ashes, take in the clothes-line, and fifty other things which no one notices if performed, but the *non-performance* of which would be like the withholding of oil from the domestic machinery, causing it to strain and jar, or possibly to stop altogether.

Opposite to the steps in front, seated upon an inverted box, was Andy M'Gea, a healthy, blue-eyed, curly-headed son of Erin, who, under the guidance of old Prince, performed such manual services for the household as Prince's own decaying strength was unequal to. And now, having given the Time, Place, and Scene, and introduced the *dramatis personæ*, it may be as well to let them speak for themselves, and literally "tell their own stories."

"Dat yare b'y, dare! he's a top-sawyer uv a b'y!" said old Prince, addressing himself to Tury, but looking up with loving admiration at the young sportsman on the upper step; "I 'clare, I 'spect he'll be suthin one uv dese yere days—I do; he's a real gem'leman born, he is! and he's a mighty great ninny, too, I tell yer now, dat yar b'y! he *is*."

"What am I, Prince?" asked the amused boy, looking up from his occupation at hearing

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himself thus complimented, "*What* did you say I was?"

"A ninny! Mas'er Harbard; a real, mighty great ninny! *isn't* yer now?"

"Well! I don't know: I hope not," said Herbert, laughing; "but what made you call me so—what made you think I was a ninny?"

"Oh! cos I *knows* yer is; oh, lors, yis! I *allers* knowed yer was *dat;* I guess dare ain't no greater ninny uv yer age nowheres round dan you be! Oh! lors, yis; I allers knowed yer was one; and 'sides dat, I heered yer Onkle John tell Sar yer was. Oh! yer needn't be so dreffal modest—yer *is a ninny*, sartin now."

"Uncle John said so, Prince?"

"Yis, Sar; oh! lors, yis! I heered him say yer was; and *it's true*, yer *is!* *I* knowed it 'fore ever *he* sed it; he can't tell *me* nuffin 'bout you, I guess; but he sed so, *too*, he did."

"Said *what?*" asked Herbert; "*what* did Uncle John say?"

"Sed yer was a mighty great ninny," persisted Prince.

"He *did?* Why, Prince! and what did papa say?"

"Well, Mas'er Harbard, Sir he look kinder tickled like, and he laff, and he say, "'e dun no 'bout dat."

"Why, Prince! I don't believe a word of it," said the boy, his cheek flushing as he spoke. "Papa and Uncle John both said I was a great ninny? You must be mistaken, Prince! they would not have said *that* of me, I know; think again."

"*Did* too; I 'clare now! Why! ain't it *good*, Mas'er Harbard?" said the wondering Prince, who, in his simplicity, really thought he had been the transmitter of a welcome compliment to the boy he half idolized.

"*Good?* No!" said the indignant young gentleman, "I guess it is not! *Ninny!* Why, don't you know that ninny means a *fool*, Prince?"

"*It do?*" said the bewildered black. "*You* a *fool*, Mas'er Harbard! I guess yer isn't—not by a long sight! I 'clare! I dunno what Sar and yer Onkle John was a thinkin' on, for dem to come to go to say dat yare of *you!* Why, Mas'er Harbard, I never!"

"Tell me just what they said, if you can, Prince," said Herbert. "When was it?"

"Wa'al, I 'clare now, I dunno 'zactly; yis, do too. Don't yer know dat day we ketched dem two old skunkses out by de hin-coop yare?"

"Yes, I know," said Herbert.

"Wa'n't dat a real spry trap yer make? He! he! Mas'er Harbard! Didn't it done well?—ketched the two uv um? I never!"

"Yes, yes, Prince, I know; but about papa and Uncle John?"

"Oh! lors, yis; 'twas dat werry nex' day, after dinner. Yer onkle he dined dinner here—yer remember dat?—and Sar he tell yer onkle all 'bout dat trap, and how 'twas yar own invent, and how yer made it all yerself (and *me*), and how yer ketched dem two old fellars in't de werry fustest night we sot it; and den yer onkle he laff, and he say, 'Why, Jim' (dat's to Sar, yer know)—'Why, Jim,' he say, 'dat yare b'y'll be a mighty great ninny!' he say. I 'clare! I dunno what dey could meant, no how!"

"I dare say he said a 'Nimrod,'" said Tury, who was great in biblical knowledge, and who had thus far listened without appearing to take any interest in the conversation. "I don't doubt but that he said a 'Nimrod,'" she continued, with a glance of contemptuous pity at her sable companion; "for the good book says, 'Nimrod was a mighty hunter.'"

"Wa'al! I *dunno* but he *did*," said Prince; "I 'clare I *dunno* but he did sed dat; but I *tort* he sed a ninny."

"And *I* think," continued Tury, speaking with some asperity, "it would become *you*, Prince, not to make so free with the Bible as you do, seeing you are a poor blinded heathen, and ain't a professor!"

"I *doesn't* make free wid it, Tury," said Prince, warmly; "I *never does;* I 'clare! dere ain't a man in dese United States uv 'Merica 'spects it more nor I does. I donno what you mean—why, *Tury!*"

"Yes *you do*, Prince. Didn't you say, only t'other day, that I was like Nebuchadnezzar?" asked Keturah, sternly.

"No! *niver;* I 'clare! I niver done dat yare. Why, Miss Tury! I's s'prised at yer! I niver done sed sich a word. I isn't 'quainted wid 'Nezzer. I *niver* sed so. *Where* did I sed it, hey?"

"Didn't I ask you for some sparrowgrass day before yesterday?" said Tury, asking this apparently irrelevant question with the most appalling impressiveness.

"Wa'al, yes; I 'spects yer did. Yer does most allers; I 'lows dat."

"And didn't I ask you to fitch in *more* a-days, and tell you there warn't no more than was eat in the parlor, and that I was fond of it myself?" This was said with the air of a petty lawyer who is badgering a timid witness.

"Wa'al, I dunno—yis, I guess yer did," said poor Prince, who, unable to see to what this cross-questioning might lead, was afraid to commit himself, and sat in a state of nervous trepidation, with his great saucer-eyes fixed on Tury's face, and a look of helpless anxiety on his coarse features, at once laughable and pitiable.

"And what did *you* say, Prince, I should like to know?" continued the pertinacious questioner.

"I 'clare! I dunno what I sed. *Yis*, I 'spects, cos I got it—I knows *dat*. What *did* I sed, Tury—hey?"

"You *said* that I eat grass like an ox," said Tury, triumphantly.

"Wa'al, so yer does, Tury; yer knows yer does, whenever yer can git it; and s'pose I did sed so, that yare ain't noffin 'ginst the good book, as I knows on—is it?"

"Yes, it is," said Tury, solemnly; "yes, it is, Prince. Don't the Bible say, 'Nebuchadnezzar eat grass like an ox?'"

"Wa'al, I niver! Why, Tury! I *should* think

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yer'd gone foolish. I's *s'prised* at yer! I niver sed a word 'bout 'Nezzer; I dunno noffin 'bout him; I dunno if he eat sparrowgrass, anyhow —how should I know?"

"Don't the Bible say that Nebuchadnezzar eat grass like an ox? Answer me that," repeated the stern Bible Christian, with impressive reiteration.

"Wa'al, I 'clare, I dunno what he eat. I dunno noffin't all 'bout 'Nezzer, I tell you. *Mebbe* he eat sparrowgrass; mebbe he *didn't*. I dunno noffin *'bout* it—I niver wint in's garding—I dunno what sass he raises—I don't—there, now! and I niver sed yer *was* like him, and I niver *tort* yer was; I doesn't tink yer the leastest mite nor bit like any body in de good book that I iver heer tell on—*not a mite*, I doesn't—sartin true! Dare, now; will *dat* do?"

But it did *not* do at all. This wholesale denunciation and utter excommunication from all fellowship with the *dramatis personæ* of the Bible—who were the only literary and historical personages of her very limited acquaintance, and held much the same place in her imagination that the heroes and heroines of modern romance do to young novel readers, or the deities of ancient mythology to the classical scholar—instead of proving the soothing palliative which poor Prince evidently intended it to be, only roused still farther the indignation of the irascible Tury; and drawing herself up into a puckery condition of face and temper, she poured out upon the innocent offender a perfect torrent of vituperative wrath, accusing him, in no measured terms, of insolence, folly, stubbornness, willful waste, and idleness.

Poor Prince, who, if he was not "a professor," as Tury termed it, was certainly a practical Christian according to the full extent of his limited light, and whose meek spirit, childlike simplicity, and gentle gayety of temper had endeared him to all the family, listened to this tirade in mingled grief and astonishment. The charges of insolence, folly, and stubbornness he was too meek to resent—his own estimate of himself was so humble that it was scarcely in the power of another to lower it; but to accuse him of willful waste and idleness was assailing him in his weakest point, for the simple creature, in his single-hearted devotion to his employers, had entertained the honest belief that his services were important, if not absolutely necessary, to their well-being; and he was not exempt from the universal self-esteem which makes all mankind, wise or simple, hug to their bosoms the flattering idea that *their* removal from this scene of action *must*, in some way or other, sadly interrupt the progress of affairs—in fact, that the world could not go on so *well* without *them*, even if it managed to go on *at all!*

Laying down from his trembling old hands upon the step above him the bit of harness he had been cobbling at, Prince took off his hat, wiped the moisture from his brow with his faded cotton pocket-handkerchief, deposited it in his hat, and deliberately placed his hat on the step beside him, and then, rising slowly, stiff, and shambling, he stood before the steps, facing his accuser, his bowed figure raised as much as the burden of years would allow, his outstretched hands held out, with their pinky palms turned toward her, as if to show that no dishonest gains adhered to them, and the big tears rolling, like great shining beads, down his dark face.

Prince was not handsome. He was an African born, and had all the strongly marked peculiarities of his race; and these are not commonly considered types of physical beauty! And Prince was old—the "image in ebony" which the Great Master's own hand had created years ago had been knocked about the world, in heat and cold, in wet and dry, till, battered and crumbled by years and servitude, its original comeliness had been defaced and worn. But as he stood there, painfully striving to lift himself erect and stand firm, while his great, coarse features were all twisting and working with deep and troubled emotion, there was an innate dignity about the man which touched the sympathy in spite of all his unfortunate surroundings, and made one instinctively feel that the poor untutored black was emphatically "an honest man," although the Great Creative Spirit had chosen, for his own wise ends, to inclose his "noblest work" in a rough and unsightly casket.

"Miss Tury!" said Prince, speaking in a voice which, all broken and tremulous with age and feeling, had yet the sweet, musical fall and cadence which the voices of so many of the blacks possess in a remarkable degree; "*Miss Tury!* I *is* s'prised at yer!" (This was the most bitter form of invective to which Prince was ever known to give utterance, and must stand, *from him*, as equivalent to a whole host of indignant disclaimers.) "I 'clare now, I niver *did*—niver! Why, Miss Tury, what for yer go say dat yare for? I knows I isn't a professor—de good Lord above, he knows I wishes I *was*—and I isn't a grand scholard like yer is, Miss Tury. I doesn't know hardly nuffin—I niver larned no gogrify; and I *is* a haythen—I knows I be; but I 'clare I loves Sar and Marm, I loves ebery one ob dem blessed childun jist as if dey was all my own—no, I doesn't *nuther;* I 'clare I loves um more and greater! I *niver* wastes dere share—I doesn't, I wouldn't, I couldn't; I hasn't de heart to—yer *knows* I couldn't. If I tort *dey* say so—if I tort dey *tort* so—I 'clare I'd niver look in dere faces agin. I *doesn't* waste nuffin. I *isn't* idle. I's allers at work—*allers!* I's allers *willing* to work. If I tort Sar or Marm 'cused me in dare hearts of dem yar tings, I'd go 'way dis blessed day—I'd go creep into a hole in de ole quarry, and stay dare, and niver kim out agin till I was stick-stock stone-dead! I *would*, too. Dare now!"

Here, as poor Prince, completely overcome by his own eloquence, broke down, and stopped short as if choking, there was a little rustle on the upper step, and fluttering down with the lightness of a rose-leaf, a little fairy figure de-

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scended noiselessly, and drawing Prince back on to the step again, seated herself upon his knee.

"Why, Prinsey—my own dear, good Prinsey!" said the sweet little comforter, "they *don't* think so; you *know* they don't. They was only teasing you. (Oh! Tury, how *could* you?) Why, papa and mamma both think *every thing* of *you!* Why, Prince, when papa's horse was sick, last spring, papa said he would have died only for the good care you took of him. I heard papa tell Mr. Mason, only the other day, that the Young Duke was the most valuable horse he ever owned, and that you saved him; and he said there was not another such good horse doctor in the States as you. Yes, indeed! And mamma—why, she thinks nobody can raise cauliflowers only just *you;* and she says she doesn't relish strawberries, nor raspberries, if these dear, nice, old, long fingers have not picked them for her. Don't you *know* she does? And there's Herbert, too; why, Herbert would give up his gun and his traps, and would not care half so much for his vacations, if he hadn't you to help him. Would you, Herbie dear? And *I*—why, Prinsey, what should *I* do without you? No dear, good, kind Prinsey to get chickweed for my birdies, and help me take care of my chickens, and tell me such nice long stories. Why, if my dear old Prinsey *was* dead in the old quarry, I'd cry the quarry full of tears for him."

"Bless you!—de Lord bless you!" said poor Prince, smoothing down the child's shining curls with his trembling old hand; "de good Lord bless dis chile, and keep um!"

"Tury was only in fun," pursued the little peace-maker; "only in fun, you know—*all* in fun. Wasn't you, Tury?" she said, reaching over from her seat upon Prince's knee, and laying her little white hand upon Tury's sturdy arm. "*Tell* him so, Tury dear," she continued, coaxingly. "I wonder who it was that went for the doctor that awful cold night when Tury had the croup—wading all through the deep snow till he almost lost his own breath—and then over to grandmamma's, a mile farther, to bring some goose-grease? Prince was not idle and lazy *that* night—was he, Tury? Ah! poor Tury, she was very sick that night," said the little one, her sweet face growing serious at the solemn thought, and her voice sinking in unaffected awe. "Mamma said, afterward, she did not think poor Tury could have lived till morning."

Blessed be little children! Ay, rather say blessed *are* little children; for surely the blessing with which the Sinless One blessed them on the hills of Palestine lingers about them yet, and makes them angel messengers and ministrants of mercy. Call it intuition, inspiration—what we will—wonderful is the power which little children wield, all unconsciously. No rhetorician, no subtle casuist, no "learned counsel on the other side," versed in all the tortuous windings of what we call human nature, could have gone straight to Tury's heart as did the simple words of the little child.

Tury had been always strong and healthy; she was one of those dried-up specimens of humanity which seem to offer the enemy no vantage-ground; a sort of physical locomotive, which seemed as if it could run on, without even *oiling*, until the Millennium; and having no aches and pains of her own, she had had little sympathy for the aches and pains of others—not that she was, or *meant* to be, unkind, but simply that being, as she termed it, "tough as a pine-knot" herself, she looked upon all physical weakness as a sort of modified sin, and her mental reflections, had they taken the form of words, would probably have been, "I don't see why in the world folks need have the headache. If *I* had that cough, I guess I'd soon cure it. I guess if folks would only muster up and bustle 'round as I do, they would not have so much backache."

But Tury, though strong, was not invulnerable; and this happy normal condition was for once invaded by that dread visitant, the croup, and Tury, who had hitherto contemplated "death at a distance," felt herself suddenly called to meet him in a face to face, hand to hand encounter. Her life was spared, but it was a fearful conflict, and Tury was not communicative as to her mental experiences upon that memorable occasion; but it was a marked event in her life's history. "That time I had my sickness;" it was the date by which she reckoned all minor events—"before, when, or after I had my sickness." Marathon and Waterloo were not greater in the memory of their surviving heroes; and had the child run, with a professionally skillful hand, over all the keys of Tury's intellectual gamut, she could not have struck one more responsive to the occasion.

"Well," said Tury, after a moment's silence, and with a manner half-conciliatory, half-angry, as if ashamed of her fault, and yet more ashamed to acknowledge it, "I didn't mean to say he *was* jist exactly *lazy;* I donno as he *is*. He's always pottering about something or other, I know. To be sure, it don't amount to no great; but I s'pose he does the best he can, poor creter! But I vow he does kinder rile me sometimes. He's the provokingest toad I ever see in my life—he's so horrid stupid."

"Yis, yis, I knows dat, Miss Tury," said Prince, humbly. "I be awful stupid, and werry provoktious—I knows I is. But I wouldn't waste, nor I wouldn't harm, nuffin as belongs to dis yere family, if I died for't. I's *honest*—I *is dat.*"

"Honest! laud of goodness; yes, to be sure you be. I didn't say you *stole* nothing, did I? I guess you're honest enough! There now—shut up. Don't say no more. I'm sorry I said it; but, you see, Daffy-down-dilly! he made me kinder mad, he's so—so conceited like!"

Conceited? poor humble Prince! surely that was a misnomer. But little Effie, glad to obtain even this ungracious apology from Tury,

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whose unyielding temper she well understood, clapped her hands together triumphantly.

"There, there, Prince! you hear that; she *didn't* mean it, she *was* all in fun. I knew she was, only you did not understand her—that was all. I told you so; and now we must all forget all about it—'forgive and forget,' you know. Don't let us say another word about it, that is the best way: papa always says, 'The less said the sooner mended.' And now suppose we all tell stories—that will be so pleasant, and make us all forget, and feel comfortable again: and Prince shall begin, because he is the oldest, you know, and he tells such beautiful stories."

Poor Prince, who would have sooner thought of telling the sun not to shine or the wind not to blow than of refusing any thing which little Miss Effie asked of him, wiped away his tears, and branched out into a long and often told story, in which the Fetish and Obearman theology of his youth was dimly discernible—a wild, disconnected legend, of *somebody* or *something* (whether angel, man, or devil did not clearly appear), who had the power (for some equally unrevealed purpose) to transform himself at will into various shapes of wild beasts, etc.; and in the course of which the cabalistic refrain of

"A-ho-nem-bow, A-ho-nem-bow, at-tim, tis-sim, worsser!"

was of frequent recurrence. The meaning of this African gibberish (if indeed it ever *had* any meaning) Prince had probably long forgotten, and his listeners never knew; but still it was wonderfully effective, suggestive as it was of hoofs and horns, teeth and claws, lashing tails, and glowering red eyes! And as Prince gave it, *con amore*—now hooking, pawing, and roaring like a mad bull; now prowling and growling like an angry bear; now chattering and mowing like an ape; or creeping round with the stealthy tread, sudden spring, and half-human cry of a panther—it was really a very pretty exhibition in its way, and perhaps none the less attractive to his auditors because it was utterly incomprehensible.

When at last the wild fiction, mystic and barbarous in its construction and in its details, plunging headlong through a succession of horrors and absurdities, during which blood and thunder, flame, earthquakes, lightning, and tornadoes were freely administered, arrived at its conclusion—which happy event was made known to the listeners in the astounding and *almost incredible* words—

"Den him's brudder and him (the mystic hero), dey sot to and eat each udder all up to nuffin, intirely, 'till dere worn't noffin left ov um; and den dey wint away and niver kim back no more, and niver plague dem yar folks no more forever, never! and dats de hull on't."

Little Effie, who had sat alternately laughing and shivering in nervous terror, clasping in both her little soft white hands the long, big-jointed, bony fingers of her old friend, which in shape and color more resembled a turkey's claw than a human hand, gravely declared that was a beautiful story—a real beauty of a story—nobody *could* tell such pretty stories as dear old Prinsey—nobody in the world. No; not if they tried *ever* so hard, all day and all night, and to-morrow and next day!

"And now, Andy," continued the self-constituted little mistress of ceremonies, turning abruptly to the big burly Irishman, who, though he was ostensibly, professedly, and theoretically engaged in making a stable broom, was *practically* idle, and had been sitting with wide, wondering eyes, and open mouth, swallowing the grim fantastic terrors of Prince's weird narration. "Now, Andy, it is *your* turn; and *you* must tell us a story."

But Andy, drawing in his head, which had been thrust out like a turtle's in his eager listening, and shuffling his great feet, promptly declined the proffered honor. Andy was shy, diffident; perhaps Miss Effie's unlimited eulogium on the last speaker had discouraged him; or, it might be, that, with an Irishman's intuitive quickness in all that relates to the glory of "dear Ireland," he had a perception that the banshee, and "the good little green people" (the fairies), of his native land, however good in their way, would appear tame and vapid after the gorgeous Orientalisms of Prince's glowing narrative, and he said, quickly and resolutely, he did not know nary a story in the world, and hadn't nothing at all to tell.

"Now is not that *too* bad?" said little Effie, turning with a grieved face to her brother. "Andy is going to spoil all; he won't tell me a story; you make him, Herbie dear: do."

"Never mind, Effie darling!" said Herbert, speaking in a loud whisper, artfully intended for Andy's ear; "I would not mind it, he hasn't got any thing to tell. You see (I suppose) he never lived with any body respectable 'till he came here."

"Faith! thin and I *did*, Master 'Erbert!" said poor Andy, falling headlong into the trap so adroitly laid for him; "sure! and there's not dacenter people in the States, nor I lived wid, afore iver I come here. Didn't I come to yez from Colonel Frazier's itself; and isn't he respictable? And it's mesilf was three years and five months wid Doctor Thorn and his mither; and isn't *they* quality? And more nor that, wasn't I eight months wid the Governor himsilf; and wouldn't he be a dacent kind of a man, onyhow?"

"A Governor!" said Herbert, with an assumed air of incredulity. "And what sort of a Governor was that, I wonder?"

"Faith! then, and I did," said Andy, proudly. "And it's a ra'al Governor he was! and better nor that, too; he wasn't *jist* a *common* Governor at all, it was himself as was more than a Governor, and greater!"

"More than a Governor?" said Herbert, laughing, "how was that, Andy? What in the world was he?"

"True for ye," said Andy, his honest face all

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aglow with vicarious pride and importance, "he was a *Lift-tinant-Governor!* ye mind."

"*You don't say so!*" said Herbert, gravely. "And you lived with him? A Lieutenant-Governor! Was he *really?* Why, Andy!"

"Faith, then, and it's himself was jist that same, and no two ways about it. And wouldn't ye be calling *that* quality, now?"

"What *is* a Left-tenant-Governor, Herbert?" asked little Effie, who had, like Andy, been deceived by Herbert's grave look of admiration. "What does Left-tenant-Governor mean?"

"Ask Andy, my dear, he knows," said Herbert.

"Faith! and why wouldn't ye be able to be telling her yerself, Master 'Erbert, wid yer fine colledge larning? Don't yer know that much? Sure what's the use of all the eligunt sums the master is after spinding on yer eddication if ye don't know more and better than a poor Irish lad that niver yit cost the father of 'im the fust red cint for the wit that's in him?" said Andy, good-humoredly.

"Oh! but I am not through college yet, Andy; wait till I get *through*, and then I'll know every thing, and more too. But now, really, I don't know that I ever even *saw* a Lieutenant-Governor; and if you *really have* (as you say) lived eight months with one, you can certainly tell Miss Effie what it means."

Here was poor Andy fairly caught and tossed on the horns of a dilemma. If he said he did not know, it would impeach the veracity of his whole story, and deprive him of all the honor he had just won, and the impress of which was distinctly visible on the faces of Miss Effie, Tury, and Prince. But the emergency must be met, and gathering up his courage for the desperate leap, he said, gravely:

"Lift-tinant-Governor? Well! Lift-tinant-Governor means—and sure, don't ye know yer own self, miss? A Lift-tinant-Governor! why, what *wud* it be but a governor as has lift being tinant and lives on his own estate, to be sure? And that was the way it was wid his Honor—sure he had used to rint the Corry place tul he bought his own and left being tenant. Yes! and a fine place his *was*, too, as pretty land as iver yer laid eyes on, a hundred acres or more, and not a bit of bog as big as yer pocket-handkerchief! Ye might go on the dry foot over the whole on't. Ah! and he was the fine man, too; a fine, portly, free-spoken, open-handed, honorable gintleman he was; not a one in the place but picked pride out of him, he was so noble-like and ginerous!"

"But how came you to leave him, Andy, if you liked him so much?" said Herbert.

"I *didn't*, Sir; sure I'd *niver* have lift him while he'd kape me; I didn't lave *him*, he just left me. He died, one day, the poor gintleman; sure I couldn't live wid him no longer, *and he dead!* Ah, well, we must all die once in a while."

"Not so often as *that*, I hope," said Herbert, smiling, in spite of the solemn nature of Andy's communication. "Died, did he? And how did that happen?"

"Well, then," said Andy, "and it happened very quare intirely. The way it was, I jist met him one evening after dinner. I was coming out ov the garden, and he meets me just opposite the gate, right forenenst me on the walk, and he going down to the summer-house, wid his cigars in his hand. And, 'Andy,' he sez to me. 'Yes, yer honor,' I sez to him. 'I shall ride this afternoon,' he sez; 'ye may tell Tom to bring round the horses at six o'clock,' he sez, 'and ye call me at half past five; maybe I'll be getting a nap, and I done wid me cigar,' he sez. 'Yes, yer honor, Sir, I shall do that same,' I makes answer; and he walks away, and I jist wint to the stable and done his bidding, and thin I wint to me work. Well, at half past five I goes to the summer-house, and there I seen him, and he sitting jist opposite me, wid the cigar in his mouth and his head on his hand; sure, I didn't take perticlar notice of him, for the summer-house was kinder dark and shady like, and I jist out ov the sun. 'Half past five, yer honor,' I sez, and I bowing to him; but he didn't move a wink. 'Yer honor bid me call yer at half past five, Sir,' I sez again; and when he didn't move or speak, I wint a thought nearer to 'im, and then I seen he looked mortal pale; and I jist laid me hand on his, and oh! by the powers, he was sitting there, jist as well and as hearty as ever he was in his life, and the cigar in his mouth as nate as yer plaze, and *he stone dead!*"

"Dead?" said Herbert and Effie, starting.

"Oh! lors a massy! soul sakes alive! Oh, dearie me!" droned out old Prince.

"In the midst of life we are in death," moralized Tury. "*That* now, I consider a remarkable providence; it oughter be a worning to all of us; I *should say* that was dreadful sudding!"

"Suddin it was, yer may say that," continued Andy. "Well, I runs to the house, and I bawls out, and Tom and me runs for the doctor; him run one way, and me another, and Jim, the house-lad, another, and betune the three of us we raised five doctors in less than no time; but it warn't no use; the poor, dear gintleman was dead, and all the doctors in Dublin couldn't cure *that*, supposing we could have had them, which we couldn't, nohow!"

"But what was it?" asked Herbert. "What killed him so suddenly?"

"Well," said Andy, scratching up the hair at the back of his head, "*that* was the quarest thing of all! Them doctors was the best in the town, knowledgable men, all of them; but they sed, and stuck to it, through thick and thin, that he had died of a pear-alasis, or an apple-plexey! Look at that now, and itself early in July, and not a pear, or an apple ripe in the State, nor hadn't been for months; and more betoken, his honor was not overly fond of them whin they'd *be* ripe. Now, wasn't that a dirty, mane thing, to be saying of a poor, dear, dead gintleman, and he not to the fore, to spake and defind himself?

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Oh! these big bugs of doctors! they think they knows a dale, intirely; but they was out in their guess that time, *I know*. Apples and pears, indeed; his honor had not *touched* um!"

"And so, after the Governor was dead, you left, Andy, did you?"

"I *did* thin! Sure I wasn't wanted no longer: the Governor's wife, poor lady, she had no children; her father and mither they cum to the funeral, and they tuck her home wid them for a little, and the place wor shut up, and so I had to quit, and I did."

"Well, Andy!" said Herbert, smiling, "I think you have told us a very good story, after all."

"Indade! and it's not a *story at all*, Sir. Sure there's not a word of lie in it, it's all as true as preaching; and if ye doubt me word, ye can jist ask Tom Blunt, as was the coachman there; he's hostler now, down at the tavern here, and he'll tell ye the vary same. Sure, it's not a *story* it is; I'll go bail for it, it's *true* ivery word on't."

"There! and now it's Tury's turn," said little Effie, clapping her hands joyfully; "and I know *she* will tell me a good long story: won't you, Tury?"

"Oh! pshaw—no, child!" said Tury, laughing; "I ain't got nothing to tell: I didn't come from furrin parts like Prince and Andy there, and ain't got no wonders to tell; and besides, I ain't no spokesman, and never was."

"Oh, yes—yes—yes," said the little pleader, coaxingly. "Oh, Tury! *do* now—you *will*, I know; tell me something about a great while ago, Tury, *ever* and *ever* so long ago, when you was only a little girl like me."

"I guess *that was* a good while ago, for sartain, you little pond-de-lily, you!" said Tury, looking fondly at the pretty child, and thoughtfully sifting the pease through her fingers as she spoke; "and I guess I warn't much like you, even in them days. I ain't got nothing to tell; nothing wonderful don't happen to me ever. I'm one of the real old-fashioned sort; I jist jog on, year after year, jist about so. I've lived with yer ma this fifteen years; and come to think on't, I guess it's nigher on to *twenty*, fur's I know!" Then, as little Effie continued to look beseechingly at her, she added, "I s'pose I've told you 'bout our great snow-storm, hain't I?—oh, pshaw, yes! I know I *must* have, often and often, afore now."

"No, no!" said the eager, little listener. "No, Tury, you never did."

"Didn't I, now, apple-blossom! Sartin, true? I guess I have too, *hain't* I?"

"No, no, *never!* Did she, Herbert?"

"No," said Herbert, "I don't think she ever did; *I* never heard it. I go in for the snow-storm; so begin at once. Let us have it; snow away, Tury."

"Laud of goodness! what a boy you are!" said Tury. "Lor, well! it ain't much to tell, after all: only it seemed a good deal to me *then*, because I was young, and hadn't no experience; for old as I am now, I was young once! Lor sakes! it ain't *nothing* to tell, only little bob-o-link here wants a story, and I can't think of nothing else to tell her, and so I kinder thought of that.

"Well, you see, when I was a young gal, and lived home at father's, we lived up in New Hampshire, in a kind of a lonesome place, jist out of the woods, five miles from the nearest town, and that worn't no great of a place then, though it's pretty considerable of a town nowadays; to be sure, the meetin'-house and the school-house, they warn't more than a mile off, and we had *some* neighbors within half a mile of us, but it *was* a lonesome kind of a wooden place after all, there's no mistake about it!"

"Well, there was Sir and Marm to home, and Eben, and I, and the baby—you see, Marm, she warn't our *own* mother, Eben's and mine, only mother-in-law: own mother she died, and left seven children; but Eunice, and Nabby, and Elnathan, they was all married off and out of the way, and Nancy lived with grandmarm's folks, and Seth he had gone to sea; and so when Sir married Marm there warn't only Eben and I, the two youngsters like, at home. Well, I was a strong, hearty gal, about fourteen then, I guess, and our Eb he was about twelve—or, come to think on't, no, I guess he warn't more than eleven, nuther—but he was a smart chance of a boy, and 'peared older than he ac'tilly was.

"That was a real cold winter, and 'twas a plaguy cold place there, up 'mong them hills and woods; but we didn't mind it much in them days; we was used to it, and we was young, and strong, and healthy, and we had a plenty to do to keep our blood stirring, and then there was lots of wood all round to be had for the having—the more you'd burn the better! and we kept up rousing fires! why, the way we wasted wood up there was a caution! I guess to see the fires we kep would make yer pa wink, and he ain't one, nuther, to count the cost and hold back when his folks' comfort is concerned. I just wish you could see one of them fires we used to have! The house we lived in was—well, it was a poor man's house—it was low, only one story to it; but father owned it himself, and it was real comfortable, I tell you, good enough for poor folks; for we was poor folks, and poor folks didn't calculate to live *then* as they do nowadays; Lor! no; I guess they didn't! poor folks then didn't think they must have carpets, and centre-tables, and sofas, and rocking-cheers, and picters, and gold-paper fixin's; no, indeed! and I don't see but what they was jist as well off without um. We never had a rag of carpet in father's house, but only sanded floors, and pine tables and cheers, and so on; but, laud of goodness! they was as good as our neighbors had, and we never thought of wanting any better. We didn't have no ranges, nor cook-sto'es, nor furnaces, nor coals—we had great open fire-places as big as the meetin'-house door, pretty near; father could 'most have driv his team into one of um; and we had great, heavy fire-irons (*dogs*, we used to call them), a

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yard or two apart; and our Eb and I used to drag in great logs, as big as we could master, the two of us, and build up a fire that *was a fire!*

"Well, one day—'twas a Wednesday—father he was going to market, to the market-town about fifteen miles off, about some grain. He was going with his own team, for them was before the days of railroads; steam-cars didn't come shriekin', and pantin', and rushin', and wrigglin' by like mad dragons, ringin' their bells and scamperin' out of sight before one could say, 'Why, who be *you?*' No, indeed! railroads they warn't thought of then. Twice a week, maybe, the stage-coach kim by, and blow'd its horn, and brought the mails to the largest towns; but the common folks went in their wagons, or drove their oxen, or went on *Adam's mare.* Well, we was up early times that morning; for Sir he had to start early, and I got up before daylight and got his breakfast, as I mostly allers did; 'fact, I had mostly all the housework to do; for mother-in-law had a young baby—and she mostly allers *had;* for her babies they warn't healthy, and kinder chipper-like—they was allers kinder weakly and ailing, and never grew to be old, but jist hung round, whining and pining for a year or so, and gen'rally dropt off 'bout the time another one come. I guess 'twas partly 'cause Marm didn't know justly how to tend 'em; but she took time enough for it, I know. Why, I've seen people with a young one four or six months old, kind of catch it up on their hip and do a most of a day's work with it; but, Lord! that wa'n't Marm's way; she'd jist set round and rock the baby, and sossle with catnip-tea, and rub its back, and trot, trot, trot, all day long! Laud of goodness! I've heered um tell that nobody never found out perpetual motion—I guess if Marm's babies didn't, nobody ever will. Rock, rock! trot, trot! pat, pat! I used to think they must be glad to die and lay still a while, even if it was in the grave-yard.

"Well, as I was a saying, it was a real cold morning, and I had got breakfast. I had made some coffee, hot and strong, and b'iled some eggs, and fried a rasher, and baked a johnny-cake, and got all ready, when father come in from the barn, where he had been doing his morning chores.

"'Ain't it real cold, father?' says I.

"'*Stingin' cold*, Tury,' says he.

"'I thought so,' says I. 'What makes you go to-day, father? Can't you put it off?'

"'What, Tury?' says he, '*'cause it's cold?* That would be a good one! I guess I hain't lived through forty-five winters to be scared of a cold snap at my time of life. You give me a good hot breakfast, and *enough on't*, and I guess I'll stand the cold. I reckon a man never froze yet who had a full stomach, an easy conscience, and a warm heart.'

"Well, after breakfast father he went into t'other room to change his coat, and put on a clean collar, and brush up a little; and when he come back mother-in-law had come out of the bedroom, and sot by the fire with the baby.

"Marm was real good-looking. She *would* have been *master pretty* if she would only have taken pains and spruced up a little; but she was dredful slack, and hadn't no ambition. And there she sot by the fire. She wa'n't more than half awake, and she wa'n't more than half dressed. She had on her day-gown, to be sure; but it was put on over her night-clo'es and all open at the neck, and over her shoulders she had the baby's patch-work cradle-quilt. She was in her stocking-feet, and her hair was tucked behind her ears under her cap; and there she sot, rocking and trotting, with the baby on her lap, leaning for'ard over her left hand, druling and puling, and she a patting its back, and kinder polishing up the back of its head in the holler of her right hand. Seemed to me mother-in-law's babies' heads needed a terrible deal of chafing and polishing—leastways, they *got* it; whether they *needed* it or not *that's* another matter.

"Now father he sot great store by Marm, as men allers *do* by sich helpless, shiftless, do-little women. If a gal is smart, and bright, and willing to help herself and others, you may be sure she's got it to do—that's *her* portion all her life through; but come along one of your slack, helpless, dead-and-alive kind of women, that ain't got sense enough to pull her stockings on straight, nor ambition enough to comb her own hair smooth, and you'll see she'll get the best of husbands, and be made much of, and be tended and cared for all her days. That's the way it *is—allers!*"

Here Tury, probably fearing she was becoming too personal in her remarks, paused, took a long sniff of air with her head uplifted like a greyhound, and gave the tin pan a vigorous shake, which served the double purpose of "pointing a moral" and bringing all the unshelled pease to the surface. Then she went on:

"'Do tell!' says father, when he come in and seen her. 'Sakes alive! why, Susie dear, is that you? You ain't *up, be* you? Well, I declare! I want to know! And how *are* you to-day?'

"'Very miserable,' says mother-in-law.

"'You don't say so!' says father. 'Why, I want to know? Had a pretty consid'able good night, hadn't you?'

"'No, dreadful poor!' says Marm. 'I didn't sleep hardly none; and when I did catch a nap, it didn't seem to rest me none.'

"'Dear heart!' says father. 'Well, I declare, that's too bad! And how's Tot?'

"'He's very poorly,' says Marm. 'I never see a child so tendsome. I'm most wore out with him, and I reckon he's going to be real downright sick.'

"'Poor, dear little lambie! I hope not,' says father. 'What can I get for you, Susie? I'm off to town this morning, you know; what shall I bring you?'

"'Well, I donno of nothing as will do ither of us any good, I'm sure; only you may as well bring some more "Soothing Sirup" for the baby, and another bottle of "Stoughten's Elixir" for me.'

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"I declare I couldn't hardly help laughing; for we had had so much of them two kinds of doctor's stuff that we might have paved the door-yard with the empty bottles; and the worst on't was, the babies never *was* soothed, and Marm never called herself any stronger, and I used to wonder how her faith in them two things held out so. But father, he was used to it, and he only said, 'Yes, dear, I guess I'd better;' and then he come back and begun to put on his woolen comforter.

"'Ain't it cold, father?' asked Marm.

"'Pretty cold now, Susie,' says he, 'but I think it begins to moderate a little.'

"'If it *does*, it will snow,' says mother-in-law, who was always on the look-out for trouble, and always saw the dark side of every thing.

"'Well, I dunno. What makes you think *so?*' says father, pulling up his collar over his ears.

"'The fire says snow,' says Marm; 'and so it did last night.'

"'Oh, well,' says father, laughing, 'the fire has got a many tongues, I know, but I rather guess they ain't all on um tongues of prophecy. So good-by, Susie, dear; take good care of yourself and little Tot here till I get back. Good-by, Tury, child. Come, Eb!' and he was off, taking Eben to ride with him as far as the school-house.

"Well, I had to knock round pretty spry, I tell you. I washed and cleared away all the breakfast things, and tidied up the room, and made the beds, and baked some pies, and got dinner; but it seemed to me there never was such a long morning made as that one was. Marm didn't do an arthly thing only *fret*—she never *scolded;* I used to kinder wish she would, now and then, jist for variety; it would have been rousing-like to both of us, and mebbe we'd a' felt better after it was over." Here Tury directed a saucy but meaning glance of her eye at old Prince and at little Effie, who still kept her place upon the old man's knee, and who returned the telegraphic communication by a silent but deprecatory shake of her shining curls.

"But she never did," continued Tury; "her temper was like a long, dull, drizzling rain-storm, wearing out your patience with its everlasting drip, drip, drizzle, drizzle, till you felt as if a clap of thunder or a small hail-storm would be welcome, and clear up the air a little. Every airthly thing I done was wrong, and whatever I *didn't* do was allers sure to be wanted, or *would* be. If the pot b'iled, the noise on't worried her and put her out; and if it stopped b'iling, she knowed we shouldn't have no dinner. If I laid on any wood, she was roasted and the baby half baked; and if I didn't, the fire was all going out—as black as her shoe. I never see any body so contrary. And then her health! Why, as sure as you're alive, I do think there wasn't a single bone in her whole body, from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, nor yet an inch of her flesh, that she didn't enter a complaint agin that blessed day! Why, to hear her, you'd say Job and Jeremiah warn't no account for suffering in comparison to *her!* And the poor little baby was jist like her, as like as two peas. He didn't cry out a real, good, satisfying screech, and adone with it, but kep up a poor, little, weak, wailing kind of a cry all day long—worry, worry, worry, worry—as if it hadn't speret enough to cry up handsome, nor yet to hold its tongue. I used to wish it would do one thing or t'other. I declare, at noon, when our Eb come home to dinner, if I didn't feel fairly tucker'd out.

"'Why, Tury,' says Eb, 'what in the world's the matter with you? You look real beat out.'

"'Oh, nothing,' says I. 'Is it as cold as it was?'

"'No,' says he, 'not nigh so cold. I guess we shall have snow; it *spits* a little now.'

"'Shouldn't wonder,' says I.

"After dinner Eben went off to school agin. And 'bout one o'clock, as Marm seemed lower than ever, and dredful worrisome and fussy, I told her she had best go lay down and try to get a nap, and I'd keep the baby a spell; and she did, though she said she knowed she shouldn't sleep a wink, she should be so oneasy to trust him with *me;* but lor! I got him warm and comfortable, and *kep him still*, and after he got over his surprise at not being jerked, and trotted, and patted, and rocked, he went off to sleep jist as good as pie, and I had a nice quiet afternoon with my spinning. 'Bout five o'clock, Marm she come out agin, and I asked if she had had a good nap.

"'No,' says she, 'I guess I didn't sleep none. I was real cold, and your great wheel makes sich a noise; no great rest for *me, ever*, I guess,' says she.

"Jist at dark Eben come home. 'Snows like any thing, sis,' says he, 'and blows, too, like Jehu! a real snow-storm. I guess we're going to have it *now*, Tury.'

"'Do tell!' says I; 'dare say. Less go get in some more wood, Eb.'

"Well, I got supper. Marm said my pumpkin-pies was too gingery, and my dough-nuts too sweet, and my flap-jacks tough; but she eat enough of each of um to find out all its faults, though she *said* she hadn't a mite of an appetite, and only eat jist enough to keep soul and body together; but it seemed to me *that* took a good deal.

"After supper 'twas dreadful dull and lonesome; the wind howled, and blowed, and roared in the big chimbly, and the windows rattled and shook, and the snow beat up agin um, and the house creaked and jarred, and I kep thinking of father, and how long it would likely be 'fore he was at home; not that I was oneasy 'bout *him*, but I allers felt more *careful* and sort of *scarey* when he was gone.

"Well, we kinder worried along till 'bout seven, and then Marm said she guessed she'd as good go to bed, as she hadn't enjoyed no rest of late; but she didn't s'pose she'd sleep a wink all night, with the wind a-blowing like that, and father away.

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"Eb and I, we was glad enough to have her go; but we didn't darst to let her know that, so we didn't let on one word; but I says, 'Well, if you think you'd *better* go, I would, and Eb here and I we'll see to things.' So I tuck up some hot coals in the warming-pan and warmed her bed for her, nice and hot; and I took and b'iled up some molasses and water, and put in some ginger and butter, and a sip of speret—this was what Marm allers took for a cold (and, indeed, it never seemed to come amiss at any time) —and I carried it in for her, steaming hot; and I trimmed her lamp, and tucked her up, and bid her 'Good-night!' and *then* Eb and I went in for our own comfort.

"Fust, we made up a roaring fire; and then Eben got his lesson and I knit; and then I read the newspaper to him, and he whittled—and that took us along to eight o'clock.

"'It's an awful storm, sis,' says Eb.

"'Well, I donno, Eb,' says I; 'I guess it snows pretty fast; but it don't blow near as much as it did.'

"'Don't know as it does,' says he; 'but I'm thinking what'll father do?'

"'Oh, pshaw! don't you worry about him,' says I; 'he's a real live Yankee, father is, and I guess he can take care of himself without your help or mine!'

"'I donno,' says he; 'the lane must be all blocked up, chock-a-block full, by this time, and he's on wheels, you know, Tury.'

"'I know,' says I; 'but I calk'late the travel on the high road will keep that open; and when he gets into town of course he'll go right to Elnathan's, and maybe shift onto Nath's pung to come the rest of the way, or, like as not, stay there till morning.'

"And then I went and got some apples, and we sot over the fire and eat them; and then we played checkers a while—and then 'twas 'bout nine o'clock.

"'What shall we do now, Tury?' says Eb. 'Suppose I go get some nuts to crack.'

"'I guess you'd *better*,' says I. 'How do you think Marm would stand the noise?'

"'Oh, Jerusalem!' says he, 'I didn't think of that. Well, I guess that little notion won't do; and I s'pose we can't have a sing, either; but, tell you what, Tury, we'll bile some chestnuts—that can't disturb her, nohow.'

"Well, we b'iled the chestnuts and eat um, and then we didn't know what in the world to do next.

"'Less make some candy, sis,' says Eben; 'will we?'

"'Goodness, no!' says I; 'I can't have every thing stuck up with molasses this time of night, I can tell you! S'pose we go to bed; 'tain't no airthly use our setting up. If father's coming he'll *come*, and if he ain't he *won't*; and what's the use of our being up? I'll rake up fire enough to keep till morning, and set out a lamp and the tinder-box, and if he does come he'll be sure to knock us up. I don't believe it storms much now; the wind seems to have all died away.'

"So we covered up a grand bed of coals, and I sot out a lamp and the lantern and the tinder-box; for, you see, we didn't know nothin' 'bout lucifer matches in them days—goodness, no! Lucifer himself warn't round in the land as he is now; and if he *had* been, folks wouldn't have cared *then* to make a match with him!" Here Tury indulged in a loud laugh at her own wit. "Lor, no!" she resumed. "We used to have a tin tinder-box, with a bit of flint and steel, and knock, knock, knock; and sometimes you'd strike fire, and more times you wouldn't, 'specially if you was cold, or hurried, or scared, and your hand shook any.

"Well, we went off to bed 'bout ten o'clock; and I laid awake a good spell, thinking of father, and where he was—whether he was out on the road or safe in at Nath's—though I can't say I was jist real oneasy 'bout him, nuther, for he was a hale, hearty, middle-aged man, and used to taking care of himself and others all his life. Then the poor little baby in the next room cried and fretted, and that kep me awake another spell; but I got to sleep at last, and slept a good while, and when I waked up I thought it must be morning; but no, it was pitch dark, and so I went to sleep again. Well, so I did three or four times. 'Thinks, says I, 'this *is* the longest night I ever *did* know!' Bimeby I felt hungry, and kinder restless, and sorter faint like at my stomach, and I thought I'd jist slip up and light the lamp, and see what time o' night 'twas. So, you see, I slipped on some of my clo'es and opened the door; but—laud of goodness!—the kitchen was as dark as a pocket—not a ray of light from the hearth. I groped round and got hold of the tongs, and opened the ashes—not a spark left of all the bed of coals I had covered up so carefully! All dead out! I was bewildered; but I felt my way to the settle, and got the tinder-box and lamp, and in 'bout ten minutes I struck a light and lit my lamp. Just then the other door opened, and Eben, he come in, half dressed.

"'For the laud's sake, Eben!' says I, 'what in the world are you up for?'

"'Cause I can't sleep,' says he. 'I never knew sich a night; and I'm real hungry, too. I guess we didn't eat supper enough after all, Tury. What o'clock is it?' and he took up the lamp and held it up to the face of the old clock.

"'Hullo! Tury,' says he, 'only twelve o'clock now, and we sot up till after ten!' says he. 'What in thunder does it mean?' says he.

"'Maybe the clock's stopped,' says I; but I trembled as I said it, I didn't know why.

"'No, it ain't nuther,' says Eben; 'the old feller's all alive and swinging. Look at father's watch, you, Tury, will you?'

"But the old silver watch said *twelve*, too.

"'Well, I donno,' says Eben, 'if that don't beat all. Only two hours, Tury? Impossible; and the fire all dead out, too; why that would have kep twelve hours good. How long have we slept? Oh, Tury! what is it? By George, I begin to think we've slept *over to-day and into to-morrow!*'

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"I was too scared to laugh, and I could not answer; I was all of a tremble with the cold and the fright. I went to one of the windows, and opened the wooden shutter—not a ray of light! Then I held up my lamp—a solid body of snow kivered the winder. Eb sprung to the door and half opened it—a solid body of snow reached above it. We both of us see in the same moment what had happened. Buried up in the snow we had slept all night, and—*how much more* I couldn't tell. Twelve o'clock, and it was pitch dark! Was it twelve at night or twelve at noon? I couldn't tell. Then I *was* scared. 'Buried alive!' says I, and I sot right down and kivered up my face in my hands, and cried. I knowed I hadn't oughter, but I couldn't help it, *no*how. 'Twas a bad fix now, warn't it? I only a gal of fourteen, and with the care of a feeble woman and a sick child—and a boy of eleven all I had to depend on.

"But, there! our Eben *was* a manly boy—I'll say that for him—and he wasn't easily daunted.

"'Lor, Tury, don't you be scart!' says he. 'What if we *are* banked up in the snow? Father and Nath are both alive and stirring, and they'll dig us out, never you fear. I think it is precious lucky father was outside to scratch for us. If he had been here with us, nobody mightn't have thought of looking for us for days and days; but, you see, we're all right with father to look out for us.'

"'Father can't do *every thing*, Eben,' says I, a-sobbing.

"'No, but we *have* a Father who *can*,' says he. 'When *father* fails us, *there's God*, Tury.'

"I declare 'twas as good as preaching to hear that boy.

"'You're a good boy, Eben,' says I; 'and I oughter been ashamed to let *you* be the first to say that, and I three years older than you; but I'll put my trust in Him, and do the best I can.'

"'All right, sis,' says he; 'and now let's make a fire, and get some breakfast right away, for I'm *tremendus* hungry; ain't you?'

"'Well, don't you make no noise to wake up Marm for dear life,' says I; 'for, sure as you do, she'll worry the skins off of us—that ever I should say so.'

"And so then him and me begun to make a fire; but jist as it begun to kindle, Eb, who was standing looking on, poked his head up chimbly, and then, quick as thought, what does he do but pull the fire all apart, and stamp it all out.

"'Why, Eben Hapgood, what under the sun did you do *that* for?' says I. 'What sort of mischief are you up to now?'

"'Mischief?' says he. 'Look up the chimbly yourself, Tury.'

"Well, I looked, but I couldn't see a thing.

"'What is it?' says I.

"'Covered with snow,' says he. 'We mustn't make a fire.'

"'Mustn't? Pshaw, nonsense,' says I; 'I guess so. Won't the heat melt the snow? You'll see the fire will do the business in a few moments.'

"'Stop, Tury,' says he. 'Before the fire melts that snow it has got to burn, hain't it? and in the mean time, if there ain't no draught, where is the smoke to go to? Don't you see we are packed in as tight as in a box, and if the smoke can't go up chimbly, won't it come out into the room here, and choke us? Don't, pray, make a fire, if you don't want to make a regular smoke-house of the place, and bacon us all by wholesale.' Now warn't that smart for a boy only eleven years old to have thought of?

"'But, Eben,' says I, 'sha'n't we freeze here without any fire?'

"'Oh! I guess not,' says he. 'We're so banked up that the wind can't get in; and if we *are* a little coldish that's better than being choked with smoke. But what shall we do for breakfast, Tury? I'm most awful hungry. I never *could* stand nothing with an empty stomach,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'Eb, we've got cold meat, and baked beans, and bread, and cake, and pies in the house; so you see we sha'n't starve, any way.'

"'No,' says he, 'sha'n't starve; but I kinder want *something hot*. I vow I'd give my best jack-knife for a cup of hot tea or coffee.'

"'Can't have it, I guess,' says I, looking at the great, yawning, black fire-place. 'Stop a minute though, Eb. Come to think ont, there's the old nurse-lamp father bought when little Martha was sick; couldn't we manage to kinder cook with that?'

"'Well thought of,' says Eben. 'You go get it, Tury, and get on the rest of your clo'es, and then we'll try our hands at it. I guess we'll make it work.'

"So I rummaged out the lamp, and, sure enough, we managed to heat some water, to make some tea, and bile some eggs, and we had quite a breakfast.

"'Well,' says Eb, 'my condition is wonderfully improved by that. Now, Tury, wouldn't it be well to give poor Marm a feed? I reckon she must be hungry, too, by this time.'

"So we fixed up a nice breakfast for mother-in-law—a bowl of hot tea, two biled eggs, two crackers split, and dipped in hot water, and buttered, a piece of pie, some cold meat, and so on—and I took it into her room for her.

"'It's dark and stormy,' says I, 'and I thought, mebbe, as you wa'n't very well, you'd like your breakfast in here, Marm,' says I.

"'What time is it?' says Marm, rousing up.

"'Well, I don't *exactly* know,' says I, 'but I reckon it's *early*.'

"'Look at my lamp, Tury,' says she, 'it didn't burn half the night. I do wish you was more careful about things.'

"I looked at the lamp; the oil was burned clean out.

"'Well, I'll get another for you, Marm,' says I; and I *slied* out the empty one, and then fetched in a full one.

"'What in the world did you bring me tea for?' says Marm. 'Ain't you got no coffee?'

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"'No,' says I; 'I didn't make none to-day, and I thought you liked tea better.'

"'That's when I have the headache,' says she. 'Hasn't father come home yet?'

"'No,' says I, 'he didn't come.'

"'It's real onfeeling in him,' says she, 'to stay out when he knows how sick I am.' I didn't say nothing—I dars'n't. 'This is pretty poor toast,' says she next. 'I shouldn't think it was toasted at all! It looks as if it hadn't seen no fire!'

"Thinks I, 'Then its looks don't belie it;' but I didn't say it had or it hadn't.

"So I waited till she'd eat up all I'd brought her, and then I asked how the baby was.

"'Miserably enough,' says Marm; 'and I guess when you come to have a sick child yourself, and learn what it is to be broke of your rest, you'll remember your carelessness about my lamp and be ashamed of it.' Well, mebbe I might have been, but that time never come yet.

"Oh! what a long, dreary day or night (for we couldn't tell which to call it) that was! Bitter cold! My hands too chilled to spin or knit, I hadn't nothing to do. I couldn't cook, or wash, or iron for want of a fire; and I couldn't sweep or clean house by lamplight. Then the house seemed so onnaturally still—not a sound from outside, and every little noise we made, if it was only to move a cheer, or drop a spoon, it had an onnatural, choking sort of sound. Now and then the poor little baby would wail out, or we'd hear Marm hushing and lullabying to him, and their voices sounded holler, as if from a tomb!

"Bimeby Marm she called me, and told me to take a blanket to the fire and warm it for the baby, and I had to tell her I couldn't.

"'*You can't?*' says Marm. 'Do tell! And why not, I'd like to know?'

"'Fore I could think of any excuse—for I didn't want to worry her with the truth—our Eben he stepped right in and told her the whole out.

"'So you needn't find no fault with Tury, Marm,' says he; 'for she's done the very best she could for you; and we ha'n't had a mite of fire for I donno how long!'

"'No fire!' says Marm, starting up. 'Why, children! you don't mean you've been in the cold all that time?'

"'Every mite of it,' says Eben, 'and Tury's all but froze to death now. Look at her—she's all purple!' Marm didn't say another word.

"When it come six again we made some more tea, as much for something to do as any thing, I guess; for we hadn't much appetite then; and I took some more in for Marm. She drank it, but never said a word, only, 'Let me know when father comes.'

"'How is the baby now, Marm?' says I.

"'The baby?' says she; 'oh! he is quiet now. Let me know the minute father comes.'

"Well, after that seemed to me it grew colder and colder; but maybe it was only 'cause our hope was all dying out, and nothing was left to warm us but our love for each other and our trust in God. Eben and I got the blankets and comforters off of our beds and wrapped them about us, and we nestled close together, with our arms about each other's neck. Once Marm opened her door and asked me for a drink. She looked paler than usual, and very ghastly.

"At last—I donno how long it was, we didn't keep no reckoning, for we had grown drowsy with the cold, and were asleep in each other's arms—I heered a dull noise.

"'What's that?' says I, starting up. 'Eb! Eb! rouse up! What was that?'

"'Father!' says Eben, kinder dreaming like.

"Another louder noise—a sorter scraping sound—and then Eben heard it too, and we both jumped up, and stood holding each other by the hand, and almost afraid to draw a breath. Then came a dull, heavy blow on the top of the chimbly, and a whole lot of snow came flounce down into the fire-place, and jist then Marm come out and stood by the hearth pale and trembling.

"Then father's voice (for it was father, sure enough) called down the chimbly: 'Wife! children! are you safe? Speak! in mercy, speak!'

"I looked round for Marm to answer; but I see she couldn't. Her lips moved, but didn't make no noise. She was pale as a ghost, and a-trembling all over, and she made a sign for me to speak.

"'All alive and well, father,' says I, 'only 'most froze. Make haste.'

"'Thank God! thank God!' says father, heartily. '*Now* I can work!' And then such a scraping and digging! you never! We found out afterward that father, and Nath, and a dozen of the neighbors—strong, stout men—with four pair of cattle, had been most of two days in getting up to us from Nath's!

"It was Wednesday night the snow fell, and it was Saturday morning when they dug us out. Oh! how good the fresh air and sunshine seemed to us agin! Eben he stood all ready, and sprung out with a shout as soon as the door was cleared. Father laid his hand on the boy's head as he passed by him, and said 'God bless you, my gal!' to me, and then he hurried on to mother-in-law, who still stood, pale as a sheet, trembling and silent, on the hearth. Just as he reached her she kinder wilted right away, and sallied over, and would have dropped right down on the hearth if father hadn't caught her.

"'Why, Susie dear!' says father, 'why, Susie! what is it, lovie? Why, she's in a dead faint! Open the door, Tury. We'd best lay her on the bed, I guess.'

"Ah, poor Marm! When we got into the bedroom then we knew well enough what it was; for there, on Marm's bed, lay a little white heap—cold and still as the snow outside!

"Poor Marm! She knowed we children couldn't help her, nohow, and so she had kept her own sad secret. Ah, well! there was *some* good in mother-in-law, *after all!* I s'pose there is in most every body; at least folks says there is—I dunno!"

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A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

MONTH after month, sublime and calm,
The moon repeats the mystic birth,
And, with her new-born "on her arm,"
Walks forth before the silent earth.

So when the Year grows dim and cold,
With faded form and lifeless face,
The New Year starts, all fresh and bold,
Like a young hero, for the race.

By quickened seed, by dawning light,
Is the same prophecy retold;
The Morning cometh of the Night,
The New is daughter of the Old.

"So," says the doubter, "comes your creed,
So is the human heart enticed;
The hope, the prophecy, the need,
Ye give it shape, and name it—Christ.

"The eager, asking heart, forthwith,
By Nature's answering voice beguiled,
Grasps in fond faith the lovely myth
Of the fair mother's heavenly child."

"Nay, Christ is come!" our heart replies;
"More real than the wakened earth,
More radiant than the morning skies
This glory of the second birth."

Yea, and herein is all our hope.
No light-restoring morn can cheer,
No life-restoring spring can ope
The heart grown old, and dark, and sere.

But Christ is come! and, lo! around
This sunless, cold, and barren night
His shining arm of strength is wound,
Drawing the darkness to the light.

What though the old shall perish? Still,
Fresh from its wintry grave shall start
A life renewed, a nobler will,
A stronger and more steadfast heart.

And more than this: the blasted fruit,
The fallen leaf, the year's regret,
Shall feed the soil from which shall shoot
The harvest of our being, yet.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Harper's Ferry insurrection has, to a great extent, engrossed public attention during the past month. As noted in our last Record, Brown was sentenced to be hung on the 2d of December. Four of his associates, Coppic, Cooke, Green, and Copeland, the two latter colored men, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on the 16th of December. Stephens has been handed over for trial to the United States courts. The State tribunals can only compel the attendance of witnesses within the Commonwealth, while the United States courts can bring them from any part of the country. If, therefore, Brown had accomplices other than those actually engaged in his attempt, the fact will probably be shown at the trial of Stephens. Thus far nothing has appeared in any way implicating any persons except Colonel Hugh Forbes, an Englishman, who came to this country some years since in consequence of his connection with various revolutionary movements upon the Continent—he has been engaged partly in literary pursuits, and partly as a teacher of military tactics and fencing; and Frederick Douglass, a colored man, known as an Abolition speaker. Both of these have left the country to avoid being summoned as witnesses. It was reported that papers were found in possession of Brown implicating Gerrit Smith, of Peterborough, New York, at one time a Member of Congress, and known for a long time as a devoted Abolitionist; and that the Governor of Virginia had made a requisition upon the Governor of New York for the surrender of Mr. Smith. These reports, for which there appears to have been no foundation, affected Mr. Smith in such a manner as to cause an attack of insanity, which compelled his removal to the Lunatic Asylum.—In Virginia the excitement was intense, especially in the neighborhood of Charlestown, the shire town of the county, where the prisoners were confined. Reports were circulated that an attempt would be made to rescue Brown before or on the day of execution. Considerable bodies of military were therefore quartered in Charlestown, a vigilant watch was kept upon all strangers, and all who presented any suspicious appearance were sent away. As the day of execution approached these precautions were still more rigidly enforced. On the 28th of November Governor Wise issued a proclamation announcing that on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of December the railroad trains would be taken possession of by the State for the sole use of the troops. All citizens of the Commonwealth were warned to remain at home on the day of the execution, and to abstain from going to Charlestown, and strangers were cautioned that it would be dangerous for them to approach the place. On the same day the military and civic authorities at Charlestown issued a proclamation announcing that until after the 2d of December "all strangers found within the county of Jefferson and counties adjacent, having no known and proper business there, and who can not give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be at once arrested. On and for a proper period before that day strangers, and especially parties approaching under the pretext of being present at the execution of John Brown, whether by railroad or otherwise, will be met by the military and turned back or arrested; and during the said period the citizens of Jefferson and the surrounding country are warned to remain at their homes, armed, and guard their own property. No women or children will be allowed to come near the place of execution."—There seems to have been no necessity for these strict precautions. A few persons at the North, known for their extreme hostility

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to slavery, have given expression to feelings of sympathy for Brown, and have justified his attempt; but there is no evidence that any effort to rescue him was ever contemplated from any quarter.—Brown showed great firmness throughout the whole affair. On the 1st of December he had a long interview with his wife, who had just arrived, and gave directions for the disposition of his little property. He had the day before written a long letter to his family, giving them religious counsel, but ending with an adjuration that they should "abhor with undying hatred that sum of all villainies—slavery. On the morning of his execution he was allowed to visit his confederates in their cells. At eleven o'clock he was brought out for execution, guarded by six companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry. Only the military and some reporters were allowed within the field where the gallows was erected. He ascended the gallows with a firm step, and at a quarter past eleven the drop fell. After hanging a time sufficient to make it certain that life was extinct, the body was taken down and delivered to his wife, by whom it was carried away for interment.

The thirty-sixth Congress convened on Monday, December 5, the day on which our Record closes. In the Senate, forty-eight of the sixty-six members were present. The Vice-President, Mr. Breckenridge, took the chair. Mr. Mason, of Virginia, offered a resolution for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the facts attending the late seizure of the armory and arsenal at Harper's Ferry by a band of armed men; to report whether this seizure was made under color of an organization to subvert the Government of the United States; the character of such organization; who were in any way implicated in it; and also what legislation is necessary for the future preservation of the peace and the safety of public property. Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, gaves notice that when the resolution came up, he should move to amend by extending the inquiry to the seizure of the arsenal at Franklin, Missouri.——In the House, 230 out of 237 members were present. A ballot was taken for Speaker. Mr. Bocock, Democrat, of Virginia, received 86 votes; Mr. Sherman, Republican, of Ohio, 66; Mr. Grow, Republican, of Pennsylvania, 43; Mr. Botteler, American, of Virginia, 14; the remainder being divided among ten candidates; 116 votes being necessary for a majority, there was consequently no choice. Mr. Grow then withdrew his name as a candidate. Mr. Clark, of Missouri, then offered a resolution to the effect that The doctrines and sentiments of a book called "The Impending Crisis at the South," the circulation of which had been recommended by many persons at the North, were incendiary and hostile to the peace and tranquillity of the country; and that no person who recommended or indorsed it was fit to be Speaker of the House. A desultory debate upon this resolution occupied the remainder of the day, and no further ballot was held for Speaker.

In *New York* the election for members of the Legislature, Secretary of State, Treasurer, and other State officers, was held on the 1st of November. In the Legislature the Republicans have a majority of nearly three to one, in both branches. For State officers the Americans, as before noted, selected five of the candidates nominated by the Republicans, and four of those of the Democrats. The candidates supported by Republicans and Americans were elected by average majorities of 48,000; three of those supported by Democrats and Americans had majorities of 300, 1100, and 1500; while the Republican candidate for State Prison Inspector was chosen by a majority of 672 over his opponent, supported by Democrats and Americans. About 503,000 votes were cast, of which 251,000 were Republican, 227,000 Democrat, and 25,000 American.——In *Massachusetts* N. P. Banks has been re-elected Governor by a majority of 23,000 over B. F. Butler, Democrat; G. N. Briggs, Whig, received 15,500 votes.——In *New Jersey* C. S. Olden, Republican, was elected Governor by a majority of 1600 over E. V. Wright, Democrat. The Legislature is Democratic, by a small majority.——Governor Wise, of *Virginia*, in his Message, dwells at length upon the Harper's Ferry affair. He says that he had been compelled, by the apprehension of a most unparalleled border war, to place the State in as full military defense as if foreign enemies had invaded the country. The reports of organized conspiracies to obstruct the execution of the laws were from so many sources, at such distances from each other, that they could not proceed from a desire to hoax. One of the most irritating features of the predatory war against the South, the Governor says, is that it has its seat in the British provinces, which furnish asylums for fugitives, and send them and their hired outlaws from rendezvous in the neighboring States. There is no danger from our slaves or colored people. The slaves seized refused to take up arms, and the first man killed by Brown was a respectable free negro, who was running away from him. The South, he says, must demand of each State what position it means to maintain in the future in respect to slavery, and the provision of the Constitution, and laws for its protection, and be governed according to the manner in which the demand shall be met.——Governor Gist, of *South Carolina*, in his Message, advocates the secession of the South from the Union, in case of the election of a Republican President. A resolution was offered in the Legislature of that State on the 30th of November, to the effect that "the State of South Carolina is ready to enter, together with the other slaveholding States, or such as desire present action, into the formation of a Southern Confederacy.——The Attorney-General of *Virginia*, in response to a request from the Governor, has given an elaborate opinion that the power of the General Government over matter transmitted through the mails does not extend to its distribution by postmasters; and that consequently local laws respecting such distribution may be enforced. This opinion has special reference to the circulation of "incendiary documents" in the South.

During the year the hostilities of the savage tribes upon our northwestern frontier have been unusually frequent. A report from the War Department gives in detail official accounts of nineteen separate actions between September 20, 1858, and October 19, 1859. In these engagements between three and four hundred Indians were killed, wounded, or captured; between fifty and one hundred of our troops were killed and wounded; and a large number of animals of various kinds were taken from the Indians.——Serious disturbances exist on the frontiers of Texas and Mexico. Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, has for some time been threatened by a desperado named Cortinas, who has gathered about him a considerable band, threatening the whole surrounding region. Forces had been dispatched thither, and at the latest dates a decisive action seemed imminent.

General Winfield Scott reached San Francisco on

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the 9th of October, and after being properly welcomed proceeded to the scene of his mission, arriving at Portland, in Oregon Territory, on the 29th. He has submitted the following proposition to Governor Douglass: "Without prejudice to the claim of either nation to the sovereignty of the entire island of San Juan, now in dispute, it is proposed that each shall occupy a separate portion of the same by a detachment of infantry riflemen, or marines, not exceeding one hundred men, with their appropriate arms, only for the equal protection of their respective countrymen on said island, in their persons and property, and to repel any descent on the part of hostile Indians." Governor Douglass replied that he had not as yet laid the proposition before his official advisers, but was satisfied that no obstacle existed to a satisfactory arrangement as to the occupancy of the island while negotiations were pending.

The British iron screw-steamer *Indian*, bound from Liverpool to Portland, was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia, about seventy miles from Halifax, on the 21st of November. Of one hundred and fifteen persons on board, passengers and crew, twenty-seven were lost.

Washington Irving died at his residence, Sunnyside, on the 28th of November. He finished his Life of Washington some months ago, since which time his health had been somewhat impaired, though no immediate danger was apprehended. On the day before his death he attended church. He spent the next evening with his family, as usual, and retired to his room at half past 10. He had scarcely reached the apartment when he fell to the floor and died instantly, without a word. He was born in the city of New York on the 3d of April, 1783, and was, consequently, past the middle of his seventy-seventh year.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the accounts are not favorable to the Liberals, who had been defeated at Queretaro and Tepic, with considerable loss. They, however, gained a victory at Tudancingo, where 400 men were killed and half the town burned.

In *Hayti* a conspiracy had been formed against President Geffrard. Madame Blanfort, the daughter of the President, was shot at her residence, with the design of attracting her father to the spot, so that he might be assassinated. Twenty of the conspirators had been sentenced to death, of whom sixteen were executed; one was respited, and three escaped from the country. The President issued an order directing that all persons detected in exciting hostility toward the Government, by word or writing, should receive warning from the police; and on a repetition of the offense should be sent into the interior or banished from the country.

In *Venezuela* the insurgents suffered a severe defeat on the 25th of October. They had intrenched themselves, to the number of 450, in the town of Campano, where they were attacked by 800 Government troops. The place was taken, after a combat of twenty-seven hours. The rebel leaders at Cumana fled, and attempted to escape, but were taken.

From *Paraguay* we learn that President Lopez, in reply to an inquiry of Commander Page, granted permission to ascend the Paraguay River, and said that after this had been done the Government would consider his proposition to explore the Pilcomayo, with the design of finding a navigable water-course across the Grand Chaco to the mountains of Bolivia. Notwithstanding the permission to explore the Paraguay, many vexatious restraints were laid upon the expedition. All the wood of the country is the property of the Government, who demanded twenty dollars a cord for it, and it could only be purchased at points where there were Government officers to sell it. Lopez hoped that the expedition would find itself obliged to cut wood for itself, and thus give a pretext for the refusal of permission to prosecute its explorations. But this necessity was avoided on the ascent by a judicious use of a small quantity of coal on board the steamer, and on the descent the steamer was loaded with wood from the Brazilian provinces.

EUROPE.

The treaty, negotiated at Zurich, between France and Austria, has been signed, and formal ratifications were to be shortly exchanged. The affairs of Italy are to be settled by a Congress of the European Powers, summoned by invitation of France and Austria. The English papers discuss the question whether Great Britain will take part in the Congress.——A letter, whose genuineness is affirmed to be undoubted, from the French Emperor to the King of Sardinia, has been made public. The question, Napoleon says, is not whether he did well or ill in making peace at Villafranca, but rather to obtain from that treaty the results the most favorable for the pacification of Italy and for the repose of Europe. The essential elements of Italian regeneration are set down as follows: Italy to be composed of several independent States, united by a federal bond. Each of these States to adopt a particular representative system and salutary reforms. The Confederation to have but one flag, one system of customs, and one currency. The directing centre to be at Rome, which should be composed of representatives named by the sovereigns, from a list prepared by the Chambers. By granting to the Holy Father the honorary presidency of the Confederation the religious sentiment of Catholic Europe would be satisfied, the moral influence of the Pope would be increased throughout Italy, and would enable him to make concessions in conformity with the legitimate wishes of the populations. Although the rights of the sovereigns of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena have been reserved for the consideration of the Congress, the independence of Central Italy has been guaranteed, as all idea of foreign intervention has been set aside, and Venetia is to become a purely Italian province. "It is the real interest of your Majesty," adds this significant letter, "to second me in the development of this plan, in order to obtain from it the best results; for your Majesty can not forget that I am bound by the treaty, and I can not, in the Congress which is about to open, withdraw myself from my engagements. The part of France is traced beforehand."—The same general ideas are elaborated in a circular addressed by Count Walewski to the French diplomatic agents. Austria, says the circular, in ceding to Sardinia a territory containing three-fifths of its ancient possessions beyond the Alps, and increasing the population of that kingdom by one-third, renounces the principal basis of her influence in Italy. Her position is no longer aggressive or preponderating, and is of a character which may coincide with the free development of Italy. It was but just that Sardinia should receive Lombardy, charged with its obligations as well as its resources. The difficulty in fixing the amount of debt chargeable to the province delayed the negotiations for a month. Austria demanded 600,000,000 francs; but the amount was finally fixed at 375,000,000. France, in return for her many sacrifices, only asks from Sar-

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dinia an indemnity of 60,000,000 francs—only about one-sixth of the expenses of the war. The treaty of Zurich also stipulates an amnesty, as extended as possible, for all individuals compromised in the war. The Government of the Emperor, continues the circular, "has already received from the Holy Father assurances that he only awaits a favorable moment to make known the reforms which he proposes conferring upon his States, and which will have the effect, by assuring a laical government to the country, of giving it guarantees of a better distribution of justice and of a control over the financial department, by means of an elective Assembly."—The States of Central Italy, however, seem quite indisposed to submit the choice of their rulers to foreign powers. Parma, Modena, Romagna, and Tuscany formally offered the Regency of these States to Prince Carignan. He declined it, "for weighty reasons of political propriety," and on account of the approaching European Congress; but named the Chevalier Buoncampagni for the post, who has signified his readiness to accept; but the French Government is affirmed to be opposed to the project of a regency for Central Italy.

From *Great Britain* the main intelligence of interest is the growing conviction of the probability of hostilities, at no distant day, with France, and the consequent activity with which military and naval preparations are urged on. The Government has formed a plan for the enrollment of volunteer seamen, to be called into service when necessary. Every able-bodied British subject, not exceeding 35 years of age, who has within the last ten years been five years at sea, may be enrolled in the Reserve naval force. Each volunteer receives an annual payment of six pounds. If he continues as long as he is physically able, he will, when incapacitated for earning a livelihood, receive a pension of not less than twelve pounds. He must attend drill for twenty-eight days each year, during which time he receives the pay and rations of a seaman in the fleet, in addition to his retaining pay. He must report himself every six months, and must not, without permission, engage for a voyage that will occupy more than six months. This Reserve may be called into actual service by Royal proclamation; but it is intended to exercise this authority only in case of an emergency which requires a sudden increase of the navy. When called out for actual service, the volunteers are placed in every respect on an equal footing with regular men-of-war's men. These measures of precaution appear to be justified by the general tone of the French press, which can hardly be supposed to speak without the tacit concurrence of Government. It assumes almost daily a tone of increasing hostility toward Great Britain.——It is at last decided that the *Great Eastern* will not cross the Atlantic during the present season. Her trial trips, as a whole, have shown that too many defects existed to render it advisable to send her to sea at present.——A violent storm prevailed all over England during the night of the 25th of November. Great damage was done to the shipping. The iron screw steamer *Royal Charter*, from Melbourne, was wrecked on the coast of Anglesea, and out of 511 persons on board, 455 were lost.

THE EAST.

One of the officers of the United States steamer *Powhatan*, who accompanied our Minister, Mr. Ward, to Pekin, gives an amusing account of the visit. After leaving the vessel, the embassy were conveyed for the first forty-five miles in wheeled carriages, accompanied by an honorary guard, who manifested the most officious politeness. They then struck the River Tien-tsing, and five days' slow tracking against the rapid current brought them to Teng-choo, the entrepôt of Pekin, a single stage from the capital, where they arrived on the 27th of July. The Chinese officials made a persistent effort to induce Mr. Ward to perform the *kotow*, or act of prostration, on being presented to the Emperor. He said that this ceremony had been waved in the case of the English treaty. They replied that the English had violated that treaty, and it could not be quoted as a precedent. Mr. Ward said that he had not asked an audience of the Emperor, and desired the Commissioners to proceed to the ratification of the treaty. They replied that the Emperor could not ignore the presence of a foreign Minister, and that the question of an audience was the first thing to be settled. Mr. Ward said the *kotow* was an act of homage inconsistent with the equality of an independent nation. They offered to recognize this independence by reducing the prostrations from nine to three. He said that he would as willingly prostrate himself a hundred times as one; he objected to the prostration itself, not to the number of repetitions. The Chinese then proposed that the subject should be deferred to another meeting, and in the mean while each party should study the rites observed in the country of the other, and they would arrange an audience after the forms used in our country. At this next meeting it was difficult to convince them that in our country prostration formed no part of the ceremony of presentation to the Chief of the nation. A kneeling posture was indispensable; and so the interview closed. The next day the official came back with a proposition which would, he said, "save the dignity of both nations." A table should be placed between our Minister and the Emperor. On approaching, Mr. Ward should bow, when a couple of court chamberlains should rush up, saying to him, "Don't kneel, don't kneel!" This was agreed to, with the distinct understanding that our Minister had no intention of kneeling. The next day, however, the Chinese official insisted that, on being presented, the Minister should at least touch the floor with one knee. This was promptly refused, and the negotiations appeared to be at an end. Two days after, the Chinese official said that all difficulty would be removed in case Mr. Ward would give assurances that in his course he had been influenced by no feelings of disrespect for the Emperor. He thereupon added a paragraph of respect to a document which he had just prepared; this was given to the Chinese Ministers, upon condition that they should apply the same expressions of respect to the President of the United States. A communication was received, containing the required expressions of respect, and inclosing the copy of an Imperial edict, contrasting the conduct of the envoys of Great Britain and America; appointing the Prime Minister to receive the President's letter; ordering the seal of state to be applied to the treaty of Tien-tsing; and directing the copy thus ratified to be transmitted to the Viceroy of Chih-le, to be exchanged at the sea-port of Pei-tang. The audience with the Emperor and the ceremony of the *kotow* were thus evaded; and unless the characteristic faithlessness of the Chinese should interpose some new obstacle, we may consider the treaty with China as fully confirmed and ratified.

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Literary Notices.

Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by EDWARD G. PARKER. (Published by Mason Brothers.) The late Mr. Choate, both in his professional character and his personal habits, was one of the most original men whose fame has become the property of their countrymen. His voice, his selection of words, his illustrations, his mode of reasoning, his manners and address, his appearance in the street, even his wonderful handwriting, were stamped with the deepest impression of individuality. In every thing that gave him his high distinction before the public he was unlike all other men. Not that he had a passion for notoriety, or desired to gratify an absurd vanity by being singular; but he was constructed on a unique model; his rich and peculiar nature demanded a manifestation of its own. There was something weird and mysterious in his presence, which always excited a romantic interest. "With his disheveled locks waving about his head; his gloomy countenance, in which grief and glory contended—the signature of sorrows and the consciousness of acknowledged power—the Oriental complexion speaking of an Asiatic type of man; his darkly-burning eyes; his walk swaying along in that singular gait which made his broad square shoulders careen from side to side, like the opposite bulwarks of a ship; his moody loneliness—for when off duty he was rarely seen other than alone; his self-absorption of thought producing a sort of impression as of a mysterious silence around him—he moved about more as a straggler from another civilization than a Yankee lawyer of New England growth and stature."

Mr. Choate was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, October 1, 1799, and was brought up in Essex County, with but ordinary advantages of schooling. He entered Dartmouth College at the age of sixteen, having already won the reputation of brilliant talents and precocious acquisitions in the neighborhood where he lived. His college course fully sustained the promise of his earlier years. He at once took the highest rank in his class; and before he graduated was deemed qualified to be a professor in any university in America. He took no interest in the youthful sports of his companions, but would sit or stand under the big tree, gazing and talking to himself, while the other boys were kicking foot-ball. He preferred his beloved books or lonely walks. He used to sit with his books, reading and meditating, until long after midnight, and sometimes far into the morning.

Soon after leaving college he commenced the study of law, spending a few months at the Cambridge Law School; and subsequently entering the office of the celebrated William Wirt, at that time Attorney-General of the United States. He remained in Washington for a year, when he returned to complete his studies in Salem, and was admitted to the bar in 1823. He immediately took a high rank in his profession. He applied himself so earnestly to his duties that he entirely neglected literature. Striking out the line of practice in which he afterward excelled, he bent every energy to getting a verdict. Every thing was sacrificed to the success of his cause. He would even give what he knew was bad law to the jury rather than lose their verdict. He was retained in all the most important causes, and in criminal trials almost monopolized the practice. His skill in defense was marvelous; and while practicing at the Essex bar no jury ever brought in a verdict of guilty against one of his clients. He always exerted himself to the utmost of his ability in every case, and that was the great secret of his success. No matter what the tribunal, the party, or the fee, he went into the cause with his whole strength, and summoned to his aid all his vast resources of logic, wit, utterance, learning, and knowledge of men—contending as for his very life for mastery and success. He was a full-grown lawyer, jurist, advocate from the very start. He had sounded the depths of the law in his early studies. He always read with pen in hand, noting and inwardly digesting every thing. He read every thing, understood every thing, and remembered every thing. His mind was filled with all knowledge. With all his remarkable exuberance of diction, he never uttered a word to the ear which had not an effective bearing on the topic in hand. His habits, at this time, were of the most industrious and studious character. He rose early in the morning, and was busy with his books at his office long before the day-laborers went to their work. He was accustomed to take long and solitary walks, frequently in the pastures. In these lonely rambles his voice was sometimes heard by other strollers, who were thus unexpectedly made auditors of the enthusiastic advocate, while the partridges and squirrels were startled by the tones that were wasting their sweetness on the desert air.

Mr. Choate removed from Salem, and took up his residence in Boston in the year 1834. He was still young — but scarcely thirty-five. He entered at once into the lists with the ablest leaders of the Suffolk bar, and commenced a brilliant progress of successes and of fame. At first his singular appearance and manners made an unfavorable impression. The old leaders of the bar looked on him as an eccentric youth, rather than a formidable rival. His uncouth gestures and strange ways moved the mirth of his new associates. The tables, however, were soon turned. The young champion was constantly crowned with victory: verdict after verdict was on his side; his points of law were sustained in full court; and the opinion of the profession underwent a complete change.

Of the personal appearance and habits of Mr. Choate the volume before us contains a fund of pleasant reminiscences. In the maturity of his powers he was rather a tall and full-sized man, sturdy and muscular, though with a somewhat worn look. He was strongly built, with big bones, broad shoulders, large feet, and bony hands, and of a tough fibre in his physical organization generally. His chest was broad and powerful. His temperament, which was the nervous bilious, fitted him for strenuous effort and brilliant performance. His hair floated in wavy locks, and remained firmly set to the last. It was always black, and to the close of his life was hardly tinged with gray. He was a man of great strength, capable of intense fatigue, with a remarkable power of endurance. Though he had the appearance of ill health, and was subject to frequent sick headaches, he was far from being feeble. It was not weakness, but fearful overwork, which wore him down. He gave himself no recreation but a change of labors. He walked daily out of town or round Boston Common, but his brain kept constantly at work. Those who met him in the gray of the morning would see his lips moving and his features working in unison with the activity

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of his thoughts. He had no passionate love of nature, though he delighted in descriptions of natural scenery. For games or sports of any kind he had not the slightest fancy. He was even without a taste for horses, never wishing to take the reins on a drive, and as indifferent to a blood mare of Arabian stock as if she had been a cart-horse from the streets. Books were his only pastime. In them he literally lived, and moved, and had his being. His library was his home. His authors were the loves of his life. He had more faith in books than in men. He found a charm merely in pulling them down and putting them up again. He cherished rare editions. He bought books without stint. Every inch of space on the walls of his long library was filled. There was no room for more but under his bed. He had collected some eight thousand volumes, besides a great variety of books of engravings and plates. He had bought his library, not to be looked at, but to be read. He forever had a book in his hand. He read while walking. He read at his meals. Even when, at one time, he was so lame from an accident as to be unable to walk to and from court, he had his carriage-seat half covered with books, which he devoured as he rode. He once told a friend that, in his youth, he had frequently read inspiring sentences of ambition and splendor which made him thrill all over, or, as he quaintly expressed it, "they made me have goose-flesh all down my back." He read every thing he could lay his hands on, both old and new. Bacon, Burke, Milton, Pope, the Bible, were never long out of sight. Of the ancients, he clung to Plato and Demosthenes, Tacitus and Cicero. Each of these he knew almost by heart. Their thoughts and phrases perpetually sparkled on his tongue. Every day he committed to memory some passages of poetry. During the last few years of his life he made himself master of German.

In his manners Mr. Choate was singularly uncouth, though not repulsive. Though he had no grace of action, he always exhibited a natural courtesy. In a formal party he was altogether out of place, and presented a forlorn appearance. He was never a social man, or betrayed any inclination to conviviality. He could be tempted to attend a dinner party, but it was for the good talk, when guests of intellect were present, not for the good cheer or good wine. He was far, indeed, from loving the pleasures of the table. He rarely indulged in beyond a glass or two of wine, though he would occasionally drink strong brandy. He remarked one day to a friend, who was dining with him: "Hot water and tea are the best stimulants for a speaker; they leave no sting behind. But if one must use wine, sherry is the best of all possible wines."

In the arrangements of his office Mr. Choate was the same original as elsewhere. He always shut himself up in his inner sanctum, the door carefully closed, and perched up on an odd-looking high chair, before a high desk, with pen in hand, he plunged into his work as into a battle. There was a table in his office, but he never sat down to it. When he was not in court trying a case, he was a fixture at his desk, with pigeon-holes full of papers in front of it, and a broad back-ground of the books in buff behind him. Nothing distracted him from his labors but business, or a talk about books, or some philosophic or historical theme. He could ill resist the temptation to converse on such topics. If one of them were started he would turn at once from the law, and, not laying down his pen, commence talking on it with as much readiness as if it had been the subject of his thoughts for a week. If he ever paused to say any thing not on business or books, it was for some droll or witty observation. Nothing occurred, no odd person came in, no peculiar thing was said, but it drew from Mr. Choate some mirthful comment.

He was quite insensible to the value of money. He was not known to make any charges in his books, and never seemed to have any cash on hand. If he wanted money, he would get one of his students to draw a check for him, even for only five dollars, and he would sign it. If he drew the check himself, he made a sad botch of it. It was a common saying among his friends that, when he had to take a journey, he was often obliged to ransack the neighboring offices in order to find some one that could lend him the money to go with. Unlike some of the fraternity of great men, however, strange to say, he very often paid what he borrowed.

Mr. Choate's bearing and manners at the bar were a model of professional courtesy. In the fullest bloom of his honors he never looked superciliously upon his younger brethren or contemptuously on those who were his superiors in years. He took pleasure in recognizing the promise and merits of the young men of the bar. His own juniors in a cause were always treated with marked respect before a jury. In his intercourse with young lawyers, both in his office and in court, his manners were eminently kindly and encouraging. To his peers in age he was uniformly respectful and decorous. He never made them feel small in their own eyes, though they must often have appeared so in his. He could see real merit in others as quickly as they could in themselves, and was always prompt and ready to admit it. The only lawyer at the bar to whom he did not do complete justice was himself. Every one who wore the robe of the advocate was to him an object of respect. In his own characteristic phrase, they all were of the number of "those who are concerned in the administration of this vast and complicated system of law." The office of judge, whether superior or inferior, was, in his mind, a high magistracy. His demeanor in the court-room was singularly modest and unassuming. If the opposite counsel, as was sometimes the case, was a young man, the manner of the youth would generally indicate that he was the greater man of the two. Even when the evidence was in, and he made his appearance in court, on the morning of the argument, pressing through the thronged bar and the crowded aisles, he manifested no elation of feeling or consciousness of triumph. During the whole trial his action was a study. In his later years he rarely knew much about a cause till he got into court. He gave great attention to all the preliminaries. He did not engage in conversation with any one, nor permit his eyes to wander round the court-room. After the opening by his junior, and hearing the other side, he seemed to grasp the whole case as by intuition. He took constant and copious notes in his strange hieroglyphical hand. It has been said that he wrote sheets of manuscript enough to stretch in straight lines across the Atlantic ocean. What he thus wrote was never known to any one but himself. It is believed that he cultivated his blind chirography in order to mark what he wrote from curious eyes. Every night during a trial he took home his notes, collated, digested, and rearranged them with reference to the final argument, of which he obtained the prophecy from the lips of the first witness.

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His appeal to the jury began long before his closing address. His first attack was when he took his seat before them and looked into their eyes. He got a position as near to them as possible, and closely studied their characters. He not only observed them to find them out, but watched for the opportunity to make an impression favorable to the success of his cause. With the skill of a consummate actor, he apparently did every thing for effect on the jury, from the reading of the writ to the close of the argument. "There he sat, calm, contemplative: in the midst of occasional noise and confusion solemnly unruffled; always making some little headway either with the jury, the court, or the witness; never doing a single thing which could by possibility lose him favor, ever doing some little thing to win it; smiling sympathizingly upon the jury when any juryman laughed or made an inquiry; wooing them all the while as a lover might woo his mistress; and seeming to preside over the whole scene with an air of easy superiority; exercising from the very first moment an undefinable sway and influence upon the minds of all before him and around him."

He brought the resources of a racy and exuberant humor to every stage of the argument. He produced mirth by his tone and manner quite as much as by his words. He was fond of quaint illustrations, and of odd and often of forced comparisons. Thus, in attempting to exclude the evidence of a certain witness, he said, "This witness's statement is no more like the truth than a pebble is like a star;" then he paused, the queerness of the comparison provoking a smile, but went on, with his peculiar intonation, "or a witch's broom-stick like a banner-stick." His manner to the opposite counsel was always conciliatory. A vulgar lawyer, mistaking his suavity for weakness, would sometimes attempt to bully him; but such a man always reckoned without his host. Mr. Choate knew how to dispose of brazen audacity in a way peculiar to himself. He would put down persons of this description very early in the case, but so mildly and neatly that they hardly knew what hurt them. They would feel that the laugh was against them, but could not tell why. In repartee Mr. Choate had no rival.

During a trial he sat in court apparently unconscious that he was the object of universal attention. He was always absorbed with his own thoughts; never with what was going on around him. When not in action he sat pensive and profound. His smile, which would sometimes suddenly light up his clouded features, was peculiar and beautiful. This was one secret of his marvelous fascination. But still it was rather intellectual than heartfelt. It was only his waving lips that expressed mirth; his dark sad eyes did not laugh. The expression of glee did not last a moment on his face—it gave a glittering flash and was gone. He always spoke with an impetuous rush of thoughts and words. His velocity was prodigious, yet preserving perfect time and composure. No reporter could keep pace with the celerity of his utterance. Even his own pen failed to follow his rapid thoughts, and would fly over the paper in a long, wavy, unintelligible line, which, after the lapse of a week, he could hardly decipher himself. It has even not unaptly been said that, if the magnetic telegraph were affixed to his lips, the words would heap upon the wires.

From the brief abstract now given of a few portions of this volume, it may justly be concluded that it is filled with interesting details concerning the great juridical orator to whose memory it is devoted. The author is inspired by deep enthusiasm for the subject, and enjoyed ample means for gathering a rich store of illustrative incidents. His work betrays the marks of haste in its preparation, is too rambling and excursive in its method, is not free from repetition, and is often more ambitious than exact in its style. Still it is an eminently readable volume, and though ephemeral in its character, affords valuable materials for the more elaborate biography of its illustrious subject, which we trust will soon be given to the world.

Avolio: A Legend of the Island of Cos, with Poems, Lyrical, Miscellaneous, and Dramatic, by PAUL H. HAYNE. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The author of this volume has already won golden opinions as a poet of no little depth and tenderness of feeling, and an uncommon gift of sweet and graceful versification. His present venture is adapted to enhance his well-earned reputation. The leading poem in the volume is after a story in Leigh Hunt's "Indicator," which, with several new incidents, is wrought up into a striking and attractive form. The sonnets, which compose a large portion of its contents, are usually marked by a terse vigor of expression, and often by profound sentiment. Many of the lyrical pieces are singularly melodious, betraying a rare appreciation of musical effect as well as genuine poetic feeling.

At Home and Abroad: A Sketch-Book of Life, Scenery, and Men, by BAYARD TAYLOR. (Published by G. P. Putnam.) Mr. Taylor has here brought together a variety of incidents of travel, reminiscences of early life, and extracts from his journals, which, though of a fragmentary character, perhaps form a no less interesting volume than either of his previous productions. They bear a more personal stamp than most of his writings, although, as a general rule, his warm and transparent cordiality of expression does not permit his readers to regard him as a stranger. Among the most agreeable passages in this volume may be noted the account of the author's first journey, the description of a night walk, a lively narrative of his difficulties with foreign tongues while yet a young traveler, a picture of his German home, and a sketch of interviews with Humboldt and other German authors.

True Womanhood: A Tale, by JOHN NEAL. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The novel readers of the last generation must well remember the dashing, reckless, audacious tone of the flood of romances which gave such a brilliant celebrity to the name of John Neal. For many years he has lived remote from the public eye, giving to the world no fruits of his riper studies and chastened experience. His old admirers will hardly recognize their former favorite in this production of his autumnal years. It is a story of real life, founded on events of recent occurrence in the city of New York, of a highly ethical cast, including sober and devout views of life and a lofty standard of character, and written with considerable vigor, but without the boldness and extravagance which have been wont to characterize his pen. It will be read with interest, not only from its natural delineations of character, and the spirited movement of its plot, but as an indication of a change in the author's point of view, and for the contrast which it presents to the exuberant energy of his early writings.

A popular History of the United States of America, by MARY HOWITT. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The name of this justly-admired authoress is sufficient to challenge attention to any

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production of her pen. In the power of ilvely and fluent narrative she is excelled by not many modern writers, and the charm of picturesque effect is often added to her graceful descriptions. The present volumes do not aim at the exhibition of any new lights in American history, but merely at a popular version of the story which has become so familiar in the pages of eminent living historians. Mrs. Howitt has wisely followed in their lead, and produced a work which, by its compact form and lucid style, is excellently adapted to general reading.

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky, by JACOB ABBOTT. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A new series of juvenile stories by one of the most popular of American writers for young people is commenced with this neat volume. They are issued in season for the holidays, and the name of the writer alone is sufficient to secure them attention from the caterers for the family circle.—Another of Mr. Abbott's historical volumes for the people is issued by Harper and Brothers, devoted to the career of *Peter the Great*, and presenting a lively narrative of the "strange, eventful" biography of the great Muscovite sovereign whose name is so closely connected with the development of Russian civilization.

Life of Andrew Jackson, by JAMES PARTON. (Published by Mason Brothers.) Mr. Parton has ransacked every available source of information in order to procure authentic materials for this biography. With the zeal of an antiquary or bibliomaniac he has made an ample collection of printed authorities on the subject, bringing to light apparently every shred and patch of documentary evidence that had a bearing on his researches. From his personal visits to the neighborhood of General Jackson's birth, and to the spot where he passed the latter years of his life, he has gathered an extensive store of facts, anecdotes, and reminiscences, illustrating the military career of the distinguished hero, as well as his individual traits and habits. The work is composed in Mr. Parton's usual animated, almost impetuous style, with an evident aim at impartiality, and no subjection to political or personal biases. His statements often differ from the received traditional accounts, but a large mass of testimony, in that case, is brought forward in their support. The defects, too, of former narratives are frequently supplied by the addition of circumstances which had been omitted by other biographers either from want of information or a desire to present their subject in the best possible light. The volume now issued gives a copious history of Jackson's boyhood and youth, his early experience in the West, the commencement of his military career, and his exploits and adventures in Indian warfare. According to Mr. Parton's diligent investigations, the birth-place of Andrew Jackson was on the borders of North and South Carolina, but within the limits of the former State, and not of the latter, as has been generally supposed. Even Jackson himself believed that he was born in South Carolina, and alludes to the fact in his famous proclamation to the nullifiers of that State. He was of Scotch-Irish parentage, a race which has given so much of its substantial bone and muscle to this country. Left an orphan at an early age, he was thrown on his own resources while yet very young, and soon learned to give hard blows in the battle of life. He received the rudiments of a common-school education and commenced the study of law before he was eighteen. After his removal to Tennessee, which took place at the age of one-and-twenty, his adventurous career may be said to have been fairly started. From the beginning, Jackson exhibited the same traits which so strongly marked his character in after life. In his case, emphatically, "the boy was father to the man." With a temperament of fiery energy; fierce, but not ferocious, in his disposition; of reckless courage; quick to take offense, and eager in his resentment; of great native shrewdness, but of little artificial culture; persistent in resolve and strenuous in action; sudden in quarrel, implacable in his enmities, but a generous and devoted friend; earnest in his convictions, which were gained less by any process of reflection than by an instinctive grasp of principles; frank, even to bluntness, in the utterance of his opinions, and ever ready to suit the action to the word; never addicted to smooth and dainty phrases, but "profuse in strange oaths;" absolute in temper, and an autocrat in authority; with an iron firmness of purpose, and an unrivaled strength of attachment; with a chivalrous deference to woman; no less affectionate and tender in the domestic circle than intrepid and commanding in his public career, Andrew Jackson fully verified the promise of his ardent boyhood and turbulent youth, combining in rare proportions the elements which made him, at the same time, the object of more enthusiastic love, more vindictive hatred, and more deeply-seated fear than any other prominent man in American history. The task of Mr. Parton, accordingly, in the composition of this work, has been one of peculiar difficulty and delicacy. His success in its accomplishment can be decided only by the verdict of the whole public. The partisans on either side will doubtless find subjects for criticism in his statements; but that he has written with a conscientious love of truth, and has produced a vigorous and picturesque narrative, does not admit of a question. The present volume reaches to the battle of New Orleans, and two more will complete the work.

Preachers and Preaching, by Rev. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The fruits of a long and active experience in the ministry of the Gospel are embodied in this suggestive volume. With an ardent faith in the efficacy of religious institutions as the grand conservative element of society, the author aims to "incite the entire ministry of the Church of God to higher zeal and earnestness in its great work; to make it more efficient at home and abroad; to raise it up to the place which God designed it should hold in the world's civilization, and to show to the Church its duty to the ministry." The work is written in the well-known pungent style of the author, and abounds in forcible appeals and striking illustrations.

Women of Worth, and *Men who have Risen* (published by W. H. Townsend and Co.), are the titles of two volumes of biographical sketches for young people, illustrative respectively of feminine excellence and manly character. They have been prepared with judgment and care, and present a succession of salutary examples to the youthful reader.

Harper and Brothers have published a new collection of stories by WILKIE COLLINS, under the title of *The Queen of Hearts*. They are connected together by a slight thread of melodramatic plot; and, regarded as separate productions, are of an attractive and readable character. The materials have been gathered from great diversities of experience, and are wrought up with the usual skill and power of the author. For the most part they represent the tragic side of life, and present many scenes of thrilling pathos.

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Editor's Table.

YOUTH AND AGE IN AMERICA.—Wherever a clock ticks or a child prattles we may be quite sure that youth and age are, in some way, present; for each new hour has its old antecedent, and each little child has its grown-up parents. So it is that every household, in its own way, repeats the great contrasts of history, and its young and old exhibit those elements of memory and hope, experience and enthusiasm, conservatism and progress, that make up the record of our humanity. Nay, we can not look upon any familiar scene in nature without noting the same contrast. Every rippling brook pours down from some old spring; and its waters, as they moisten fresh fields, babble of old hills or mountains. Every new leaf on the tree is from an old trunk, and every merry company of youths and maidens that gambol under its branches is the fruit of an old stock, and their dress and speech and manners have been ages in preparation.

Our Young America is, therefore, not wholly young; and in spite of his frequent disposition to set up for himself, he has never been able to conceal the fact that he comes of ancient parentage, and is not wholly self-existent. Sometimes, moreover, he is caught boasting of his pedigree; and if he has any facts to go upon, he is as ready to talk of blood and coats-of-arms as proudly as any scion of the old world's régimes. Still better than this: in spite of some recent novelists, and of not a few standard skeptics, he has not been quite able to make out the heart to be wholly an obsolete organ, or to stop the beatings of that curious structure under his midriff. He is at times a most affectionate son; and in spite of his efforts to talk himself into a false manliness, that affects independence at the cost of filial reverence, he is by no means a hard-hearted or ill-mannered youth. He may sometimes think that his father can take care of himself, and needs neither his support nor his deference; but as to his good old mother, he never fails to stand by her; and countless are the American homes where the mother lives with, and virtually presides over, her children's children and their children. We were, not a great while ago, at the house of a friend whose little child—his only child—lay dead in the coffin, and there were in the house the mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. It was interesting and touching to see the deference paid to the great-grandmother, and to observe her grief for the child. In fact, she seemed to feel the blow more than all; as if she felt all the whole range of family affections in this one attachment; as when we hold several magnetic rings in contact in our hand, the lowest ring is drawn toward us by all the attraction of the intervening rings, and we feel the magnetism of all in each and of each in all.

Yet we must confess that there are some causes at work among our people that tend to disturb the just relation of the old and young, and to tempt youth into an unhappy precocity, and sometimes to keep age from its due dignity and self-respect. We are in such a hurry for immediate results, that we are often more apt to ask for the quickest way than for the best way, and to look for the fastest rather than the safest means; and therefore seek rather the service of young hot-heads than of old wiseacres. Moreover, our country is so new, and our manners and policy and arts are so unformed and constantly changing, that a bounty is set upon the most flexible muscles and faculties; and many a gray-headed man of business, who is well posted up in the old way, finds that he has quite as much to unlearn as to learn before he can master the new way, and he is perhaps outstripped and displaced by some smart lad just out of his teens.

Age, indeed, has a chronic quarrel with youth mainly from two causes. In the first place, the old man lives for the most part in his memory, and is constantly fighting over his old battles, and bent on using the old weapons—ignorant that Minié rifles have set aside the old king's arms, and rifled cannon have silenced the old field-pieces. He represents the old order of things; and this might be very well if he would be content to let the old way speak for itself without refusing to hear the new speak for itself. Precisely here is the second difficulty with age. He is not content merely with being the root from which the new growth springs, but is sometimes unwilling that there shall be any new growth at all. Where that fearful word—which is more odious in this country than that of the Old Scratch himself—"Old Fogy" originated, we can not say; but it seems to us that it must have been born out of the cold rains and freezing damps that sometimes nip our tender spring vegetations, and seem to insist that old winter shall keep its sway, and the new spring-time shall not be. If we were to give a definition of the "Old Fogy," we might designate him as a man who, not content with having stopped growing himself, insists that every body else shall stop growing too. Shakspeare, who so marvelously caught every feature of our manifold humanity, seems to have had such a character in view in some of his lines:

> "These old fellows have
> Their ingratitude in them hereditary:
> Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
> 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind:
> And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,
> Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy."

It is not strange, indeed, that old men, who have seen so many fair visions vanish in mist, are apt to throw cold water upon the sanguine hopes of youth, and bring young fancy to the hard test of grave experience; yet age has had its own young day; and has, moreover, had its own round of enjoyments and successes. Why not, then, remember its own youth in the young blood that gambols about its own sedate step, and sometimes disturbs its quiet nap in the comfortable arm-chair? Certainly any man of three-score years and ten who refuses to share in any of the bright hopes of our rising youth is false to his own personal experience, and from his own sober memory he might draw far more genial inspirations. The man now seventy years old, with average observation and activity, has been a worker for half a century of the world's most romantic and hopeful history, and he can not be wholly a croaker even if he allows no new fancies to interpret his experience. What discoveries in science and art, what progress in letters, government, and philanthropy within that half century! and our own America herself within that space of time has done enough and seen enough to fill centuries of old world and old school drowsy annals. We do not blame the old man for shaking his head at many of the false notions and fast ways of the new generation; but he can be a wise counselor without being a gloomy croaker, and can testify to

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the important truth that the old root must bear the young growth without denying that there can be any young growth at all.

The young man is tempted to retaliate such croaking in a tone that repeats its folly without its caution, as he rushes on in his vain self-reliance, as if wisdom were beginning now, and were not a branch of the old stock that has been rooted since time began. If we wish for a word that shall indicate youthful rashness, as "Old Fogy" indicates aged timidity, we may easily hit upon one. If the "Old Fogy" insists that every body shall stop growing because he has stopped growing himself, why not call him "Young Flighty" who insists that things shall grow of themselves without any root? There is a set of young people among us—sometimes led on, indeed, by dreamers not very young—who seem to think that, at the call of some daring theorist, the new and true order of civilization is to spring out of the ground or come down from the air in a moment, forgetful that every growth is from a pre-existent seed, and every wholesome institution must needs be—in its principles, if not in its form—the fruit of ages. Some reformers there are who would be ready to take the world home to their crotchety work-shop and put it into thorough repair, and perhaps send it home, like a pair of new boots, by Saturday night, for Sunday's wear. All those who follow an extreme individualism, and who think that civilization depends upon the abstractions of bold theorists, and not upon organic laws of growth that have their range throughout ages and races, and bind the nations together in continuity and solidarity, are constantly trying to abolish history, and inaugurate the new times over the annihilation of the old. Their signal and constant defeat is ample proof of their folly; for if there be any set of men who, in the end, play into the hands of a morose conservatism, it is they whose wild theories awake fond hopes only to disappoint them, and at last send their weary votaries into the arms of the ancient tyrannies. So it is that our Young Flighties recruit the ranks of our Old Fogies; and no men are more doleful croakers than the mad schemers whose rash and baseless hopes have brought them a harvest of bitter disappointments. So it is that extremes meet; and if a morose conservatism provokes a reckless radicalism, a reckless radicalism provokes a morose conservatism; and Young Flighty, after he has cracked his voice in shouting for the new idol of the hour, is in apt mood and tone, as soon as that idol is overthrown, for going over to the Old Fogies, and devoting his cracked organ to the service of that croaking band.

Why should there be this harsh antagonism between youth and age, and why should the two be otherwise than mutual helpers, leading on the years under the benign guidance of memory and hope, experience and enthusiasm? The parental and filial relation are mutual blessings; and age, in its judicious counsel, is rewarded by youth in its genial reverence. Youth, reverential in its hope, is sure to lead to an age cheerful in its remembrances. Both parties are gainers by the relation, and not only work out the same ends but join in the same thought and feeling, as when the morning and the evening of a well-spent day answer to each other's face and voice, and the setting sun fronts the place of its rising, and the lengthening shadows touch the gates of morning, and the vesper hymn and prayer, in their subdued gratitude and trust, answer to the matins in their sanguine strength and hope. Even so would we have the young and old regard each other, as they sit together by the fireside or meet in the market-place or the solemn assembly. Friends and mutual benefactors they are called to be, and all the more to each other in being true to themselves by an interchange of gifts and experiences.

In many a home—and, in fact, in the nation at large—it is a grave question what shall be the practical relation between the young and the old? We have something to say upon this question; and although well aware that the fault is not wholly on one side, but that both parties are sometimes unreasonable, we will take it for granted that our young people, as being most numerous and unformed, most need a little lecturing, and we can talk to them in all kindness and respect, yet perhaps very much like a father, and in a way perhaps to win us here and there a father's blessing. So then, Young America, take off your hat and sit down a while, if you can curb your impatient nerves, and hear what we have to say to you of your true spirit and career.

We say to you, first of all, that you are to think in a manly way, and not try to shirk upon other minds the burden of thinking for you. You are to think, indeed, upon many things, but chiefly upon what it is that makes the man. Our Old America seems to have had a pretty distinct idea of true manhood; and while we can not agree with the flaming patriots who think that we can do without the old world's literature, arts, and religion, and that we are to make every thing anew for ourselves—as strenuous for raising our own ideas as we raise our own corn and potatoes—we are somewhat strong in the opinion that America has given the world some original thought as to the substance of manhood; and no people like ours have affirmed in word and deed the superiority of man to circumstance, and the right and duty of every man to say that his soul is his own, and prove the assertion by deeds. We have not given the world any new philosophies nor religions, unless Mormonism and Spiritualism may lay claim to that prerogative; yet the old school Americans did say—on paper and in the forest, on the ocean and the field—that a man is in himself a somewhat important fact, and one too significant to be despised either by himself or his fellows. The man is the substance, the circumstance is the accident. This should be the American doctrine; and not the opposite notion, that circumstance is the substance, and man the accident. The old colonists affirmed the truth in their way when they left the refinements of Europe for the freedom of this great wilderness, and within all their stern creeds and set manners beat this great sentiment, that a true man is the great fact of the world, and he is not to be trodden upon by kings or coteries. Our young men are to affirm this in their own way, and to assert for themselves the right and the duty of a genuine manhood, amidst the new artificialities that would enervate, and the new dynasties that would subdue them. No easy task it is; for politically, financially, and even religiously, a manly thinker is threatened or tempted on every side, and urged to prefer the accident to the substance, and sacrifice the reality to the shadow. The universal hurry to win name and fortune makes the many more eager to snatch at some specious expedient than to master the solid principle; and we, probably as a people, have carried the art of social imitation and veneering as far as any people on the globe. Of too many things in our speech and manners it may be said, as is often said of the graining upon the wood-work of our houses, "You can not

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tell it from the original;" and good imitation is often thought as good as the real thing, and, moreover, a great deal more ingenious. In politics, we are apt to get up an enthusiasm for this or that leader, whether radical or conservative, and mistake the flippancy with which we repeat the party catchwords for the steadfastness with which we ought to stand by our principles. Our social code is quite as lax; and many a young man, who ought to have made up his mind to be a genuine man, with ideas and purposes of his own, finds himself loitering away the golden hours of youth in idle frivolity, if not in wasting dissipations that sacrifice true manhood to a false standard of gentility. It is a somewhat pressing question now, What is social quality; and what is to give our most favored young men their distinction? Too often the question is sadly answered, and not a few of our young men, capable of manly thought, seem content to be practically mere ciphers, under the lead of the brainless extravagance and flashy folly that are trying to set up a dynasty of their own in our cities; to brand industry as vulgar, independent thought as eccentricity, sterling principle as Quixotism, and to deal out social life or death from its tawdry throne with its tinsel sceptre. Against each and all of these would-be tyrants, whether backed by the silken mediocrity of the ballroom or the ribald vulgarity of the grog-shop and race-ground, a generous youth will make his protest and assert his right to stand upon his own feet, and be a man in his thought and his action. Old America meant to think like a man, and came out of the tyrannies and conventionalities of Europe, and did as he meant. If Young America means to do the same, he must show his good old father's pluck with the imported follies of Europe all around him, and in spite of the new follies of home-growth that threaten to outstrip the old aristocracies in extravagances.

Of course we can not look upon such manly thinking as implying any want of reverence, for it is always manly to honor true worth and be grateful for true service; so that he is no genuine man who refuses to pay his due tribute to age and merit, or who pertly and conceitedly ventilates his own stray notions, as if wisdom were born with him, and with him might pass away. We have little respect for the sort of youth that confounds manliness with self-conceit and self-will, especially in America, believing that our people, of all others, owe an inestimable debt to the old world and the old ages, from the fact of our nominal independence—a fact which makes our relation to the past not a mere tradition but a rational and moral duty. We have left Europe and many of its institutions out of sight, and are sometimes in danger in losing sight of the sober lessons of ancient experience. Since, however, those lessons are not forced upon us by a stern task-master, they should be studied by willing pupils; and he is the manliest young thinker who ponders most seriously and reverently the records of transmitted wisdom, and accepts most modestly the heritage of ancestral thought and labor. We have often thought that many hopeful specimens of our Young America were lacking in this manly grace; and we are glad to turn the tables upon them, and say that we ask them not to be less, but more manly, and show not only manly courtesy but manly justice to the age and the experience that give them their best heritage, and enable them to start with such high hopes in their career.

Again, we maintain that our young men are called, by the example of age, not only to manly thinking but to manly work. They are to do something worthy in their own day and generation, and not basely live upon the capital that has been earned for them. The fathers have been indefatigable workers in their day, and if the sons wish to have some adequate idea of the task before them, let them simply ask for the statistics of the last half century of our American history, and judge by what has been done of what they are to do. The figures read more like romance than history, and new cities and States have started into being as by magic, and old communities have shot up into new and marvelous proportions. The wealth that is more than rivaling the pride of old Tyre and Venice did not come by chance, but is the fruit of the hard work alike of the head and the hand. Our young men too often forget this, and insist upon spending the fruit of industry in a way that disowns industry itself; and many a young prodigal squanders like water the costly earnings of his father's sweat, and even of his father's blood. Poor boys catch the bad ambition, and have the wants, and sometimes the vices, without the possession of wealth. A style of talking and of dressing and living abounds among young men of scanty means that our thrifty fathers would have thought ruinous; and to make both ends of the year meet is a more desperate problem with many of our Young Flighties than the problem of squaring the circle.

We know very well what many of our fair-minded young men, who are too much given to idling, will say when you chide them with the great odds between their large talking and their small doings. They will say that they have no fair opportunity; that the table is full, or that the best places are all taken, and there is no chance for them—or, at least, no chance up to the level of their tastes and abilities. What did the old men say when they began to take care of themselves? Did they wait for the river to run dry before they crossed, or linger that the way might be smoothed that they might start upon their journey? Surely not. They showed their pluck in fording or swimming the stream, and cutting their way through the pathless wilderness. Suppose that they had been as chicken-hearted as some of our dainty youths are nowadays. Would they not have found insurmountable obstacles every where? It is said that the country is too full now for fair competition. Was it not always too full for the faint-hearted? Did not the stern Pilgrims of Plymouth, and the stout Dutch of Manhattan, and the brave Cavaliers of the Old Dominion find plenty of occupants to dispute the way with them, and plenty of pathless forests, howling beasts, and murderous savages? Yet they did not turn back; but turning difficulties into inspirations they set a firm foot upon the land, and this magnificent empire of freedom and industry has been their reward. So Old America did his work; why should not Young America do likewise? It may not be easy, indeed, to find employment for every school-boy that shall allow him kid gloves, broadcloth, and Champagne to his heart's content; but let him take hold of some honest work without gloves, drink cold water, and if need be, wear his father's old clothes, duly fitted to his slighter limbs—as many of our bravest youth of the old time have done—and there will be a place for him, and, in due time, a good place too. If he has the true grit, and means to earn a dollar before he spends it, and would sooner go some time on bread and water than beg roast-beef and plum-pudding, there need be little anxiety about his fortunes. The very pressure of competition, that seemed to close the way of success against him, will

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in due time open it; and he will find that the very men who were looked upon as his enemies will be his friends, and they who are masters of the high places of enterprise will be the first to appreciate and encourage him. In short, the better sort of young men have no truer friends than the better sort of old men; so that often the two ages combine in friendly partnership, and many of our most thriving houses mingle old blood and young blood in their interchange of experience and enterprise. There is something, in fact, in our old-fashioned American mind that makes light of difficulty, and laughs at youth for being cast down by a few rebuffs. When a child falls down upon the floor, and gets a black eye or a bloody nose, instead of magnifying the pain and grief by excessive pity, the good mother was wont to say, "Get up, and take another;" and soon the little tumbler was all smiles again. Our young people may well carry this lesson into life; and instead of being thrown off their path by an occasional stumble, they should hear that stern but not unkind mother, Experience, saying to them, "Get up, my boy, and take another." Our Yankee humor is full of this hopeful spirit, and our literature and art breathe very little of the sad tone of the old nations that felt the weakness of the individual under the foot of the great despotisms, and celebrated in their noblest poets and dramatists the subjection of man to fate. The masterly group of the Laocoon is not in the Yankee vein; and if one of our sculptors had attempted such a subject, he would not please our people half so well by representing the old man as yielding to the serpents in that desperate struggle, as by turning the victory the other way, and showing the old man's purpose to cut off the heads of the reptiles or strangle them, by beating them thus at their own game, and in some way letting it be known that the whole snake family had better let him and his boys alone the next time.

Sometimes, indeed, our people may carry their self-reliance too far, and bear the filibuster spirit not only into border wars but into home strifes and competitions. This spirit, however, is not the genuine manhood, for manly force has always a loyal, reverential element in its composition, and is never content to set up its own will as the absolute law. If we have a set of young *smooths*, who are spying out some way of shirking responsibility and living in easy indolence, we have also a set of young *roughs*, who are on the watch for adventure, and perhaps waste upon assaults on hen-roosts and orchards, tutors and watchmen, the energies that they would gladly give to the sea or the camp. Too often these rough-and-ready urchins join the idle race of smooths in their own way, and end, in some forms of shameful idleness or dissipation, the career that began in reckless self-will. Manly work is the only safeguard for both classes of character. Their spheres may differ, and the one may be fitted for a quieter and the other for a bolder career. Yet they must both go to work and do something; for the do-nothing is sure in the end to be the nobody, and manly work is the only security of manly dignity.

We say, last of all, that our youth shows due respect to age by manly association, or being true to that public spirit which transmits the best life of the past to the future. Why need to multiply proofs of the truth that no man is to live for himself alone, when every act or privilege of our lives brings us into numberless associations with our fellow-men; and every loaf of bread that we eat, and every book that we open, implies the thought and the labor of all past ages and all present arts and sciences? We Americans owe more than any other people to a conscious and vital public spirit—a spirit that speaks in living souls, instead of being transmitted merely by hereditary institutions. Our America is what it is by the union of free men into a nation under the pressure of foreign enemies, and by the confederation of neighboring colonies. Our liberty and law are our public spirit, organized to a certain extent; and what folly to regard the organization as now complete, or as ending with our political compact, or even with any amendments of our political compact? Nay, the excellence of our political system is that it leaves our people, to so large an extent, free to carry out their own tastes and enterprises; so that in times of peace far more has been done to make us a nation by voluntary association than by legal enactment or political co-operation. Our art, science, literature, sociality, and religion have thriven without legislative interference; and who shall set bounds to our progress if the new generation follows, with its enlarged culture and means, worthily in the footsteps of the old? The soil we find already to our hand, and any young man who has strength to hold the plow will not lack land to subdue. A noble mastery of the soil is one of the conquests that belongs to the new generation; and not only in the new Territories but in the old States the first principles of judicious agriculture need to be applied. We have been spending too much of our landed capital; and exhausting its fertility without replenishing it, we have wasted our substance while we thought ourselves making our fortune. The new generation, moreover, is to do its part to beautify the land which the old generation could do little more than till for daily bread. If much of the rough work that was once done by hand may now be done by mechanism, all the more leisure and strength may be reserved for the exercise of refining tastes, and every village may have the bloom of a little Paradise, if the young people will plant trees instead of the old groves that have been so ruthlessly felled, and will also save the young forests from destruction. We believe that there is a peculiar delicacy of organization in our people that makes them quite susceptible to the element of beauty, and that in time we are to be noted for our love of the beautiful arts. The nurture of this taste does not imply any decline of robust energy, but quite the contrary. Old Greece is proof that bodily exercise in the open air rather sharpens than blunts the higher sense, and that the free range of the field and forest trains the eye and fancy to appreciate the loveliness of Art as well as Nature. We are pleased at the not infrequent union of stout manhood with fine taste among our young men, and are glad to know of many who bring up from a hunt on the Western prairies or the Adirondack mountains a keener eye and a higher enthusiasm for every form of beauty that can adorn the earth, and bring man to a truer idea of his own gifts. We rejoice in the manly sports that brace the limbs to their due grace and strength, and can not but look upon our host of young cricketers, oarsmen, journeyers on foot and on horseback, as, by their hardihood, worthier scions of the stout old stock.

American Society needs the renovating breath of the new generation quite as much as the American soil. It is hard to say what should be done to abate our crying social evils; yet it is plain that something should be achieved to rescue society from the tyranny of false fashions, and belittling, if not ruinous extravagances. It would be most cheering if we could

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note, among our young, some steadfast disposition to base respectability more upon character and less upon circumstance, and establish a true idea of *quality* of living as distinguished from *quantity* of fortune. We are a tawdry, superficial people in our social habits; and the young man who can dare, in the face of general ostentation, to marry a girl of congenial culture, and live in any thing like the old-fashioned simplicity, must have a bravery beyond that which drove the British again and again from Bunker Hill, or brought Cornwallis and Burgoyne to lay down their arms. We can only throw out a passing hint of a crying social want, and express our earnest hope that, before this century closes, we shall see the rise of a true order of republican society; and that our new education, taste, and humanity will devise some way of securing to a modest family a fair share of comfort, refinement, and social position, without the sacrifice of good sense, frugality, and self-respect.

In politics there are many things to be attempted worthy of the best powers and hopes of the new generation; and we can not but believe that some method will be adopted which will more effectually save us from being the tools of parties, and secure to the mind and heart of the nation the rule. In sixteen years a great hour is to strike on our dial, and in 1876 the nation celebrates the centennial of its independence—in fact, the centennial of its birth. If our young men are true to themselves, they will be able to honor the signers of the Declaration of Independence better than by empty words; and there will be young Washingtons, Franklins, Adamses, and Jeffersons to mark their names upon the annals of the nation and the manners and customs of the time. We believe that great things have been done, and ought still to be done, by our blood and on our soil; and are, in a certain sense, quite decidedly of the Manifest Destiny school. We believe, however, that our best destiny comes to us in the old-fashioned way of sober industry and reverential good sense; not from any new Red Republicanism that aims to set up the rule of sensualism, nor in any black priestcraft, that would burn the old Bibles and forbid us saying our own prayers. Our Manifest Destiny man is not a filibuster nor an anarchist, but a far-seeing, firm-minded, large-hearted thinker and worker, carrying intelligence, law, liberty, and religion wherever he goes. The backwoodsman's peaceful axe is the reveille of his advancing armies; the sound of the church-going bell is his cannonade; the school-house is his fortification; the deepest dye upon his fields is the bloom of sweet-scented flowers; the plowman's whistle leads his charge; the fleets of fruitful commerce are his invincible navy; and our troops of rushing locomotives are his flying artillery. Not only America but mankind at large must share in such triumph; and as youth is true to the best lessons of age, it will be some day not only building up its own future, but adding imperishable stones to the great temple of God and Humanity.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT would be pleasant music to hear the sound of all the voices that wish a Happy New Year! It makes us feel the force of habit and resolution to know that at this season so many are cheerful, as if it were a matter of course. And so it is. For although the New Year reminds us that another year is gone, and the snow begins to fall, perhaps, among our lusty brown and black locks, yet it is a time of birth also, of infancy and childhood, and consequent love and hope and fond expectation.

And yet as every body is so evidently gay when the New Year comes, as if they were all young parents to whom a "blessed baby" was just born, they might remember that every day they assist at a similar event. Every day is born as well as the year; and as with children, so with the days, for

> "Trailing clouds of glory do they come
> From heaven, which is our home."

The lesson of the day and of the season, then, is Cheerfulness; and the question is, Why are we not always as cheerful? and the improvement is, that we will be.

You, good friend, for instance, whose eye runs along these lines, you come down on New-Year's morning and greet the children so kindly, so brightly, so sympathetically, that they think the presents are only a more palpable expression of your good-humor. Your whole manner shows that somehow the day is different from other days. Your face and conduct have on their Sunday clothes; and without knowing why or how, you are happier in the children's enjoyment, and they in your gentleness.

Why not always so? Why should not the same sun that rises daily in the sky rise also in our manner and feeling? If a man would know what it is to be happy, let him feel that children love him—that they come to him easily and simply and instinctively. He will be like the old magician of the fable who talked with the flowers, and the trees nodded to him, and the winds whispered secrets. The whole world of faith, of unchilled hope, of pure imagination, which lies around us all in the heart of childhood, will become subject to his sway. For the mere satisfaction and enjoyment a man had much better get one per cent. less for his money in railroad or coal investments, and one per cent. more for his investment in the sympathy of children. A man who has no pleasure in music, but who sees the intense and profound delight which music confers upon those who are sensitive to it, may well long to have an ear for it, although he knows it is impossible. But here is an ear for the subtlest and sweetest music which he *can* cultivate. For by really wanting to love children a man may make them love him.

They are great pests, and bores, and dreadfully noisy, you think? But are they half so stupid and soul-destroying as the great, lazy, lounging, gossiping, swearing, dull people who pass themselves off for men? Are they nearly such intolerable bores as the swarms of people who talk to you of things in which they have no interest, nor you either? At a venture, what mother who loves her children (for there are some who do not love, but merely make the best of them) would not prefer to pass a morning in her nursery to making a round of morning calls upon people whose conversation and conduct might lead a sad observer to believe that a city was an asylum for people of merely embryo minds, dwelling in extremely expensive cells?

A child tells you what he thinks, what he feels, and tempts you to treat him with the same tender frankness. But what noble thought, if it conflict with general opinion—what bold word for generous men who are taboo by society, is tolerated for a moment in drawing-rooms where children are accounted pests and bores? As for noise, did you ever hear Miss —— sing? The people who have sneered at her singing to you before she comes, always insist that they must hear that delightful some-

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thing, and down sits Miss —— and begins. You think children are noisy? Yes, but at least we can say Hush! to them. It is not good manners to say so to Miss ——.

One thing at least is very clear—that there are very few of us who ought to be allowed to have to do with horses or children. People jerk, and twitch, and use up, and kick, and beat their horses, just as they snarl, and scold, and swear, and snub, and cuff, and whip their children. The result is, that the horse is dogged and restive, ill-trained and unsafe; the children are shocked, pained, embittered, and spoiled. A horse is as delicate as a child or a plant. He wants thought, and skill, and care, and firmness, and he will reward the pains you bestow upon him as surely as a vegetable. Cultivate a pear-tree sensibly and intelligently, and it will bring you sound, sweet, juicy, aromatic fruit. Cherish a horse in the same way, and he will bear docility, readiness, kindness, quietness, and intelligence, like flowers.

How much more so is it with children! A child is a tropical soil. The seed you drop germinate and bring forth a thousand-fold, and in an unending succession of crops. Plant brambles, and thorns will come up and scratch you. Sow stones, and no green thing will grow. Treat a boy like a brute, and you will have a brutal man. Of course, not always; for there are fine natures that are not to be spoiled—which you can bend but never break.

For that true cultivation, that improved farming of character, the sub-soil plow is patience, and the roller is cheerfulness. With these you may be sure of your crop, and the spirit of the New-Year's morning includes them all. And if a parent should say this morning to his child, "I have put no sugar-plums into your stocking, but I am going to put affectionate confidence and forbearance into every day of our intercourse this year," the child might well spare the candy, and say, joyfully, "Well, well; this *is* a happy New Year!"

VIATOR is a gentleman who is much troubled upon his travels by the ill-breeding, as he calls it, of his beloved fellow-countrymen; and he wants to know if there is any good reason why money should lose its value the moment he enters a railway station to take his passage.

For instance, says Viator, when I reach a town I consider to what hotel I will go, how much I am willing to pay, and what I wish to find in the hotel. If I want to be in a noisy, riotous, dram-drinking house, I go to it, pay my money, and get its value, and also the noise and riot which I wanted, and which I call good company. So if I prefer dirt, sloppy service, unclean beds, and beef-steaks fried in some kind of sauce-pan, I know where they are to be had, and I go and get them, and nobody is troubled. If, again, I wish comfortable and luxurious rooms, a quiet house, and a carriage at my disposal, I know where I can have them too, by paying, and it is nobody's business.

In all these cases my money pays for what I want. There is no law, no custom, no person, that insists upon my going to the bad house if I prefer the good one, nor to the bad one if I do not choose to pay for the good. My tastes are respected, and so long as I wrong no one every body holds his tongue, knowing that he would do just so, if he chose to, or were able.

Now, why should this right of individual choice cease the moment I come to a railway car? If my money, says Viator, buys me comfort and quiet at the hotel, why should it not buy the same blessings in the car?

The other night, he says, I was going from New York to Albany upon the well-conducted Hudson River road. Every seat was full and the stoves were in full blast. Presently that overpowering odor of toasted trowsers, sizzled apple-parings, mingled breaths of closely-packed human beings, and the deteriorated, partly fetid air, possessed the entire car. After enduring the agony until it became intolerable, I opened a window and gave my lungs fair play. Scarcely a minute passed before the neighbors began to shrug their shoulders, pull up their coat-collars, and look furious. I knew what was coming, but determined to hold on until it did come. I breathed away at the fresh air as fast as I could, inhaling the electric cordial, as if I had been dying of thirst and now touched water. The cool refreshing air breathed into the noisome car, and as it touched some of the passengers farthest from the window, reminding them that there was such a thing as clear, sweet, invigorating oxygen, they looked round at the window as if they had been personally insulted: as if they had said in their hearts, "What the d—— do I want with fresh air?"

At length, of course, it came.

"Had you just as lieve shut that window, Sir, here is a lady who—"

I yielded to the final American argument. Down went the window, and on came again the fumes of Tartarus and the odor of Gehenna, until I waxed furious in my capacity as man and as American citizen, and, dear Easy Chair, I came very near saying to myself, "Why the d—— sha'n't I have fresh air?"

And why shouldn't I?

The price of passage to Albany from New York, with the necessity of breathing a foul and poisonous atmosphere, is three dollars. Very well; I, Mr. Easy Chair, will cheerfully pay half a dollar more for the sake of having sweet air to breathe during the six hours of the journey. And there are plenty of people who would do precisely the same thing. Now the question is, why should not the Railway Company sell us that fresh air?

Or take another view.

After breathing this stifling atmosphere for several hours we reached Hudson. There a company of passengers stepped into the cars, who sat wherever they could find places, talking loudly and laughing noisily; hailing each other from end to end of the car; shouting silly remarks that were intended to be funny, and laughing, without the least merriment, at their own want of wit. They did not seem to be drunk—they were only vulgar and foolish and rowdy, and by their loud noise completely took possession of the car.

Now people have a perfect right to be silly, and to sing and to whistle and make dull jokes as long and as often as they choose. But why should I be obliged to listen to them, and to be annoyed by them? If the company provide a car for innocent and quiet smokers, why do they not for howling boys of whatever age? And since that is a difficult thing to do directly, why does it not occur to them to secure the same result indirectly, by having cars in which for a certain sum—higher if you choose than the ordinary fare—passengers can be secure of quiet, decency, and fresh air?

In fact, dear Easy Chair, with progressive civilization, I have no doubt that we shall come to have cars that may be engaged for parties traveling to-

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gether, as we can hire carriages or seats at the theatre; a time when a company of friends traveling through from New York to Niagara or the White Mountains may secure their separate conveyance all the way. One great reason which deters people from pleasure-travel in this country is that the travel is not pleasure at all. The traveler is at the mercy of every body who chooses to be disagreeable, provided he has but paid his money. And I for my part heartily agree with my friend Timotheus, who declares that when the American goes to travel he abdicates all his rights and manliness.

"See it in omnibuses," says Timotheus. "How often have I been sitting in an omnibus packed too full with twelve people, and some insulting thirteenth man jumps upon the step and makes his way in. He knows perfectly well that he has no right there, that he is deliberately swindling the other passengers out of the accommodation for which they have paid their money. He is not in the least disturbed, and the whole set of twelve dastardly cravens are too faint-hearted to stand up for their rights and push him out, lest somebody should say it isn't democratic. Don't talk to me of liberty or independence," says Timotheus; "I never knew so timid and cowering a people in the world as my countrymen."

Perhaps Timotheus's acquaintance with the world is not very large; but there is certainly some reason in what he says: and Viator is not altogether in the wrong, but very much in the right. There is no talk so idle as that which confounds ruffianism, and rowdyism, and filth, and indecency, and outrage upon good manners, good taste, and good sense with democracy. A drunkard is no more a democrat than a pig is. A loud, wrangling, sneering loafer, in bad hat and dirty boots and ragged coat, is no more a democrat for those reasons than any other scarecrow. There is many a quiet, decent, well-dressed man, whom this fellow would insult out of the bar-room window as a stuck-up aristocrat, who has more genuine democracy, more respect for the opinion of the great mass of men and more reliance upon their judgment, and a thousand-fold profounder respect for their equal rights—which is the substance of democracy—than the loafer ever dreamed of; more genuine democracy in the last joint of his little finger than the swaggerer in all his bones and body together. A b'hoy is not a democrat; there is no more tyrannical despot in the world; no man who more insolently imposes himself and his prejudices upon decent and disgusted people. And the spirit of the b'hoy is not democracy. If Mose be the model and ideal American, who would not want to renounce his native land at once?

So Viator is not to be reproached as an aristocrat because he prefers decency and good manners and taste to their opposites. The "Young America" of the future is neither to be sought in the Bowery nor in Broadway; but if you find any where a man who respects himself enough to respect others—who believes in himself enough to believe in others—who has so profound a faith in the democratic principle as to believe that all the material results achieved by the despotic principle shall be surpassed by the grand doctrine upon which our system rests—take him by the hand, for you have found a representative American; you have found a democrat of the deepest dye.

Therefore, unless the railway directors think that it is not "according to the spirit of our institutions" that they should drive in their own carriages, or live in pleasant, handsome houses, while some of their neighbors go on foot, and live more poorly, there really seems to be no reason why they should not consult the general convenience in the matter of more suitable accommodations in the cars. If it is not aristocratic for a man to prefer his own room in a hotel, and his books and friends, to a miscellaneous crowd in the bar-room, it is no more so for him to buy air and quiet upon his journey.

And don't say that a car is better than a stage-coach. When you have a toothache, is it any consolation to know that you might have two teeth ache? When you have broken your little finger, do you understand the comfort which assures you that it is better than breaking your neck? Of course it is; but what then? The point is to be in health—to be whole. Every man is entitled to that. Of course I had rather break one leg than break two, says Viator; but why should I break any? Of course there is, upon the whole, less discomfort in a car than in a coach; but why have any discomfort which can be avoided? There may be a certain amount of trouble attendant upon all travel. Shall we therefore not try to be comfortable? If we can't be easy, may we not be as easy as we can?

Who that has traveled in Germany does not recall with delight those charming *coupés* of the railway cars, in which, with some friends, or with wife and child, the traveler speeds along, looking every where, seeing every thing, and as separate as in his own house? To be sure there is a laugh upon the *coupés*. "Fools, princes, and Americans ride first-class" is a saying in Germany. Very well. Fools (see Shakespeare and history in general) have always been notorious as the wisest men; and princes know what comfort is, if they know nothing else. Thence the American may be inferred.

Let those laugh that win. The traveler cosily sitting out of the way of his neighbor's odors—out of the vile air—out of the smell of greasy cloth, peanuts, and apples—with room for his legs and arms, and lungs and brain—with a cheerful pair of friends, and the seclusion of his own house, is not so very sadly to be pitied, even if he has to pay more. Why, would you grudge paying an extra sixpence for clean sheets at the next tavern you stop at? That is the whole question.

One ceremony in honor of the late Senator Broderick was somewhat clouded by the sharp weather and the protest of many well-known citizens against its occurrence upon Sunday. And certainly it would seem that the objects of the occasion—great publicity and importance—might have been more surely secured by selecting another day.

The spirit of our society is unquestionably opposed to such pageants upon Sunday. The public ceremonies commemorative of dead Presidents have always taken place upon some other day.

And the Easy Chair confesses sharing the feeling of Bernard Barton in a letter to Charles Lamb, mentioning that the Government had appointed a Thanksgiving, for some state purpose, upon Sunday. It is too bad, says the Quaker poet, to put two feasts into one; especially for those of us who are poor clerks, and who are expected to have had our Thanksgiving *and* our Sunday.

So with the grand commemorative services which make virtual holidays. It is not fair to confound them with others. Many a poor clerk, for instance, who prefers to go to church on Sundays to going any where else, would be very glad to see an im-

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posing spectacle; and on any other day he could do it.

The orator was vehement, and doubtless effective. A passionate eulogy rarely fails of its impression. Lately we have seen Mr. Choate's eulogy upon Mr. Webster, at Dartmouth College, called one of the grandest orations that ever passed human lips. Read it, and see if you agree.

There are certain facts about men as notorious as their personal appearance, their gifts, and their graces. They modify and make the impression of the man. But they never get into the eulogies. Mr. Everett, in his eulogy upon Mr. Webster, says: "You ask me if he had faults? I answer, he was a man." Now, if the orator had been eulogizing Washington, what could he have said more? And what kind of idea does such a eulogy transmit to the posterity who do not know the man? All the expressive shades, the varieties that compose the individuality of great men, are omitted by their eulogists; and they turn upon them a glare of light in which we can see nothing.

In the discourse upon Senator Broderick the orator spoke of the manner of his death, and, while deprecating dueling, justified Mr. Broderick's duel. Undoubtedly his case was no more than many others; but the orator's plea, drawn from the fact that great Englishmen have fought political duels, would have been greatly strengthened if he had mentioned the death of Hamilton. Yet he forgot that it was the very quality in the Englishmen which led them to the duel that also depresses them in public esteem.

So in the tragedy of Hamilton—if ever a man felt himself urged, necessitated, justified to fight, it was Alexander Hamilton, the right hand of Washington. But who does not wish he had not fought?

In like manner, the orator said, with eloquent conviction, that the Senator would have lost his political influence in California unless he had fought. Was it, then, worth maintaining at such a price? If dueling be monstrous, inhuman, unjust, the duel must be too high a price to pay for any influence. For suppose, fighting to preserve his influence, as Hamilton thought he was, he had killed Burr. (He meant to throw away his fire, we know; but we are considering the duel as a duel.) Would his influence have been restored? Would not his whole career have been tarnished? Since he went out to fight, who is not glad that he did not kill, but was killed?

Put the same test to Senator Broderick. His eulogist, Senator Wilson in his letter, and many and many a witness, testify to the intrinsic worth of the man. Suppose he had shot Judge Terry, can any sane man believe that his political influence would have been increased? Every political, would have become instantly a personal, enemy.

Does any body suppose that Jackson was really helped by his Dickinson duel? That, and the Benton fray, may have given him greater consideration among pot-house bullies and peppery frontiersmen; but what is their accession compared with the loss of the confidence of thoughtful, law-obeying, God-fearing citizens? So with Clay—it is notorious how deeply he was politically injured by the duels he had fought. Remember, too, how indignant American readers were with Thackeray for insinuating in the "Virginians" that Washington would have fought a duel. Remember, too, the information of a letter from Edmund Mason, given to the Lounger of *Harper's Weekly* by Mr. Lossing, in which it was stated distinctly that Washington was always opposed to dueling; yet he was a military man, born more than a century ago. Does any body suppose his reputation would be enhanced any where, and in any way, if it could be proved that he would have fought a duel under whatever provocation?

Here is young Tinderbox at the club. Featherbrains gets drunk and empties a glass of wine into his friend's face, calling him a poltroon; or he does it without getting drunk. "I have no wish to slay a human being," says Tinderbox, as he summons his friend, Gunpowder; "none at all; but my honor requires that Featherbrains meet me in the field."

How does his honor require it? Is he proved to be a poltroon because Featherbrains says so, or because he empties wine into his face?

Clearly not.

Will his friends consider him to be so if he does not have blood for wine?

But if they will, are they people whose opinion is of any importance?

Will the world at large think him so?

Not at all. Only the poltroons will think so.

For take our Governor Morgan, take the Honorable Mr. Dickinson, or any perfectly well-known, substantial citizen; and suppose somebody to give them the lie. Do you mean to say that their fellow-citizens would really think their honor was touched if they did not fight a duel about it? A man must have a very ludicrous idea of a gentleman's honor who supposes it to be at the mercy of every drunken, or angry, or foolish fellow in the street, or the club, or the parlor.

And the theory that the dueling system represses gossip and defamation, wherever it prevails, by making every man feel that he is personally accountable for his words, is entirely disproved by the fact that it prevails most in border countries and among the most ignorant people. It merely leads to the carrying of deadly weapons by every man, and to the indulgence of the most unbridled passions. A frontier society is a chronic duel, which may break out at any moment between any two men. And, necessarily, wherever the preservation of social order is committed not to the individual conscience and good sense, and to the laws, but to private revenge, there society is perpetually lost in anarchy.

It is, therefore, always the wiser course, although often so much the most difficult, to tell the truth about the dead. We are all men. We are all fallible. If a man is great enough to be eulogized, then we know all about him; we know what he was, and what he did. If he were fair in the face, why speak of his grand black brow? If he were five feet high, why speak of his towering proportions? If his voice was rough, why praise his dulcet accents? If he were fond of drinking, why celebrate his sobriety? If he were dishonest, why call him a model of integrity?

Every eulogist ought to remember that he is speaking of one whom his hearers knew—whom, indeed, they loved and honored; but honored and loved in spite of his faults, not because they supposed him to be perfect. So with the young California Senator, whose course seems to have been upon the whole manly, and who was at least struggling to be an honest man. He had heroic qualities—he had the secret magnetism that attaches enthusiastic friends. His loss is deeply to be deplored; but still his campaign speeches are not to be commended, nor because he fought a duel—thinking that he was justified—is his duel more commendable than others.

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We were speaking, a column or two back, of railroad conveniences, and so forth (the Easy Chair said *railway*, because it thinks it is a more euphonious word than *railroad*); and there is something to be said about those hotels to which incidental reference was made.

Popularly, and in the mind of many an aspiring landlord, a hotel is a machine into which you put hundreds of all kinds of people, feed them, sleep them, wine them, and smoke them, and the net result to the man at the crank is a fortune in five years. It is the prettiest kind of vision that enchants and allures the Yankee imagination. It has come to be seen, however, that the fruit can not be picked by fingers that are all thumbs; and the perception has been coined into one of those impudent proverbs that show, like certain kinds of weeds and vigorous wild plants, the quality of the soil from which they spring: "Yes, he's a smart chap; but he can't keep a hotel."

Now as this Magazine sometimes falls under the eyes of those who keep hotels, and a great many who stop in them, let us have a word together.

There is no country more prolific in exquisite places than this. That's fair and far enough off, to start with. There is no country in which the people are fonder of travel. But they all go in certain directions. The deepest rut upon the continent is that on the road from New York to Niagara, and Saratoga and Newport. Many people travel elsewhere, but swarms to those places. Now any man is quite right who says that it is fashion which takes them there. So it does. But there is one other reason why they so run along well-beaten roads, and that is *hotels*—inns—taverns—whatever name pleases you most, to describe the public house.

There are plenty of places to which plenty of people would go, could they only be sure of finding a decent house to stop at—yes, could they only be sure of not finding an indecent one. It is not that they have particular prejudices against that especial place, but the general rule is so terrible. Out of the large towns, and with some exceptions, what kind of places are country taverns? Answer, ye dingy walls, dirty floors, ragged carpets, slopping maids, feather-beds, sheets—oh, sheets?—steaks fried in some kind of pan—coffee, of Day and Martin's best—bread, hot and heavy as a bar in the rolling-mill—every thing, cooked and uncooked, as bad as can be—utterly spoiled by the touch of civilization, which only goes far enough to make the sufferer sigh for pure savagery.

What human being, not expressly doing penance—or lecturing—would ever stop in a genuine country tavern, in his dear and native land, if he could help it? What man who has traveled in lands where clean, sweet beds, and simple, hearty fare are as universal as the homely, substantial neatness of the whole inn, does not feel that the young eagle of the Rocky Mountains has a good many feathers yet to start in her gorgeous plumage before she will dominate the empyrean?

In one of the chief cities of Western New York there is not a good inn—not a place which, in some of its most necessary departments, is not as repulsive and intolerable as a second-rate Italian town. And we all submit. We are like Timotheus's twelve men in the omnibus, and suffer ourselves to be imposed upon.

But how can the host stand it? How can he take the money of deluded and desperate, but imbecile, travelers without blushing? No wonder a clerk receipts the bills: a good clerk who, when he remits the amount to the traveling correspondent of the bi-weekly *Tin Trumpet*, is called by that correspondent "the obliging and gentlemanly clerk" in the very next letter.

There is no spectacle more ridiculous than the swelling landlord of a poor hotel. His patronizing, superior air is such a melancholy sham. You know it doesn't mean cleanness, and trimness, and thrift, as it ought to and seems to. You know it is all a delusion and a deceit. "Come, my children," it seems to say, "your room is ready, and you will forget that you have left your homes."

Do we?

Know ye the land where no poet would have ever invented the line—"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" That land is not far away, perhaps.

Now why not change it all? Why not have good inns—not appendages to groggeries, as most of them are? Did you ever cut across from Canandaigua, say six years ago, to Palmyra? Do you remember a place in a town on the way where was the village inn? Image of rural repose, of picturesqueness and seclusion, hail! Did you ever see before, in any one place, so many and such blear-eyed drunkards? Poor besotted wrecks, the remains of human beings in the remains of human clothing! It was the most piteous spectacle of degradation ever seen—a great deal worse, for instance, than Nena Sahib's brutalities. The country inn (image as aforesaid, etc.) was merely a manufactory of idiots and criminals; it was the great central fountain whence little private rills of utter woe and sorrow trickled into the secretest places of the homes of the village. There were rooms over it, in which you would have staid—you and the cherished Mrs. Tidwiddy—upon your romantic little trip through the lovely, secluded parts of our country.

That is the unadorned truth of most of the country taverns. It is not the stopping traveler that they look out for and prepare for. It is the teamster who passes and reins in for a glass; it is the workman of the village; the passing traveler, who stops to bait himself and horses. You, if you stop—yes, even you, Tidwiddy—are only a light extra.

How many a wise man sleeps in the cars rather than encounter the chances of a tavern if he stops! "I have been there," he says, with melancholy meaning, to the tyro who yearns for bed. Bed! Thou dear youth!

At very little expense windows could be tightened, floors washed, bed linen duly ditto, attendance could be prompt, food nourishing and well-cooked and served; all the little details which make up comfort could be had at much less expense than the luxuries which are now furnished, and which nobody wants; or, if they are wanted, let us have the hairs on one plate and the butter on another, and mix to our liking.

The sum is, that it is a shame, in our free and enlightened, et cetera, that the quiet country traveler must have no comfort of journeying off the great routes, unless he go straight to the Adirondack and camp out. It's very well to go and play Indian a little, as Louis XVI. and his court used to go and play peasant. But he wasn't a peasant; and we can't be Indians more than four or eight weeks in the year. What shall we do for the rest of the time in which we must travel?

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N.B.—The Easy Chair hopes it will be understood that none of these remarks apply to the capital houses which he might name—none of them. And he is quite sure that his friends the landlords know enough to throw the sermon into the next pew. It is not here that the fever and ague is known; but Neighbor Tugger, the other side of the fence, he does have it awful!

THE Lyceum, which certain lugubrious people and papers inform us regularly every year is upon its last legs, was never more vigorous and promising than it is this year. Certain worthy gentlemen, who declare that they do not wish to see their names placarded by the side of clowns and negro minstrels, have been relieved of that sad necessity by the Lecture Associations, which have failed to ask them. Certain clergymen have thought it necessary to declare war against the Lyceum, but totally, as it seems to us, without just reason. No honest man in the pulpit really needs to fear any honest man out of it. And it can not be truly said that any thing is uttered in the Lyceum which tends to bring the Creator, Christianity, or the Bible into disrespect; and it is not uttered because of two reasons: first, the chief lecturers are men of too much real earnestness of religious feeling; and, second, the audiences would not tolerate it.

That things are often said which tend to discriminate between what is *ecclesiastical* and what is *religious* is true enough; and it would be a great service to society if the pulpit would do the same thing. There is perpetual danger, as the history of the Romish Church shows, of confounding the form with the substance; and every clergyman and every lecturer who puts us upon our guard against that confusion is a public benefactor.

There seems to be no reason to apprehend a quick decline of the lecture system. The men will change, but the institution will last. The present speakers will gradually be supplanted. The platform will be weeded of men who do not speak to the popular mind and heart; but it will remain one great arena of free and honest thought and discussion, constantly extending its frontiers, moral and intellectual, stimulant and cordial, and an institution characteristic of the genius and responsive to the wants of an active, busy, enlightened people.

"I THINK you have been a little too *easy* in the geography of the article 'Daniel Boone' in your October issue. I always like to read my *Harper* with a 'Colton' before me; and a short time since—rather late, I'll confess, to be reading the October Number—I read, on page 578, 'He was born near Bristol, on the banks of the Delaware, in Berks County, Pennsylvania,' etc. My 'Colton' puts Bristol in the south part of *Bucks* County. Which is right? Again: 'When Daniel was three years of age his father settled at Reading, in Bucks County,' etc. The same authority places Reading in *Berks* County. Now, I do not know, of course, but that the State in those pre-Revolutionary days was so cut up as to make the said text correct; but still I can not now see how it can be twisted so as to be *just* right. Perhaps the dear old Easy Chair can and will explain, and make me

"Truly, O. K."

It is Mr. Lossing, the author of the article in question, who is best able to answer what he calls the "good-natured criticism of 'O. K,'" and he says: "Of course, twice it should read *Bucks*, and only once, in connection with Reading, should it be *Berks*. Boone was born in *Bucks*—Reading is in *Berks*. A printer might easily make the mistake, unless the two names were written much plainer than authors who have much to write are apt to."

"IOWA" wishes the Easy Chair to inform him how the "Cosmopolitan Art Association can give each of its subscribers a copy of Faed's admirable picture, 'Shakespeare and his Friends,' its own 'Quarterly Art Journal,' and a 'Season Ticket to the Dusseldorf Gallery,' besides a chance for a valuable work of art, all for three dollars. I have seen the engraving," continues our correspondent, "and am sure that a New York printseller would charge me ten dollars for it. Now, to say nothing of the other inducements, all of which cost money, how can the 'Cosmopolitan' sell me a ten-dollar print for three? or does the printseller demand an exorbitant price for fine engravings?"

The Easy Chair will endeavor to show his correspondent, that while the printseller does not charge too much, the "Cosmopolitan" can do all that it promises.

Thus: The engraver will receive for the plate of "Shakespeare and his Friends" some $5000. If 1000 copies—a fair edition—are sold, each costs five dollars, besides paper and printing—say half a dollar more. But if this $5000 be divided among 30,000 or 40,000 copies, each will cost considerably less than a dollar. After giving each subscriber his print, the Association will have a large balance to defray expenses, publish the "Journal," and buy works of art for distribution.

Few things have more pleased the Chair than the growing taste for works of art every where noticeable. Paintings and statuary are luxuries of the few; but illustrated books and periodicals and fine engravings are becoming the necessities of the many. The Easy Chair looks up in spirit from the pages of the Magazine to thousands of copies of Herring's charming "Village Blacksmith," the last year's engraving of the "Cosmopolitan;" and hopes to be still more frequently greeted by the serene face of Shakespeare, the massive brow of Jonson, the grave visage of Daniel, and the courtly aspect of Raleigh.

Our Foreign Bureau.

THE English are having their lectures and lecturers; not rhetorical and eloquent so much as practical and fact-giving. Thus, a gentleman enrolled in some new volunteer rifle corps (springing out of the French invasion panic) goes to the Hythe School, with his military companions, to see and try the rifle practice, as taught there by Major-General Hay. He comes back, and gives his friends in Cheshire who are organizing a rifle brigade an account of proceedings.

Observe with what directness he begins: "We assembled on Saturday, and reported ourselves to the General. Now a word about Major-General Hay; he is a fine, handsome man, of very pleasing manners, and much beloved by all about him; he is a splendid shot, and is seldom seen without his rifle in his hand. There were forty-two of us, from all parts of the kingdom. There were two peers, there were country gentlemen, there were barristers, there were men from the Universities of Oxford and Edinburgh, there were merchants and tradesmen — all classes, in short. We required no introduction; we were good friends as soon as we met."

He goes on to say how, upon Monday, they were all ushered into the lecture-room to hear a few words

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from the General. "He combated and ridiculed the popular error, which has been so much dwelt upon of late in the newspapers, that nothing but plenty of ball-practice would ever make men good shots. He told us that such practice only perpetuated error. He said the less shooting we had previously had the better. He then told us that it was position drill alone which would teach us to shoot; the more of this a man had the better.

"He told us that we volunteers ought to be such good shots that our fire would be effective at 600 to 900 yards; for it would not be safe to employ us in the field at a less distance than this, as, of course, our drill and discipline could not be expected to be such as would enable us to come to close quarters—with the Zouaves, for instance."

The lecturer goes on to describe, with the utmost particularity and simplicity, their daily work for a week. The general course of instruction was, "Cleaning of arms, theoretical principles, aiming drills, position drills, and judging distance drills."

Only after a month of very full and constant teaching and drilling were they allowed practice with ball-cartridges; and then "commenced such excitement as I never witnessed before. The first course was the third class. We fired five rounds at 150 yards, five at 200 yards, five at 250 yards, and five at 300 yards; and if we did not make fifteen points, we were kept in the third class. Our gallant lieutenant made twenty-nine points; another man, Warner, of Oxford, made the same; and this was the largest score. I only made fourteen points, and, like all blockheads, was kept in the third class; but I have the satisfaction to say I got out of it, and am now a second-class man. Lieutenant Horner is a first-class man, and Ensign Bower, of the Rock Ferry Company, has the honor of being a marksman. The second class was five rounds at 400 yards, five at 500 rounds, five at 550 yards, and five at 600 yards. It was necessary to make twelve points out of these to get into the first class, and seventeen of our whole number stuck in the second class. The first class was five rounds at 650 yards, five at 700 yards, five at 800 yards, and five at 900 yards; and it was necessary to make seven points out of these to become a marksman, and there were no less than fourteen who did this. This practice lasted from Tuesday to Saturday, and I can not describe to you the excitement of it. It exceeded any thing I ever saw. Hunting, or cricket, or boating is nothing to it. I felt, when I saw it, that there was no mistake about the volunteer movement; and there is no reason why there should not be the same excitement when the Cheshire companies march from their parade-ground for ball-practice as there was at the barrack-yard at Hythe."

We have given thus much space to the pleasant Captain who lectures in this off-hand, straightforward style, in order to show the simple British manner in those talks, as well as to give hint and partial account of the famous system of the Hythe School.

Sir John Coleridge, too—who, if we remember rightly, had some figure in our last month's record—has been lecturing before the Literary societies, in the Athenæum of Exeter. The subject was Circuit Reminiscences, and treated in the same informal, unpretending way which characterized the talk on rifle practice.

"In his early career," he said, "although the law did not allow him to languish in idleness, still he had many idle days, and these he employed in note-taking, whenever any important cases presented themselves. He had found great benefit from it."

Thereupon the lecturer detailed some of these to his audience; and from among them we cite this, as being an entertaining type of the rest (of course your readers will picture to themselves a full hall of the best people of Exeter, Mr. Sillifant in the chair, and Sir John talking):

"In the county of Cornwall there lived a highly respectable family, named Robinson, consisting of two sons, William and Nicholas, and two daughters. The property was settled on the two sons and their male issue, and in case of death, on the two daughters. William was to be the squire, and Nicholas was placed with an eminent attorney at St. Austell, as his clerk, but with a prospect of one day being admitted into partnership. The young man conducted himself well and respectably, and the attorney became much attached to him. The harmony, however, between the two and between the family was broken, for Nicholas had fallen in love with a young woman at St. Austell, who was a milliner or a milliner's apprentice. The result was that in November, 1782, the young man was sent to London to qualify himself as an attorney, and thence he wrote unhappy letters to his old master and others; but he was ultimately admitted an attorney of the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas. Thenceforward he was never seen by any member of his family or former friends, and all search for him proved fruitless. In the course of time the old Robinson died. William, the eldest son, succeeded to the property; he never married, and died in May, 1802. As nothing was heard of Nicholas, the two sisters became entitled to the property, and they held possession of it for twenty years, no claim being made to disturb their enjoyment of it. In 1783 a young man, whose looks and manners were above his means and station, had made his appearance as a stranger at Liverpool. He called himself Nathaniel Richardson—the same initials as Nicholas Robinson. He bought a cab and horse, and plied for hire in the streets of Liverpool. Being a civil, sober, and prudent man he soon became prosperous, and drove a coach between London and Liverpool. He married, had children, and gradually acquired considerable property. Having gone to Wales to purchase horses, in 1802, he was by an accident drowned in the Mersey. In the year 1821 it was said that this Nathaniel Richardson was no other than Nicholas Robinson, and his eldest son claimed the property, which was then inherited by the two daughters, and the action was tried in Cornwall. Nearly forty years had elapsed since any one had seen Nicholas Robinson, but it was made out conclusively, in a most remarkable way, and by a variety of small circumstances, all pointing to one conclusion—that Nathaniel Richardson was the identical Nicholas Robinson. The Cornish witnesses and the Liverpool witnesses agreed in the description of his person, his height, the color of his hair, his general appearance, and more particularly it was mentioned that he had a peculiar habit of biting his nails, and that he had a great fondness for horses. In addition to other circumstances, there was this most remarkable one—that Nathaniel's widow married again, and the furniture and effects were taken to the second husband's house. Among the articles was an old trunk, which she had never seen opened; but it happened one day that this old trunk was, through curiosity, examined, and, among other letters and papers, the two certificates of Nicholas Robinson's admission as

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attorney to the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas were found. On the trial the old master of Nicholas Robinson, *alias* Nathaniel Richardson, swore to his handwriting; and so the property was recovered."

Leaving Sir John talking, we will throw in here a little of the Continental chit-chat. And first, of poor Grisi. Queens grow old, and so Grisi. Parisians, with a courteous blindness, have failed to see it; or, seeing it, have made their courtesy silence. But in Madrid the opera-goers have given the rudest possible token of their sharp-sightedness and their deft hearing. The superb queen must abdicate; they will not even give her a hearing; the queen is indignant—defiant for a time. Shall she, who can win plaudits in the Salle Ventadour, not be heard in Madrid? It must be dreary work to fling down the sceptre which has been borne so long and royally. No wonder that she pants with indignation; yet they will not listen.

Of course she thinks her enemies have done this; any thing but age, any thing but failing power. So she writes an adroit letter, longer than we mean to print here, but ending thus:

"Far be from me the idea of reproaching the Madrid public, whom I have always appreciated; and if I had been permitted to speak I should have said: 'Gentlemen, listen to me with indulgence, and if, after having sung, I have not the happiness to please you, I will respect your decision and put an end to my engagement.' I could not certainly have continued to sing before a public whose approbation I had not obtained. Accomplishing a sacred duty, I lay this just manifesto before the public, feeling certain that it will appreciate it for what it is worth; and I promise to obtain from the public my justification. Its servant,

"GIULIA GRISI."

And in way of justification she chose the part of *Norma*. All the passion and the power that are left were summoned to make good the impersonation.

But no: age must have its spoil; there is a murmur; the queen struggles hard to pour life and tenderness into the chant; but the murmurs gain force and break into a howl of disappointment; a broken note or two more, a *pose* that is queenly, but which does not awe the malcontents into silence, and Grisi covers her face with her hands and bursts into tears.

So the curtain falls. Grisi will never win a wreath again, except such as they braid out of cypress and immortelles to hang on the head-stones of graves.

Who knows where they live—the gone-by monarchs of the stage? In what sort of seclusion, domestic or other (mostly other, we suspect), do they fag away at the hours till the hours end? A decayed soldier has his hospital, and, if a general, his pension; the priests gain in prestige and resources to the very last; the emperor has his investments upon the Guadalquiver if the people should cry loudly enough *à la Porte;* but where go the singers on abdication?

Apropos of a stage abdication, let us chronicle a stage *début;* not that you of the West care one straw what new people are coming upon the Paris boards to relieve our evening tedium, but only because of the curious and singular fact that the *débutante* Mlle. Bressant, although the daughter of the actor of that name, has entered upon her career much against his wish, and, indeed, has been compelled to postpone her *début* (so violent was the father's opposition) until her majority gave her power to act for herself.

Her success has been brilliant and unquestioned in the new play of M. Maquet, called "Les Dettes de Cœur."

And who is M. Maquet? Not so well known as he deserves to be, since he has done very much of his best work under the shadow of the reputation of Dumas. Let us explain a little. Years ago M. Maquet was professor in the Lycée Charlemagne. The elder Dumas detected and availed himself of his literary tendencies and his erudition. Maquet suggested plots or historic episodes, which the great *feuilletoniste* wrought into story; they formed, in fact, a literary copartnership, Maquet supplying pabulum and Dumas digestion. For years this went on, by special agreement Maquet's name never once appearing. At length the "Trois Mousquetaires" was produced at the Ambigu Comique. Maquet was present with his wife and mother. Its success was amazing; every body clamored vociferously for the name of the author. D'Artagnan (who will forget the gallant Mousquetaire, whose mention recalls the crowds, and scents, and bravos, and mystery of the Ambigu Comique?) advanced to the front, doffed his plumed hat, and had the happiness to declare that the work was the joint production of MM. Dumas and Maquet. The generosity of the elder Dumas had added the name of the younger author, at which Maquet, being overcome, embraced his patron and swore eternal friendship, which lasted until a lawsuit came off not very long after in respect to division of the profits. Maquet, however, is now a power by himself, as the success of his "Dettes de Cœur" proves abundantly.

Are you anxious to know its plot? 'Tis thoroughly French. Listen. Pretty Princess Caliste, a Russian orphan, who is under guardianship of the Emperor, is betrothed and married to Prince Navratzin. But Navratzin is in the toils of a woman as bad as the ancient and august Catharine, who persuades him presently to desert his wife. It is dangerous business, however, to desert a wife who is ward of the Emperor without cause; so Navratzin and his accomplice (the Countess Gorthiany) conspire to blast the character of the Princess Caliste by hinting a *liaison* with M. Henri de Bierges. The two are unwittingly made parties to an interview which throws suspicion upon the Princess.

Caliste is innocent; but the chivalric conduct of De Bierges, in contrast with the coldness and cruelty of her husband, wins her heart away from all marital allegiance.

The drifting scene shows us Navratzin and Gorthiany in the south of Russia; Caliste and De Bierges in France.

But a certain pretty Mademoiselle Dampmesnil (rich as pretty, and played by the *débutante* we spoke of a short time back) has long been destined as fitting bride for De Bierges: so thinks at least his father, so think her friends, and so thinks she.

De Bierges hesitates.

Caliste meantime hears that the Prince, her husband, is dying, is penitent, and has begged her presence. She forgets all in her sense of duty, and flies to his bedside. But before her arrival emissaries have poisoned his ear with tales of Caliste; he brings public accusation against her; leaves all his estates to Gorthiany, and dies.

Caliste is banished; De Bierges, more than half entangled with the enchanting Mademoiselle Dampmesnil, yet flies to the relief of the banished Princess.

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The *Dettes de Cœur* accumulate. A chivalrous generosity declares for marriage with the Princess, who has suffered loss of fortune by his own indiscretions. He asks his father's consent and presence. The scene is in a pavilion on the banks of Lake Como. The Princess Caliste is living near by. The father of De Bierges has come, but has brought with him the always charming Dampmesnil; the sight of her revives all the old flame of De Bierges; and he is giving undue expression to it, when the wan, pale Princess Caliste bursts in, comprehends the situation, gives kiss of adieu to the fickle lover, and jumps into the convenient water of Como.

Of course she dies there; and of course the play ends there.

A long space to give a chance play; but in detailing it, we have detailed the outline of the evening's amusement for thousands, in this November in Paris.

Last month we said something of Schamyl; how he was captured, and was on his way to St. Petersburg. We have now to chronicle his arrival there; his wonderment; his kind reception by the Emperor; his entertainment festally, by the Archduke Constantine; and his *naif* Oriental inquiry of the Grand Duke (in presence of the Duchess), if she (the Duchess) was the mother of all the Duke's children?

Every way, there must a grand contrast meet the eye of this pure Orientalist, between the ancient civilization and the new. His half score of wives, vailed and screened and guarded, in the Caucasus, are represented on the Neva by a bevy of dames in short sleeves and low-necked dresses. A correspondent of the *Nord* newspaper speaks of his utter amazement on attendance upon his first Russian ball. The jewels he could match; the silks he could outshow; the brilliant uniforms of the Imperial guard were not more showy than those of the Southern *chasseurs;* the officers of state not more venerable or dignified than the chieftains who had lent their counsel to the Imaum; but the women, who bared their shoulders to the gaslight, and who submitted to the familiar handling of the waltz, were a wonder and a mystery to him.

The Russian Emperor has been latterly upon a tour where all the newspaper gossips have followed him; but their records tell us nothing of importance. He has danced with pretty Polish ladies; he has complimented the municipalities of Moscow; he has shot a fair number of deer, wild boar, foxes (what will his English friends say of this?); but he has thrown no new light, or a new promise upon the great problems which are just now in course of resolution in the Russian empire.

Nothing new as yet of the Turkish conspiracy, and nothing new of Austria; she struggles still under the weight of her financial and other difficulties with an elegant reserve of confidence. Lackeys, and livery, and outdoor splendor, and fine music are not wanting in the Hapsburg court or capital; the young Emperor talks fluently half the languages of Europe to half the diplomatists of Europe; and they admire him; and, doubtless, he admires himself: if a grand court, and fine troops, and courtesy, and linguistic attainment would make a government sound and healthy, that of Austria would be extremely healthy.

Poor Venetia, we have not one encouraging word to say for this month. The good, and true, and hopeful are flying or are in prison; and there is a world of others who live only for the day—for the hair-dressing, the walk in St. Mark's, the evening spectacle, the *laissez faire;* and who will respect or pity those who will not respect themselves?

The subscription for Garibaldi's muskets is going rapidly forward. There is hope in it. The Romagnese, too, keep up their courage; no yielding as yet. Antonelli has made plenty of proselytes in Ireland, but none in Central Italy. An old letter of Louis Napoleon has just now been published, which has its bearing upon the question of Central Italian liberties, written as long ago as the year 1831; yet it is not counted any way militant to the present views of the Emperor. The Prince was in that day combating in the Romagna for the independence of Italy.

Have you seen the letter? It is worth a reading:

"M. —— will tell your Holiness the truth as to the situation of things here. He informs me that your Holiness was afflicted at learning that we are in the midst of those who have revolted against the temporal power of the Court of Rome. The Romagnols in particular are intoxicated with liberty. They are to arrive this evening at Terni, and I must do them the justice to say that among them there is not one who attacks the chief of religion. This is owing to their chiefs being most estimable men, who prove that their attachment to religion is as great as their love of temporal independence. It appears that what is decidedly wished for is a separation of the temporal and spiritual powers. I state the truth—and I supplicate your Holiness to believe that I have no ambition. I can also affirm that I have heard all the young men, even the least moderate, declare that if Gregory will abandon temporal power they will adore him; they will become the warmest supporters of true religion, purified by a great Pope, the basis of which religion is the most liberal book that exists—the Holy Scripture.

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

From this let us slip away to such literary associations as belong to the recent publication of "Recollections of Madame Récamier"—a French woman, a star of what is called "Society" in Paris—whose name belongs to the brilliant category in which people name Delphine de Girardin and the Princess de Lieven. A throne she had, this Madame de Récamier, in her *salon*, which outlasted two or three French governments, and which stood firm almost from the time of the old Republic to the time of the new Republic of 1848, never lacking its subjects, its bounties, and its splendors.

As long ago as the year 1797, on occasion of a great *fête* given to the Conqueror of Italy, Madame Récamier possessed the power to draw away—were it only for a few moments—the adulation which was lavished upon the Republican General to herself. Which (if we may believe these published souvenirs) Napoleon thought very impertinent.

But it was not the habit or the art of Madame Récamier to make herself always the loadstone of regard. With beauty and with coquetry at command (whose conquests are not easily measured), she had the rare art to make these only subservient to her intelligence and her keen womanly observation. In place of extinguishing the wit and the gayety of others by her unrivaled powers of railery, she lighted up the observations of others with a tact that can no way be described, and made friends of the most pretentious, while she carried her honors into a corner.

Unlike Giulia Grisi, she knew what time to abdi-

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cate. At forty (though her bloom was not gone) people inquired for Madame Récamier; but there was no Récamier to be found.

She had retired to the Abbaye aux Bois—not so far away but that the echo of her charms still lived in the Paris *salons*, and not so far away but that admirers found her in the retirement; such men, for instance, as Lucien Bonaparte, and La Harpe, and Moreau, and Bernadotte (afterward of Sweden), and David, and Madame de Staël.

Chateaubriand was another who brought his rare intelligence and his absurd vanities to the Abbaye aux Bois for the appreciation and the flatteries of Madame Récamier. Yet again, the philosopher Ballanche, whom we might safely forget were it not for a salient anecdote or two in these souvenirs of the Récamier.

We repeat one, it is so French and so illustrative. Récamier was at Lyons. Ballanche, only a simple printer in that time, but lifted above his sphere by a rare intelligence, had been presented to the elegant Parisian exile, whom it was the fashion and the necessity to admire.

He had seen her with others: he came alone one day, infatuated like the rest. The *banalities* of complimentary talk subsided presently into that seriousness of expression where Ballanche found force and ardor.

But it happened that the poor printer's shoes had been blacked with some villainous compound that diffused any thing but an agreeable odor; and Madame Récamier, enthusiast and theorist as she was, could not suffer the annoyance.

"Monsieur Ballanche," said she, "your shoes make me ill."

The philosopher made humble apologies, regretting that he did not know of such *desagrément* earlier, and, withdrawing to the ante-room, presently returned without shoes, and took up the conversation where it had been dropped. Later comers remarked the peculiarity of his toilet, and anxiously asked explanation.

"It is nothing," said Ballanche; "Madame Récamier did not fancy the odor of my shoes, and I left them in the ante-chamber."

Few purer reputations have survived the scandals and brilliancy of Paris society than that of Madame Récamier. She belonged to it; she shone in it; she accepted its hazards; but by nature or by resolution she seemed lifted out of the plane of its grosser temptations. Once there was talk of her marriage with a Prince of Prussia, and of a divorce; but this project passed without fulfillment. Again, in the last days of Chateaubriand, when the old man was widower, it was rumored that he was eager to bestow his name upon Madame Récamier; but the Récamier said nay.

A letter-writer gives this bit of gossip, suggested by the Récamier correspondence:

"During M. Guizot's long ministry (from 1840 to 1848) the Egeria of the Abbaye aux Bois (Madame Récamier) was bitten with the wildest wish to see the minister adorn her drawing-rooms. Every effort was tried, but in vain. M. Guizot had his vanity, like all men who set up for being graver than their fellows; he had vanity of no ordinary scope, even, and no ordinary love for admiration; but somehow or other this vanity of his could not be flattered or fed by Madame Récamier. It was better ministered to by the Russian Altesse (Princess Lieven), who presided over the meetings at the Hotel Talleyrand; and M. Guizot was proof to the witcheries brought to bear upon him. But it was thought that in the abandon of the country more might be gained than in the busy, distracted city. Accordingly, when the minister removed to his villa at Passy, in the summer, the priestess of the Abbaye aux Bois deserted her temple too; and she, who never left her corner in everyday life, changed all her habits, and took up her temporary quarters close to the family of the (then) omnipotent politician. Here the first person assailed was the sister-in-law, who did the honors. She was vanquished. Next came the children, in due order of succession. They also suffered defeat. And an ancient lap-dog, that had been a favorite of Madame Guizot, *mère*, went over to the enemy. But, in spite of all this, the statesman himself remained inflexible, and Madame Récamier returned to Paris, having gained nothing by her campaign."

And while on books, why not mention the recent translation into English of the poems of Heinrich Heine?—as well done, perhaps, as it can be done, or as may be worth doing. Such sour, grim, ghastly humor as his must have its own tongue to talk with. We do not mean German, necessarily, for Heine wrote French as well as German; but he had a word-craft that played so evenly and truly (with all its notches and roughnesses and delicate sharp edges of cutting meaning) up to the wild, wayward, dare-devil, man-hating, and God-doubting measure of his thought, that no other, of different sympathies, can hope to reach its power.

We will stick into this mention (a black pin to fasten it) one little acrid poem:

"By the sea—by the desert, night-covered sea
Standeth a youth.
His breast full of sadness, his head full of doubtings,
And with gloomy lips he asks of the billows:
'O answer me life's hidden riddle—
The riddle primeval and painful—
Over which many a head has been poring—
Heads in hieroglyphical night-caps—
Heads in turbans and swarthy bonnets—
Heads in perukes, and a thousand others—
Poor and perspiring heads of us mortals—
Tell me what signifies man?
From whence doth he come?
And where doth he go?
Who dwelleth among the golden stars yonder?'
The billows are murmuring their murmur eternal,
The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,
The stars are twinkling, all listless and cold,
And a fool is awaiting an answer."

Heine's life is in the poem; and the germ of all his poetry is in the poem. The secret of his sour, sad life is in it; giving no confidence any where; doubting his wife; suspecting his friends; breaking with his mother; sneering at Christianity; detesting the world; yet with none of the heroism which bears even brute suffering manfully; pinched, soul and body, with sharp pains, and uttering swift gibes between the pinches, he died at length in 1856—

"And a fool is awaiting an answer."

Editor's Drawer.

WITH a New Year the Drawer opens gladly, greeting with good wishes a million happy hearts. This is on the presumption that the sad never come to the Drawer, or, if perchance they do, they forget their sadness and soon are glad again. A Happy New Year, then, to every body! May you live this year and many years, loving and being loved, happy in the house and every where, at peace

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with your conscience, your neighbor, and all mankind! "'Tis good to be merry and wise." There is no wisdom in being merry always: there is a time to laugh and a time to weep, a time to dance and a time to die, and he only is wise who is ready for any thing that a good Providence sends. And with these few words by way of an introduction, the Drawer opens the NEW YEAR.

THERE lives not far from the village of C——, in Ohio, a good-humored, honest, but ignorant citizen. Not long ago he built himself a new house, and in discussing the style of its finish with his neighbors, he announced his intention to have a *porchico*. It was suggested that *portico* was the proper name, but Sam insisted that it was *porchico;* and finally, to settle the dispute, declared that the next time he was in town he would "ax John Scott, who had a big dictionary." Accordingly, a few days after, John Scott was appealed to; and consulting his "big dictionary," told him the proper name was *piazza*. Sam, full of his new knowledge, went triumphantly home, and informed his neighbors that they were all wrong.

"It is not *porchico* nor *portico;* John Scott looked in his big dictionary and told me. I knows what it is—it is *pianazzer*."

"EVERY neighborhood has its man to tell big stories, and we are not behind in that respect," says an unknown correspondent. "Old John Mitchley is known in all this neighborhood as one who delights to 'astonish the natives' by his 'recollections.'

"On one occasion, when the crops had nearly all failed, and people had begun to talk of hard times, old John, being in company with several of his complaining neighbors, thus consoled them:

"'People have little cause to grumble nowadays, when we recollect how it used to be. When I was yet in the Old Country, we had a famine that was one. Why,' continued he, 'hundreds of my neighbors actually starved to death; and on opening their bodies, it was found that they had been so pressed by hunger that they had actually filled themselves with grass.'

"'Why,' asked a by-stander, 'were the bodies opened after death?'

"'Why,' replied he, '*to find out what they starved to death on, of course.*'"

Two genuine verdicts, rendered by our old coroner in Kentucky, are sent to us by an obliging correspondent, and we print them to aid the gentlemen of the same profession in their delicate duties:

"STATE OF KENTUCKY } ss
RUSSELL COUNTY }

"An inquisition taken for the people of the State of Kentucky and County of Russell this 28th day of October 1854 before Mr. M. W. Coffey Crowner of said County of Russell upon the view of the body of a male man name unknown, then and there laying dead upon the oaths of twelve good and lawful men of the people of the said State and County of Russell and when and where the same come to his death, we the jury do agree, the body come to his death by death unknown

"M. W. COFFEY C. R. C.
"Crowner of the said County.s & State"

"STATE OF KENTUCKY } ss
RUSSELL COUNTY }

"Inquisitions held over the body of Hugh Holmes deaseasts about December 8th 1853 We of the said jury by being summoned and qualified and having the evidences and making true and diligious researchments over the said body of said deaseasts twelve men met & being duly sworn into the case beleaves that he come to his death by some fit or other of apoplexy

"Doctor being sworn by myself Crowner states that the Lobos membrano of the spinal disease was affected to considerable extent M. W. COFFEY C. R. C.
"Crowner of the said County.s & State"

BUT another correspondent, and he in Pennsylvania, sends the following, quite as graphic as either of the above. It is genuine:

"Bee it known that upon an inquisition taken the third day of febuary 1859 at the plase where the Dead Boddy was found on the highway neare M. T. W—— Cotten Gin in the County of Jackson. Before J. D. B—— Justice of the pease of Union Township in Jackson County upon the view of the dead Boddy of —— Tardy his given name not known suppose too Bee 35 or 40 years of age Rather under size suppose too way from 1.35 too 1.40 his clothing consit of a old straw hat & a old casenet coat too Domestic Sherts his Pants Blew Cotten Drilling with a par of old shoos and yarn sox on his feet no papers one old lether pocket Book with seventy cents in it one old pocket knife too short wooden pensil one small Powder Canister one Blacking lyne with which I higherd his coffen maid flesh marks none by the oaths of Twelve good and lawful Jurors of said County the said Jurors Being in due form sworn do say that the said Tardy Came to his death on the second day of febuary 1859 By some Common disease of our Country or Whisky. —— J P"

WHAT THE WINDS SAY.

WHAT do the *winds* say to us,
As they hurry across the plain?
Or eddy around the hill-tops,
Coming, and going again?

What do they say to us, ever,
As they whisper among the trees?
Or murmur so low, in the bushes,
Stirring the pendent leaves?

Hark!—o'en now they are harping
Through my half-open door,
Breathing their strange, sweet melody,
Deepening more and more.

What is the message they bear us,
Stooping so low, as they go?
Wafting the laugh of the joyous,
Echoing the walls of woe?

THIS, I believe, is their lesson,
Taught alike by all,
That He who watcheth the sparrow,
Keeping it, lest it fall,

Watcheth alike o'er the wind-blasts,
Tempering with grace their power;
Making them bearers of love-gifts,
Multiplied every hour.

And so, as they kiss my casement,
Or rudely knock at my door,
Or toyingly rock the tree-tops,
Laughing o'er and o'er,

I say, all hail! ye wind-powers!
Come to me when you will,
You must *ever* repeat me the lesson
That PROVIDENCE keepeth me still.

To that excellent Judge and upright man, the Hon. Isaac H. Bronson, more than to any other man, East Florida owes its good order, regard for law, the authority of the courts, and its comparative freedom from crime. He was an admirable presiding officer; frank, yet dignified in his intercourse with the bar; firm, but kind and pleasant to all having business in court; and, off the bench, a bland and genial companion. The distinguished Judge Law, of Savannah, was employed to argue an important case, involving a

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large amount of property, in the Florida Courts, and before Judge Bronson. He had never seen the Judge, and was ignorant of his character and capacity. Just before starting for Florida the learned counsel inquired of the writer, who was well acquainted with men and things in Florida, "what sort of a Judge he should have to argue before—whether he could comprehend and appreciate a good legal argument?" etc., evidently fearing lest his learning was going to be of little avail in the wilds of Florida. The writer assured him that he or any other lawyer would find it difficult to frame an argument which the Judge would not thoroughly understand. On his return from Florida, where he had *astonished the natives* with the multitude of his big books, and awed the bar by the profundity of his legal lore, the eminent barrister could not conceal his enthusiastic admiration of Judge B. "*It would have done you good to see him grab my law. Why, Sir, he recognized my points at once, and seemed to know my authorities as well as I did myself. It was a treat, Sir, a treat to argue before such a Judge!*" Judge Bronson was a New Yorker, a Member of Congress from that State, and afterward appointed Judge of the United States District Court for East Florida by President Van Buren. He died a few years ago, leaving behind him a name never mentioned but with respect.

A CURIOUS instance of the quaint style of the last century occurs in the preface to Croke, etc. The editor and enthusiastic admirer of the author of these valuable reports informs us that Sir George Croke was continued in his office of Judge of the King's Bench after he became old and deaf, by Charles the Second, who "gave him the like allowance and fee he paid to the rest of the judges, till a *certiorari* came from the great Judge of heaven and earth to remove him from a human bench of law to a heavenly throne of glory."

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

IN India 'twas said, and oft have I read it,
That he who, in washing the gold-drifted sand,
Should speak *the pure truth*, to him it must happen
That gems of fine gold shall fall into his hand.
So is it forever! In truth be but bold,
And into thy being walk diamonds and gold.

QUITE recently, Hon. Clement Valandigham, present member of Congress from Ohio, and formerly presiding judge of that district, was on a visit to New Lisbon, same State. He is a native of the latter town. During his visit he had occasion to attend court in the adjoining county of Mahoning, town of Canfield. Several members of the New Lisbon bar were going up, and they went in company, on horseback. Judge Valandigham was doing some business for his friend Wright, who owned a bay horse, which he offered to the Judge for the occasion. This horse was remarkable for nothing in particular—a quiet, tractable animal. Arrived at Canfield the company divided, some stopping at the American House, the others, including the Judge, went to the United States Hotel. The session was drawing to a close, and all the New Lisbon members had returned except Anson Brewer and Judge Valandigham. At last they were ready to go, and the Judge arranged to meet Mr. Brewer at the American immediately after dinner. Dinner was dispatched, portmanteau called for, and horse ordered out. The clerk gave the orders, portmanteau was brought, but the horse was not. Impatient with delay, the hostler was again summoned and again ordered to "bring out Judge Valandigham's horse!"

"Ay, ay! but please, yer honor, 'pon me soul I don't know which is yer honor's nag."

The clerk desired the Judge to describe the horse, remarking that, "where there are so many coming and going it is hard for the hostler always to remember to whom each belongs."

"Very true!" replied the Judge, and after reflecting a moment, continued, "and upon '*my honor*,' it will be hard for me to describe the horse. Indeed I will not attempt it, but will go into the stable and show the hostler."

Out they went, up and down the stable walked the Judge and the hostler. The Judge looked perplexed, the hostler apologized for forgetting. At last the Judge suddenly stopped behind a fine chestnut sorrel, and with much assurance said, "*That's* the horse; bring him out!"

Out went the horse, on went the Judge, and away they went together. Mr. Brewer was waiting in front of the American ready to mount so soon as the Judge came up.

The Judge came, Brewer mounted, and they were just about starting, when a countryman (a farmer) came running up almost out of breath; he had seen the Judge cross the commons. Seizing hold of the Judge's bridle-rein, and looking him fiercely in the eyes, he demanded, "Where are you going to?"

"Why, what's the matter? I'm going home."

"Matter! I shall have you arrested for horse-stealing, you villain! Where did you get this horse?"

The Judge looked at the stranger as if he thought he was playing off a joke; but he saw by the fire in his eye that it was no joke. He looked at the horse, then at Brewer; he saw fun in Brewer's eye. Then at the stranger again, and replied,

"My dear Sir, this horse belongs to my friend Wright, of New Lisbon. I rode him up here several days ago, and now I am going back. Brewer, isn't it so?"

Brewer said, "No, Judge, you're caught. Stranger, arrest him! he has stolen your horse!"

Stranger smiled, said he was sorry to give the Judge any trouble, but if he would treat he would let him off. The Judge acquiesced, and then with Brewer rode back to the United States stables, and the horse was exchanged. Brewer knowing Wright's horse, pointed him out at first sight.

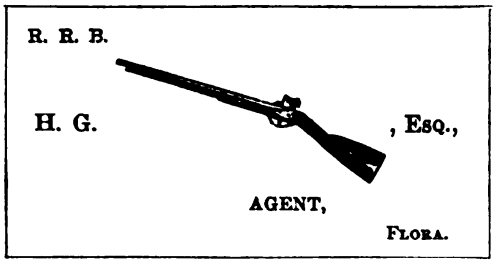
GILES H——, nicknamed Gyles, was a very conceited fellow; but Nature had given him such an extremely ugly countenance that even he, with all his self-conceit, could not fancy himself handsome. However, he consoled himself with the reflection that handsome people were invariably fools; and whenever he chanced to be in a company of ladies, he was sure to bring up, if possible, this favorite theory of his. But his self-satisfaction once met with a rebuff in the manner I am going to relate. One evening, among a set of his friends, some one happened, in speaking of an absent gentleman, to praise his beauty. This was too good an occasion to be lost, and he instantly brought forward his theory. He could not bear a handsome man, he said; he despised the very looks of one; "beauty was well enough for the ladies"—here he gave a sly glance at the femininity then present, and added, with great emphasis—"I shouldn't want any one to call *me* a handsome man, I—" Some one interrupted to ask

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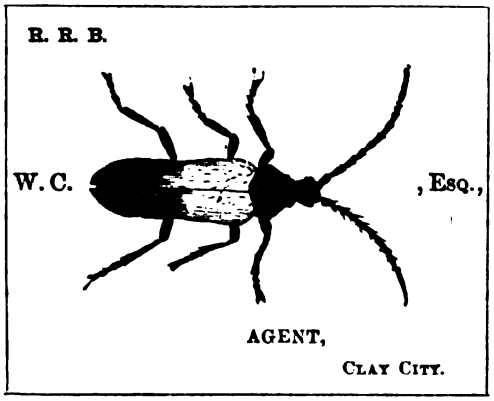
what he did admire in a gentleman. "Manly actions, of course," was the triumphantly begun reply; but again he was interrupted by one of the company, a droll lad, who called out, "You remind me, Gyles, of the old squaw who got drunk and tumbled into a ditch, begging the by-standers, as she crawled out of the mud, not to 'look at her looks, but to give their attention to her behavior.'"

Gyles being aware that his behavior was not of a kind to bear too close attention subsided into a becoming silence.

On the Western Division of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad there are two agents named respectively H. G. Gunn and W. C. Roach. Recently the latter wrote to the former, directing his letter as follows:



Mr. Gunn, in returning the fire, "went off" as follows:



Mr. Roach acknowledged the corn.

"Early in August I was on my way home from a visit East. I came on a steamer by way of the lakes. By-the-by, it is one of the pleasantest summer trips that can be made. At Cleveland we had an addition to our passengers of a gentleman, lady, and dog. The gentleman was a prematurely old man, the lady a rather fine-looking one, and the dog a fine pointer. The lady was much younger than her husband; she was wealthy and he was not, and from their actions, he was of the class called 'henpecked.' They remained on board until we arrived at Mackinac, when they left us. We had several children on board, and at the breakfast table the next morning a little fellow of six or seven summers spoke up: 'Captain, the lady that had the man and dog went ashore at Mackinac, didn't they?' Every one at the table roared; and after that, for the balance of the trip, when they were spoken of, it was as the lady that had the man and dog."

The Rev. Judson Nott, a local Methodist preacher in the town of ——, in Southern Kentucky, possessed many characteristics which, in his church, made him a good and useful member. He was a good singer, could pray long and loud, and was one of the best "scotchers" that occupied the "Amen corner."

On one occasion the original and eccentric, yet learned and pious, E. P. Fountain was conducting, in the town of ——, a protracted meeting; our local preacher was, of course, in attendance. The meeting had been protracted for nearly two weeks, and the regular attendant and working members of the church were pretty well worn down, from loss of sleep, etc., during the late night services, and when opportunity presented during the sermon, would take little snatches of sleep preparatory to the three or four hours of singing and praying with the mourners after the sermon was over. Our local preacher happened to be among the sleepy, and on one occasion the preacher observing the drowsiness of his congregation, undertook to awaken them with an anecdote. He commenced one of his best in his inimitable way, and it was having good effect, when lo! about midway, our local preacher, rousing himself with a jerk and a start, and without waiting to hear what the preacher was saying, and desirous to convince him that he was not asleep, roared out vociferously, "*Amen!*"

Of course he was caught. The preacher, seeing the incident was better than his anecdote, gave up; but our local preacher has not been known to say Amen since, except *sotto voce*.

The "new Constitution" of Virginia made all the State officers elective by the people, and of course many *good fellows* would be chosen without much qualification for their respective offices. Among these was Sheriff H——, of —— County, who made himself famous for the novelty of his returns upon processes placed in his hands. On one occasion he tracked a fellow, for whom he had a subpœna, to a room where there was gambling going on, and being unable to get in, and not being perfectly certain that the person was in the room, he made the following return:

"Not found as I nose on."

A Clerk in an adjoining county, who is also a good fellow, employed a good deputy to make up the minutes for him, but, desiring to show off a little, he concluded to read them himself. He did very well till he came to a place where the writ of *Alias Capias* was mentioned, when, turning to his astonished deputy: "Elias Capias!" says he, "there is no such man in this county!"

On another occasion, in reading the orders in court, a defendant in an action of "assault and battery" having put in the plea of *son assault demesne*, he turned around and remarked to the counsel, in a knowing way, that he had better put in the whole county, for he had in it a son of Sol Means, when the whole family had gone from the county years ago.

But the following return is quite up to any thing we have had in the Drawer:

on the 24 doy of augguste 1850 I Executede on thomas B. Poll By Deliving to him a coppy of the some on Danul willson By on 30 doy aug By Leaveing a coppy with his wife and Exe Plaining the some to hur he note Be fond at his youse Plase of a bode
Smallwoode note fond —D. S.,
for —— S. T. C.

Old Rowe keeps a hotel in the northern part of this State, which he boasted was the best in "them parts;" where, as he used to say, you could get any

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thing that was ever made to eat. One day in comes a Yankee, sends his horse around to the stable, and stepping up to the bar asked Old Rowe what he could give him for dinner.

"Any thing, Sir," says Old Rowe; "any thing, from a pickled elephant to a canary-bird's tongue."

"Wa'al," says the Yankee, eying Old Rowe, "I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant."

Out bustled Rowe into the dining-room, leaving our Yankee friend nonplused at his gravity. Presently he comes back again.

"Well, Sir, we've got 'em; got 'em all ready right here in the house; but you'll have to take a whole one, 'cause we never cut 'em!"

The Yankee thought he would have some cod-fish and potatoes.

OLD Henry —— is a genuine Pennsylvania Dutchman, and a well-to-do farmer in —— County. He is a good citizen, takes his dram whenever he feels like it, generally votes a "straight ticket," and is entirely opposed to taxes. Taxes are something Henry can't see the propriety of; and although he has to pay them, he maintains and exercises the reserved right of protest. In the year 18— taxes, especially for State purposes, were unusually high, and Henry growled grievously. During the summer of that year the Democrats got up "a Jackson funeral;" and as the members of that party were death on the General in his lifetime, they were, of course, enthusiastic in their funeral ovations. A great crowd joined in the procession, with banners craped and muffled drums.

In the College campus a stand had been erected for the orator, and around it an immense multitude had collected. The Rev. Dr. A—— was called upon to open the exercises with prayer. He rose and commenced; but had not proceeded far when Henry, who was at the outer edge of the crowd, was attracted by his voice. Supposing the Doctor was making a speech, he called out, at the top of his voice,

"*Vy don't you say something about the Shtate tax!*"

AN East Georgian writes to the Drawer: The love of the negro for display at funerals; the exquisite delight he takes in attending at the burial of the dead; the perfect joy with which he rolls out, in the highest strains, the parting hymn; and the insult he feels if not invited to the interment, has often afforded an involuntary laugh among us at the South.

Passing down the streets a few Sabbaths ago, we met a long funeral procession, preceded and followed by a long train of the colored population, decked out in all the paraphernalia becoming so important an occasion. As the *cortége* advanced the streets became thronged with darkeys, all anxious to take a farewell look at the remains of their departed brother.

About ten minutes after the funeral had passed we observed, on the opposite side of the street, a sable daughter of Africa, dressed in white, with anxious look, hurrying after the now distant procession. Two negro-women standing near us hailed the lingering sister, and inquired the reason of her delay.

"To tell you de trute," she replied, "I jes done geeing de buckra dem dinner, and you know I always try for lib up to de rule, 'Business before pleasure.'"

THERE is said to be no *infallible* test of the approach of death, and physicians generally tell their declining patients that "while there is life there is hope." These things may have been true some time ago, but the science of pathology is advancing, and the approach of the grim monster may now be told with certainty—at least, in the case of colored people. The discovery of this test is due to an aged colored female of our town, familiarly known as Aunt Becky—a character, by-the-way, particularly famous as the subject of numerous revivals in the "African meetin'." Some years ago Aunt Becky was living with an old darkey called Uncle Johnny; and one fatal evening Uncle Johnny was carried home on a board, having been maliciously, wickedly, and feloniously shot—mortally wounded by divers slugs discharged from a shot-gun. The District Attorney was sent for to take his dying declaration, and on entering the house found Aunt Becky in a flood of grief. The Attorney, finding the old man in rather a comfortable frame of body, remarked to Aunty that "Johnny wasn't as bad as he expected to find him, and might perhaps get well again."

"Oh no, Squire, bless your heart, Johnny's a dead nigger. I cooked him a nice piece of flitch to-night, and he wouldn't touch it; *and whenever a nigger turns away from flitch he's gwine to die sartain!*"

"THE many hearty laughs enjoyed by readers of the Drawer impose an obligation upon each of them to contribute, if able, to the 'General Fund.' For my part, I send the following. If they amuse others as they have me, they are worthy of a place.

"LYNCHBURG.

"Old Ben Gray was an old toper, and Old Ball was his favorite horse. Now Old Ball was a famous good riding-horse, and the eye of every jockey in the neighborhood had been attracted by his fine points; but Old Ben knew the value of Old Ball too well to part with him. When he was top-heavy what horse could carry him so steadily as Old Ball; or, when entirely overweighted, would so carefully select a soft, sandy spot for his rider to fall on, and then so patiently wait until sleep brought sobriety? So the efforts of the jockeys to swap or trade him out of Old Ball had been in vain. But one day Old Ball failed to select a spot free of stones for Old Ben to drop on, or became impatient for his feed and left, or in some other way angered his owner, who straightway swapped with his neighbor Jones, receiving as 'boot,' a 'mint drop' of the Benton stamp and the largest denomination. But before the day was over Old Ben sorely repented himself of his trade. Besides being 'chiseled' absolutely in the trade, how *could* he get on without Old Ball? But Gray knew Jones, and he knew Jones knew Old Ball; and he further knew that there was no chance of getting Old Ball back unless he played his game 'mighty silky.'

"Old Ben matured his plan, and then mounted his 'Jones hos,' and timed his departure from the court-green so as to pass Jones just as he was unhitching Old Ball from the tree to which he had been tied during the day. Reining in his horse, he drawled out, 'Oh, Mr. Jones, this morning, when I was a tradin' Old Ball to you, I reckon I was a little drunk, and I didn't tell you of one of Old Ball's tricks. Now I don't want any body hurt by any thing I done; and now I just want to tell you ef ever you come to a river, and Old Ball takes a notion to lie down in the water, just you get right off, for Old Ball's a gwine to do it *certain*.' Jones, of course, declared himself cheated in the trade, and claimed drawbacks for damages. But Old Ben said he only warranted Old Ball sound, 'an' Old Ball is jes' as sound as a Mex-

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ican dollar, an' jes' you break him of that little trick an' he's jes' as good as any man's hos.' Finally, after Jones's proposal to 'rue' had been rejected by Gray, a new swap was agreed on, the Jones hos for Old Ball even, Gray retaining the X.

"Accordingly, bridles and saddles were changed, and each man mounted his own horse, when Old Ben gave Jones another piece of information about Old Ball. 'Mr. Jones,' said he, 'there's jes' one other thing about this hos I'd like to tell you: as long as I've been riding Old Ball he *never yet* did take that notion!'

"Captain L——, yet one of our worthiest and most respected citizens, was for many years an Alderman of this city. During one year, when he was senior Alderman—and consequently President of our Hustings Court—a woman, one Mary Jane Boatright, was brought before the Court to be tried for petty larceny. The proof was positive; but the punishment was stripes, and the Court could not for a moment think of inflicting this degrading as well as painful punishment upon a woman—least of all Captain L——, whose benevolence was equaled only by his gallantry. Nevertheless, the proof was conclusive, and the Court was in a quandary; they couldn't say she was not guilty, and they wouldn't say she was. In this crisis it devolved upon the Captain to extricate the Court from their difficulty, and pronounce sentence—or decision, rather—which he did in these words: 'Mary Jane Boatright, stand up. Prisoner, you appear before us charged with a crime (small as was the value of the article charged as stolen) involving moral considerations of the gravest nature. You have had a fair and impartial trial, with all the aid that counsel learned in the law and officers prompt and obliging could give; and after hearing the evidence, and all that counsel could urge in your favor, the Court is compelled to believe that you *did* steal the lamp in question. But, prisoner, inasmuch as there is no shadow of proof that you ever did the like before, and, if possible, still less that you will ever do the like again, we pronounce you not guilty. Go in peace, and sin no more.'

"This judgment stands to this day upon the record books of our court, the contradictions reconciled by a pen being drawn through the first clause, but the whole still very legible.

"In this neighborhood resided Miss Mary Ella S——, a young lady of an uncertain age. One day she died, and her afflicted mother, a widow, applied to Captain W. M. W., a kind neighbor, to write her obituary. The Captain prepared a touching tribute to her many virtues, commencing in the time-honored words, 'Departed this life, in the — year of her age, Miss Mary Ella S——,' etc. Having read this to the bereaved mother, and received her approbation and thanks, he remarked, 'But, Mrs. S——, here's a little blank that ought to be filled. How old was Miss Mary Ella at the time of her death?' 'Captain W.,' said the inconsolable mother, between her sobs, and without removing her handkerchief from her eyes, 'if that poor dear child were now alive I don't think she would like for her age to be known.' The wishes of the deceased were respected, and all that the curious in such matters ever knew was that Miss Mary Ella S—— died in the —th year of her age.

"Jim B—— was always rather a mischievous one, and for some years was acting clerk of our City Court. While thus engaged he was called on by one Michael O'Shaugnessey for a marriage license, which was granted. The next day Michael called again. After sitting silent for some time, and stroking down his hair upon his forehead, as only a bashful Irishman does or can do, he opened his business:

"'Misther B——, you mind I got a license from you on yestherday; now, Mr. B——, don't you tell any body, but I've gone and lost it. Now, what's to be did?'

"After amusing himself a little with the poor fellow's perplexity, Jim kindly made out and handed him a duplicate; and Mike, with many bows and thanks, started. Just as he reached the door Jim called him back.

"'Mike,' said he, 'what sort of a looking girl is *she?*'

"'Faith, Misther B——, I'm thinking she could git into heaven this minit; Saint Pater would take her for one of the howly angels.'

"'And she had a heap of beaus, I reckon?' suggested Jim.

"'Troth I had the divil's own time a gittin' uv hur,' responded Mike.

"'And when's the marriage to be?' again questioned Jim.

"'Plaze the Virgin, next Sunday afthernoon, at the church,' out of the fullness of his heart, said Mike.

"Then said Jim, in his most confidential tone, 'This is Thursday; now, Mike, I'd advise you to keep your eyes on her from now till then, for some of those other fellows might find that lost license, and take that girl to the priest and marry her by order of Court.'

"'Bedad they won't!' broke from his lips as Mike burst into a long trot, which he never broke until he had found his girl and trotted her to the church, where, on that same Thursday afternoon, they twain were made one flesh.

"'Misther B——,' said Mike, on meeting him some months after, 'that was a powerful hot evening, and 'twas a powerful long race I had; and if I had known as much as I know now, I don't think I'd a been in such a hurry!'

"At another time our friend issued a license for the marriage of John Murphy and Mary Manning, both natives of the Emerald Isle, for which he received from John the legal fee—$1. But the intended bride 'rued.' Six weeks and two days afterward John made his second appearance in the clerk's office.

"'Misther B——,' said he, 'in February last I got a license from you to maarry Maary Maaning, an' I deedn't maarry her; an' now, plaze yer honor, wud yer be so good as to alther it so it wud fit Honora Moriarrity?'

"Jim informed him that this couldn't be done, and that he must get a new license to 'fit' Honora.

"'And pay for it?' said John.

"'And pay for it,' said Jim B——.

"'Och, indade! thin I'm ruined intirely, intirely!' exclaimed John; 'fur I jist coorted Honora to save the dollar!'"

Little Jenny is a bright-eyed lass, just entering on her sixth year, the only daughter of my friend, B——, who, with many others, thinks (notwithstanding he hails from "Little Jersey") she is uncommonly "peart." Not long since she went to visit her grand-parents, who reside in the city of ——. While

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there, some of the younger members of the family, thinking it would amuse the little girl, took her to see a circus company perform. For a few days after her return home it was all "cirkis;" she talked of, and seemed to think of, nothing else. Her good mother, from early childhood, had been taught to believe that more evil than good grew out of the attendance upon such exhibitions; and soon took occasion to say to Jenny she didn't think it a proper place for ladies, much less little girls, to visit; for, as a general thing, the performers were unprincipled and wicked people; and wished her, when repeating her prayers before retiring for the night, to ask the Lord to change their hearts and make them good. As was her custom after being prepared for bed, she knelt by the side of her mother, and having said, "Now I lay me," and "God bless papa and mamma," etc., added: "Now, dear Lord, please bless the 'cirkis' men, and make them good, so they can play again!"

A CORRESPONDENT of the Drawer over the line, in Canada, sends us a tit-bit that is worthy of a Yankee boy. He says:

"You must know that we had a 'Thanksgiving Day' here a short time ago. Well, two little specimens of 'Young Canada' (a little brother and sister) conversing on the merits of it, little 'Sis,' it seems, could not rightly understand it.

"'Willie,' said she, 'what is Thanksgiving Day for?'

"'Don't you know?' says Willie.

"SIS. 'No.'

"WILLIE. 'Why, it's for folks to pray and eat chickens!'"

AN INCIDENT.

THE other day, upon the street while walking,
I met two boys—the one was carrying fish,
The other loaves of bread. To have a dish
Of chit-chat both stopped short and fell a-talking.
A friend then passing by, said I, "Hey, John!"
Said he, "Hey, Bob!" and staid to hold a chat,
Not once suspecting what I would be at.
With eyes upon the boys, "'Tis ten to one,
Friend Jack," said I, "you can not tell me why,
Just now, I'm like a politician cunning!"
(Jack hates intensely every kind of punning:
So, looking sulky, he deigned no reply.)
"Because I have," cried I—and Jack looked vicious—
"I have my eyes upon the loaves and fishes!"

A POSTMASTER says, in a note to the Drawer:

"Among other queer addresses which are written upon letter envelopes that come under my distribution in the post-office I find the following, which strikes me as being particularly satirical and ill-tempered. It hails from East Dayton:

"'Post Masters if you have a desire to oping my letters opin them and then please to cloase them up and send them on to Mr. henry H——, ——, —— Go with speed.'"

A CORRESPONDENT in the City of Elms, Connecticut, sends to the Drawer on this wise or foolish:

"A certain colored individual was in doubt whether the whale swallowed Jonah, or *vice versa*. To settle his doubt, he came to a brother-darkey to help him out of his difficulty. But he was inclined to be skeptical when informed that Jonah undoubtedly swallowed the whale, and asked,

"'Well, look here, Sambo; whar bouts did dis Jonas live?'

"After scratching his head for an answer, his opponent replied, gravely, 'Oh! up dar in Connecticut 'mong de Yankees somewhar.'

"This settled the doubter's mind, and, walking off, he triumphantly muttered, 'I'se got um now; de Yankees *are* de berry debil on fish!'"

"I HAVE seldom (if ever) met with a Nebraskaism," says a Northwestern, "in the Drawer. Here is one: We have a preacher here—one of the Western *genus* that we read about. Last Sabbath evening he preached a sermon from the story of the Prodigal Son. It was a descriptive sermon—peculiarly so. After giving a sketch of the life of the young man—his departure from home—his waste of his patrimony—his descent through all the grades of dissipation and vice to abject poverty—the preacher described his return home. He said he arrived in the morning at the top of a hill which overlooked the paternal mansion, and being 'afraid of his father, waited until he *seen* him go out to work;' and then he went down, and was '*hugged in the arms of the old woman, who was sitting in her rocking-chair, on the front porch, a-smoking and a-knitting!*' The sermon was *powerful*, and full of similar *anachronismatic* allusions."

IN Kentucky, up among the "knobbs," there is a region so rocky and rough that the people do most of their hauling on a sort of sled; or, at best, can only use a frame mounted on wide block trucks sawed from a log. Lately a traveler, with a phaeton having very small wheels in front that turned under the carriage, by missing his road got into this wild country. Making the best of his way through it he was surprised to find that he was followed by a crowd of boys, who kept their eyes intently fixed on the running gear of his vehicle. The silence they maintained, and the perseverance they manifested in dogging our traveler somewhat alarmed him; and stopping his horse, he inquired why they were following him. The leader of the boys, an overgrown fellow, about seven feet high, replied, "Why, dog-on-it, Mister, we wanted to see how far you'd get before your big wheels cotched the little ones!"

IN Georgia, on the installation of a new Governor, it is the practice of the Speaker of the House of Representatives to go to the door of the Hall, and there, in a loud voice, announce the fact. Some years since Mr. Bartin Lumpkin came to the Executive chair. On the conclusion of the inaugural ceremonies the Speaker proceeded to the door, but becoming a little nervous his tongue slipped, and he cried out, "Oyez, oyez, oyez! Lartin Governor is now the Bumpkin of Georgia!"

It is proper to add that, notwithstanding this discouraging announcement, Mr. L.'s administration proved highly satisfactory to the people.

FROM Florida a friend writes: "Some months since, in one of my jaunts down the Ocklocknee River, I stopped to spend the night at a Mr. L——'s, originally from Darlington District, South Carolina. The next morning, at breakfast, there was on the table a beautiful dish of honey. I remarked to the good lady that it was decidedly the prettiest honeycomb I had ever seen, and that I should like very much to procure some wax, as Mrs. B—— sometimes indulged in making wax-flowers, and would have but little trouble in bleaching it.

"She threw down her knife and fork, and ex-

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claimed, 'Law, sakes! dose Miss B—— make wax-flowers? Well, I declar! Now, old Miss Dixon, in Cal-y-ner, ust-to make 'em so n-a-trel that every fall of the year they'd shed their leaves!'

"In my perigrinations along the Gulf Coast I happened to attend a Quarterly Meeting (Methodist). After the close of the meeting a friend requested me to take a young lady to her father's residence, some two or three miles. With all the gallantry characteristic of a Southerner I offered her a seat in my buggy, which she accepted; and being the daughter of a wealthy planter I anticipated a pleasant conversation. Speaking of the singing at church, I said, 'Miss, how did you like the singing to-day?'

"'Wy, tolable well.'

"'I am very fond of music, both vocal and instrumental.'

"'Yes; I—is—too. I plays on the pian-na—I do.'

"'Ah! indeed.'

"'Oh yes; pap [father] he wanted little sis to take, but little sis wouldn't take. Then pap he at me to take; and after a while I concluded I would take, and, sure nugh, I did take!'"

"A short time ago," writes an obliging correspondent, "I had the pleasure of hearing the following anecdotes from an entertaining elderly gentleman, a native of Boston, who assured me of their entire truthfulness. One at least, containing as it does a veritable saying of Franklin, is worthy of preservation—which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been in print:

"Jack Williams would, in our day, be considered and denominated a gentleman of decidedly fast proclivities. Being in Philadelphia, and living according to his doctrine, he was reduced to that condition which I believe is termed impecuniosity. Thus necessitated, he was obliged to have recourse to his friends. His first application was to his uncle, Benjamin Franklin. Jack stated his wants to be in the neighborhood of $60. Franklin told him to call the next morning, when, if possible, he would accommodate him. Of course Jack was there, and his heart rejoiced exceedingly to see his uncle counting out the cash.

"During this operation Jack took a sheet of paper from the desk, with the laudable design, no doubt, of giving his I. O. U. If such was his intention he was disappointed; for Franklin, gently drawing away the paper, and with a benevolent smile, cried, 'You need not waste my paper too, Jack!'

"The same Jack was driving somewhere in the neighborhood of Boston. Stopping at an inn to water his horse, he noticed a rough-looking person standing at the stoop. Naturally supposing him the hostler, he hailed him with, 'Hostler, water my horse!' The individual thus addressed maintained a perfect silence. Jack again hailed him with no better success; he tried it the third time, adding a small expletive, which seemed to arouse the attention of the silent personage. Stepping from the stoop he marched gravely up to Jack, and addressed him as follows: 'Sir, were you aware of the fact that you were speaking to Governor Carleton, of Connecticut?' Jack immediately descended from his chaise, removed his hat, and said, 'Please, Governor Carleton, water my horse!'"

One of the writer's school-mates was always behind with his lessons; and upon one occasion his teacher, in an academy in which he had managed to obtain an entrance, was endeavoring to explain a question in arithmetic to him. He was asked, "Suppose you had one hundred dollars, and were to give away eighty dollars—how would you ascertain how much you had remaining?" His reply set teacher and scholars in a roar; for, with his own peculiar drawling tone, he exclaimed, "Why, I'd count it!"

Dolts of Justices have been in the Drawer; here is a fool of a Lawyer:

"In the village of E——, a shire town in one of the western counties in Ohio, a short time since, one of the teachers in the Union School was arrested on the affidavit of an enraged 'parient,' charging him with the commission of a malicious battery on the person of one of his—the aforesaid 'parient's'—hopeful sons. After the evidence in the cause was all introduced, the attorney for the prosecution, a regular justice-killer, opened the cause with a terrible onslaught on the poor school-teacher as well as upon the king's English, leaving it a matter of considerable doubt as to which of the twain was the more severely injured. The counsel for defense merely read and submitted to the Justice the law upon the subject of teacher and pupil, as laid down by Wharton, in his 'American Criminal Law.'

"The counsel for the prosecution immediately sprang to his feet, exclaiming, in great wrath, 'May it please the Court, who is this man, Mr. *Horton*? Some old Inglish book that was writ before the crime of salt and batter was discovered, I'll be bound! But, never mind; I'll soon lay this old Brittish imposition to land!' And thereupon snatching up the book, which was now lying closed upon the table, he asked, 'Where 'bouts is the verse the gentleman's jist bin readin'?' Not finding the *verse*, however, after considerable thumbing, 'Ah! well,' exclaimed he, 'I'll git it in the index in a minit;' and thereupon turning to the *S's* in the index, commenced running over them, audibly exclaiming, 'Salt and Batter—Salt and Batter—Salt—Salt—Salt and Batter—lem-me-see; I'll have it d'reckly—Salt—Salt—Sheep-stealin'—Salt and Batter—Shootin'—Swearin'—Salt—Salt and Batter—S, S, S;' and running the *S's* clear out, and not finding the much-wished-for Salt and Batter, dashed down the book, exclaiming to the Justice, 'There now, you see! that's jist what I'd expected. This book was jist writ for rascality, and to fool the Court. The man who'd write sich stuff for law ort to be ashamed to index it so any body else but a rogue couldn't ever find it!'"

Old Governor Stuyvesant, some years after the British possession of New York, appeared before the British Governor (Cartaret) with a complaint that he was annoyed by men and boys bathing in front of his house in a nude state. Governor Cartaret assured him that it should be stopped; but happening to recollect, said, "Why, Governor, your house is at some distance from the river, and how can it incommode the ladies of your family?" "Vy, you zee," said old Peter, shaking his cane, "mine gals have got *a pig spy-glass!*"

From Kansas City, Missouri, a fun-loving reader writes:

"You don't often get an item from this border country; not from the lack of ludicrous incidents,

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but because none has time to jot them down. But here is one which I can't help snatching a moment 'between speculations' to relate.

"Our worthy Recorder and City Attorney had made themselves somewhat odious to the 'faster' order of our citizens by enforcing *overmuch* the ordinance in regard to fast driving. Hardly a dog could trot past the court-house at a round pace without incurring the risk of an arrest. It had become entirely too irksome for our freedom-loving citizens; and many a scheme was laid to 'cut the comb' of these officers.

"One day Colonel M'G——, one of our most prominent land-owners, and withal a lover of a good horse, was 'snatched' for a violation of the same law, and summoned to trial at the court-house next day.

"The next day came, and the Recorder convened his court, and awaited the coming of the culprit. The City Attorney assumed his fiercest John C. Calhoun look and attitude, and waited also. A small crowd collected about the door, expecting some fun on his arrival.

"At last he appeared in the distance, seated in his lightest 'trotting wagon,' and wielding a huge hickory 'gad,' by means of which he was urging on in a fast walk a *tremendous old bony ox*, across whose wide-spread horns he had fastened a board, upon which was painted, in conspicuous letters, 'Go Slow!'

"The crowd 'took,' and raised a shout which brought to the door both Recorder and Attorney, who gazed at this singular 'outfit' in silence, and without a smile. The dignity of these officers failed to suppress the laughter of the crowd; and the Recorder, turning on his heel in disgust, exclaimed, '*Old Mac will beat us all! Adjourn the Court!*'

"It is needless to say that our citizens have since been allowed to increase their speed unmolested."

From Hartford, Connecticut, we have the following: "Not long since there lived in this city a sign and ornamental painter named Sayre, who was, and is, somewhat noted for his waggery. Stopping in New York city over the Sabbath with a 'brother chip,' once upon a time, on the morning of that day they stepped out for a stroll. After qualifying their water several times (Sayre always insisted that the water produced symptoms of cholera when taken clear), they entered a church whose doors stood invitingly open. The services proved to be in German. Listening a while with great attention, they departed. Soon Sayre's companion, turning to him, asked, gravely, 'I say, Sayre, what was that man's text?' 'Text! why, German text of course!' said Sayre, quietly."

From the interior of the Empire State come four or five right good stories:

"A few years since there lived in our village a waggish old blacksmith, familiarly known as Doctor Garland; though how he ever came by the title I never could clearly understand, unless he received it in consideration of his frequent Latin quotations, which he used on all occasions, and with about as much knowledge of their meaning as a Hottentot would of Spanish. A few days after the Presidential canvass of 1852 he met Squire B—— in the street, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Dr. Garland. 'Well, Squire, what news of the election?'

"Squire B——. 'Pierce is elected, beyond a doubt.'

"Dr. Garland. '*Magnum bonum!*'

"Squire B——. 'What do you mean by that, Doctor?'

"Dr. Garland. '*God is great!*'

"A neighbor of mine missed corn from his garner, and his suspicions rested upon a reckless fellow whom every body called 'Sam.' The corn was kept in a chamber over the kitchen, adjoining the woodhouse, toward which the chamber was left open and accessible by a ladder. The victim of this midnight 'theffery,' as another neighbor calls it, determined to satisfy himself concerning the identity of the thief, made a temporary bed upon the kitchen floor and lay down to watch. About the hour when 'church-yards yawn' he was aroused from a partial slumber by the rattling of the ears of corn overhead, when he suddenly called out at the top of his voice,

"'Sam!'

"'Hello!' responded the thief, taken entirely off his guard by this sudden call.

"'Don't take more than a bushel!'

"'Then I shall have to pour it out; for I've got two in the bag already!'

"Passing through a small village in Madison County, New York, where Dutchmen 'most do congregate,' the mail-coach made a halt for breakfast. While the meal was in course of preparation I amused myself in reading the various advertisements upon the bar-room walls, among which was the following, *verbatim et literatim:*

"'dake notis.

Dis is do giv notis dat it ish a sdray big at mi hous de oner vil blese gum an cal.

"'Hans quakenbus'

"I requested the privilege from the landlord, himself a Dutchman, of taking it with me; but he goodnaturedly declined, saying 'It wash de only litherary courosity he had in de housh!' so I had to content myself with a copy.

"Doctor White, once a resident of our village, who, many years since, perished in the snows of the Western prairies, was noted as much for his eccentricities as for his skill in medicine and surgery. He was once returning, on horseback, from a visit to a patient, when he was overtaken on the road by a townsman, also mounted, who informed him that he was on his way to see him for the purpose of getting rid of a 'raging tooth' with which he was troubled.

"A malicious twinkle lighted the Doctor's eye, for he had long owed the sufferer a grudge, and here was an opportunity to 'feed it fat.' Directing him to ride alongside, he commenced an examination of the offending member, feeling around it with no very tender finger, and lancing the gum, while both still kept their horses' backs.

"The preliminaries concluded, he drew out his turnkey, an old-school, vicious-looking instrument, and fitted it carefully to the tooth. Charging the patient to 'hold hard,' he drove his spurs into his horse, which, with a sudden bound, galloped off, almost dragging the victim from his saddle, the Doctor triumphantly flourishing the bloody fang, firmly grasped in the jaws of the turnkey.

"The patient was afterward heard to say that he had no desire to have another tooth drawn by *horse-power!*"

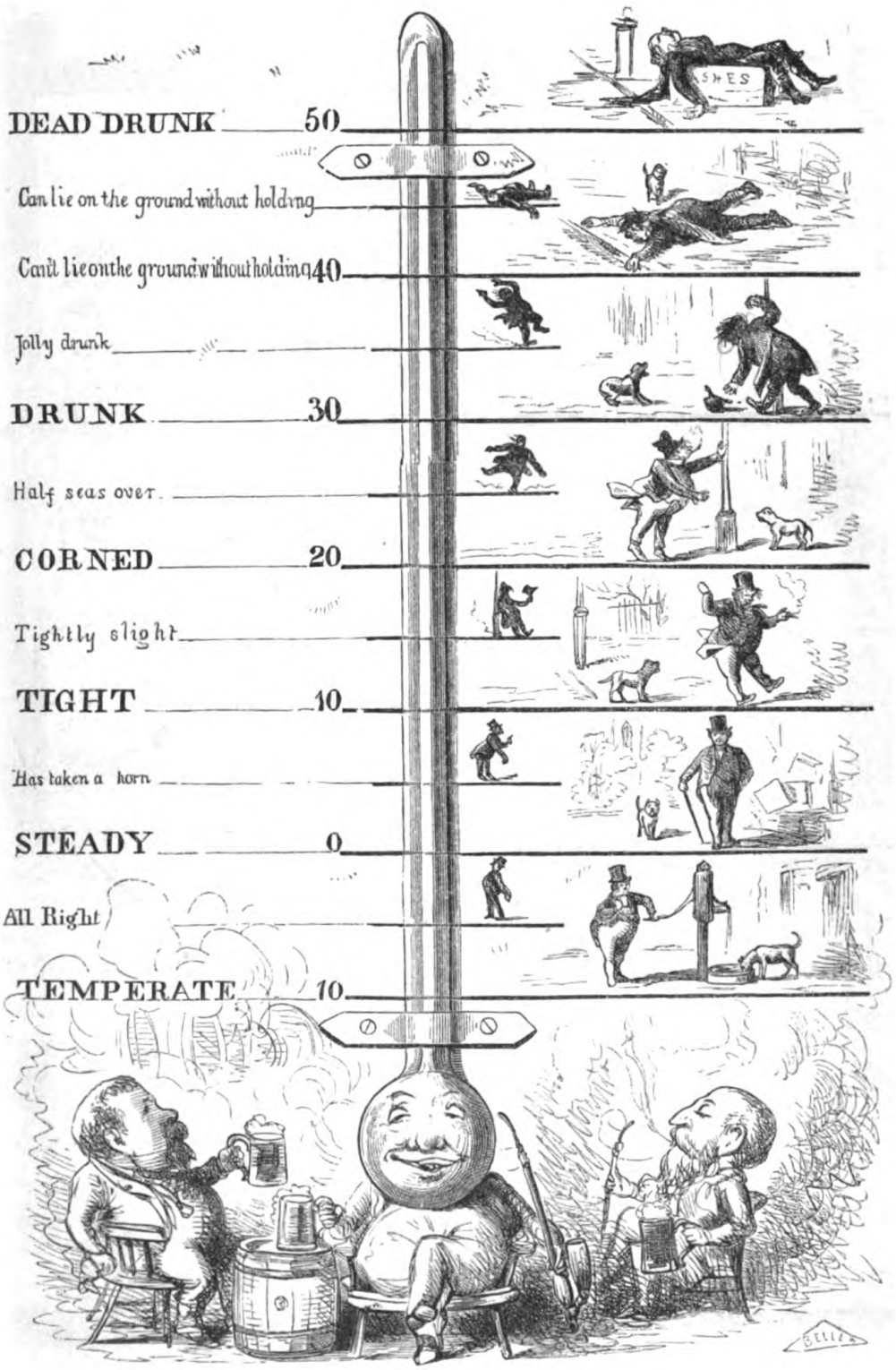
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Shadows over the Way.



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The Inebriometer.



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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXVII.—FEBRUARY, 1860.—Vol. XX.

COOS AND THE MAGALLOWAY.



VALLEY OF THE ANDROSCOGGIN.

THE tourist who has in summer time stood upon the top of Mount Washington can not forget the view which stretches away to the northern horizon. Immediately below him winds the Androscoggin; near it coils the Grand Trunk Railroad; and beyond rise the successive peaks of mountains, some bald and glittering in the sun, and others clothed in deep foliage, until

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they become blue and shadowy in the distance. The Percy range lifts its snow-white tops toward the northwest; and beyond them the green Monadnock guards the west bank of the Connecticut. In the northeast the mountains of Northern Maine are seen, with the naked top of Escohos on their left; while the ragged spurs of Camel's Rump rise directly at the north, higher even than those shattered crags which form the jaws of Dixville Notch. Lifting up against the northern horizon, blue and misty, stretching eastward and westward, are the peaks of the Canadian Highlands—that wind-swept range which forms the boundary between the United States and Canada. Sections of the Connecticut valley on the west, and the valleys of the Androscoggin and Magalloway on the east, appear between the mountains; while, sparkling like mirrors set in the deep green of the forests, the Umbagog chain of lakes repose far up in their wood-encircled basin.

Over nearly the whole of this broad and wild region is thrown the gloomy mantle of the forest. A few farms and villages are visible near by, and then comes the dense and unbroken wilderness. Who that has gazed upon this wild panorama has not desired to penetrate the secrets of those gloomy solitudes, or conjectured what legends peopled those gorges and ravines, or what deeds of adventure those dusky valleys might reveal?

Lancaster, the shire town of the famous County of Coos, in New Hampshire, was the starting-point of our party. This charming town is one hundred and eighty-five miles from Boston by railroad and stage, and is at the outlet of one of those streams which rise among the White Mountains and flow westward into the Connecticut. The village is spread out upon those broad meadows which even here border that noble stream. A broad and shaded street, intersected by a few cross avenues, rows of neat cottages with a few elegant residences, three churches, an academy, a court-house, a jail, three hotels, one of which is very large and elegant, with stores, shops, and a bank, make up the village.

On a cloudy morning in September the long two-horse wagon was drawn up in front of the Lancaster House. Mount Washington was capped, and slight drops came down slowly through the humid air. It was circus day in the shire town. Joe Pentland was coming, and all was bustle and excitement. Already strange-looking vehicles, loaded with passengers, were driving in from the adjacent country. A crowd of the curious had gathered upon the piazza of the hotel as we came down, in thick boots, gray pants, red flannel shirts, and slouched hats.

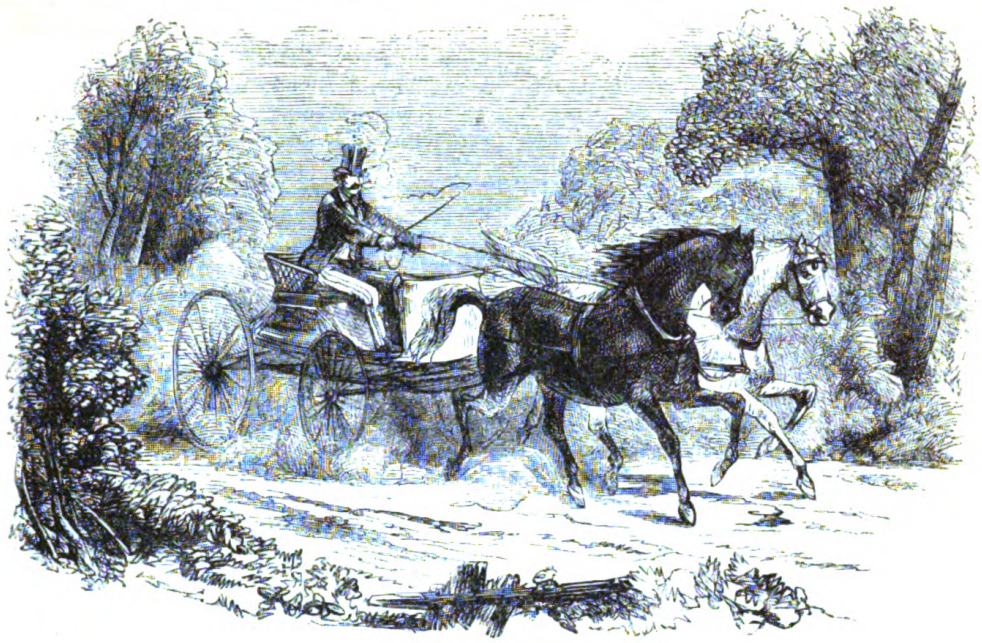


COME TO SEE THE CIRCUS.

Here was the fellow who had come, with his wife and children, twenty miles to see the circus. He had left his "burned-piece" just in the nick of time, and his oats in the stook, and some stone wall which he was in a hurry to build, and his house that was to be shingled anew, and was bent on seeing "them chaps" ride six horses, and laying up a store of clown's jokes. He wore his best blue coat and gray pants, and high collar, and boots rubbed with tallow, and had brought with him his dinner and provender for his horse. Already he had invested in a stick of candy, and stood surveying our wagon with that cool, thin, sharp visage which is the type of a thorough-bred Yankee, at whom the whole world laughs, but whose owner outwits the whole world.

Near by stood quite a different individual, whose off-hand manner, easy motion, erect figure, and confident eye showed him to be a man of the world. He was the proprietor of a meadow farm, and lived in the same large house which his grandfather had built in the early days of Coos. He had been a member of the Legislature; owned the eighth of a township, from which he took lumber to the markets below; and that very morning had ridden over to the village, behind a spanking black colt, in a new Concord wagon. You may some day see him dash up to the Crawford House with a span

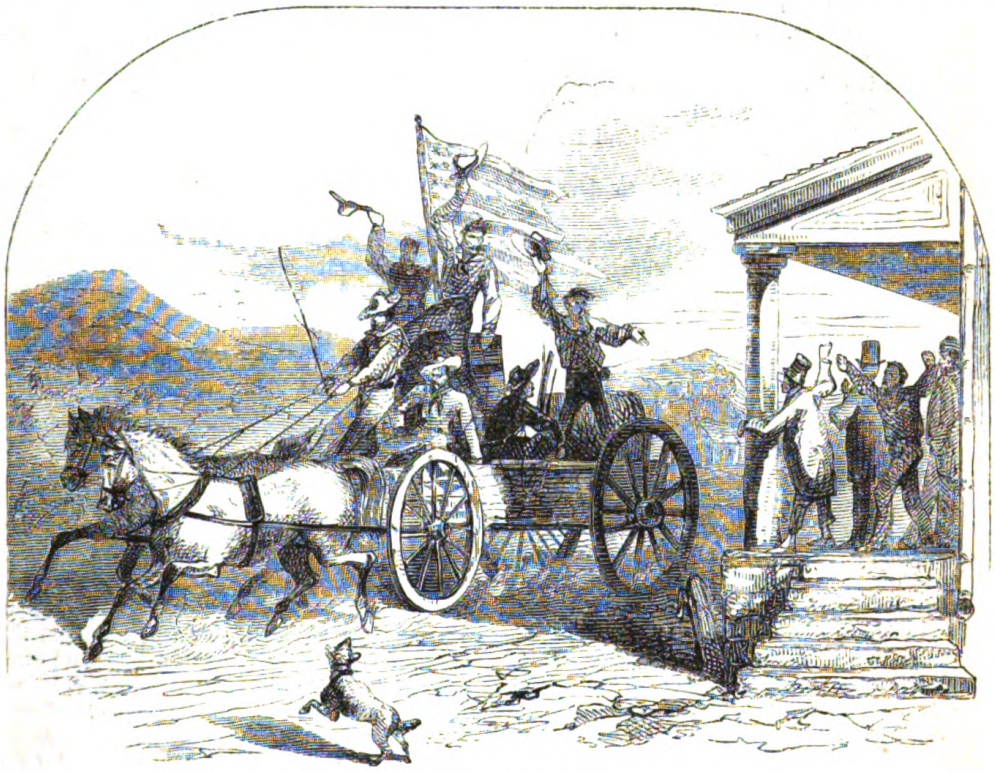
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OWNS A MEADOW FARM.

of bays which he is breaking, dine, talk a few moments with Joe Gibbs, light a cigar, crack his whip, and roll away again. He is a type of the young men who are seen in all this upper country.

We were all seated in the wagon. There were two barrels of pilot bread and half a barrel of pork. There was a Champagne basket, in which was a medley of articles. There were fry-pans and kettles, a huge coffee-pot and a bag of sugar. There was a tent, a tripod, a compass, and a transit. There were guns, pistols, powder-flasks, and long knives. In short, we were completely prepared for a month's camping in the woods. The stars and stripes—an old tattered flag, which had seen several expeditions



GOOD-BYE TO LANCASTER.

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of this kind—waved from a corner of the wagon, and all was ready.

"All ready!" called out the Colonel, the leader of the expedition, as he climbed into the wagon. Dan drew up the reins, flourished the whip, and we rolled slowly away. Three cheers burst spontaneously from the crowd as we drove off, bright eyes and smiling faces appeared at the windows, occasionally a white handkerchief waved an adieu, and the village was behind us.

Onward we went up the Connecticut. First came Northumberland, then Stratford, and at last, in the dusk of the evening, Colebrook, forty miles from Lancaster. Cheerily the lights of the little village shone as we rose over the hill and brought them into view. Right merrily, and with a prodigious clatter of wheels, did we drive up to the door of the only tavern.

A dozen individuals or so stepped out of the two stores and the tavern to inspect the new arrival, and gathered curiously about the wagon. Among them we were gratified to meet again our old friend, "The Squire," whose acquaintance we had made on the Umbagog years ago. His locks were whiter than when we had seen him, his voice slightly more tremulous as he gave us his hand, but he was still vigorous in mind and body, active and vigilant in business as when he first pioneered his way to this region of mountains. The Squire was a native-born gentleman, well educated, and a splendid specimen of an old mountaineer and lumberman. After supper we talked long before the wood fire. Captain Jones had come in; he was anxious to know about the Atlantic cable, and his surprise was unbounded when he learned that it was not an inch in diameter. Jim Sturtevant protested that he had seen trout in the Magalloway which would bite it off the first time. Bill Wright, "an old true-blue Isaac Hill Democrat," gave it as his opinion that it was a Federal trick to bind this country to England.

"I go agin' havin' any thing to dew with them British," persisted Bill.

Enter Major Eleazer Archibald. A chair for Major Archibald; and Major Archibald saluted each individual patronizingly. The Major proceeded to rub his hands before the fire and to assert, with caution and dignity, that there had been some prospect of rain; and then advanced the opinion that the nights would begin to grow cool before the end of September. Assented to by the whole company. The Major soon struck upon the universal theme of politics, and after descanting oracularly upon the tariff, Kansas, Cuba, and the whole list of topics, he came to the question of the removal of the shire town of Coos county from Lancaster. Here a fierce dispute arose between him and the Colonel, waxing warmer and warmer, until Bill Wright broke off the discussion by declaring that he was "agin' havin' any county seat at all."

"No county seat?" vociferated the Major.

"None at all," reiterated Bill; "courts are a humbug, got up to feed a lazy set of lawyers and cheat us poor devils."

The Major was commencing an argument with Bill on the propriety of courts of justice, when the Squire lighted his pipe, which he had been filling, rose, and wishing us a pleasant trip, walked out. We accompanied him along the short street of the now silent little hamlet. The lights in the two stores were blown out, and the loungers had scattered. Echoing musically upon the air came the murmur of the Connecticut and its more noisy tributaries, while as we looked out the giant hills, shooting far up into the starry sky, stood grimly, like mighty and silent Titans, sentinels of the night.

Never was a lovelier morning than that upon which we started to cross over the ridge of land which separates the Connecticut from the Umbagog. Our route lay in a southeasterly direction: first, up the valley of a small stream, called the Mohawk; then through a gap in the mountain ridge, which is only less famous than the White Mountain Notch because more remote from traveled routes; thence down the opposite slope to the valley of the Androscoggin and the basin of Lake Umbagog.

Now the road wound along the valley; now it coursed along the sides and over the very tops of high hills, from which we looked down upon farms, and around upon the crowded groups of mountains clothed with the magnificent foliage of autumn. The road becomes rougher, the farms disappear; we plunge down, down into a deep ravine through which foams a torrent. A few strokes of the axe repair the trembling pole bridge, and we rattle across it; up we clamber on the other side, over rocks, roots of trees, and stumps; down again and up again. The forest becomes dense and gloomy, and the branches interlock over our heads. We emerge into a little meadow, and before us suddenly stand the shattered and ragged walls of Dixville Notch.

Not more than a hundred feet in width, the walls of mica slate rise to the height of a thousand feet on either side, and overhang the path like gloomy and broken battlements. The frosts and storms, in their action of ages, have chipped these dark walls into all fantastical shapes—sometimes like the massive angles of some impregnable fortress — sometimes leaving ragged columns like the ruins of old towers. The path, just wide enough for one wagon-track, is hewn into the side of the chasm. On one side rises the threatening cliff, while below yawns the gulf.

Dan gave the Colonel the reins, leaving him to drive through; while the rest of us dismounted. Blowing a tin horn which we carried—the same which afterward disturbed the solitudes among the crags of the Canadian highlands—it gave out a blast like a war-trumpet; then dying away a moment, as if concealed among the broken rocks, it leaped out in a thousand commingling tones, clashing, contending, echoing, until they died away in varying cadences of melody. We discharged our fowling-piece at an eagle hovering over a cliff, when from behind every rock came a discharge as if guerrillas were

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DIXVILLE NOTCH.

hidden there. Altogether this notch is a most remarkable natural curiosity, rarely seen by tourists, never by the languid summerers on the luxurious couches of the Glen House or the Profile House, but only by those who are ready to diet a week on salt pork—to be shaken beyond the reach of dyspepsia over roads rougher than the passage down Ararat—or to face swarms of black flies and mosquitoes.

The sun rose brilliantly, and a sky of cloudless blue hung over the mountains and forests, before the large batteau had swung from the shore above Erroll Falls, and turned its prow up the Androscoggin. The barrels and boxes and bags and packs and baskets were piled into the elegant craft, and from the prow floated the old tattered flag. In the stern, with paddle in hand, sat the Colonel. At the oars sat two of our party—a round, portly, muscular fellow, and a slender, but nervous and active, native of Coos. The narrator found a seat in the bow; while at other convenient places were stowed the mail-carrier for the Magalloway settlement —a sharp-visaged frontiersman — and a still smaller, but keen-eyed and wiry hunter, who was bound for Parmachene Lake, to spend three months in trapping.

Dan stood upon the bank near his horses and wagon as we were ready to push off.

"Yes, *Sir*," said Dan, "I should like to go on with ye." But just then his horses started, the batteau swung into the dark stream, the oars dipped, the wheels of Dan's wagon rattled across the rough bridge, a blast from the tin horn echoed along the shore, and we glided merrily up the Androscoggin.

Durkee's Landing, on the Magalloway, was the first point made. This Magalloway settlement, of about thirty families, is the last on the borders of Maine and New Hampshire, lying along the Magalloway River for about eight miles. No road connects it with the rest of the world, but the only avenue is the river and the Umbagog Lake. The river, starting in the Canadian highlands, is nearly a hundred miles in length; and the meadows which border it at this point are broad and very fertile. Loading our baggage upon a hay-cart, and sending it for-

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ward, the company amused themselves during the heat of the day by smoking their pipes under the awning of the rough wood-shed, telling stories, shooting the rifle, and collecting from Durkee information respecting the region.

Toward sunset we started for a walk of eight miles—to Captain Wilson's, the last house on the frontier. It was hot and sultry, and we sweltered along under the weight of our packs, guns, and axes. The long shadows came on speedily, and soon the sun, after resting a moment in a gorge of the mountains, sunk amidst a flood of golden light, leaving us to darkness and swarms of mosquitoes.

The woods through which the road led was musical with their hum. If we stopped a moment, myriads of the blood-thirsty wretches assailed us, ensconcing themselves in our hair and necks, until some tough-billed fellow would bore through our shirts and transfix our backs. As a last resort we lit our pipes, after which the whole swarm, evidently becoming delirious under the influence of tobacco-smoke, screeched with indignation, but kept aloof. In four miles we began to apprehend something of the pleasures of a summer tour in the backwoods, or, at least, that part of it which consists of traveling on foot over rocks and among stumps with packs lashed to our backs. Walking brought perspiration; perspiration produced thirst; thirst, heat, and fatigue combined produced faintness. There were stumblings against rocks; there were splashings through water and mud; there were imprecations on the whole race of mosquitoes; there were remarks deprecatory of the general nature of hot weather; and mutterings about the length of miles on the Magalloway River.

"What's that?" said John, resting a moment against an old stub.

We heard the sound of wheels echoing into the woods, and presently a horse and wagon came slowly and noisily on through the darkness.

"How far to Captain Wilson's?" all inquired at once.

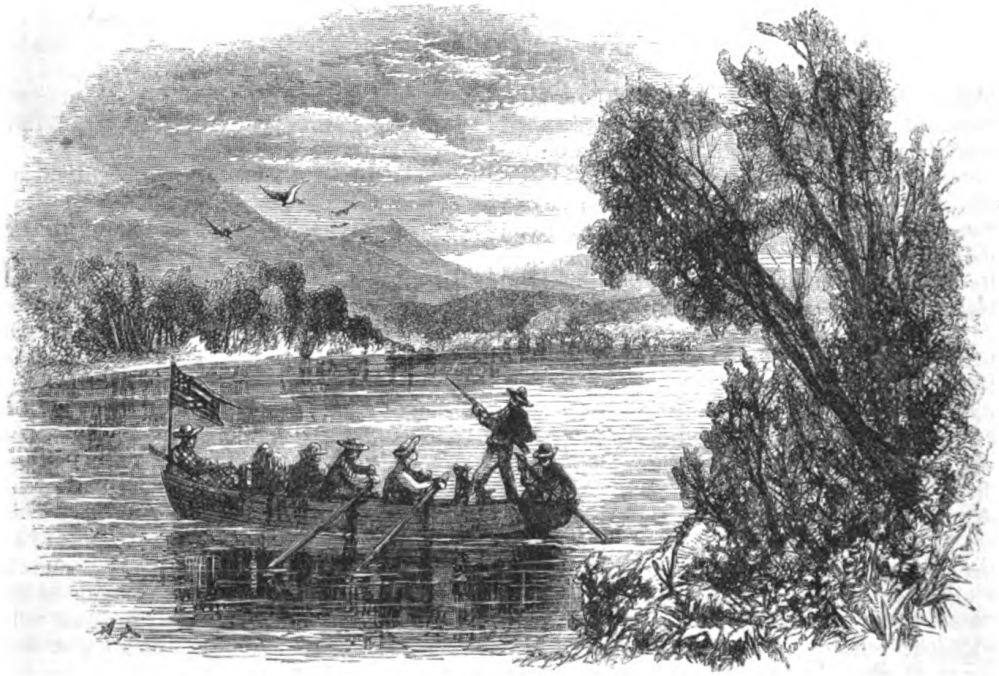
"Are you goin' to Cap'n Wilson's?" returned the driver.

It was Captain Wilson's wagon sent out to meet us.

"Hawkum, for this is the best goin' you'll have," said the driver, and the wagon jolted on.

We emerged into open land, passed one or two cottages, then a school-house in which was a cheerful light: then the roar of a cataract fell upon our ears: we crossed a bridge hung above the foam, went up a gentle slope, and were at the door of Captain Wilson, the last settler on the frontier.

The Captain was a native of the vicinity of Portland, and was allured to this region just in the dawn of the great Eastern land speculation. He came to this spot by the Escohos Falls, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, twenty-five years ago, and settled in the expectation that the country would become populous, and consequently bring him wealth. But he has lived here twenty-five years, and still finds himself on the frontier, with no settler beyond him nearer than the Megantic Lake in Canada. He has led the life of a woodsman, a farmer, a surveyor, and an explorer. Many are the adventures he has met in this wild region. Often has he coursed through the trackless woods, between his house and Quebec, camping on a winter's night under the shelter of a few fir boughs, or



GOING UP THE ANDROSCOGGIN.

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SETTLEMENT ON THE MAGALLOWAY.

living for days on moose meat. Time and exposure have now bowed his form, and furrowed his brow, and silvered his hair; but he is still active and enterprising, and enthusiastic in regard to the development and prosperity of this region where he has spent his life. He has been a member of the Maine Legislature, has a respectable law library, and is the Justice of the Peace and the legal adviser of the whole settlement.

We now prepared for the woods. A party of eleven were collected, consisting, in addition to that already mentioned, of the Captain and six experienced woodsmen. The object was an exploration and re-marking of lines. The party divided, and six started through the woods on a straight line, and five followed up the river in boats, carrying the stores. The two squads filed slowly into the woods at two different points, and each disappeared.

Two days the boats sped up the Magalloway, between the silent banks overhung with fir, pine, birch, and maple. The river winds among the mountains in all directions. The Rio Grande is not more crooked. Over the tops of the trees bald mountains are constantly seen, but otherwise nothing relieves the monotonous pathway, excepting where a crane soars clumsily into the air, or a flock of ducks start up ahead, or we discover where a moose has just scrambled up the soft bank, or when a fugitive trout is taken as we drop our hook into the water.

At night of the second day we encamped at the mouth of the Magalloway. Finding a level spot near the bank of the river, at the mouth of a little brook which came over the hill the tent was pitched. Soon the fir boughs were spread down for the bed, and a big fire blazed in front. We took an abundance of trout, some of them weighing nearly four pounds, and that night there was a banquet of roasted trout and frizzled pork, while stories were told around the camp fire.

When morning dawned the rain was coming down in torrents. All through the day it poured constantly. The wind rose and swept over the forest with a continuous roar. Clouds hurried swiftly through the heavens, and the old trees

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IN CAMP.

writhed and groaned as their tops bowed and swayed together. It was that terrific storm which swept over the North about the middle of September of that year.

As night again came on the Magalloway rose wildly within its banks and lifted our boat from its moorings. The little brook became a torrent, and roared close by our tent. The water streamed through our cloth roof. Settling down to sleep as best we might, we heard the excited Magalloway lashing its banks and the roar of the winds, while occasionally the dull, heavy sound of a falling tree announced the mastery of the gale. Hark! there was a crash, and an old dry tree plunged into the whirling water.

"Do you hear that noise?" said one of the men, starting up suddenly from under his blanket, and turning his ear up to catch the sound. His quick sense had detected the sound of a human voice mingled with the howling of the storm and the creaking of the old forest trees.

"That was a man's voice, sure," said he, starting up to his feet.

Again it was heard, like a long, low, tremulous halloo, and answered promptly by the woodsman. Again fainter, and again answered. The woodsman listened long, but not catching the sound again, at last slowly rolled himself in his blanket.

"A wet night they'll have of it!—most likely somebody from Joe York's camp," muttered the other woodsman, and both were still again.

How much are we creatures of education and habit! To us few things could have been more startling than the weird tones which in that solitude were detected in the howlings of the storm. But the hunters had camped too many times on the snow, and too often following the moose up that valley had been overtaken by night in the dead of winter, to attach much importance to the occurrence. So they slept. Black as Erebus was the night; and as the fire, hissing and spluttering, threw its flickering light out into the darkness, making the spectral shadows of the huge trees dance to the music of the gale, we slept the sleep of neophyte woodsmen.

Not long after the sun had come out and the clouds scattered, an elderly man—a woodsman—came to the camp. He was drenched with water shaken from the bushes, and wore an anxious face. Two of his sons, he said, had started from a camp a few miles above to search in the woods for a "logging chance," and had not returned. We told him of the sounds we had heard in the night. He raised his gun and discharged it; then listened a moment; but hearing nothing, walked slowly into the forest. A few hours later voices were heard in the woods, and Captain Wilson, with another of the men, arrived at the camp, having started from the other party the day before. Being caught by the storm, they had found quarters in the woods overnight, and had been twenty-three hours without food. Toward night three more of the party, who had gone in with the stores, arrived. They also slept out in the storm under a little covering of birch bark.

Another day brought three of us—the rest having gone in with stores—to the "carry" at Parmachene Falls. The boat was taken out of the water, yokes hewn out with the axes, and carried by the rapids. Imagine the delights of a "carry!" A path led by the falls, but across it were big logs blown down in some hurricane, and it wound up the sides of hills and through tangled thickets.

Even here the lumbermen have penetrated, and at these falls have built a dam to facilitate

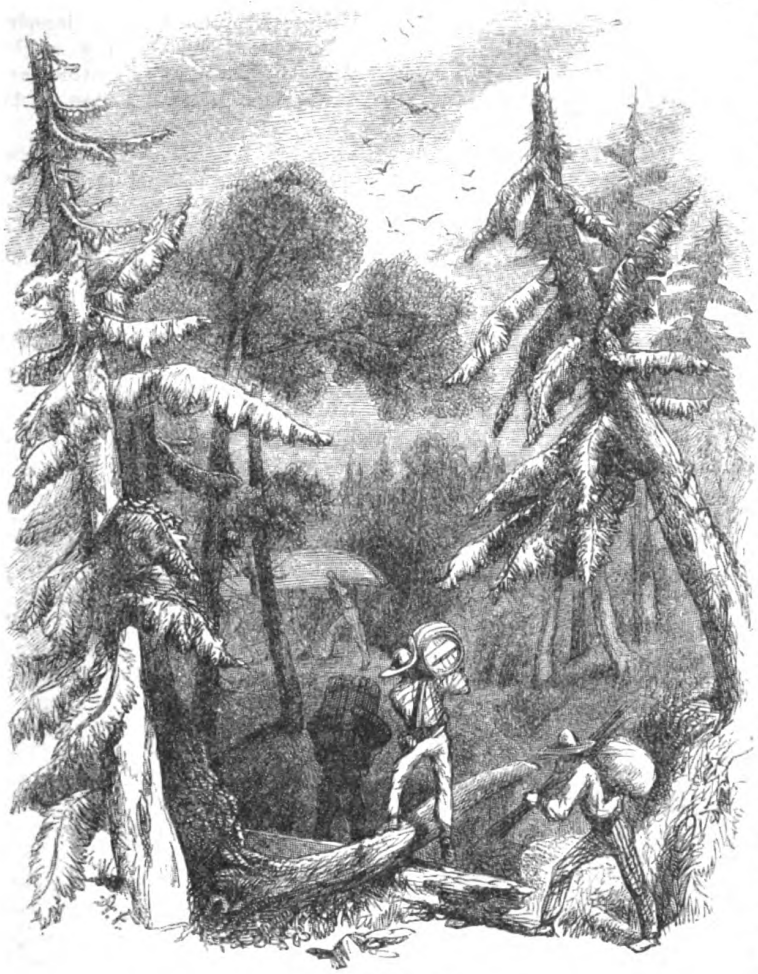
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the running of logs down the river. At a lumberman's camp near by—a unique specimen of architecture — we found lodging overnight. These camps are built entirely of logs, roofed with shingles rived from the pine-trees. They have one room, which is the cook-room, sleeping-room, and lounging-room; a large fire in the centre, from which the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof; a bunk on one side for sleeping, and a rude table made of split shingles at one end. A barn of similar architecture stands near. Here the lumbermen coming up from the settlements live during the long months of these Northern winters, going out in the morning as soon as it is light, cutting the logs and drawing them upon the ice of the river, to await the spring freshet which is to float them down, and not returning until dark. At night, after supper, pipe-smoking, and story-telling, they turn into their bunks. When the ice clears out of the river all hands commence driving the logs down the stream, until, through the tortuous channel of the Magalloway and Androscoggin, they arrive at Bath, where they are cut into boards and distributed to Boston, New York, and other ports, ultimately to line the palaces of Fifth Avenue or the residences on Brooklyn Heights.

The little skiff launched, the stores loaded into it, bringing it down to the water's edge by the slow and sturdy stroke of the paddle, the party followed up the Magalloway and swung out into Parmachene Lake, beyond reach even of the lumbermen, and opening to a region undisturbed save by the hunter.

Parmachene is a charmingly wild sheet of water, four or five miles in length, and one or two miles wide. As the little skiff dashed over the wave a solitary hunter's camp on the north side was the only evidence that man had ever trod its shores. First forest-covered hills, and then more distant and more lofty blue mountains lifted their tops all around us, wild and precipitous. This is a famous hunting-place, and is the resort of the woodsmen down the river as well as of the Indians.

Again the tent was pitched at "Little Boy's Falls"—three miles up a stream which enters the Parmachene, which is still called the Magalloway. Here we remained two days, waiting for the arrival of two of the other party, who were coming for provisions. They having arrived, three of us started early one morning for a walk of ten miles through the woods, following only the directions of the compass, to join our friends, who had been all this while sojourning in the depths of the wilderness.



"THE CARRY."

Nay Bennett led the way—a voluble, jolly woodsman, with a face, written all over with humor, protruding under the narrow rim of an old felt hat, with the tin trumpet slung under his arm, thirty pounds of provisions lashed to his back, and a hatchet in his hands. Then we followed, with only our blanket, gun, and ammunition. Behind came Linnell—a woodsman as quiet as Nay was voluble—one of the best hunters on the Magalloway, his cautious eye constantly out noting the forest trees, the brooks, and the elevations, and occasionally giving advice to Nay as to the direction to be taken. Both had trapped and followed moose through these wilds,

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LUMBERMAN'S CAMP ON THE MAGALLOWAY.

and kept their course in the woods with as much ease as one bred in the city finds his way along the avenues and squares. Up and down heights, through snarled thickets of undergrowth, along mossy swamps, darkened by the boughs of the fir, we paced steadily. Some time after the sun had passed the meridian all three were lying upon the leaves, resting at the foot of a steep hill before ascending.

"There's thunder, and we shall get wet," said Linnell, quietly getting up, lashing his pack, and starting.

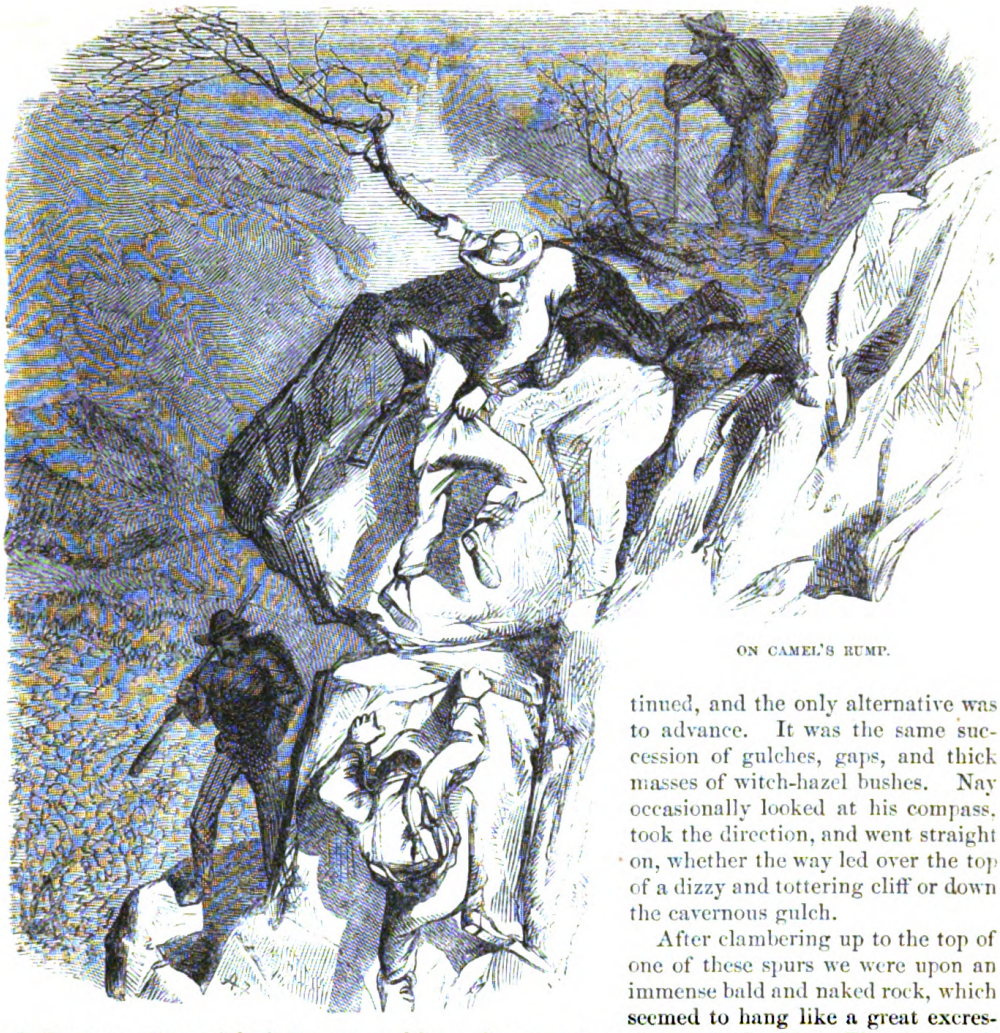
"It'll make it very pleasant for us," replied Nay, jumping up, looking at his pocket-compass, and giving a blast on his trumpet.

There had not been a cloud in the sky; but as we came over the height the gray and bald top of Cam-



PARMACHENE LAKE.

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ON CAMEL'S RUMP.

el's Rump stood up right before us, and beyond it hung the cloud.

"That makes out to be Camel's Rump," said Nay.

Our course lay across the northern spurs of the mountain. We hurried on, the thunder muttering louder every instant, and occasionally the wind swaying the forest. At last, far up on the mountain spur, whence we looked down upon miles of dark forests and illimitable ranges of mountain peaks, the charged cloud enveloped the height and broke upon us. We had never been *in* a thunder-storm before; but here it was all around us. Now a tree was twisted from its slight rooting and hurled headlong down the steep. Now another was shivered by the bolt as the thunder bellowed around us.

"'T makes it very pleasant for us," said Nay, as we crouched under the leaning trunk of an old tree, endeavoring to get clear of the drenching torrents of rain.

We thought Nay's assertion was to be taken in inversion, and then and there so declared. So dense was the cloud that the lightning glared as in the deeper twilight. When the violence of the storm had passed over the rain still continued, and the only alternative was to advance. It was the same succession of gulches, gaps, and thick masses of witch-hazel bushes. Nay occasionally looked at his compass, took the direction, and went straight on, whether the way led over the top of a dizzy and tottering cliff or down the cavernous gulch.

After clambering up to the top of one of these spurs we were upon an immense bald and naked rock, which seemed to hang like a great excrescence upon the mountain side. The giant peak above us was wrapped in cloud, and far northward, westward, and eastward other summits pillared the vapory roof. All stood gazing down into the shadowy valleys, hundreds of feet below, arrested, seemingly, by the wild and solitary grandeur of the view. Our attention was attracted by the report of a pistol, coming dull upon the ear, as if from a long-distant height. Another, and then another, followed, more distinctly, and our own fowling-piece answered back. We took the direction of the sound, and started. Night was rapidly approaching. We stood at last at the base of an almost inaccessible steep.

"That's the way," said Nay, consulting his compass and pointing up among the jutting rocks.

"Can't go over that to-night," we protested, now thoroughly tired out.

"Give me your gun and take my hatchet," replied Nay; and we started again, dragging ourselves slowly and wearily up. Nay was creeping up in a fissure of an almost perpendicular rock, and we after him.

"'T makes it very pleasant for us," he ejacu-

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lated, in long pauses, just as he got his head above the edge of a table-rock.

We were denying it, *ab imo pectore*, as we hung to a small shrub which had rooted to the rock, when Nay commenced a series of exclamations and expletives, not unfit for that occasion, but not appropriate to print, and closing with a blast on his horn, stood pointing to some fresh spots upon a tree which stood upon the edge of the precipice. We had struck the line which our friends had spotted as they passed along, and we hastened over the crags. It was not until the darkness had enveloped us that the sound of an axe was heard ahead. A shout—a response—three cheers from the whole party, and we bounded on toward the light of a fire.

"'T makes it very pleasant for us," asserted Nay, throwing off his pack, sitting down upon a log, and giving a final blast upon his horn.

All hands were at work pitching the tent, some breaking wet fir boughs and shaking off the water, others leveling the ground and spreading the canvas, and others piling logs upon the fire. The rain still poured, but when the canvas was spread, the fir boughs laid down thick, the fire blazing up hot and drying our saturated clothes, things began to wear an air of comfort. The pork was frizzled upon the ends of long sticks, the hot tea poured into the tin dippers, the hard bread thrown out, and there was not a more jolly festival in the land than beneath that roof of canvas, high up on the mountain side, in the black night and the driving storm.

As we lay smoking our pipes, dry and comfortable in contrast with the dreary desolation outside our tent, the Colonel narrated the incidents of their trip; of the solitary and sombre glens, of the wild mountains, of the gentle streams, beautiful with none to admire; of the glorious sunrise and magnificent sunset, of ravishing landscapes, of the storm and the hurricane gamboling among the giant trees. They had ascended the highest peak of Camel's Rump and encamped overnight 4000 feet above the level of the sea, scaling, for miles, the steep precipices by the aid of lichens and shrubs, and coming down had discharged a small revolver from different peaks, hoping to attract our attention.

Then one of the woodsmen, who declared that they had "seen some proper bad pizgys" on the way, sang a song, one of the rude madrigals of the frontier. It was of a fair maid and a brave hunter, and an obstinate father. In vain the hunter busied himself in the woods and brought back rich burdens of furs. In vain he was the smartest chopper and best wrestler. So one night when the moon was full, John and the loving Julia started to cross the lake. But the obstinate father pursued, overtook them, was knocked overboard by John; after which himself and Julia, with great coolness and good judgment, embraced and jumped overboard also.

"'T made it very pleasant for 'em," said Nay, as the song ended.

But half the company had already rolled themselves in their blankets, and the camp was still.

Another day of mingled hail, rain, and snow kept the party in camp; but the next morning, while the trees were white with frost and the ground slippery, they took their course for the Canada line. Late in the afternoon they came upon the ruins of an old birch-tree, which was



CAMP ON CAMEL'S RUMP.

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long the corner between the States of Maine and New Hampshire. It was covered with hieroglyphics, the initials of names once famous in the two States who had visited the spot long years before. Twenty rods beyond stood an iron monument, now the real boundary between the United States and Canada, as well as the corner of the two States. The line established by the Ashburton treaty runs from peak to peak of those Highlands which separate the waters which flow into the St. Lawrence from those which flow into the Atlantic.



IN THREE DOMINIONS.

This was the end of the trip. Nay sat himself down in Canada, hugging the iron monument, with one foot in Maine and one in New Hampshire, but declared that he felt no better in three dominions than he did in one. Now, nearly eighty miles from Captain Wilson's by the route we had come, the party, cutting their names upon trees and rocks, turned back.

Northward were seen the lower hills which border the St. Lawrence, and southward mountains piled one upon another, and gorges and deep dark valleys. But all was wilderness. Up the mountain sides the bright tinge of autumn had commenced; but down in the deep valleys, where the dark and changeless fir covers the ground, hung dusky shadows, and as we looked down it seemed as if we could not see the bottom. No sable drapery can be more solemn than these forests of fir. They seem to make the silence more still and the solitude more funereal. Seen from the heights, it is as if a vast pall were wound around the base of the mountains and stretched down the narrow valleys.

From this summit could be seen the sources of five large streams of the continent. The tortuous St. Francis, and the Chaudière, whose banks the terrible expedition of Arnold made at once sad and glorious, find their way hence to the St. Lawrence. Hence the Connecticut starts southward, and within sight of one of the hills which our party ascended were to be seen at the same time the head waters of Dead River, which feeds the Kennebec, and the Magalloway, which feeds the Androscoggin.

Nay was ahead, and the whole party, on the second day of their return, were treading along wearily, following each other like Indians in trail. It had rained all day, and now, nearly dark, more than fifteen miles lay between us and the camp of the night before.

"That makes out to be Little Boy's Falls," said Nay, listening, then giving a blast on his trumpet.

The crack of a revolver answered down the river. "Crack" answered the Colonel's revolver. "Crack" again down the valley. "Crack"—"crack"—"crack"—"crack"—from both sides, until the woods echoed and shouts rang out from both parties, and Nay's trumpet doubled its volume, while the cataract chimed in with a voice like Minnehaha.

"Nay, do you remember the catamount we saw over yonder once?" said the Captain, as all were at their rude supper.

"I make out to," responded Nay, just as he was putting to his mouth a heavy piece of fried trout, "What a cussed Babylonian he was, Cap'n: 't made it very pleasant for us; didn't it, Cap'n?"

Forthwith Nay commenced with the story.

"The Cap'n and I were spot'n' a line one spring before the snow was off. 'Long in the afternoon we heard what we thought was a man's voice a long ways off in the woods. Wa'al, I hooted, and it hooted back. 'T kept comin' nearer and yelpin' louder. 'Look 'ere, Cap'n Wilson,' says I, 'I've been in the woods a good deal, but I never heard that sound before.' By'm-by we set down on the snow to rest, and when we had got about twenty rods along the fellow gave such an ungodly screech as made my hair stand on end. Says I, 'Cap'n, that makes out to be a cussed Babylonian.' We had only an axe and a small shot-gun, not enough to make a dust in the eyes of the critter. 'Cap'n, didn't we take long steps?' After a while the critter lagged behind, and we heard him screech off in the woods. Wa'al, 't came night, 'nd we built a fire, 'nd made a camp, 'nd after a while got to sleep. I waked up some time in the night. The fust thing I see, when my eyes opened, was a couple of glaring balls right t'other side of the fire. There that cussed whelp set, on a log, not ten feet off, starin' right at us 'nd switchin' his tail jest like a cat afore she grabs a mouse. I didn't dare to start up the Cap'n, so I got up my shot-gun easy, and pinted it right into his face 'n' eyes. I tell ye he was a savage-lookin' devil, 'nd I reckon he liked the looks o' me about as well as I did o' him. Purty soon he turned his head round one side, and seemed to look at somethin' else. Then he turned clear round, and curled down close to the log, and kept on switchin' his tail, and lookin' off in another direction.

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All of a sudden, as quick as a wink, he bounded off into the darkness, and then there was such a yellin' as I never heard. The Cap'n screamed and jumped up, and began to hunt for his axe. 'Get your gun, Nay!' yells the Cap'n; 'the cussed thing is after us.' 'Keep still, Cap'n,' says I, 'he's after that lucive: I've been watchin' him for a half hour.' 'Twas a short fight, and the lucive had the worst of it. Away went the cussed Babylonian into the woods, with the lucive in his mouth, growlin' as he went. He had pounced right into him, and took him for his breakfast instead of the Cap'n or me. If ever I meet a Babylonian again, I'll tell him to wait till I send for a lucive."

When the party arrived at Cap'n Wilson's, a few days afterward, the little settlement seemed great to them, and when they made the beautiful town of Bethel, Maine, it appeared to them as Rome did to the dwellers on the banks of the Mincius.

The author, having arrived at home, walked into his hotel, gun in hand, wearing still his woodsman's dress, but the clerk was in doubt about accommodating him, and intimated that they were *very* full that night. All stared as he took his accustomed seat at the table, and one inquired if that was the "Lumbermen's Hotel." He walked down through the lighted street, in the evening, passing his most intimate friends unrecognized.



CIVILIZATION.

In the night dreams of the Magalloway haunted his sleep. He traveled alone through interminable woods, and camped at night in a howling storm. Then he was on Parmachene Lake, and the little skiff swamped and sunk down unfathomably, until at last he was going up Camel's Rump, in the thunder-storm. Suddenly he heard Nay iterate that "'t made it very pleasant for us," and looked up. There was a catamount, having Nay's face, and with his trumpet hung to his neck, and his narrow-rimmed hat on his head. The Colonel was breaking great trout off from fir-trees, and spreading them down for a bed, and the rest of the party were coming over a rock in a boat. Suddenly the catamount showed his teeth, growled, and pounced upon Captain Wilson, who took a "lucive" from his pocket and gave him, which he swallowed at once and then growled more furiously than before. He seized his gun — such unearthly yells!—and he awoke in time to catch the last roll of the gong as it was announcing breakfast.

ODE ON THE BIRTHDAY OF CHARLES WESLEY.

I.

O ENGLAND, through thy lovely vales
And emerald hills how many now
In memory of the poet-priest
With rapt devotion bow!
Along the city's sounding street,
In cottage nooks, in lordly halls,

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On village spire, and temple dome
A still, sweet influence falls—
For myriads whisper of the birth
That gave another bard to Earth.

II.

Nor only there: from my own Land
Full many a blessing o'er the wave
Floats like an angel's wing to gild
His cradle and his grave.
Our Fanes have also felt his soul;
Our forest-temples grand and dim,
Filled with ecstatic worshipers,
Have trembled to his hymn:
Still seem they bowed with praise and prayer—
The soul of Wesley lingers there!

III.

Well have the nations blessed the bards,
And, gladdened by their ministerings,
Their foreheads bound with holier wreaths
Than ever shone on kings:
Lo! Scio's old blind Glory crowned;
And Dante diademed with fire
Imperial by the large-eyed Times,
And Byron's battle-lyre:
No royal flag o'er them unfurled,
Yet they are Emperors of the world!

IV.

If thus the Shapes that draw from Earth,
The soul of song, are rulers made,
How should the Heaven-invoking Ones
By continents be arrayed?
Not from Olympian groves their wreath!
Go search Siloa's sacred bowers;
On Zion's grander mountain walk
And gather stateliest flowers—
These crown the souls that sing of HIM
Who wandered there with cherubim.

V.

And such the crown that thou didst wear,
Sweet singer by old Albion's wave!
And Death himself could not destroy,
But placed it on thy grave.
How glorious its unfaded leaves
Shall on thy pure white forehead bloom,
When, with a hymn upon thy lips,
Thou'lt glitter from the tomb,
And, myriads joining in the lay,
Soar to the choir of Heaven away!

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HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.



VOLCANO OF TURRIALBA.

III.—SAN JOSÉ TO CARTAGO.

THE prevailing theme of the day with the Stump as well as the Pulpit—with the Editor as well as the Orator—is the superior civilization of the Nineteenth Century. Of this civilization, the United States, and England especially, are congratulated, from morning till night, on the fact of their being the highest exponents, while the Spanish-American communities are scornfully reproached, or contemptuously condoled with, for being the reverse.

Nor does the Spirit of the Age content itself with this. Acting on the presumption, that every community or nation, failing to come up to the Anglo-Saxon standard of political and social perfection, is gone to perdition unless something vigorous for its salvation is done, the world, nowadays, occasionally hears of cities being bombarded into commercial relations, and people being robbed for the good of their souls.

Were it less arrogant, the Spirit of the Age might be all the better instructed. Better instructed, it might be all the better behaved.

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Fully comprehending those Spanish-American communities, it might become impressed with the fact, that there prevails in them a civilization which, in domestic goodness, in intelligence and graciousness, in religious sentiment, sobriety and honest industry, will favorably compare with that which in colder latitudes is so superlatively lauded. More than this. Without admitting the feasibility of there being various forms and phases of civilization—each determined by the character of the people who exhibit it, and of whose special interests, genius and resources, it is the natural development — the Spirit of the Age might be flattered in observing, throughout those disparaged communities, not a few of the customs, the mechanical appliances, the household comforts and political ideas, of which it claims the exclusive paternity. In Costa Rica for instance, as Señor Astaburuaga has written, agriculture has commenced to take that aspect which the best rules of science enable it to attain. The practical notions of cultivation—those prevailing among the Northern nations of Europe—are extending there with the assistance of the best agricultural implements, while those old practices, so detrimental to labor and the saving of time, are fast disappearing.

In less important particulars, also, the Spirit of the Age might be gratified in discovering, in the little Republic I speak of, its tastes, ingenuity, and judgment acknowledged. The lamp-posts of San José have been imported from England. This has already been stated. Germany, besides contributing to Costa Rica the engineering ability which has opened the best of her roads, has suggested to an adventurous Londoner the advantage of having, close to the Capital, a *lager-bier* reservoir of exhaustless capacity. The worms and caldrons of the National Distillery were made in New York, and the President's carriage, if I am not greatly mistaken, first tried its springs on the pavement of Broadway. Nor is France less conspicuously represented in this informal exposition of the artistic skill of the more highly civilized nations. She has introduced her dainty boots there, her smelling-bottles, gloves and *pastilles*, her thin wines, *bonbons* and sun-shades. She has given soldiers and uniforms to the Costa Rican army, and, to the traveling public of the country, the pattern of a *Diligence* which has been expensively copied.

The result is a vehicle, which, were it somewhat less rickety and gaudy, would resemble a Rockaway. Lavishly painted in red, black and yellow, a profusion of old rope, leather aprons, curtains and cushions — the latter all wrinkled and cracked—furnish, inside and out, the amusing contrivance. A mule and two horses—the mule in the middle—tug it along. The driver—a lively young fellow from the ruins of Copan—wears a braided gray jacket, a military sash of red silk, and a Panama hat rather rakishly set.

It was on the back seat of this *diligence* that Don Ramon and Don Francisco set out, one Sunday evening, from San José to the ancient city of Cartago. The drive was pleasantly exciting all the way through. There was the landscape, both sides of the road. There were the coffee-plantations, all in full blossom, looking as though there had been a fall of snow during the forenoon. There were banana-patches, fields of corn and sugar-cane, church-towers and Indian villages. There was the funeral procession of a child, the little corpse prettily dressed and decked with flowers, violins and flutes preceding it, women strewing the dusty road with violets, lilies and green branches, an old priest, in white embroidered stole and surplice, enveloped in the smoke of swinging censers, with closed eyes and bare head, borne along in a gilt sedan-chair behind the bier, and with his shriveled hand blessing it at times. There were bright green meadows veined with flashing streams—wave-like wooded hills seamed with red cart-roads—steep bridges built of lava-stone, the causeways roofed with burned tiles—bulky farm-houses half-buried in sweet rich foliage—the great lonely mountains of the Central Range dissolving in the mellowed sunlight miles away. Last of all, there was the crazy *diligence* itself, with its ups and downs, its mishaps and catastrophes, and the confusion, the merriment, the fright, the scandal and uproar it caused.

The first hill we came to, delayed it an hour. The mule thought it too much for the horses—the horses thought it too much for the mule. Between the three of them—after a violent wrangle—the report upon progress was dropped. Not an inch would they move. Not an inch—not for all the whipping and swearing the Guatemalan had the hand or the heart to bestow. The passengers had to get out. It came to that. Then it came to their putting a shoulder to the wheel—a frantic proceeding which well-nigh upset and demolished the coach. This difficulty surmounted, however, nothing afterward checked us. Away we went! Smooth or rough—up or down—precipice or plain—mud or boulders—away we went!

Never such cracking and rattling—never such foaming and flashing—never such frenzy was seen. As we tore by, the road, catching the madness, broke into a riot. Old and young women rushed to the door-ways—screamed—convulsively chattered—in spasms, apparently, bade us an eternal farewell. Out from every gateway—out from openings in road-side fences—the scraggiest dogs pounced upon us with the avidity of wolves, and with an insane rapidity pursued us. At one place, a venerable Padré, in his capacious black cloak and convoluted black hat, with a dark-green gingham umbrella under his arm, retreated from the blinding cloud of dust in which we were whirled by, and, with eyes of greenish marble, in blank amazement stared at us, as though we were past redemption. Farther on, the *diligence* cut right through a squadron of mountaineers—scared the wits out of the plump little horses—dispersed them in the strangest pranks over the road — tumbled the riders — snapped the cruppers — in an instant

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THE DILIGENCE.

giving rise to a scene of equestrianism, disorder and panic, which it would take the pencil of Rosa Bonheur to describe. In the midst of all this—in the midst of the routed, the flying, the capsized, the stunned, and the sprawling, the fearfulest snorting and the wildest hysterics—the *diligence* topped the hill of Quircôt; and, with a velocity that made every nerve jump, jingled and thundered down into the valley of Cartago. But, as we swept by the wreck and mischief we had caused, there broke a vision from the earth and clouds.

Reverentially vail your massive head, old Samuel, for the valley of Rasselas, in this, the valley of Cartago, in beauteousness and glory has been surpassed! The Spaniards of the Conquest, as Peter Heylin in his *Mikrokosmos* tells us, called Nicaragua the Paradise of Mohammed. This, indeed, might be called the Arcadia of the Poets.

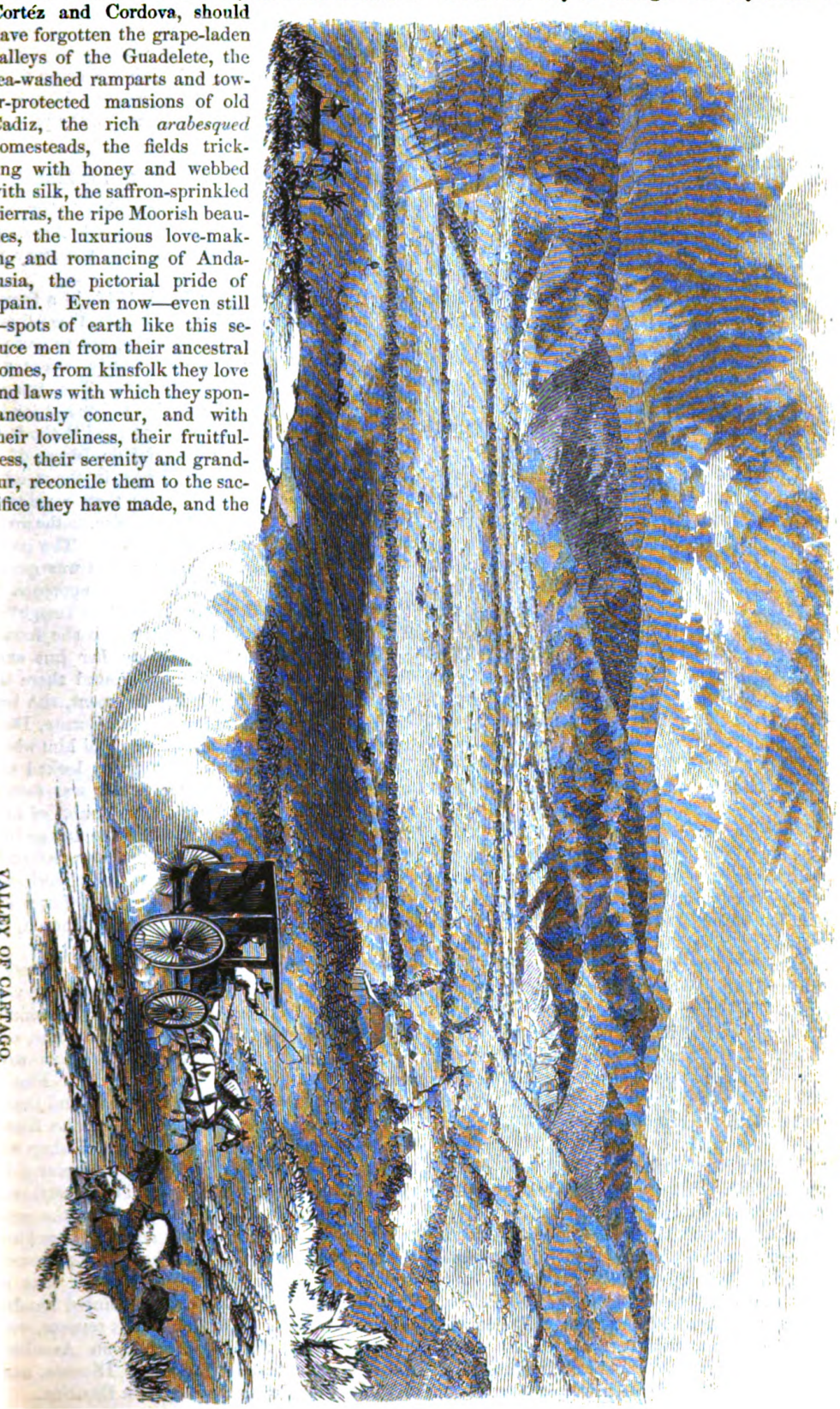
Immediately below us was a broad lagoon, the waters of which in the receding sunshine seemed to throb, and along the margin of which the white crane—stately, composed, quick-eyed, graceful—stalked in search of food. Beyond the lagoon lay the *potreros* into which the valley is divided—oblong grazing-grounds of astonishing extent—all marked off with fences of coral-bean and wild pine-apple. Beyond the *potreros* were the low mountains of the *Agua Caliente*, so called from the tepid spring, which, a mile and a half from the city, bubbles up and overflows from a crevice of quartz and oxyhydrate of iron at their foot. The water of this spring is bitter and astringent. Frequented by the distempered aristocracy of the neighborhood, it is found specially efficacious in cases of gout and rheumatism. The mountains of the Candellaria overlook those of the Agua Caliente. Beyond the Candellaria, the sapphire peaks of the great Andean chain itself, shadowy and indistinguishable almost, fling off the intercepting clouds, and, without a speck between them and the sun, assert their sovereignty.

No wonder that in such scenes as this—with verdure so vivid and exuberant at their feet—with streams, so vitalizing and refreshing, breaking the paths their swords laid open—with mountains, the towering types of their ambition, multiplying themselves around them, beyond them, and above them, still, as the adventurers ascended, lifting themselves still higher, and, with the cry of *El Dorado* echoing from every cave and

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crag, beckoning them sunward into regions yet more remote—no wonder that in such scenes as this the Crusaders of Castile, the Prætorians of Cortéz and Cordova, should have forgotten the grape-laden valleys of the Guadelete, the sea-washed ramparts and tower-protected mansions of old Cadiz, the rich *arabesqued* homesteads, the fields trickling with honey and webbed with silk, the saffron-sprinkled Sierras, the ripe Moorish beauties, the luxurious love-making and romancing of Andalusia, the pictorial pride of Spain. Even now—even still—spots of earth like this seduce men from their ancestral homes, from kinsfolk they love and laws with which they spontaneously concur, and with their loveliness, their fruitfulness, their serenity and grandeur, reconcile them to the sacrifice they have made, and the isolation to which their foreign tongue and modes of thought for years condemn them.

As for the city of Cartago—the city itself—it



VALLEY OF CARTAGO.

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is a dismal wreck. The streets are broader than those of San José, but they are lonelier, drowsier, colder. Scarcely a soul is seen in them any hour of the day. Now and then one meets an Egyptian figure lithely balancing a plenteous *tinaja* on a dauntless head—gliding noiselessly along—but that, for hours perhaps, is the only living object which relieves the sepulchral vacuity of the place. Hurled about in every direction, monstrous boulders and masses of lava-stone, monuments of the terrible eruptions of the volcano that overlooks it, heighten the forlorn aspect it presents. Upward of three hundred years old, it has seen better days. It was the Royal Capital under the Spanish Crown, and Thomas Gage—a Great Briton who visited Central America in 1636, and who, in the quaint book he published of his travels, describes himself as the first Protestant who ever penetrated these parts—mentions that it had in his time many opulent citizens who traded directly with the Peninsula. The recollection of what it was in those days renders it haughty and sullen. Cartago is, in truth, a stupid aristocrat, out at the elbows and gone to the dogs. How the aristocrat lives, it is difficult to say. Beans and bananas abound in the vicinity, however, and broken-down Swells—Beau Brummell for instance—have been known to indulge in the pleasures of imagination and memory, and luxuriate on a crust in a garret, without a copper to sport with or a shred to their backs.

The Hotel we stopped at epitomized the City. It was comfortless, pretentious, windy, silicious and ruined. Entering by a long narrow passage —arched as well as paved—and mounting a trembling staircase at the back, the interior instantly appalls one with the lines and outlines of a haunted house. A gentleman from Baden-Baden kept it. A deserter from General Walker's *landwehr*, he went by the name of Don Carlos. Don Carlos was as jovial a scape-grace as the most curious student of human vagaries could possibly desire to fall in with. Without a dollar in the world, he started his Hotel, set the cards and dice shuffling and tossing in the bleakest room in it, and so kept the pot boiling, while he himself sank up to his ears, and above them, in debt. With an amazing vitality, the establishment prolonged its existence for weeks upon nothing. It exploded, however, one day we were there. Missing the scape-grace, we asked the Dutch waiter—an emaciated creature with a crutch and an ulcerated leg—where Don Carlos was?

"Ah! he Don Carlos no more," the slender cripple replied. "Dey put him in prison for debt —Hotel gone to de Debil—dere's nuttin to pay."

Don Ramon and Don Francisco thought otherwise—thought there was the Devil *to* pay—and so, bundling up their papers, soiled linen, pencils and paint-brushes, their note-books, geological specimens and flasks, came to the conclusion it was time to clear out.

But the saddest places have their kindling or their soothing memories—their epic glories—or those treasured legends, which, as the lingering rays of some expiring lamp, relieve from utter darkness the vestiges of a vanquished power. Cartago in her solitude and indigence is thus adorned. She has the loftier traditions which inflate with pride even an impoverished people. She has those gentler ones, which, flowing from a purer source, keep alive a generous faith, and in their lowliness direct the hearts of the poor to God. Of the latter

The Legend of Our Lady of the Angels

is the one most dear to the people of Cartago. In a paper handed me by the venerable Anselmo Lorenté, the Bishop of San José, the story is thus told:

"In the year of Our Lord, 1643, in a forest close by the ancient city of Cartago, there lived a simple woman, who, once going out to gather fire-wood, found an Image of a Lady on a stone in the neighborhood of her hut. The Image was of stone. This she carried to her hut, and, having placed it in an arch, returned to the forest. A second time she found an Image of a Lady on the stone, in the forest, in the neighborhood of her hut. Supposing there were two of them, she carried this Image, also, to the arch in which she had deposited the first. The good soul was astonished to find the first was gone. But when, for the third time, she approached the stone, and, a third time, found an Image of a Lady, precisely similar to the two she found before, and, having returned to her hut and found neither of those she had placed there in the arch, and the day being far spent, she became alarmed. Running to the Curate, Don Alonzo de Castro y Sandoval, she told him what had happened. This devout priest locked up the Image in a closet—the one that was found the third time—with the view, no doubt, of examining it dispassionately. But the Image instantly disappeared, and, a fourth time, was found on the stone, in the forest, in the neighborhood of the poor woman's hut. Conducted thence in solemn procession to the Parochial Church, it was deposited within the Sanctuary.

"The following day, the Associate Curate, having gone to visit it, found the Tabernacle vacant in which it had been placed. Searching once more for it, they found it, a fifth time, on the stone, in the neighborhood of the poor woman's hut, in the forest close by the city. Finally, a Church was specially built for it, and there it has ever since remained. In 1782, the Illustrious, Esteban Lorenzo de Tristan, Bishop of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, solemnly declared it the Special Patron of Cartago. The Illustrious, Don Augustin de Santa Cruz presented the *pectoral* of rich emeralds which adorns the golden tunic of the Image. Another Bishop consecrated it with Holy Oil, and ordered that it should be touched by none but anointed hands. Last of all, the Church, in which it reposes, was consecrated by the Illustrious, Don Anselmo Lorente, the actual Bishop of the Diocese, and was raised by him to the rank of a Basilica.

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CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS.

"These honors have been rendered the Image of Our Lady of the Angels—for so this wonderful Image has been called from time immemorial—in acknowledgment of the repeated miracles it has wrought."

Of those miracles, one of the most memorable was the sudden flight of eight hundred English Bucanneers, under the command of Captain Mansfeldt, or Mansfield, a devoted fellow-plunderer of Morgan, the Incendiary of the Isthmus and the Pirate of Panama, as the popular novelist would style him. These enterprising gentlemen, having landed on the Atlantic coast at Matina, had penetrated as far as Turrialba, when the Sergeant-Major, Don Alonzo de Bonilla, with a *picquet* and the Image of Our Lady of the Angels, marched out from Cartago to meet them. Descending into the valley at the foot of the volcano of the White Tower, they so terrified the Bucanneers, who were encamped there, that the latter at once took to their heels and ships. The rout was ascribed to the presence of the Image in the field, and the anniversary of the day on which it occurred has been ever since observed as a Votive Feast in the ancient city of Cartago.

The Church of Our Lady of the Angels is, far away, the prettiest and stanchest structure in the city. The huge boulders which encompass it, the vermilioned tiles and clusterings of rich foliage out of which it modestly emerges, heighten the effect of the Doric *façade*, the massive square tower with its tiara of gleaming bronze, the green zinc roof, the row of alabaster-hued pilasters which flank the great door-way, and the niches, to the right and left of this, which inclose in iron net-work a cohort of winged, frocked, and buskined Angels of boyish stature.

The High Altar of this Church is supremely grand. A lofty Tabernacle of cedar, lavishly gilt, rises over it to the height of thirty feet. Divided into two chambers, the lower one contains the Blessed Sacrament, the upper one the Image of Our Lady of the Angels. The architraves, projecting from the chambers, are supported by golden Cherubim. These figures are three feet high. From the dome, a golden image of the Angel Gabriel ascends, bearing in the left hand a pair of golden scales, and in the right a silver sword. The pillars and cross-beams of the Sanctuary, in the centre of which this superb altar stands, are painted in *arabesque*, and during the month of May, the month we visited it, they are hung with blue and white lace and net-work. The Church is exquisitely clean, and ever fragrant with frankincense and flowers. Señor M. Duran, an eloquent and studious lawyer, a native of New Granada, mentions in an

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interesting description he has published of Costa Rica, that there is an enormous box in this Church, in which the people deposit their offerings to the Image. At the end of every six months the box is opened, and the tribute it accumulates during this period, never falls short of $800. The money, thus collected, is devoted exclusively to the repairs and decorations of the Church.

Dull and desolate as it habitually is, there are two days, out of the seven, when Cartago wakes up. There is Sunday, when the Church-bells prove to distraction the metal they're made of, and the Señoras and Señoritas, with their graceful draperies of black and colored shawls, glide to and from the churches, and the militia of the District parade and drill all the forenoon in the Plaza, and the most reputable people, the Judiciary included, indulge in lotteries, *vingt-un* and draughts, in the widest and longest room of the Hotel, whenever any such institution contributes to the conveniences, the cheap dissipation, and, as in the case of Don Carlos, to the ups and downs, the brandy-smashes and bankruptcies, the convulsions and woes of Cartago. On Sunday evenings, moreover, the Band of the little garrison performs in front of the house in which the Governor of the Province resides. But the Thursdays are livelier, though, in the absence of the Band and the Bells, a native might say they were somewhat less musical. Thursdays are market-days in Cartago.

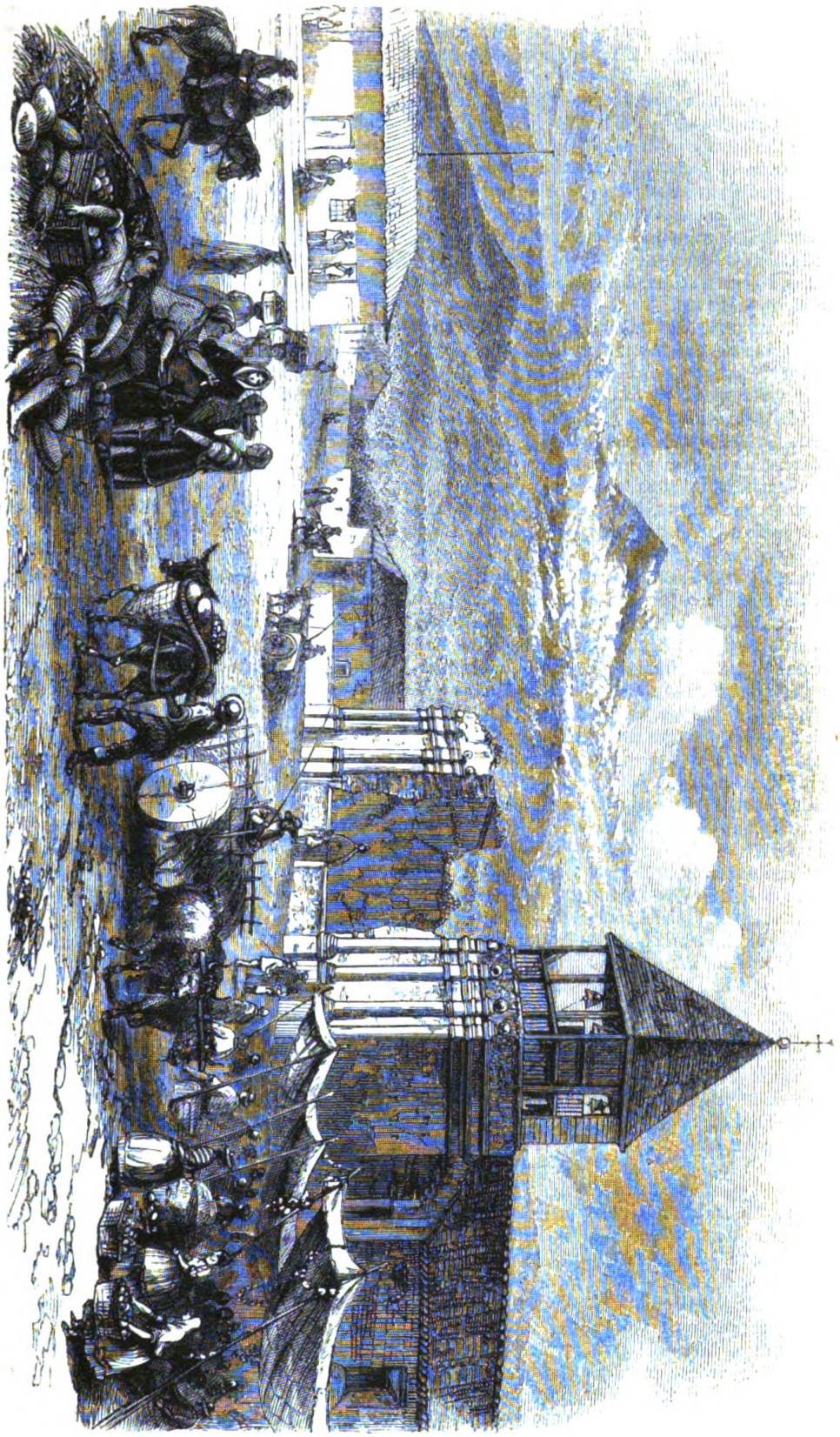
The Plaza—the massive white towers of the Parochial Church on one side—substantial one-storied houses, with projecting roofs and bowed-windows, on the other—the *Cuartel* and Governor's Audience-Hall in front, all glistening with whitewash, and close behind them, the volcano of Irazu, the sun flashing from its cloven forehead, and the snowy clouds gathering round it, as the Sicilian flocks crowded to the Cyclops—these are the outlines of the picture. It is a vivid blending of most of the contrasts of Tropical life with the majesty of nature.

The streets leading into the Plaza are thronged—thronged with carts and oxen, with mules and muleteers, with soldiers and wandering minstrels—thronged with booths and beggars, and with cripples who imploringly work out a fortune with their distorted bones. In the Plaza we have innumerable articles for sale, and, pictorially viewed, the gayest of groups. We have rainbow colored silk-woven shawls from Guatemala, blankets, and brigand-like jackets with superfluous bright buttons and fringes. We have the cacao-nut in ox-hide bags, which barelegged sinewy fellows have carried up all the way from Matina, and drinking-cups, carved out of the Calabash-fruit with an exquisite nicety of touch and an elaborate richness of design. At other stalls we have English printed-calicoes, *barèges*, pen-knives, crockery-ware, scissors, smoothing-irons, scythes and razors. From the United States, I'm sorry to say, we have little or nothing. There are, to be sure, some American drillings. But that, for the present, with a few coils or sticks of Virginia tobacco, is all we have in the market. Cartago herself contributes hats—soft hats made of the fibre of the Century-plant—and gold-work, such as chains and armlets, Love-knots and votive baskets, the latter with the most tempting delicacy constructed and redundant with pearls—roseate, plump, lustrous pearls—from the Gulf of Nicoya. Then, of course, we have oranges, cocoa-nuts, sweet corn, bananas, *zapotes*, sweet lemons and *granadillas*, the most liquid and refreshing of fruits, edible palm-tops, which make the most piquant and delicious of salads, blackberries, the blackest and juiciest that ever purpled one's lips, and potatoes as mealy and toothsome as any Irish mouth could desire.

As for the groups and detached figures—filling up, though dispersed, through the picture—there are Señoras richly dressed, cooling their bare and glossy heads with the airiest sun-shades, accompanied by their *criadas*, who carry on their plump shining arms baskets for the purchases their mistresses make. At times you come across a German housewife, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and Leghorn bonnet. The *mestizas*—the women of the country—in very loose low-necked dresses of white or colored calico, with bare arms and feet, sit behind their *serones* of fruit and vegetables, behind their blocks of cheese and *chancaca*, the coarse brown sugar of the country, or behind a double row of bottles choked with *guarapo*, the fermented juice of the sugar-cane, and with accents as liquid and refreshing as the *guarapo*, and with a shy gracefulness if the passer-by happens to be a stranger, expatiate upon the merits of their merchandise, and press their varied commodities for sale.

Besides their very loose and low-necked dresses of white or colored calico, these winsome merchants sport the prettiest pert little hats, some made of straw, others of black, brown, or slate-colored felt. Most of them mount cockades of blue or red silk, and all of them fly, as though they were Recruiting-Sergeants, the most bewitching bright ribbons. They are perfect heart-breakers—those pert little hats!—and, to settle the business, the young women of Costa Rica are decidedly handsome. Their figures are full and round, their features regularly cut, their eyebrows richly penciled, and the well-developed head is set upon a neck which displays to the best advantage the pretty string of beads which few of them dispense with. Their complexion, generally speaking, suggests a *conserve* of cream and roses. The pure exhilarating air of the mountains, in the valleys and up the slopes of which two-thirds of the Costa Rican people have their homes, tones down the carnation richness of the Spanish blood, chastens, and with a pearly hue suffuses it. There are, to be sure, some brown, and yellowish, and bronzed, and mottled faces to be met with, and some cases of *goitre*, but not enough to contradict what I've said, and make it the exception instead of the rule. The old women, however, even those approximating the climax of forty—an age, which, in these

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PLAZA OF CARTAGO.

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more temperate regions of ours serves only to mature the coloring and give dignity to the stature of womanhood—are the reverse of what they were in their youth. They are octogenarians at forty.

To what this premature overcasting of so much beauteousness and light may be owing, I leave the professors of ethnology, as well as the professors of pathology and the chemistry of common life, to determine. For my part, I own up to a vulgar impression, that if there were considerably less vegetables and esculent roots eaten, and considerably more of the poultry, the mutton and good beef of country consumed, the case would be different.

But however that be, it is time for us to wish good-by to the Señoras and the Señoritas, which, be they young or old, blooming or faded, it becomes us respectfully to do. This done, to the barefooted soldiers, with muskets and fixed-bayonets patrolling the market-place, let us give the salute. To the *careteros* and *arrieros*, to the teamsters and mule-drivers, mingling with their mothers, their wives, their pretty daughters and handsome sweet-hearts, let us bid the national *adios—adios Señores!* Last of all, to the venerable Deacon of the Diocese—a very old and feeble man in faded red silk *soutaine*, with a pocket handkerchief of the largest size coiled about his head underneath his umbrageous hat, for the day is hot, though the clouds are mustering fast on Irazu—to the Deacon of the Diocese, as he wheezes along, and with his gold-knobbed stick shuffles through the crowd, receiving as he passes, from bent and uncovered heads, the edifying homage of the young and old, let us, too, with reverence for gray hairs and aged limbs, and for the filial love with which he is entitled the Father of his People, incline the head—and for the scene from which we now depart, heartily let us wish many and many a recurrence, each succeeding one still happier than the one preceding, in the market-place of old Cartago!

We had not been many hours in Costa Rica, before we heard of the volcano of Irazu, and the mischief and terror it had caused. How, in 1723, from the 16th of February until the 14th of March, it had rumbled with the rushing of subterranean rivers, as it were, and had opened its jaws and rolled forth billows of smoke. How the people, on the slopes and in the valleys far below, were stifled with its sulphureous exhalations, and how at night it whirled balls of fire aloft and sheeted the sky with flames, until it grew to be, for miles round, more fiercely bright than ever it was known to have been the hottest day at noon. How at one time, out of the boiling gulf, there rose a vapor, white as cotton and shaped like a bended bow, until, at the height of two lances above the crater, it took the shape of an enormous palm-leaf, which remained suspended in the air while one might say an *Ave Maria*, when it resumed its former shape, and, slowly descending, passed off and disappeared. How the rumblings of the volcano grew louder and louder, until they struck the bewildered ear with the force of ten thousand forges all at work, and the red-hot boulders and *scoriæ* multiplied in volume, tearing asunder the jaws of the furnace as they gushed from them, until, at last, the waters of the rivers, the lakes and streams, were turned into seething mud, and the city of Cartago was strewn with burning dust, and churches and houses, uprooted from the palsied earth, lay scorched and blackened in utter ruin. How all this came to pass, over and over again we were told along the road. And when we got a peep at the Archives of the afflicted city, we found that the popular story was borne out in its minutest particulars by the official report of the Royal Governor, Diego de la Haya, which report bears date the 14th day of March, 1723.

Nor was this the first of the eruptions of Irazu. The voracious abscess has four mouths or craters. Inside one of them are oaks, so old as to lead to the conclusion, that two thousand years have elapsed since it was first opened. This, at all events, is the opinion of Dr. Carl Hoffman, of San José, whom Humboldt quotes in his account and descriptions of the volcanic phenomena of Central America. Another of these craters forms a lake which gives rise to the River Reventazon, the *embouchure* of which, according to Thomas Gage, was a commercial resort in 1636. The earthquakes, caused by the volcano, have been frequent and severe. There was one in 1756. There was another in 1822. Both of them overthrew the city. The last, of any consequence, occurred the 2d of September, 1841, when, according to the dispatch of Telesfaro Peralta, the Governor of the Province, to the Supreme Chief of the Republic, fully one-third of the population of Cartago—at that time computed to be something over 17,000 souls—lay buried for hours under the wreck of the city.

"But wonderful to relate," exclaims Governor Peralta, "only sixteen were killed!"

Wonderful, we admit, but not at all incredible, when we reflect that the houses were only one story high, twelve feet in depth, and built of *adobe*, which doesn't take much to fly into dust.

Every house but one was demolished. Even this was considerably shaken. But it deserves to stand and for generations hold itself erect, for in the court-yard, in its revered and beautiful green age, the Parent Coffee-tree of Costa Rica, of which an outline appeared in the first of these papers, from the pencil of Ramon Paez, still puts forth its snow-white blossoms and soft exquisite perfume.

After the repeated warnings they have had, one would think it was full time for the Cartagenians to "up stakes" and be off. The more so, since that ferocious Cyclops overhead growls every now and then, and, sending forth an occasional puff or two, lets the world know that he is smoking something else besides the Pipe of Peace.

"Nevertheless," as Señor Peralta writes, "such is the attachment which the people of Cartago have for their own soil, that they bear

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with patience all these evils, and, as often as it is thrown down, out of its ruins rebuild their beloved city."

The same is true of the villages and towns at the foot, and up the slopes of Vesuvius. It is specially true of the town of Torre del Greco, the inhabitants of which, in their attachment to the spot, as Mr. Leigh Hunt in a paper on Naples remarks, have always persisted in building their houses above those that have been buried, thus keeping up an obstinate struggle, as it were, with one of the most fearful powers of nature.

"After all we've heard about Irazu," says Don Francisco to Don Ramon, two or three mornings after their drive in the *diligence*, "we must climb the volcano."

"By all means," says Don Ramon, "and the sooner the better, for there's nothing more to be seen in this Deserted Village."

Parenthetically it may be worth while to mention, that, at the moment he spoke, Don Francisco was in the act of copying a proclamation in writing, which he found wafered to the wall of the gambling-saloon, ladies'-parlor and dining-room, of the Hotel mysteriously kept going on nothing by Don Carlos, of Baden-Baden, the deserter and scape-grace. Of that proclamation, the following is a literal translation from the original Spanish:

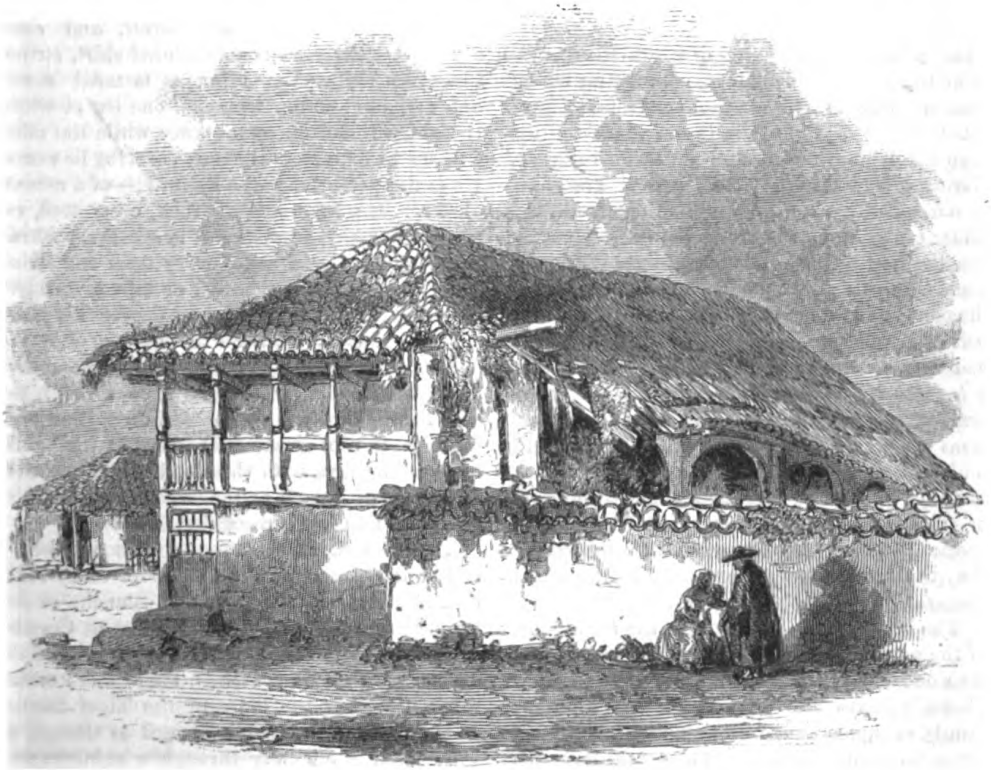
"I hereby make known to all young men, under age, frequenting this Lottery, without permission of their parents, to abstain from taking part in the game, if they wish to avoid being put to shame.

"(Signed) FELIX MATA.
"*Governor of the Province of Cartago.*"

If faces be correct registers of years, I regret to say, that the young men, under age, in and about Cartago, paid little attention to that handwriting on the wall. It appeared to be just as inoperative as the Albany Liquor Law, which, unfolding itself portentously, three years ago, to this day remains a withered leaf in the Statute-book of New York.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, April the 23d, 1858, that, mounted on two strong knowledgable mules, with the necessary amount of blankets and baskets, we set out from the Hotel de Irazu to the Volcan de Irazu. To our first stopping-place, the road, though rough and broken by huge boulders and fragments of lava-stone, and crisp, quick, bright streams which crossed it, was a gradual ascent. It was an uninteresting country, however, we passed through. There were corn-fields, potato-fields, grazing-grounds, and, here and there, a stunted tree by the road-side, but that was all. Yet it mattered little. For the sky was blue and speckless, and the air was fresh and bracing, and our mules were nimble and spontaneously progressive, and our hearts were light. That especially of Don Ramon was so, for he had that day heard of the uprising of the people of Venezuela, and the recall from banishment of his beloved and aged father, and his old school-fellow participated in his proud joy, and the two, that glorious sweet evening, ascended the volcano of Irazu, as though they themselves were laureled heroes making a triumphal march.

The cattle-farm of Cerado belongs to Nicom-



REMAINS OF OLD CARTAGO.

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ASCENT OF IRAZU.

edes Saëns, a wealthy young Costa Rican, who is at this moment, I believe, completing his education in an Athenian city of the United States. At a height of 1500 feet, it overlooks the dismantled white towers and emerald valley of Cartago. The sea is 7000 feet below. The greater part of it, though nominally a cattle-farm, is under cultivation, and yields the finest potatoes, peaches and quinces, in abundance. From the keen wind which frequently sweeps down from the cone of the volcano, it is sheltered by a broad belt of Alpine oak—*encino* it is called—and the *guarumo*, which closely resembles the Mexican *arbol das las manitas*, the leaf of which, representing the human hand, has been for generations an object of religious veneration with the natives and peasantry of Mexico. This belt is the haunt of tigers, and there are snakes without end or measure there, those especially of the *toboba* species, which, though excessively venomous below, the mountaineers persist in saying are innocuous in these colder regions.

The house itself, like most of the farm-houses of the country, is built of canes and cedar posts, stuccoed outside with mud, and thatched with plantain-leaves and corn-husks. A numerous family occupies it—three daughters, two brothers, a father and mother. One of the daughters is a young widow, whose husband was killed in the campaign against the Filibusters. Her sisters, Manuela and Rafaela, are modest, pretty, white-skinned, black-eyed girls, blushing, smiling, bright-minded and industrious. Manuela wears a rosary of gold round her little neck. The sons are lithe, picturesquely-featured, unobtrusive, active and hard-working as their sisters are. The mother is gracious, pious, motherly and wrinkled, sedulous in her attentions to strangers, and proud as a Spartan dame of the son who was slain in battle.

The father is a man whom Salvator Rosa should have painted. His name is Benito. Benito is a wiry, tall, hardy fellow, with a long, curved, quick-scenting nose, and round full eyes which roll incessantly, and flash at intervals. Night and day, blazing or freezing, his neck, and arms, and chest are bare. A loose coarse flannel shirt, striped like the skin of a tiger, a tattered straw-hat, and blue cotton trowsers, one leg of which is tightly rolled up to the knee while the other dangles in fringes, is the only covering he wears. He is the perfection—the Bayard!—of a mountaineer. He knows every rock, every tree, every bird, every root, every beast, every shrub and flower, every reptile, every dead and living thing that Irazu has borne, or still gives birth to. Intelligent in the highest degree, his brain is as quick as his foot, and that has the elasticity of the deer and the glancing speed of the arrow. For years he has tracked the tiger through the oaks that shelter the *potrero* of Cerado, and elsewhere have root in the rude breast of Irazu, and has wet the lava with the blood of the prowler. Hence he is known as the Tiger-Hunter. Far and wide that is his recognized title.

Two o'clock in the morning—having had a cup of delicious chocolate made for us by Manuela and Rafaela, the Rose and Blanche of our wandering story—we left the house at Cerado. A few paces plunged us into the heart of the forest. It was pitch-dark. There was nothing to light us but the lamp of the Tiger-hunter. For an hour and more, it seemed as though we were making our way through a subterranean passage. There was the precarious glimmering

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of the blurred lamp—there were the foot-falls of the mules—there was the rustling of the leaves and the crackling of the branches as we brushed or struck against them—there was at times, far apart, the cry or whistle of some solitary bird. Had sheeted skeletons, grinning and glaring, come upon us, we should not have been surprised. Moving up so long through this flickering darkness, we had come to regard ourselves as spectres or outlaws of the earth, and any kindred apparition, instead of striking us with dismay, would have been welcomed with a wild and lawless sympathy. When we least dreamed of it, however, the forest opened—tore asunder as it were—and through the light of the mellowed moon, we looked down toward the valley out of which we had come. Clouds were over it. They were white clouds—clouds of the purest fleece and swan-down one would think—and the light of the mellowed moon, pouring down upon them, made them look like crystal hills veined with gold, rising from an unfathomable lake.

But it was the vision of a moment only. The forest closed upon us as suddenly as it had opened, and there we were, for another hour or more, through the same low, dark, narrow passage as before, stumbling over stones, striking against branches, crouching lest we might be swept off and out of our saddles, coming every now and then to a halt, and leaving the patient mules to their sure instinct. And, finally, the branches growing thicker and spreading themselves lower down—the path narrowing—the bare and brawny roots tripping us up at every step—the stirrup-leathers catching in the thorny undergrowth, the arbutus-briers and yellow-leafed *composita* interwoven with fern and dwarf laurel—forced, at last, to dismount and drag the mules after us—in the end, scaling a perpendicular ladder a thousand feet high, the rungs of which were fallen trees, deep ruts, shelving stones and rocks—there we were, another hour or more, toiling and aching in the dense darkness—Benito, the Tiger-hunter, with his quivering blurred lamp, phantom-like, leading the way.

A second time, suddenly emerging from the forest, in which we left the blackness of the night imprisoned, there broke the light of morning over us on the bleak dumb ridge of Irazu!

Below us were the dismantled white towers and emerald valley of Cartago—below us were the seven hills and gardens of Paraiso—below us were the three rivers, the ancient Indian village, and the sloping forests of Orosi—below us were the mountains of the Agua Caliente and the nobler Candellaria—beyond us, and above, was the supreme Andean Chain itself. But neither dismantled white tower, nor emerald valley, nor river, nor forest, nor ancient Indian village, nor mountain, nor Andean Chain itself was visible. From the silent, cold, desolate height on which we stood, nothing was to be seen but a wilderness of the whitest clouds—nothing was to be seen but an illimitable frozen sea, through which, as the sun ascended, the isolated peaks, and then the surging ridges of the loftier mountains, one by one, as though they were newly-discovered cliffs and islands, rose up and glittered. And then—as we breathlessly gazed upon it, and our eyes filled up with dazzling tears, and we sank upon the ashes subdued by fatigue, and from sharp cold and overstraining were incapable of speech, and well-nigh were deprived of vision—over this frozen sea there floated an enormous purple cloud streaked with crimson. A dismasted war-ship, it seemed to us, drifting through fields of ice and icebergs into the Antarctic solitudes. After all our climbing—after all our groping in the dark—after all our stumbling over stones and roots—after all our scrambling through thick-set oaks, fern, dwarf-laurel and arbutus-briers—after all our ups and downs, fears and superstitions, pervading shadows and sudden lights, swimming eyes and reeling brains—behold our goal and recompense in the crater of Irazu!

Exhausted with its convulsions, it yawns there calmly, though coldly and dismally, in the pure sweet light of the morning, the Gladiator in Repose!

Standing with folded arms on the brink of that abyss, what is the thought that overwhelms and subjugates the mind? It is that of terrific strength entranced in solitude. Standing there, you feel as though you had been spirited from the living world, and were in the presence of a creation, which, thousands of years ago, had been lost, and which it had been reserved for you to find, or which, glowing for the first time with the breath of the Creator, was not yet perfect, and had still to be divulged.

It grows brighter and warmer, however, and the sensations and fancies the vision first excited, having like a wild throbbing sea gone down, you become reconciled to and familiar with the place—at home, in fact, though frightfully out of the way—and wrapping your blue or red California blanket about you, for there's nothing in this miserable world comparable to it when one's up in the clouds—you commence to take outlines and notes. Don Ramon and Don Francisco, steadying themselves a little, attempted to do so. But, first of all, they found they had to take Something.

What is Something?

It depends on tastes and is controlled by circumstances. Under these conditions, it may be Cogniac, or Monongahela, brown Sherry, Apple-Jack, Jersey-Lightning, Bourbon or Catawba. With us it was old Scotch whisky. And that old Scotch whisky, at that moment, was to us what the *amrita*—the Drink of Immortality administered by the Mystic Sisters—was to the warriors of the Sanscrit Mythology. Invigorated and enlivened by it, what was it we penciled off and noted down? Why this—that we were in the crater of Irazu, which had so horribly disgorged itself in 1723, and had ever since kept grumbling to the disquietude and dismay of thousands—that the crater was an amphitheatre with broken walls, 7500 feet in circumference, throwing up a cone of ashes and *rapilli*,

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THE CRATER OF IRAZU.

1000 feet in height—that the floor on which we stood had exploded, or caved in, to the depth of 50 fathoms—that in the lower floor, loose and shelving as it was, there were four openings, out of one of which came puffs of sulphureous smoke—that we had been warned not to descend, for though the descent was easy, the ascent, owing to the shifting lava-sand, was exhausting in the extreme, if it was not fatally impracticable—that in the last eruption, that of 1841, the flood of lava had rushed over a precipice of 2000 feet, had spent itself in the densely-wooded wilderness to the North, and thus spared the city and the valley of Cartago, sprinkling, instead of deluging, the latter in its ravenous ebullition—this is what we penciled off and noted down. Had the weather been clearer, in one glance we might have seen the two great oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific. This is the crowning recompense of the ascent of Irazu. But John L. Stephens was more fortunate, and he has left us, in his clear and vivid words, the impression of what he saw and felt, when, as we did, he stood on the ridge, and looked out, wide over the remote world, from the crater of Irazu.

The Padre Acuña lives in a little house in the village of Paraiso, six miles from Cartago. Suggestive of supreme felicity and beauty, the name given to this village is gratuitously bestowed. A few tattered huts perched on half a dozen steep hills—the hills scarred by rough streams and knotted with boulders flung about on all sides—

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banana-patches and bean-fields — these are the features of this new Eden. One of the most exemplary, the Padre Acuña is, at the same time, one of the most enlightened of the Costa Rican priests. Several years stationed as a Missionary among the Indians in the lower portion of the country—that immediately back of the Gulf of Dolce—he has become an authority on the aboriginal tribes and vestiges of Costa Rica. For hours, in his cobwebbed cage of a room, we have sat and listened to him, as, seated in an arm-chair scooped out of a huge block of mahogany and draped with a tiger-skin, he discoursed quietly and fluently on this subject, snuffing and smoking all the while. The last visit we paid him, he gave his friends from New York, the exiles of Venezuela and Erin, all the Indian relics he had. These he discovered in what appeared to be a burial-place, a little off the remains of an ancient road, in the neighborhood of Paraiso. Built by the Indians, long before the Spaniards came, this road is supposed to have connected Cartago with the Port of Matina. Twelve yards in breadth, paved with rounded blocks of lava-stone, the causeway is protected on both sides by a sloping wall of the same material, three feet high. So far as it has been traced, it appears to have had no bridges, nor does it take a circuitous route. Whenever a ravine intercepts it, the road descends by a series of well-set massive steps, and in the same way mounts the opposing bank or cliff. It is a broken link, the Padre Acuña says, of a great chain of roads, in use for ages before the Spanish Conquest, which traversed the country from the Nicaraguan to, what is now the New Granadan frontier, and at this point threw off smaller chains to the Atlantic coast. That a populous empire flourished in Costa Rica, in days of which no authentic record, nor a dim tradition even, now exists—that the chief seat or centre of this empire was where the obscure small-poxed village of Terraba now stands, and that the immense plains of Terraba, thickly dotted with *tumuli*, abounding in relics similar to those found in the neighborhood of Paraiso, bear out this surmise—that an empire, of which these memorials have come to light, was pillared, stood erect and crested, among the mountains of Costa Rica — this the Padre Acuña holds to be a fact susceptible of substantial proof, if the country was but partially, even partially, explored.

Accompanied by this zealous antiquarian—who, by-the-by, confidentially advised Don Ramon, as a mollifying precaution, not to take off a stitch of his clothes from one end of the week to the other, when the latter with tears in his eyes complained of the exasperation which the fleas of the valley of Cartago inappeasably caused him—the evening after our descent from the crater of Irazu, we set out for the valley of Orosi, in which a remnant of an Indian tribe still flickers.

Exquisitely green and glorious as the valley of Cartago is, the valley of Orosi infinitely surpasses it. Gazing at it from the full bold brow of the *serrito* of Paraiso—looking away down to the white ruins of Ujarras, the oldest footprints of the Spaniard in these solitudes—following, far below, the hurrying waters that pervade the scene with light and music—looking above to the mountains, until the eye ached with their immensity — gazing intently at it all, unconsciously, as though we were in a dream and spell-bound, we descended. Down the steep and winding road, the gentle horses picked their steps with care, as though they knew there were star-gazers and wonder-seekers on their backs. Down they paced it, until we woke up and found the commingled waters of three rivers—the Navaro, the Agua Caliente, the Naranjo, or the River of Oranges—rushing at our feet—rushing to the Rio Grande, a broad, swift, lustrous, sea-green stream, flecked with foam, which divides the valley. Escaping from the valley, the Rio Grande loses itself in the Reventazon, one of the wildest and fiercest torrents to which the volcanic heights of this lonesome, glorious region give birth. It is stocked with a delicious fish—the whitest and creamiest fish conceivable. In contradictory recognition of its shrewd sprightliness —for it is to be caught neither by hook nor by crook, neither with fly nor worm—the Indians call it the *bobo*, which means *the stupid fish.* They shoot it with the arrow, as it comes to feed on the tender sweet moss which grows along the water-line of the rocks in the river.



SHOOTING FISH.

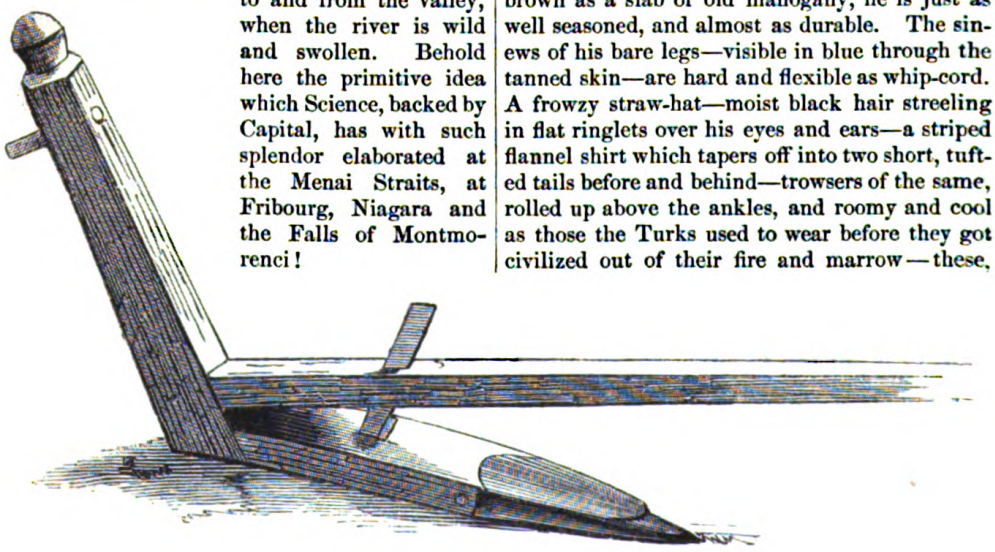
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HAMMOCK BRIDGE.

Looking up and out from the trees, covered with gorgeous parasites and festooned with trailing vines, which luxuriantly cooled and perfumed the last few perches of our road to the rivers, we found ourselves in front of a Suspension Bridge which none can cross on horseback. This Suspension Bridge is the work of the Indians of Orosi. It is called the Hammock Bridge. There are four upright posts of the hardest timber—two on each bank of the river, four feet apart—and these rude piers are connected by ropes or chains of iron-wire. Tough and durable as the latter are, the Indians carefully renew them every three years, for it is across this bridge alone they can make their way, to and from the valley, when the river is wild and swollen. Behold here the primitive idea which Science, backed by Capital, has with such splendor elaborated at the Menai Straits, at Fribourg, Niagara and the Falls of Montmorenci!

With the water up to our saddle-girths, having forded the Naranjo and spurred into a thicket, we suddenly pulled up, for an Indian, the color of new copper, thrusting his shaggy head through a fence of *piti* plant, saluted us warmly. The son of a deceased King, his father was an extensive landed-proprietor in this part of the country, a few years ago, and owned several hundred head of cattle. His offspring is a reduced gentleman, however, and lays claim to a few bananas and sugar-canes only. His name is Pedro. Notwithstanding the two-and-sixty years he has served on earth, Pedro is active. In this respect not one of his brethren, kindred aristocracy or tribe, is comparable to him. As brown as a slab of old mahogany, he is just as well seasoned, and almost as durable. The sinews of his bare legs—visible in blue through the tanned skin—are hard and flexible as whip-cord. A frowzy straw-hat—moist black hair streeling in flat ringlets over his eyes and ears—a striped flannel shirt which tapers off into two short, tufted tails before and behind—trowsers of the same, rolled up above the ankles, and roomy and cool as those the Turks used to wear before they got civilized out of their fire and marrow—these,



PRIMITIVE PLOW.

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POUNDING COFFEE.

with a knife like a cimeter, and a calabash slung over his shoulder, whenever he goes on a hunt or a foray, complete the outfit and costume of the Royal vagabond whom the Republican ramblers this evening fell in with, and, as their guide, philosopher and friend, shortly enlisted.

The morning this enlistment took place Pedro was outside his hut, pounding a fistful of coffee in a mortar the size of a lime-kiln. It was a wooden mortar, dug out of some monstrous cedar, and the pestle was fully the length, and more than the bulk, of pavior's rammer.

On the wealthier plantations this primitive contrivance, sharing the fate of the patriarchal plow of the country, has been superseded by the daintiest and surest machinery. Imported from England, the names of Messrs. Barnes and Co., graven on plates of polished brass, are household names in the valleys of Cartago and San José, associated as they are with the *elaboracion* of the staple crop of Costa Rica. But Pedro has for antiquity an immutable reverence, and his poverty, disowning these innovations, inspires him with the dignity of labor, while it restricts him to its muscular exploits. We took him for our guide, for his knowledge of the forests and mountains in the neighborhood of Orosi was keen and serviceable, from the fact that, for little less than half a century, he has hunted the wild hog through them, and from boyhood has lived like a prince on fried bananas and pork.

A dozen huts, built of the flimsiest materials, scattered over the valley, are all that remain of the ancient village or mission of Orosi, besides the Church and an abandoned Convent. These last-mentioned buildings are upward of one hundred and sixty years old. In 1841, while houses and trees were falling all round and in every direction, and the very mountains themselves were rent asunder, the Church and Convent stood firm, the Padre Acuña told us. It was a miraculous exemption. This, at all events, was his conviction, and the exemplary priest avowed it with a mild solemnity of tone and gesture. A few torn books, lying on a shelf in a mouldy recess, and a wasp's nest of loathsome bulk, in and out of which the plagues incessantly buzzed, were the only objects of interest the Convent contained. The books were in Latin—odd numbers of The Fathers. The Church is very dark, very moist, and smells like an old sepulchre. But it is full of treasures. There are eight silver candlesticks, a lamp containing thirty pounds of silver, and a crucifix of the same, six feet high. There are *reliquaries* inlaid with pearls and rubies, *monstrariums* of gold, illuminated Missals massively clasped with gold and studded with carbuncles; and all these treasures, the Padre Acuña informed us, were safe in the hands of the poor Indians of Orosi. There are, also, within the Sanctuary, three arm-chairs with gilt legs and arms, the backs and bottoms being covered with crimson gilt leather. They are very solid, very quaint, and very rich. The pulpit is in a different style, and would come to the ground under any elocutionist who, framed and fired as the preacher in Hudibras, should denounce the Devil upon it with appropriate zeal.

Their pious guardianship of the treasures of

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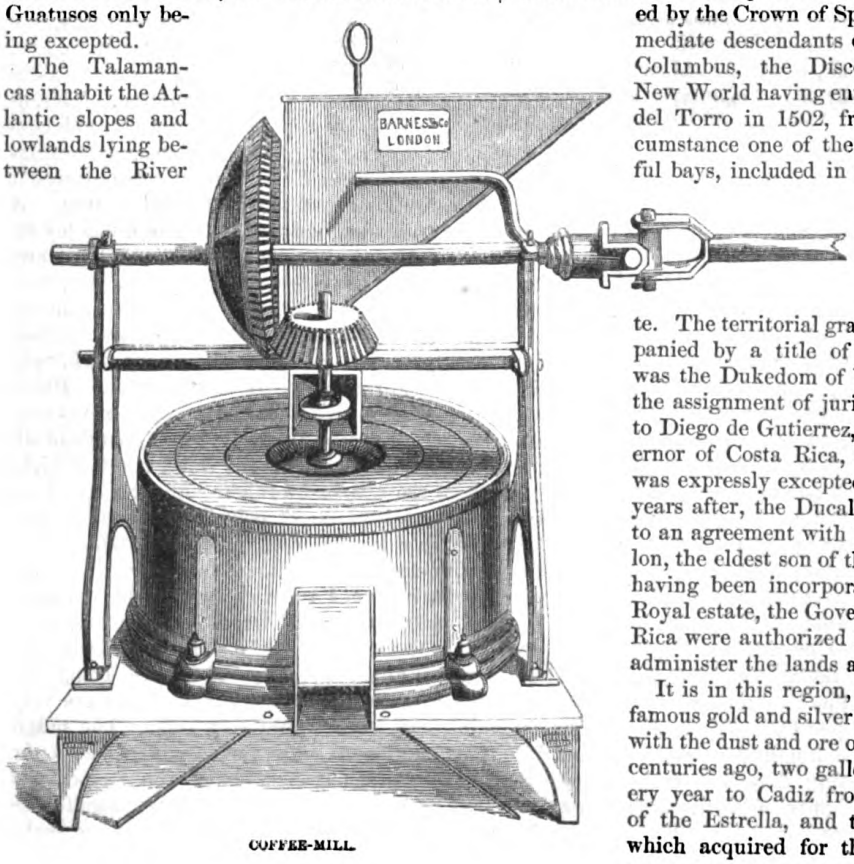
the little Church was all that we heard to the credit, or in any way interesting, of the Indians of Orosi. We were told they were idle and ignorant to excess. We were told they were meanly cunning, and toward profane things, of every description, were thievishly disposed. The Padre Acuña, and other reliable gentlemen, told us all this. A glance convinced us they were slovenly, ugly, and woeful, did little or nothing for their living, while they knew and cared as much about Costa Rica as they did about Lapland. When, for instance, we asked Pedro, the son of the deceased King, if he remembered the time the Spaniards were there, he opened his mouth, gaped, stared, and scratched his sudoriferous old sconce, as though we had propounded him a problem in Euclid.

"What Spaniards?" he laughed out at last.

We endeavored to explain. But Pedro knew nothing about them—not an iota—never knew there had been such people as Spaniards in the country. Now this was rather unpardonable, for the Spaniards "vamosed the ranch" in 1821 only, and Pedro, as I have already divulged, was two-and-sixty years old when the question was put to him.

When I mention they have an *alcalde* of their own, and are exempt from military duty, I mention every thing that concerns, in any noticeable way, the Indians of Orosi; and what I have placed to their account will suffice for all the other Indian tribes and villages within the limits of Costa Rica, the Talamancas and the Guatusos only being excepted.

The Talamancas inhabit the Atlantic slopes and lowlands lying between the River Estrella, flowing into the Boca del Toro, and the River Matina. In the month of August, 1610, stung to the quick by the rapacities and cruelties of the Spaniards, the Talamancas suddenly rose against and massacred the inhabitants of the city of San Jago de Talamanca, which stood on the left bank of the Estrella, pouring melted gold down the throats of those who had rendered themselves most hateful, and in one overwhelming carnage confounding men, women, priests, and children. Partially subdued, in 1660, by Don Rodrigo Maldonado, who fitted out an armed expedition against them and rebuilt the city of San Jago, the Talamancas rose again, in 1707, and again, with knife, and melted gold, and devouring torch, made war against the stranger. It was a war of extermination, and it was complete. The city of San Jago, the castle of San Ildefonso, the gold mines and gold washings of the Estrella, are this day little else than faint traditions. Since 1707, no attempt of any consequence being made to subjugate or in any way control them, the Talamancas, according to the Notes of the Missionaries which appeared, eight years ago, in the *Gaceta Semanario de Costa Rica*, relapsed into Heathenism, and to this hour have lived in a state of savage freedom. Such is the language of the papers referred to. They are represented with a mild disposition, however, and nowise offensive or unfriendly to any strangers who may chance to enter their territory. The region they inhabit is one of high historical interest. It comprehends the lands granted by the Crown of Spain to the immediate descendants of Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer of the New World having entered the Boca del Torro in 1502, from which circumstance one of the many beautiful bays, included in this unrivaled harbor, has ever since been known as the Bahia del Almirante. The territorial grant was accompanied by a title of nobility. It was the Dukedom of Veragua. In the assignment of jurisdiction made to Diego de Gutierrez, the first Governor of Costa Rica, the Dukedom was expressly excepted. But a few years after, the Ducal estate, owing to an agreement with Don Luis Colon, the eldest son of the Discoverer, having been incorporated with the Royal estate, the Governors of Costa Rica were authorized to occupy and administer the lands aforesaid.



COFFEE-MILL.

It is in this region, also, that the famous gold and silver mines—laden with the dust and ore of which, three centuries ago, two galleons sailed every year to Cadiz from the mouth of the Estrella, and the wealth of which acquired for the coast, and

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eventually for the entire country, the name of Costa Rica—are said to have been situated. After the massacre of 1707, all traces of them were lost however. The impenetrable forest blotted out the footprints of the Spaniards—utterly, and it may be forever, effaced them—and all they know in Costa Rica, and elsewhere, of the wondrous mines of Estrella and Tisingal, is what the popular traditions and the fancies of the Indians furnish.

"The region is barren," writes a Missionary Priest, in 1636, to the College of the Propaganda, "but it can not be doubted that many rich mines exist in it—in particular, we have accounts of a rich silver mine existing in a hill called San Mateo, from which large quantities of ore were taken in the last century—and I have myself been told, by a converted Indian, that the Cabecaras of the present day relate, that, after the massacre of the Spaniards, in 1610, vast quantities of gold were thrown into a lake where they still remain."

Before I left San José, I was informed that a document, throwing considerable light on the whereabouts of these lost treasures, was supposed to have found its way, several years ago, into the archives at Havana, and that President Mora had dispatched a secret agent to hunt it up. Should the document transpire and afford the coveted information, Costa Rica will need no more loans from Chili, the House of Vanderbilt, Hamburg, or Peru.

Well worth noticing in a special manner, besides the Talamancas there are, as I have said, the Guatusos of the River Frio, so called from the coldness of its waters. This river, rising in the Northern mountains of Costa Rica, falls into Lake Nicaragua, just opposite Fort San Carlos. To the White race, the valley of the Frio has been, for three hundred years and more, and is to this day, a mystery. Who they are that dwell there—how they dwell—what their blood, religion, tongue and customs are, and whence they came—no one can tell. All we know for certain is, that they seem from the beginning to have sworn that no one, not born of them and among them, shall set foot within their mysterious domain. Fiercely have they repelled and punished those, who, from without, have sought admission. Armed expeditions even—that of 1783, projected by Tristan, Bishop of Nicaragua, and that of 1849, led by Trinidad Salazar of the same Republic—penetrating from the Lake, have been boldly met and driven back. Catholic Missionaries, who peacefully entered, appear to have fared no better. They appear rather to have gone farther and fared worse. They have never been known to come out. The Illustrious, Don Francisco de Paula Garcia Pelaez, alluding to this fact in his "History of Guatemala," writes that "it was as if those mountains were the Gates of Hell from within which there was no redemption." So many good Priests disappeared in this way, the See of Rome, about a century and a half ago, saw fit to forbid the inscrutable region the benefit of clergy. No more Priests were permitted to enter it. Mr. Squier inclines to the belief, that the Guatusos are Nahuatls, or people of the true Aztec stock, and that they remain as little known, and as undisturbed to-day, as they were at the period of the Spanish Conquest. The latest information, respecting them, appeared in the *Cronica de Costa Rica*, December the 9th, 1857. It was furnished by an officer in the Costa Rican service.

"Between the peaks of the lofty volcanoes of Miravalles and Orosi, and the River San Carlos, there extends a vast plain inhabited by the Indians, commonly called the Guatusos. It is pretended that this tribe is descended from the Colonists who fled from Esparza, when that city was taken by the Filibusters of antiquity. Such as have chanced to see them, affirm that they are white, bearded, and practiced in a certain system of military discipline. Foreign to Costa Rica, and yet inhabiting one of the richest and most useful zones of its territory, this people greatly piqued our curiosity when we accompanied the expedition against the modern Filibusters on the River San Juan. Twice we accompanied the General up the Rio Frio, with the intention of exploring the territory, but without finding a landing-place. After the termination of the campaign, Colonel Lorenzo Salazar ascended the river, three leagues, in the steamer *Bulwer*, but was compelled by superior orders to return."

The statement, that the Guatusos are white, corresponds with what the Expeditionists of 1783, headed by the Bishop of Nicaragua, who ascended the River Frio for fourteen days, and, at last, came upon three of these Indians in a shady bend of the river, report them to have been, namely, "of good size and white skin."

Last of all, it may be interesting to mention, that, the night we were at Esparza, we made the acquaintance of a Lieutenant-Colonel, who accompanied the Costa Rican Division, which, under Colonel George Cauty, descended the mountains to the Northeast, beyond Alajuela, and through the San Carlos entered the San Juan, the time the steamboats, the forts, and every thing else in possession of General Walker's forces, were brilliantly taken. As the rear-guard of this division was passing the forest, between the head-waters of the Frio and those of the San Carlos, it was struck by a shower of arrows from the thickets. The rear-guard replied with musket and Minié balls. There was a piercing shriek from the forest, the branches crackling as though there was something rushing through them. The soldiers advanced in the direction from which the arrows had been winged, and, having cut their way with their *machetas* through the underwood, came upon the body of a beautiful woman, which was almost naked, was perfectly white and exquisitely shaped. She had been mortally wounded. Full and fast the red tide was streaming from her breast, and for the soldiers, who gently lifted her up, she had neither a word nor a glance before her head fell back, and she was dead. The

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crackling of the branches still continuing, they listened breathlessly, and looked with the eyes of hawks into the forest. But they had to resume the march. It was fatal to loiter or diverge. And so, burying the beautiful white corpse in the fragrant heart of the forest, they went on, sadly and solemnly impressed with the belief, that there is a mystery in the stern shadows of the volcanoes of Miravalles and Orosi, and in the depths of the valley of those cold waters, which has yet to see the light.

Riding up a gorge, through which the River of Oranges brawls and tumbles, we reached the gate of the *hacienda* of Navaro, just about sundown, the evening of our visit to the valley of Orosi. It is a beauteous English home, deep-set in the heart of the mountains of Costa Rica.

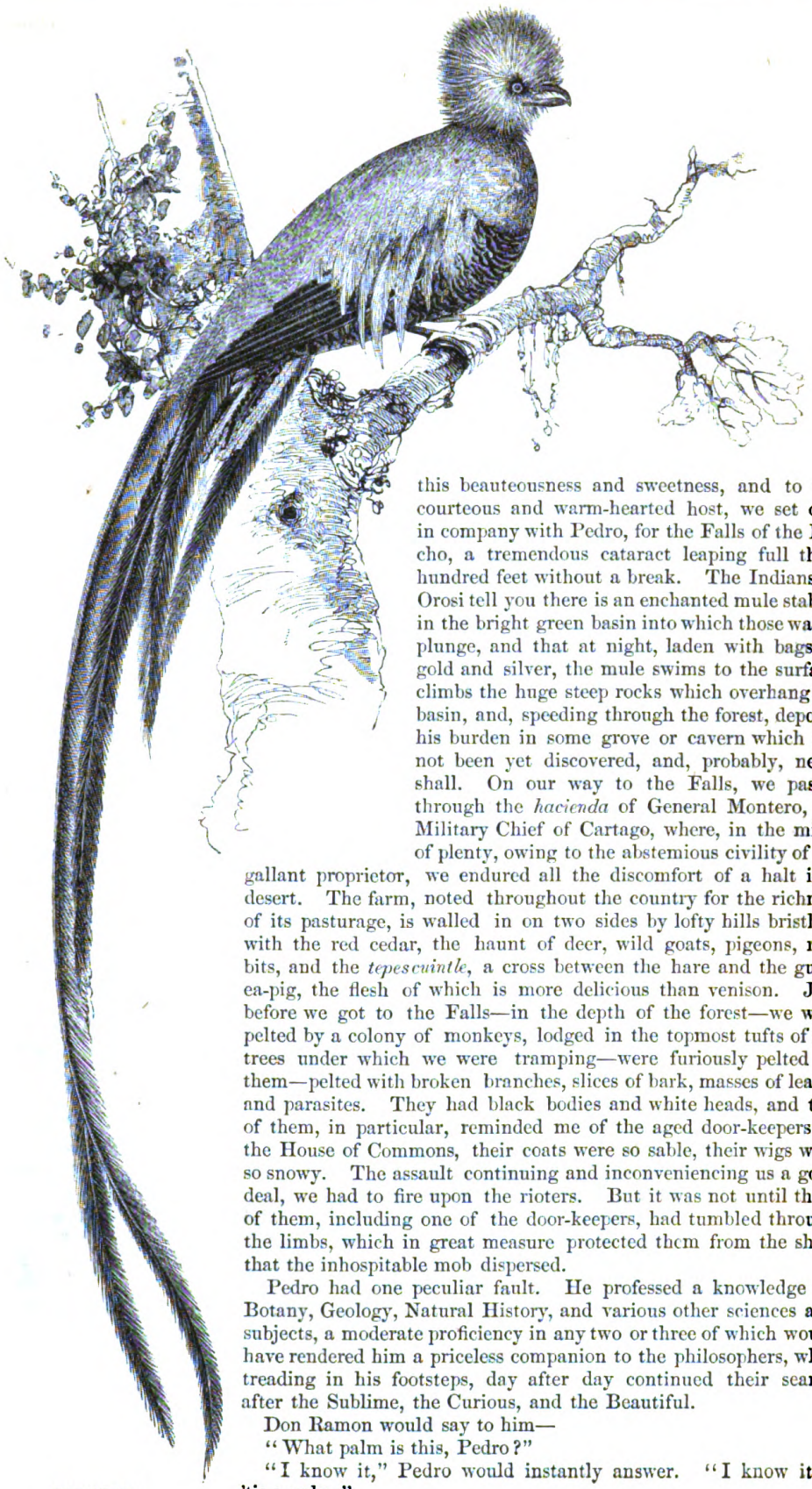
Invited by the owner, Mr. Young Anderson, who kindly accompanied us from Cartago, we dismounted at the gate, and two Indian boys, smeared and sweltering urchins of the tribe of Orosi, led off the horses to the *potrero*. The house stands upon a little hill, round and green as an Irish *rath*, overlooking the commingling waters of the Navaro and the Agua Caliente, and a garden surfeited with pine-apples, sweet lemons, oranges, quinces and mangoes. Snow-drops, dahlias, red lilies, arborescent ferns and the lordliest palms abound there, while, high over all, rises the *tirra*, with its sheathing of silver bark, festooned with the grass-woven nests of the *oropendola*, a bird of subdued but lustrous plumage.

Early next morning, bidding good-by to all



HACIENDA OF NAVARO.

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THE QUEZAL.

this beauteousness and sweetness, and to our courteous and warm-hearted host, we set out, in company with Pedro, for the Falls of the Macho, a tremendous cataract leaping full three hundred feet without a break. The Indians of Orosi tell you there is an enchanted mule stabled in the bright green basin into which those waters plunge, and that at night, laden with bags of gold and silver, the mule swims to the surface, climbs the huge steep rocks which overhang the basin, and, speeding through the forest, deposits his burden in some grove or cavern which has not been yet discovered, and, probably, never shall. On our way to the Falls, we passed through the *hacienda* of General Montero, the Military Chief of Cartago, where, in the midst of plenty, owing to the abstemious civility of the gallant proprietor, we endured all the discomfort of a halt in a desert. The farm, noted throughout the country for the richness of its pasturage, is walled in on two sides by lofty hills bristling with the red cedar, the haunt of deer, wild goats, pigeons, rabbits, and the *tepescuintle*, a cross between the hare and the guinea-pig, the flesh of which is more delicious than venison. Just before we got to the Falls—in the depth of the forest—we were pelted by a colony of monkeys, lodged in the topmost tufts of the trees under which we were tramping—were furiously pelted by them—pelted with broken branches, slices of bark, masses of leaves and parasites. They had black bodies and white heads, and two of them, in particular, reminded me of the aged door-keepers of the House of Commons, their coats were so sable, their wigs were so snowy. The assault continuing and inconveniencing us a good deal, we had to fire upon the rioters. But it was not until three of them, including one of the door-keepers, had tumbled through the limbs, which in great measure protected them from the shot, that the inhospitable mob dispersed.

Pedro had one peculiar fault. He professed a knowledge of Botany, Geology, Natural History, and various other sciences and subjects, a moderate proficiency in any two or three of which would have rendered him a priceless companion to the philosophers, who, treading in his footsteps, day after day continued their search after the Sublime, the Curious, and the Beautiful.

Don Ramon would say to him—

"What palm is this, Pedro?"

"I know it," Pedro would instantly answer. "I know it—'tis a palm."

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"And this—what bird is this, Pedro?"

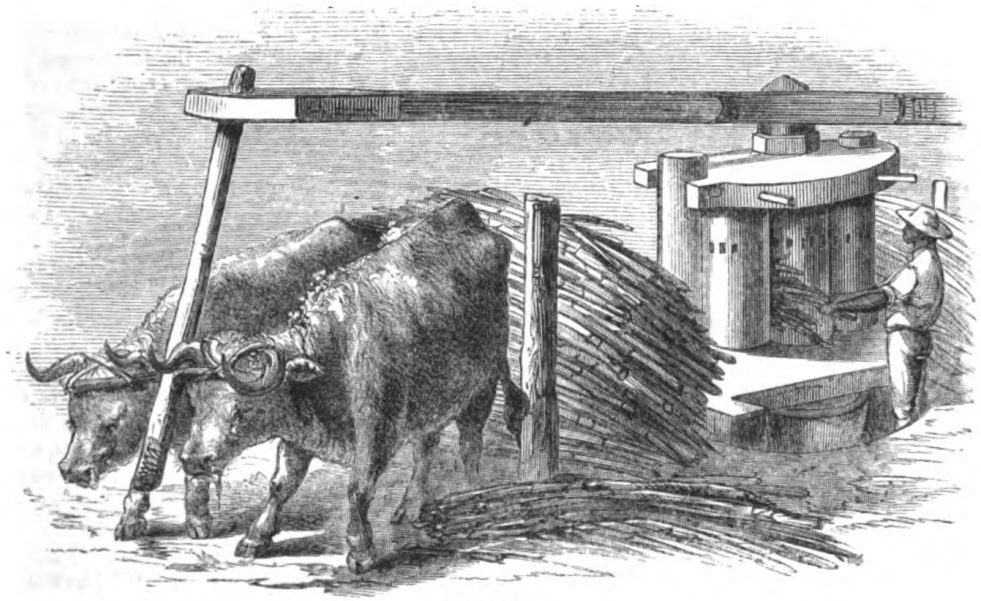
"I know it—'tis a bird," the impostor would blandly reply.

This, at first, was vexatious. But his good-nature soon coaxed us to forgive him, and, in the end, we came to the conclusion that Pedro was perfect. Under his guidance, and with his sure help, we made our way to many a beauteous, lonesome, glorious spot, across the swift cold torrent and the black ravine, along the face of the yielding precipice and up and down the aching mountain, through dense shrubberies and sombre forests. Through forests where the *Quezal*—the bird of white and crimson, of green and golden plumage—the sacred and imperial bird of Mexico, whose slender palm-like feathers, often found four feet in length, none save the Emperors were permitted to wear—like a meteor, colored with the rainbow, flashes through the foliage of the loftiest cedar. Through forests where we sometimes, though at long intervals apart, came across the *mica*, or the whipping-snake, which, when irritated, fixes its head flat upon the ground, and lashes out right and left with its body, blistering one as a bunch of nettles would—or where, at other times, we came across the harmless and beautiful coral-snake, with its black and vermilion scales set in alternate rings—and once were pointed out the *vivora de sangre*, the deadliest of reptiles, the bite of which causes the blood of the victim, be it man or brute, to break forth and exhaust itself to the last drop, in an intense sweat, through every pore.

Crossing the valley of Ujarras, we visited the coffee-plantation of Dr. George Guirey, of Philadelphia, where we met with a cordial hospitality, encountered another colony of monkeys, who furiously evinced on our heads their aversion to foreigners, visited the Falls of the Berbis—grander still than those of the Macho, the torrent, leaping from the abrupt ledge above, being but a misty speck in the chasm, five hundred feet below—and where we ate, drank, talked preposterous politics, shouted the *Marsellaise*, spread ourselves on Manifest Destiny and ox-hides, smoked, drank again, and finally fell off to sleep to the roar of the Reventazon.

Starting from the Doctor's at sunrise, we traveled for miles with Pedro over a narrow quagmire running along the face of the mountains of Cervantes. Gigantic laurels, arborescent ferns, oaks and cedars, wild fig-trees of enormous girth, overspread the soaking path, entangled or towered above it, while, here and there, streams gurgled across it, tumbling into the precipice we overlooked, the profound silence, at times, being broken only by the shrill clarion-notes of the wild turkey, the nervous springing of the deer through the thickets, the booming of the wild peacock, the creaking of the *trapiche*, crushing the sugar-cane in some lonesome clearing in the forest, the cavernous voices of the howling monkeys, or the rumbling of distant thunder. As the day brightened, we entered the sugar-plantation of Naranjo, one of the finest in the country, and breakfasted there on oranges, plucking the fruit from the tree, without dismounting from our mules. This over, away we went, down a break-neck hill, the vegetation growing ranker and the air more sultry, until, at last, looking up from the valley into which we had descended, we beheld the volcano of Turrialba—the volcano of the White Tower—with its vast pillar of smoke and fire, belted with an impervious forest of palm—remote, mysterious, awe-inspiring, inaccessible it is said—looming against the sky!

That volcano is a terror to the people—the burning agony of it is incessant—no human foot has scaled it—none have dared the exploit—and the poor Indian, with his clouded brain growing darker and stormier with the belief, tells you that the Great Fiend dwells there, and that they are



SUGAR-MILL.

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lost who venture to ascend. The dense primeval forest, the ravines and chasms, the vast fields of lava, the perpendicular bare smooth rock, springing up several feet from them to the lips of the surging crater—all which are clearly visible from below—these are what to this day have rendered it fearful and inscrutable.

Three weeks after our ride to the valley of Turrialba, I had crossed the Cordilleras, and, having descended the road to La Muelle, and thence floated down the Serapiqui and San Juan in a *bungo* to Greytown, I was on board the *Jamestown*, U. S. sloop of war, the guest of her genial and accomplished Captain. Don Ramon had returned to Panama by the route we had come.

Looking back toward the mountains, among which we had spent these pleasant Holidays, I saw the volcano of the White Tower, high in the Heavens, burning in the gray light of the dawn, in another world it seemed to me, so remote and isolated was it. That it was unknown as though it belonged in reality to another world, millions of miles away, and that they, who lived nearest to it, were those who most feared to tempt the solitude which invests it, and that it stands there, to this hour, in its unviolated grandeur, exciting, while it repels, the curiosity and hardihood of those who would add it as another trophy to the conquests of Science and the audacity of the Age, I could not help feeling sad and abashed to think. But, when my thoughts reverted to the country of which the Flag, above me, was the glowing type, and when the exploits of her explorers at the same time recurred to me, and her pioneers and fleets crowded upon my vision, the conviction arose within me, that the day will come when the gold of the Estrella shall return to light, and the secrets of the valley of the Frio shall be made known, and Turrialba shall be scaled. In that pillar of smoke by day—in that pillar of flame by night—I read the sublime promise of confirmed liberty to the land, wealth and power, instead of comparative insignificance and humble fortunes, the wilderness a garden, and for mankind, going up there from the ends of the earth to the high places thereof, a purer happiness, a statelier altitude, and a brighter aspect.

Inwardly to behold this vision, and boldly to disclose it, no gift of prophecy, no hazardous philosophy, deducing its predictions from the laws of science or the analysis of human progress, not even that spirit of poetry, which sometimes gives to the illiterate the wisdom of the philosopher and to the profane the infallibility of the prophet, is wanting. From the great Book of Nature, which is open to all, which all can read, and from which the humblest mind seldom fails to derive lessons of high hopefulness and expansive forethought, for the land of the vanished Aztec I predict an unexampled renovation.

A permanent barrier to the encroachments of the two great seas, and gradually rising from their level in a series of ample terraces, each exhibiting its peculiar forms of animal and vegetable life, each its peculiar soil and climate, each its adaptability for some special physical condition, thus, step by step, developing the whole phenomena of creation, until, as in Costa Rica, at a height varying from three to four and six thousand feet, it rolls off into extensive *plateaus* or table-lands, divided by parallel and intersecting chains of mountains, crowned with fortresses like that of Turrialba, and pouring down, on their errands of health and fruitfulness, waters that never fail, Central America presents, in the language of Señor Astaburuaga, to the lover of nature, to the man of science, to the agriculturist, to those who prefer the pastoral cares, to those who covet the precious metals, to the merchant, the most ambitious and insatiable, as, indeed, to the industrious and adventurous of every denomination, a field of incomparable novelty and exhaustless wealth. In a word, the forests, the rivers, the mines, the valleys with which it abounds—all teeming and overflowing with the treasures of nature—constitute it in itself a New World, which, in the partial obscurity that encompasses it, seems to have been reserved, by a Providence of infinite views, for future generations, and for an exhibition of happiness and glory which shall transcend the fortunes and achievements of this day, justly prized and applauded as they are.

A PICTURE.

UPON her pale cheek, day by day,
No tender rosy blushes play;
The shadows gathered in her hair
Lie soft above her forehead fair—
A frailer shade is she.

No footstep on the stones goes by
But strikes a fire across her eye;
No sudden voice a word can speak
But flashes red light on her cheek—
Such guards her quick thoughts be.

All day she sees the sullen rain
Splash slow against the window-pane.
All night the south wind makes its moan
About her chamber low and lone;
She can not die nor rest.

Like some old saint in cell withdrawn,
In prayer and penance till the dawn,
So her sad soul its vigil holds,
As year on year to life unfolds,
And wears her patient breast.

Not any leech can find a cure
For these slow miseries that endure,
Till heaven before her eyes shall ope—
The golden gate foreseen by hope,
And medicine her heart.

There is no new life for the dead,
No gathering up the tears once shed;
Pray, ye beloved, who pity her,
That God no more that rest defer—
Pray that her soul depart!

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FIGURE 1.—COINING IN MIDDLE AGES.

COINS AND COINAGE.

ALTHOUGH the article of money, in the shape of coins, is one of the most familiar objects of daily use, it is probable that very few persons have troubled themselves to consider when and where it originated. For, like all the inventions of man, it must have had a birth and a birth-place. Adam had neither purse nor pocket, and in Eden there was no one to trade with for food or clothing; and hence a means of barter was not very likely to be needed.

The origin of all human art was in necessity; or, as the proverb has it, necessity is the mother of invention. Thus the first recorded invention was an apron; or, as my oldest copy of the English Bible has it, a pair of breeches. But when the breeches had a pocket in them, and when the pocket was first filled with small change, remains a question for antiquarians.

This is worthy of remark, however, that the remains of antiquity which tombs and monuments furnish us agree remarkably with the Scripture history of the origin of our race. That is to say, the Scripture affirms that at a period about four thousand years ago the world was depopulated by a deluge, which only one family survived. Naturally we should suppose that the arts and sciences would progress with more rapidity, from the fact that this family possessed in themselves the learning and a great deal of the experience of the previous ages, in which men had lived long and learned much. But the world shows no remaining monument of any earlier period than this; and all its existing memorials indicate an age of art that dates from a time a little later than this flood. Let us record the fact, in spite of all that men have sought to establish to the contrary, that no one has found a relic of human existence on earth which antedates the period of the Noahic deluge. Bunsen has indeed founded a theory on the discovery of a piece of pottery in a deep boring in the Nile mud; but Bunsen failed to inquire whether the place of boring was not the site of an ancient lake, or the bottom of the ever-changing Nile itself; and science makes merry over the German philosopher's building without a foundation, which fell before the roof was on.

At a certain period after this deluge, when men might be supposed to need the convenience of money, and not before—having scattered, and formed nations of diverse interests—we find it coming into use.

It is no theory that we speak of, but a direct chain of existing specimens, leading us from the magnificent coinage of the Macedonian empire back to the earliest and rudest specimens of the coins of men's making. It can not be possible that any where in the world coined money had been used at a period prior to the date of the Lydian and the Ionian coins; so that, in this study of numismatics, we find at once a great tribute—the tribute which profane history has in all times paid—to the Sacred story, a confirmation of the account of the origin of our race on the earth.

The first mention that is made of money in history is eminently striking. It was used for the purchase of a grave. There is no picture in all the past more profoundly sad than that of the old man buying a place to bury his dead wife out of his sight. Who has not read the story with unutterable emotions? Who, when the first dead

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one in the house must be buried, has not gone out to buy a burial-place, and called to mind that sad scene before the Cave of Machpelah? Does this first record in history, sacred or profane, of the use of money, teach us that the shining stuff is of no higher value to a man than just the price of his grave? After he has bought and occupied that, it certainly ceases to matter to him whether his heaps are gold or copper or dust.

But let us glance a moment at this story, and see whether, in the days of Abraham, men had any knowledge of coin. For the first question before us is, When did coined money originate?

In the 19th verse of the 33d chapter of Genesis we find the words, "Pieces of money." The original Hebrew is *Keshita*. The same word occurs in Job, xlii. 11. Now this word may be translated as correctly *a lamb*. Does it mean, then, a lamb or a piece of money? This is the question, and one by no means uninteresting.

It may seem one of mere speculation, on which no evidence could be obtained. But Egypt is the great illustrator of the Bible, and the Egyptian monuments help us vastly to understand it.

In a tomb at Thebes, among the illustrations, on the walls, of the manners and customs of the old Egyptians, and especially of the one who lay in this tomb, we find a picture of a scribe weighing out the wealth of his master and counting it up. (Figure 2.)

No one who sees it can doubt that the Egyptians of that day weighed out gold and silver by a weight whose shape was that of a lamb, and the half of it was like the hind-quarters of a lamb. This interesting discovery gives us reason to think that Abraham paid the sons of Heth in silver weighed out by these same weights. Layard found specimens of the weights themselves in Nineveh.

It is natural to suppose that the weights were originally determined by the value of a sheep or lamb; and this supposition derives additional force from facts that appear in the history of other nations, and even from the words which for many centuries have been used to express the idea of money. In early ages, when men led mostly the pastoral life, cattle were probably the most common medium of exchange and barter, and the value of a sheep was a fixed value, varying but little in places or years. When metals became standards of value can not be affirmed precisely, but it is evident that at this time, and for many centuries afterward, they were not coined into what we call money. The evidence, however, that the price of cattle was the earliest method of fixing the value of money, and that gold and other metals were valued accord-

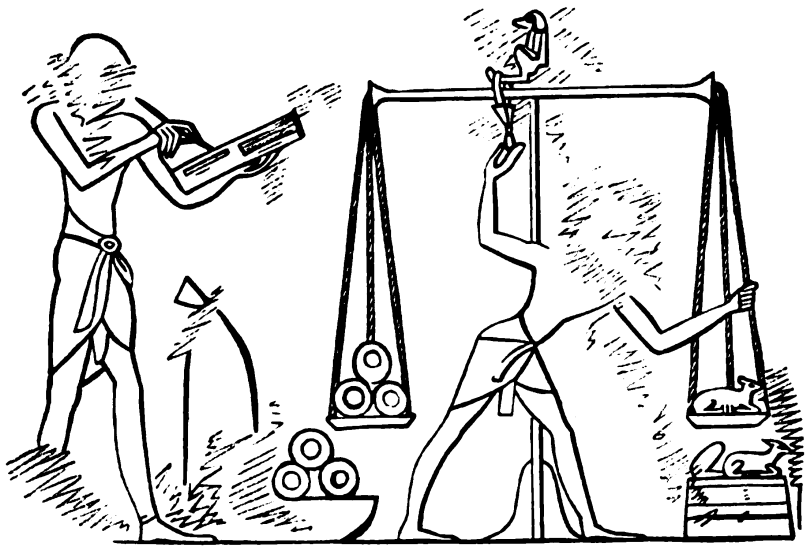


FIGURE 2.—ANCIENT EGYPTIAN METHOD OF WEIGHING MONEY.

ing to the number of cattle a given quantity would buy, is found elsewhere than in this solitary instance. Our own language contains a proof of it, since the word *pecuniary*, which is in common use with us, is derived from the Latin word *pecunia* (money), and this was derived from *pecus* (a flock of sheep or cattle). The evidence of the derivation is found in the oldest Roman coins extant, one of which is shown in Figure 3. This gigantic copper coin was in the Pembroke collection in England, and weighed a little less than five pounds avoirdupois. It is a specimen of the earliest known coinage of Italy, and probably dates from B.C. 500 to B.C. 600, a period not much later than that of the earliest Eastern coinage, of which we shall speak hereafter. This piece was the *Aes* or *As* (the brass or the piece of brass), which subsequently changed its size and form, but which remained a Roman coin down to modern times. We refer to it at present to illustrate the theory of the origin of money value; and when the reader has studied history with reference to the price of cattle in various periods of the world's history, and in vari-

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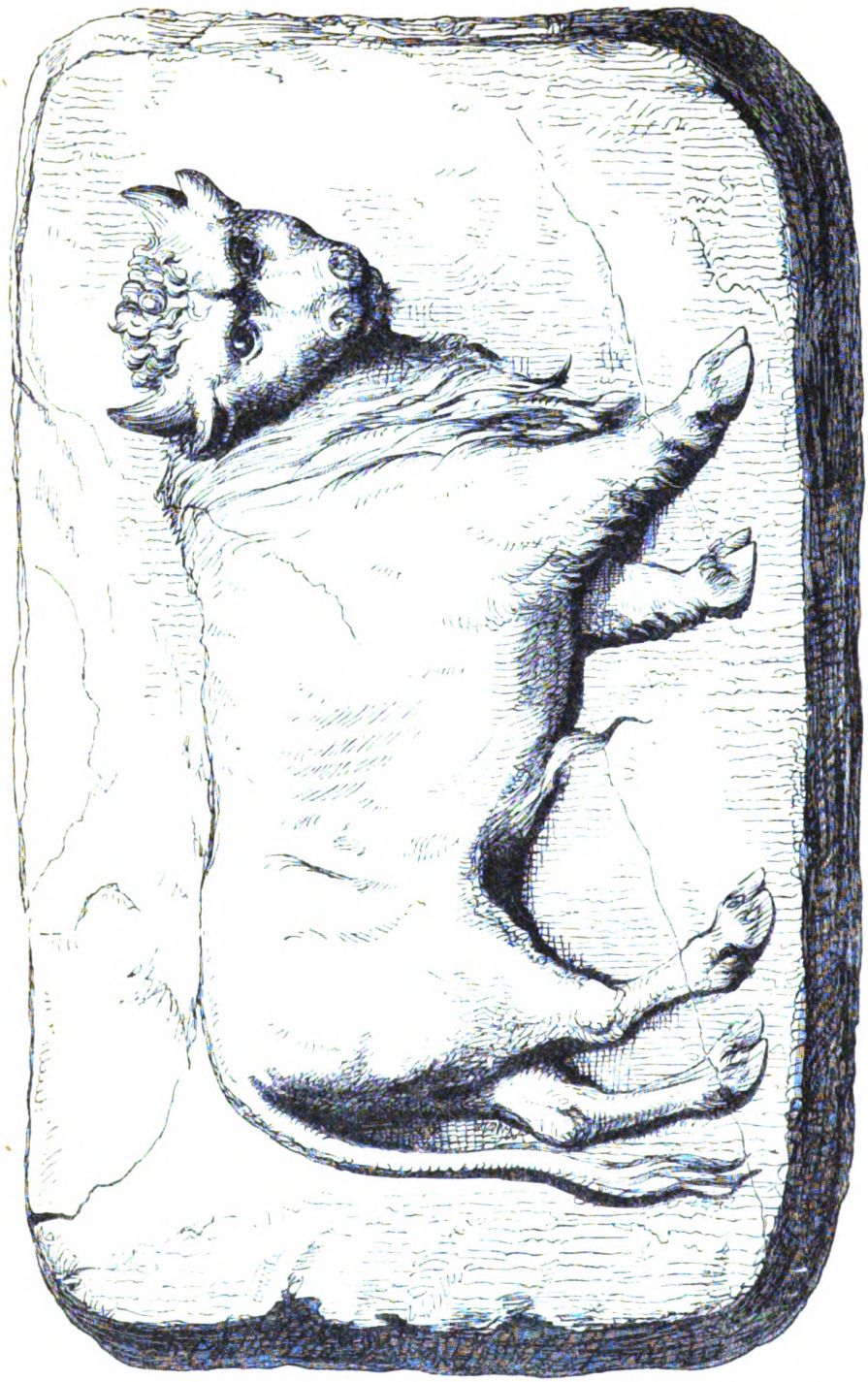


FIGURE 3.—EARLIEST POEM OF ROMAN COPPER MONEY (EXACT SIZE).

ous parts of the world, he will readily adopt the idea that the first valuations of metal became fixed with regard to the value of sheep and oxen. Homer mentions no use of coined money, but speaks of a bar of brass as being equal in value to one ox, and a woman slave as worth four oxen. The father of poetry, indeed, often speaks of oxen and sheep as the representatives of wealth, as when Achilles argues boldly that he can go elsewhere and find abundant spoil of oxen and fat sheep. It is true that in the same conversation (Iliad, Book IX., line 365, etc.) Achilles also speaks of "the gold and ruddy brass and bright iron," but not as if coined into money. Homer's is perhaps the most remarkable work in the world as a description of existing arts, dress, manners, and customs, and, in short, comparative civilization. There can be no reason to suppose that he had ever seen coined money, or, if it existed in his day, that it

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had then existed so long as to authorize him to mention it among the arts and furniture of the Grecian camp or the Trojan city at the period of his story, which he located at about the same date with our chronological location of Samson and the judges of the Israelites.

We dwell on this subject because the idea is very prevalent that coined money was coeval with the race of man. Few ordinary thinkers have taken the trouble to inquire whether Adam had a pocket full of it (when he got a pocket), and we venture to say that most of our readers have had a general idea that it was always in use among men, at least at as early a period as any national organizations existed.

But it is also evident that gold and silver became valuable as ornaments long before they were used for coins. Thus we find Eleazar of Damascus carrying to Rebecca rings and bracelets of fixed weight, and in the same verse of the 42d chapter of Job, already referred to, we find that each of Job's friends brought him an earring as well as "a lamb" or "piece of money." That these rings and bracelets became frequently, and, at length, commonly the medium of exchange we have abundant evidence. The Egyptian monuments show that the common form of the valuable metals when in course of transfer was the ring (Figure 4). All ancient writers refer to rings and bracelets as the usual form of gold ornaments, and the modern customs in the East are doubtless accurately like the ancient.

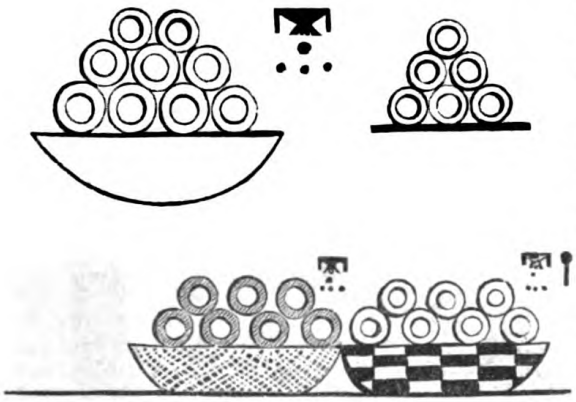


FIGURE 4.—EGYPTIAN RING MONEY, GOLD AND SILVER.
(From the monuments.)

The Oriental traveler is surprised to find the poorest woman sometimes wearing heavy gold bracelets and anklets; but his surprise ceases when he learns that there is no investment for money in the East which pays interest, and that, as a consequence, the poor and the rich, when they accumulate more or less gold, are accustomed to call in the traveling tinker, who, with crucible, furnace, and hammer, sits down in the court of the palace or on the ground-floor of the hut, and out of the coins handed him soon fashions a rude bracelet or anklet, which adorns the dusky leg or arm of the favorite wife, until necessity compels its transfer. When this necessity comes there is no delay or trouble about it in an Eastern market. The owner goes into the street to make a purchase and tenders his bracelet in payment. The convenient money-changer is at hand in every street with his scales, the weight is told—it is three, five, ten, or twenty mejiddi—and the merchant takes it as readily as coin. We have seen this transaction not a few times, and regarded it as the best evidence needed of the ancient custom of using similar bands of precious metals for currency.

But without pausing longer on this subject we may give the illustrations well known to numismatic scholars, of the ring money of the ancient Britons, dating before the Roman invasion, and therefore at a period not many centuries later than the invention of coined money by the Greeks, and continuing in use down to a late period in the Christian era. These rings are now found in abundance in various parts of England and Ireland. At one time, in 1832, a quantity of it, valued at £1089 14*s.* 1*d.* (intrinsic value of the gold), was dug up at St. Quentin (Figure 6). The forms varied. Some immense ornaments were manifestly worn over the shoulder. Others on the arms and around the waist. Cæsar, in his account of England, distinctly relates that rings of fixed weight were used for money in Britain. He says the same of Gaul. We find the same sort of money spoken of in the north of Europe; and the Bible contains so many allusions to similar ornaments that there is no reason to doubt that they had a fixed weight and passed current as coins.

But as yet no regular coin existed. The Greeks had been in the habit of using bars or spikes of metal. A bar was an obolus (literally translated a spike or a small obelisk), and six of these were as many as a man could grasp in his hand. Hence six *oboli* made one *drachma* (a handful), and thus originated the coins *obolus* and *drachma*, the latter being to this day the coin of Greece, and having given its name to weights and measures in all the languages of the civilized world.

It was about 800 years before Christ that the first money was actually coined. There is much doubt in the minds of antiquarians as to the precise spot where the custom had its origin. Herodotus ascribes it to the Lydians, but his authority is not conclusive.

The oldest coins extant, and probably the first coins ever made, are from Ionia in Asia Minor. Miletus, a city south of Ephesus, on the shore of the Icarian Sea, probably produced the first

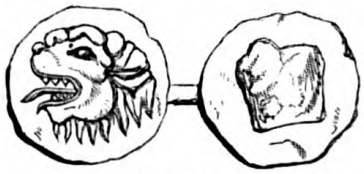


FIGURE 5.—STATER OF MILETUS.
(Earliest known coin.)

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coined money. It was the gold stater (Figure 5).

It will be noticed that the coin is stamped on one side with a deep indentation. On the other, it has a rude picture of a lion's head. This form is characteristic of coinage for a long period. A die was evidently used, and the lump of metal placed in it, and a punch struck with a hammer drove the metal into the die and left the rude mark of the punch on the reverse of the coin. What induced the adoption of the lion's head as a design is left to conjecture. It is by some supposed to refer to the regal power represented by the lion, while others think that it had some connection with the worship of Cybele, the great goddess of the Ionians. A somewhat similar coin is also given in Figure 7, which by some numismatists is supposed to be of earlier date than the Ionian. It is a Lydian coin, one of those referred to by Herodotus; and we give it as a specimen of one of the earliest, if not the earliest. Coins of the kind illustrated in Figure 7 have been found in considerable quantity at Sardis, and there is reason to believe that some of these are of the period of Crœsus. The value of these two coins is the same. It was called a *stater* or *standard*, and it is worthy of remark that the value of this first gold coin known has been continued in European currency, with very slight variation, down to recent times. These coins were the first specimens of stamped gold in the form that we call money. Silver was coined in Ægina not long after the date of the Lydian and Ionian gold, but when copper was introduced as a medium of exchange does not appear.

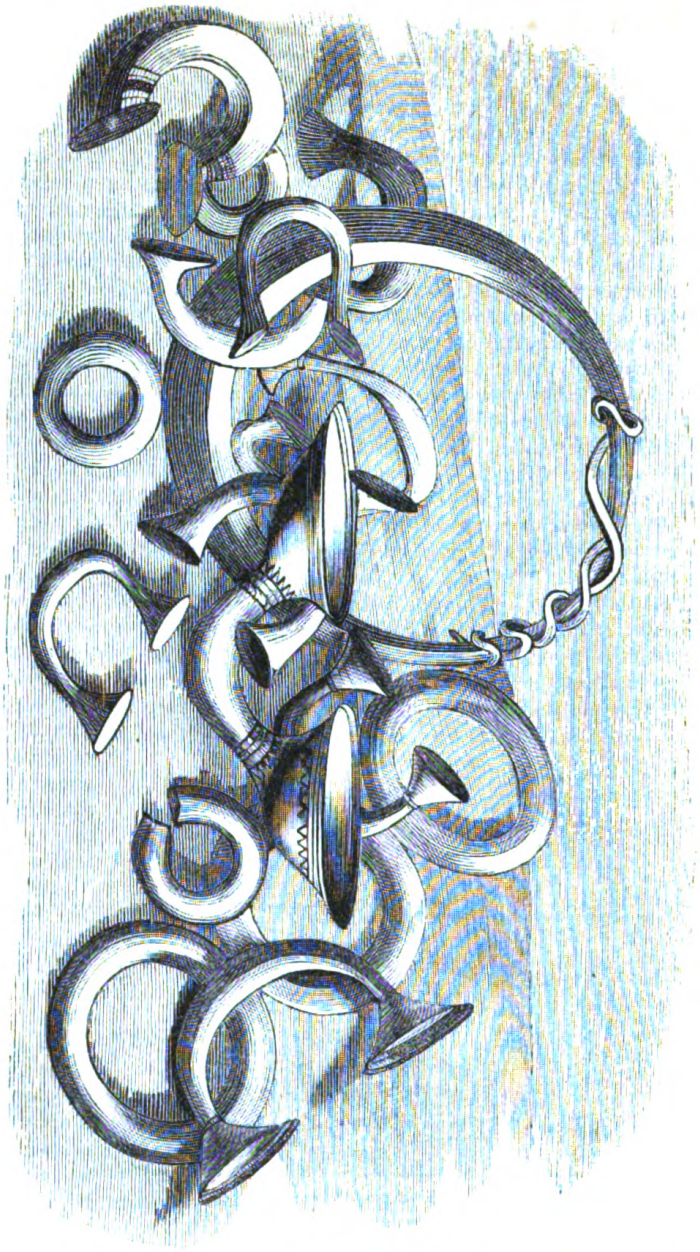


FIGURE 6.—ARMLETS, TORQUES, AND RING MONEY OF BRITAIN.



FIGURE 7.—STATER OF LYDIA.
(From Sardis.)

From this rude beginning the art of coinage advanced to a stage of beauty in early periods which has hardly been surpassed even in our day of splendid medals. But this advance was not instantaneous. It was measured, gradual, and slow. The first step was the placing on the end of the punch some rude figure which was indented in the coin when the blow was struck, thus producing the usual raised head or legend on the obverse, while the reverse showed the indentation of the figure on the end of the punch.

The quarter stater of Phocea, of which a representation is given in Figure 8, illustrates this. The idea was further carried out in Greece by making the end of the punch to correspond with

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FIGURE 8.—QUARTER STATER OF PHOCEA.

the die, but not so as to leave the impression raised on both sides. The result was a coinage, of which one side presented in concave the same figures which were on the other side in relief. And this led to the production of very beautiful coins, of which we give an illustration in a silver coin of Caulonia (Figure 9).



FIGURE 9.—SILVER COIN OF CAULONIA.

Figure 10 is a coin of Ægina, known by the emblem of the tortoise, and bearing the first form of rude punch-mark. The coins of this island are among the earliest. Indeed by some they are regarded as the first. Doubtless the first silver coinage is that of Ægina. It would seem probable that Ionia first coined gold, Ægina first coined silver, and Italia first coined copper.

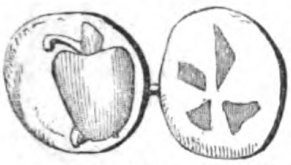


FIGURE 10.—EARLIEST KNOWN SILVER COIN.
(Drachma of Ægina.)

The first devices on coins were emblematical. The tortoise of Ægina, the owl of Athens, the seal of Phocea, and similar designs, are found on all the earliest issues. No heads of kings nor heads of gods are on the first coins. The deities at length took possession of the money, and thereafter the head of a god or goddess, who was the chief object of worship in a city or country, became the ordinary obverse of coins. This custom continued for centuries. It was not till very near the time of Alexander the Great that the heads of monarchs were placed on money. Indeed many have argued that the head of the great son of Philip was the first human head placed on coin. It appears probable, however, that his immediate predecessors had set the example, which he followed. We have one coin of Archelaus I., King of Macedonia (Figure 11), which gives us probably a portrait of that monarch; and, if it be so, it is undoubtedly the first coin which had for a device the head of a reigning prince. He reigned from 413 to 399 B.C.



FIGURE 11.—DRACHMA OF ARCHELAUS I., OF MACEDONIA, B.C. 413.
(First coin with human portrait.)

Alexander I. had reigned about fifty years before, and during his reign a coin was struck bearing on its face a youth carrying two spears by the side of a horse (Figure 12). Possibly and probably this was a representation of the fact that Alexander was admitted to the Olympic games; but it can not be considered a portrait.

The period, then, of the introduction of human heads upon coinage may be safely placed at about 400 B.C.; and from that time to the present the coins of the various nations of the world which have outlasted time and corrosion are the most valuable and faithful historians. No one who has not pursued the study can have any idea of the admirable succession of coins which some great collections contain. The Kings of Macedonia might afford us an excellent example, if we had space for the illustration of their coins here.

Æropus, who succeeded Archelaus, and reigned from 399 to 394 B.C., left many coins now extant. Of Pausanias, his successor from 394 to 393 B.C.—only one year—we have many coins, bearing on the obverse a head, which may be a portrait, and on the reverse a horse, with the name ΠΑΥΣΑΝΙΑ. On one coin now extant of this reign there is visible on the horse a brand-mark—a fact that is interesting in connection with Arrian's statement that Alexander's steed, Bucephalus, received his name from the bull's head brand which he bore.



FIGURE 12.—SILVER COIN OF ALEXANDER I., B.C. 450.
(First coin with human figure.)

Amyntas II. succeeded Pausanias (393–369 B.C.). The coins of his time were of better workmanship. Up to this period and during his reign the punch-mark on the reverse of many coins had continued in use, but hereafter it is not known.

We have now arrived at a period of high perfection in the art of coinage. In the reign of Philip II. of Macedon, commencing 359 B.C. and continuing twenty-four years, some of the

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finest specimens of ancient coinage were issued, and among others the gold staters, which became known as Philips, and gave this name to the gold coins of Greece for a long period, precisely as in modern times we hear of Louis and Napoleons in France.

When Alexander the Great ascended the throne and proceeded to the conquest of the world he scattered his coinage over the continent, east and west, in an immense variety of forms. So many were they that they are the cheapest of ancient coins even now, and in Europe, Asia, and Africa abundance of genuine coins of this monarch can be purchased for a



FIGURE 15.—TETRADRACHM OF MITHRIDATES VI., B.C. 88.



FIGURE 13.—COINS OF PHILIP AND ALEXANDER, FOUND AT SIDON.

trifle above the weight of the gold or silver. It is not uncommon in modern times for vases of the Alexandrian coins to be turned up by the plowshare of the farmer, and in all the towns and cities of the East men are to be found with specimens for sale in a fine state of preservation. Genuine coins of Alexander can be procured at such low prices that it has hardly been an object to counterfeit them, as has been done with many others (Figure 13).

The Macedonian coinage (Figure 14) continued to be fine for more than two centuries. We have already said that our space forbids the illustration of the progression of the art at this period. We give in passing, however, some specimens of the coinage of the other parts of the world at this

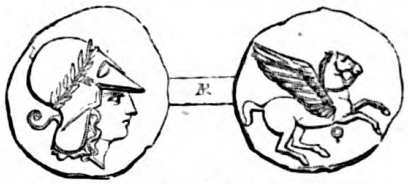


FIGURE 16.—COPPER COIN OF CORINTH.

time, for the sake of showing that it was not in Macedonia alone that the art was advancing



FIGURE 17.—SILVER COIN OF ATHENS.

(see Figures 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21).

In all the East, which was then the civilized

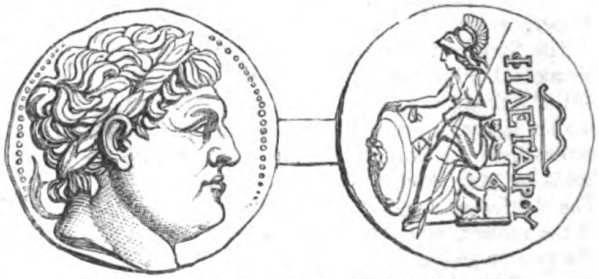


FIGURE 18.—SILVER COIN OF ATTALUS I., B.C. 223.

world, the fine arts were progressing to a golden age. Phidias had completed the Parthenon, and a bronze coin of an early time shows a rude view of the Acropolis (Figure 24), the statue of Minerva, and the Parthenon; while another (Figure 25) shows the theatre of Dionysius on the side of the Acropolis.

It is remarkable that we have no coins of Egypt until the period of the successors of Alexander. That old land—first in arts and sciences, far in advance of all the world in architecture, sculpture, painting, music,



FIGURE 14.—COIN OF PERSEUS, B.C. 180.

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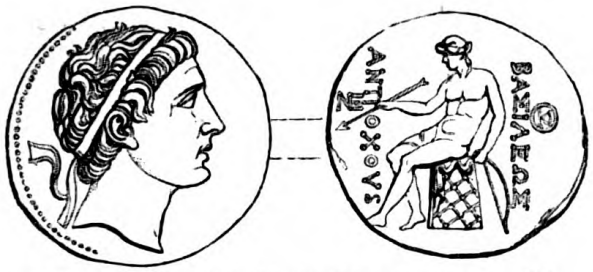


FIGURE 19.—SILVER COIN OF ANTIOCHUS THE GREAT, B.C. 192.

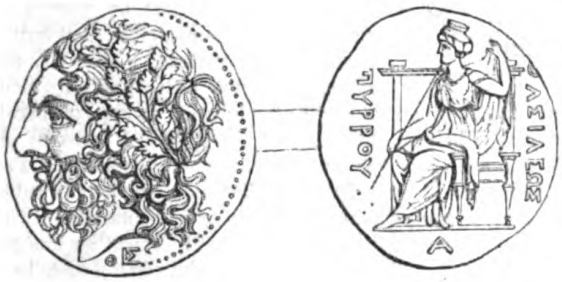


FIGURE 20.—COIN OF PYRRHUS, B.C. 275.

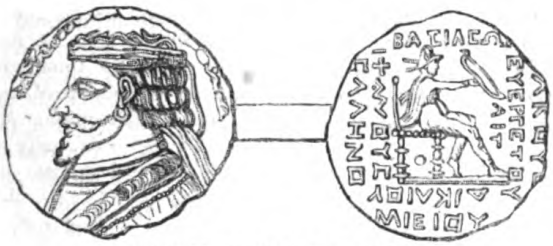


FIGURE 21.—SILVER PARTHIAN COIN.



FIGURE 22.—COIN OF PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.



FIGURE 23.—PTOLEMAIC COPPER COIN, FROM THEBES.



FIGURE 24.—COIN OF ATHENS, SHOWING THE ACROPOLIS.



FIGURE 25.—COIN OF ATHENS, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF DIONYSIUS.

and every thing that adorns civilization—seems never to have felt the necessity of a circulating medium other than the ordinary use of metals by weight, and the interchange of commodities by barter. This may have been owing to the character of the country, lying, as it did, along the banks of the Nile, where interchange of articles by barter was convenient. The Ptolemies introduced the Greek coinage system, and we have abundance of specimens of their issues, known by the eagle on the reverse, and the name of the king on the coin (Figure 22). In our own collection we have some noble specimens of the Ptolemaic bronze coins, of which we illustrate one as showing a high and bold style of art now prevalent on the issues of the mints. The eagle on this coin has never been equaled on an American coin. He looks as if he knew his nobility. We commend him to the United States Mint as a pattern (Figure 23).

The coinage of Egypt continued to be very fine down to the Roman Period, and

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we have many specimens of the Ptolemies and their queens, and various Egyptian rulers, with finely-engraved heads, down to Antony and Cleopatra (Figure 26).



FIGURE 26.—COIN OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

In Syria also, at this period, the coinage was in a high state of perfection (see coin of Antiochus the Great, Figure 19). But in Judea it does not seem probable that coins had yet been introduced. We have already alluded to the probability that the shekel, in the earlier history of the chosen people, was a weight, and not a fixed value of metal. At what time this weight was put into a certain shape, and stamped with a certain legend or device, it is impossible with certainty to affirm; but that it did not occur before the captivity in Babylon we may be well assured. There is no reason to believe that any Jewish coin bearing a legend was issued prior to the days of the Maccabees, nor do we find any now extant appearing to be of earlier date. The "shekels of silver," as they are called by the collectors, have become quite common of late years. Within the past five years there have been quite a large number found near the pool of Siloam at Jerusalem, evidently washed down by the rains from some point on the hillside of Moriah or Zion.

Here let us remark in passing that ancient coins are by no means so rare as common opinion rates them. Many of them are very common. Thus the copper coins of Diocletian are far more plenty than American coppers of 1799 or 1804; and the small coins of Constantius are as abundant as any American or English coppers of forty years ago. The preservation of ancient coins is easily accounted for. In the absence of banks of deposit, or any means of investment, the poorer classes of people as well as the rich were accustomed to bury their treasures. The poor man's safe was under the ground-floor of his hut, so that wherever there was a village, there, under every house, were buried coins of gold, silver, and copper. An invasion would sweep away a nation and annihilate the towns and villages. The buried treasure remained undisturbed until the modern plowshare, going over the site, turns up little heaps here and there which have lain for one or two thousand years. The peasantry of the Eastern countries make the discoveries of old treasure. In Egypt, for example, the fellaheen, working on the Nile banks, are accustomed to sprinkle over their soil the dust of ancient mud villages, which they find to be a productive manure. In digging among the ruins of these villages they frequently find collections of old coins. We once saw an Egyptian peasant woman who had about half a peck of Roman coins, nearly all of the same issue, and in as fine condition as American coppers of last year. Some were proof coins. We have over thirty of these in our own collection, purchased from this peasant woman at the rate of a khamsa (less than half a cent) for four of them. Not only nations, but many cities and provinces retained the right of coinage. It appears manifest that the value of the principal coins in all the Eastern nations was about the same. The gold stater of the Greeks was equivalent in value to the principal gold coin of other nations. The barter of different nations with each other was not much affected therefore by the variety of coins.

The only extant Jewish coins are varieties of the silver shekel beforementioned. In the first book of Maccabees, xv. 6, in the letter of Antiochus the king to Simon the high priest, and to the Jewish nation, occurs this passage: "And I give thee leave to coin money of thine own stamp in thine own country." Simon Maccabæus probably coined, under this permission, the first national coinage of the Jews. We give an example of his issue. The Jewish coinage, of course, bore no head of a God on its face. The second commandment forbade it. But the pot of manna, and the buds of Aaron's rod were the device adopted, with legends varying, but most commonly "SHEKEL ISRAEL," "JERUSALEM HOLY," or "SCHISCHIMON PRINCE OF ISRAEL" (Figure 27).

The legends were in the ancient form of Hebrew character, and not in the debased form in use since the captivity.



FIGURE 27.—JEWISH SHEKEL.

For what length of time this coinage continued in Jerusalem we can not say. It is not probable that it was of long duration. The Greek and Roman currency took its place in time; and although coins of Herod and of Barkochebas the rebel are extant, it seems improbable that these were issued to any great extent. The few known are small and rude.

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It is impossible to give any idea of the money value of ancient coins by modern money terms. The size of the shekels now extant is larger than the American quarter dollar, and not so large as the half dollar. The weight is 274 Paris grains. In the 17th chapter of Matthew the temple tax, or tribute money, is spoken of as a didrachma. Elsewhere it is stated at a half shekel; and in the same chapter, 27th verse, a stater is made to pay the tax for two persons. These few verses, at the end of the chapter, give us some light on the relative value of the ancient Jewish, Roman, and Greek coins.

The Romans commenced the coinage of copper, according to Pliny, in the time of Servius Tullius, B.C. 578. For a long period they coined only copper, and it was not till after the time of Alexander that they had gold or silver coins.



FIGURE 28.—ROMAN ÆS OR AS (OBVERSE).



FIGURE 29.—ROMAN ÆS OR AS (REVERSE).

We have already spoken of the probable origin of the word *pecunia*. The great coin already given is an illustration of the earliest form of Roman coinage. This was either followed by, or contemporary with, the issue of the Æs or As, which was the standard coin of Rome for many centuries (Figures 28, 29).

The As, however, was a weight, and not a coin proper, for many years. It was a pound of brass or bronze. At first square, afterward round, and when paid in large sums, it was paid by weighing it out in quantities. The same pound of bronze was known by the name *stips*, whence come our words stipend, stipendiary, etc. The pieces were struck in large sizes, weighing from one to one hundred pounds each. The large piece before illustrated weighs 4 pounds 9 ounces 11 pennyweights and 38 grains. It was doubtless a five-pound weight of copper or a quincussis.

The next coin of the Romans, which possesses peculiar interest to us, was the Denarius, which was originally worth ten Ases; but subsequently, when the As was reduced in value, became worth sixteen of the latter. This Denarius continued to be a Roman coin, was by them introduced into Britain, and, finally, reduced to be the silver penny of England; and to this day appears in English coinage as the letter D, which represents pence in the notation of £ *s.* *d.*

The As, by-the-way, let us remark, was used by the boys of Rome as coppers are now, and instead of "Head or Tail," they cried "Heads or Ship"—"Capita aut Navem," alluding to the heads of Janus and the prow of the ship on the opposite sides of the coin. The Semis or semi-As, the triens, the quadrans, the sextans, and the uncia (ounce), were respectively the half, third, fourth, sixth, and twelfth part of the As. The mite of the poor woman in the Bible was possibly an uncia, or a semi-uncia. For although in early Roman times these coins were of heavy weight, as their names indicate, yet in later times, and from time to time, the value of the As was reduced, until at the time of Christ it was worth about as much as an American cent is now, and the uncia was but a twelfth part of that.

It is not our purpose to trace the history of Roman coinage, but only to show sufficient of its character to be able to connect modern coins and coinage with it, since it is manifest that we can trace our use of coins very directly to the Roman nation.

The Denarius (Den-æris), or ten Æses, was first coined after the reduction of the value of the As to the equivalent of a little over one cent and a half of our money. The Denarius was then worth about as much as sixteen cents American. It was of the same value as the Greek

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drachma, and took its place in currency at Rome. It was coined first about 269 B.C.

Sixty years later the first gold was coined; but we will not weary the reader with any reference to it at present. The history of Roman coins is very perfect, from the large number of specimens which are possessed in modern collec-

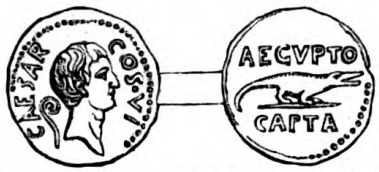


FIGURE 30.—COIN OF JULIUS CÆSAR (CONQUEST OF EGYPT).

tions. When the Empire was established, the successive Cæsars issued splendid coins and medals. These are extant, in numerous fine specimens. More than thirty thousand varieties of Roman coin are known, and the one collection at Paris contains more than that number. As Rome increased her power and extended her dominions she coined money for her various provinces and cities, and established mints in all parts of her empire. Thus we have thousands of specimens of Roman coin struck in all parts of the East, in the West, in Egypt, and at last in England.

The value that attaches to these coins in a

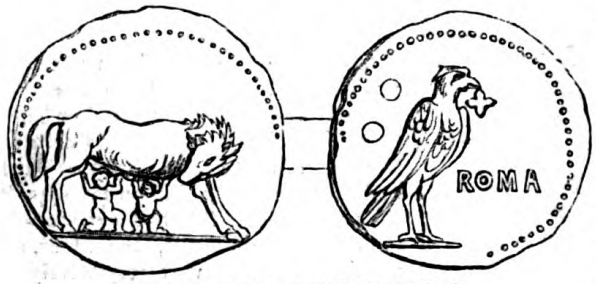


FIGURE 31.—A ROMAN COIN, OR MEDALET.

historical point of view need not here be dwelt upon. Take the period of Julius Cæsar. Such a coin as that on the conquest of Egypt (Figure 30), or another of Antony and Cleopatra, are of the utmost interest. So also that which commemorates the death of Julius Cæsar, bearing the daggers and the head of Brutus (Figure 32). The well-known symbols of the city, the wolf and twins, are found frequently (Figure 31). We have in our collection a small copper coin bearing this device, which is one of the most exquisite pieces of workmanship.

In the decay of the Empire the art of coinage became very debased. Many of the coins of the

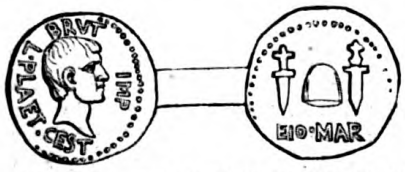


FIGURE 32.—COIN STRUCK UPON THE DEATH OF JULIUS CÆSAR, B.C. 44.



FIGURE 33.—COIN STRUCK ON THE DEATH OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

lower Empire are interesting as Christian memorials; but all of them indicate sadly the depression of art and good taste.

We give a few specimens of small coins,



FIGURE 34.—COLONIAL COIN OF CORINTH, IN THE TIME OF ANTONINUS PIUS.

through which the eye will readily detect the gradual loss of skill in the artists down to a very late period (Figures 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41).

The Mohammedans, meantime, began to coin in the East. The general style of their coinage is to be gathered from the specimens we give. The legends were passages from the Koran or wise sayings of their fathers.

We have in our collection a glass coin, which we procured from a fellah in the fields of Upper Egypt, which belongs to a series of very interesting coins, unlike those of any other period or country, and which are still a source of doubt and debate to numismatists.

During the Middle Ages the coin of Europe continued to be rude and unartistic. There is extant an old tapestried representation of the art as then pursued, and a curious bas-relief of a coiner at work is found on an old capital at St.



FIGURE 35.—COIN OF ARCADIUS, A.D. 400.

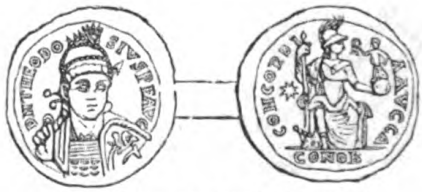


FIGURE 36.—COIN OF THEODOSIUS II.

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FIGURE 37.—COIN OF HONORIUS, A.D. 423.



FIGURE 38.—COIN OF LEO III., A.D. 717.



FIGURE 39.—COIN OF BASIL I. AND HIS SON CONSTANTINE, A.D. 880.



FIGURE 40.—COIN OF ALEXIUS II., EMPEROR OF TREBIZOND, A.D. 1204.



FIGURE 41.—COIN OF THE ROMAN SENATE, A.D. 1252 (S. PETRUS, SENATOR URBIS).

George de Boucherville, in Normandy (Figure 44).

Rome conquered and possessed Britain, and introduced her coinage there (Figure 45). The remains of Roman power in England are many, and none more interesting than these coins. The conquest of Britain formed a prominent legend on one coin of Antoninus Pius (Figure 46), and on another of the same monarch is found the first instance of the appearance of Britannia as a person on coin (Figure 47). This same figure of Britannia was adopted again in the seventeenth century, in the time of Charles II.; and it is said that the beautiful Frances Stuart was the model of the goddess on the coin of the later date, "especially," says Humphrey, "the leg, which was undraped in the design then adopted."



FIGURE 42.—GOLD DINAR OF A FATIMITE CALIPH, A.H. 429, STRUCK AT CAIRO, THEN MISR-EL-FOSTAT.



FIGURE 43.—COIN OF HAROUN AL RASCHID, A.D. 800.

Many coins had been issued for Britain before this. The earliest containing any specific allu-



FIGURE 44.—A COINER IN THE MIDDLE AGES (FROM A COLUMN IN NORMANDY).

sion to the country was in the time of Claudius, about A.D. 46, when a coin was struck bearing a

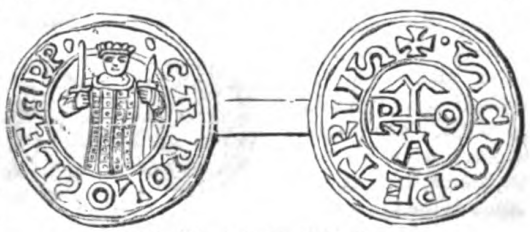


FIGURE 45.—COIN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

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FIGURE 46.—COIN OF ANTONINUS PIUS, COMMEMORATIVE OF HIS VICTORIES IN BRITAIN.



FIGURE 47.—THE EARLIEST FIGURE OF BRITANNIA ON A ROMAN COIN, FROM A COPPER COIN OF ANTONINUS PIUS

triumphal arch, rudely engraved, in honor of his triumph on the conquest of Britain.

But the early coins of the natives of the island possess even more interest than the importations of the Romans. One of the earliest of these now extant is attributed to the celebrated Boadicea. Specimens in gold have been found bearing the legend Boduo. Her name was probably originally Boduodicea. Some numismatists have fancied that these rude attempts at horses were imitations of the Greek coins of a period not long antecedent (Figure 49).

The advance of the art in England was not rapid. The *skeattæ* were the earliest Saxon coins. Of their value we know very little. In the laws of Æthelstan they are said to be mentioned, and 30,000 are spoken of as equivalent to £120. They gave place to the silver pennies of the Saxon kings, which continued in very regular succession, and form now a most interesting collection.

The "penny" was a word derived from the Latin *pecunia*, which we have before referred to in this article as originating the word "pecuniary." By some the word penny has been derived from "pendo," to weigh. The English adopted the word "cattle," and used it very much as the Latins may have used the word "pecus," to signify a man's property. From it came the word chattel, now in common use among lawyers, and recently in very familiar use in common conversation and newspaper articles.

Time and space would fail us to trace the progress of the art in England, and to show the endless varieties of coins brought into use in different periods of the history of the country. We have preferred rather to illustrate a few of the prominent specimens, and leave the reader to glance over them at his leisure. The curious legends, Scripture phrases, and pious sayings, which were from time to time adopted, make the coins oftentimes peculiarly interesting.

There have been times in the history of most modern nations when the monarch had either lost possession of the mint, or when the exigencies of the times compelled the immediate conversion of bullion or plate into money without



FIGURE 48.—SCARBOROUGH SIEGE-PIECE.



FIGURE 49.—EARLY BRITISH COINS.

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FIGURE 50.—NEWARK SIEGE-PIECE.

the minting process. Thus at sieges of cities it has frequently been found convenient to cut plate into squares, diamonds, or irregular shapes, and stamp on the pieces their respective values. These pieces are known as siege-pieces, and are prized by collectors as curious. The Newark and Scarborough pieces, issued by Charles II. (Figures 48 and 50), illustrate this style of money.



FIGURE 51.—GOLD NOBLE OF EDWARD III., A.D. 1330.
(Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat.)



FIGURE 52.—GOLD ANGEL OF EDWARD IV., A.D. 1461.
(Per crucem tuam salva nos, etc.)

Of the comparative rarity of English coins we shall not speak in this article, except to correct a blunder which has gained credit in all parts of the world. We once heard an ignorant man say that he wished he could find a Queen Anne's farthing, for it was worth more than a thousand pounds; and since that time we have heard the same idea expressed in various ways by the poor and uneducated of England and Ireland. Farthings of Queen Anne are by no means rare coins. Of one variety, that with the chariot on the reverse, there are but few specimens. This was probably commemorative of the peaceful reign of the Queen. The motto is "Pax missa per orbem." It, like all her farthings, was only a pattern piece, never attaining general circulation, and some copies of it were struck in gold. This fact probably gave rise to the rumor that a Queen Anne's farthing was very valuable, and led to the exaggerated notion now commonly entertained about it. We illustrate two of the varieties now found in many collections (Fig. 57).



FIGURE 53.—TESTOON (SHILLING) OF HENRY VIII., A.D. 1510.

COUNTERFEIT COINS.

The history of coinage involves some history of counterfeits as well. From the earliest dates of coins men have been found to imitate them in inferior metals for purposes of gain. Nor is it at all uncommon now to find ancient coins which were manifestly the work of forgers. Even the earliest coins, those of Ægina in particular, are found of this description. Herodotus states in the *Thalia* LVI. that he considers the report a very absurd one, but he nevertheless gives it, that Polycrates purchased the departure of the Lacedemonians from Samos by striking off "a large number of pieces of lead cased with gold like the coin of the country," and paying these to the unwary soldiers. The reader of Herodotus will couple this remark with the amusing and characteristic statement of the preceding section, that he (Herodotus) had talked in person with a son of Samius, who was the son of Archias, who was present at the siege of Samos. It is very manifest that in the day of the old historian bogus coin was a matter of common talk, and that it was well understood that it could be made so as to deceive even an army of hungry Lacedemonians. There are extant specimens of forged gold coins of Lydia, which Humphrey suggests may be specimens of the very coins made by Polycrates, Herodotus to the contrary notwithstanding. We have certainly no occasion to doubt the perfect readiness of Polycrates to adopt such a course. His general style of life and conduct, and his associates in Greece were of a similar class to those we now expect from counterfeiters and forgers.

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FIGURE 54.—DOUBLE RIAL OF MARY (GOLD).
(The legend is the following, abbreviated: A domino factum est istud et est mirabile in oculis nostris.)



FIGURE 55.—CROWN OF EDWARD VI., A.D. 1551.
(One of the earliest pieces with a date.)

From that day to this the manufacture of bogus coins has been the employment of the dishonest in all ages.

It may seem incredible that a bogus coin should be manufactured which is of higher intrinsic value than the genuine, and yet this singular instance did occur in Hayti within the last half century. The government coined base money; and while it regulated the importation of silver, so that the value of the coin should not be affected, it gave by decree a high value to the base issue. The result was that pure silver coin of the same weight or size with the genuine, and, of course, of greater value, were made in New York, smuggled into Hayti, and there passed at the rate of the genuine coin. Of course the bogus coin was worth more than the genuine coin of the realm.

But a species of forgery which more concerns the coin collector in America is the manufacture of ancient or rare coins in modern times. Many collectors, and even writers on numismatics, have been misled by forged coins, which were not even imitations of genuine. In Padua, about 1540, two engravers, Jean Cavino and Alexander Bassiano, were manufacturers of copies of coins and medals. They pursued this honest line of business until they became so skillful that their copies could not be detected from originals, and then they began to sell them as genuine coins and medals. Hence came the name Paduan, applied by collectors to any ancient coin of modern make. Dervien, a Frenchman at Florence, Carteron in Holland, and Congornier in France, were afterward celebrated in the same line. The latter is stated to have confined his work exclusively to coins of the Thirty Tyrants. The list of coiners might be largely multiplied. Sestini published, in 1826, a catalogue of the forged coins of Becker, who died at Hamburg so late as 1830. The number was immense of coins which he made from imagination purely, without any historical authority. The result of this is that there are now thousands of these coins in collections, and offered for sale by collectors throughout the world. The cheat has been carried so far that, in some of the cities of the East, it is not uncommon for men to have supplies of these manufactured coins buried, and "excavate" them before the eyes of travelers, to whom they at once sell them at enormous prices.

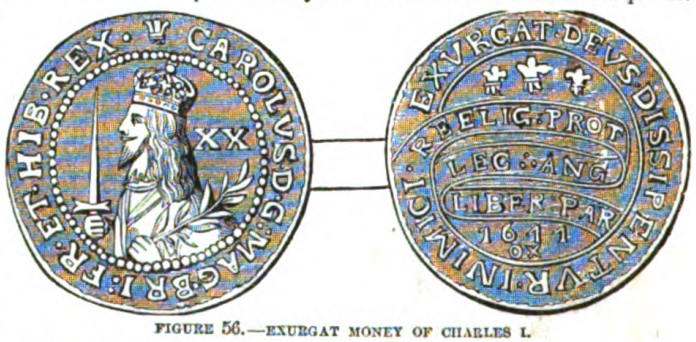


FIGURE 56.—EXURGAT MONEY OF CHARLES I.



FIGURE 57.—FARTHINGS OF QUEEN ANNE.

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We have ourselves seen countless numbers of them offered for sale in Cairo, Smyrna, Athens, and other cities of the Levant.

But these are not the only manufactured coins. The most rare and costly of modern coins are of tempting value to counterfeiters, and not a few fine pieces, contained in collections and ranking high in catalogues, are manifestly manufactured coins.

Another style of forgery consists in splitting ancient coins and substituting the reverses. Thus a coin of Augustus might be produced with a reverse known only to coins of Diocletian, and the result would command a high price from a collector; while the Diocletian, with the reverse that belonged to Augustus, would bring an equally high price from another.

In America the art of manufacturing coins for collectors is well understood. We have seen many rare and splendid coins imitated very closely, and no one but an experienced collector can rely on his judgment in purchasing from strangers. But Roman or Greek coins command no prices in America, where the mania for collecting coins is almost wholly confined to the American series. These form a subject of great historic interest, and to the coins and coinage of America we propose to devote another article.

CAPTAIN GAYLORD'S WILL.

IT was an evening in early summer. Around a large, old-fashioned kitchen fire-place a group of persons had gathered, lured rather by the flickering light than by the warmth, for doors and windows stood wide open. Old women they were all; and they drew close together and talked with many an emphatic nod and significant gesture. Except the fire no light was in the room, and as the flame rose and fell on the hearth the fantastic shadows of the old women jerked and leaped on the wall opposite, in a manner wonderful to behold.

A simultaneous turning of heads greeted the entrance of another woman; she bore in her hand a large flat candlestick, carefully shielding the flaring flame past the current of air.

"Any change, Mrs. Spooner?" said one of the group, addressing her who had just joined them.

"Not to speak of," replied the latter. "He keeps a failing, slow but steady. Likely now he'll last till about break of day. Here is a curious winding-sheet," she continued; "I've seen a good many, and I don't know as ever I see a perfecter one." She pointed to a singular form which the material of the candle had assumed from too rapid melting, a sort of loop or shaving depending at its side.

"Sure enough, no more did I!" exclaimed a toothless, bent old crone, who had risen, the better to examine the wonder. "Well, well, what's to be, will be! That's what I said—last night was't, or night afore? I heard a dog howling; I don't know nothing whose dog 'twas, but I heard him howl three times; and next morning I said, says I, 'Something is going to happen.' Nabby Ann, she thinks it's all a notion, but says I, 'You mind my words, something's going to happen.'"

"Well," spoke another, who was rheumatic and hobbled with a staff, "I've heard the death-watch going lately, by the half hour together, I guess—for I don't sleep well o' nights. Well, we're all likely to be called—old and young, rich and poor, we must all go; just as likely me as another, for what I know." And she wound up with an asthmatic cough, which made her drop the staff as well as the old shawl wrapped around her. With a little aid she was all right again, and observing that it was growing late, she bade the others good-night, and shuffled off into the darkness.

For it was a murky night; neither moon nor stars were visible. Now and then a gust of wind swept by, stirring into a weird shivering the foliage of the old trees that stood near, and then giving place to a stillness so perfect that the ticking of the house clock on the landing, through three or four intervening rooms, grew distinctly audible.

"Who'll the property be like to go to?" said one of the lingerers. "Whoever gets it will be well off. They say there's thirty acres and better to this; then there's the great Beech-hill wood-lot—good hard wood, I've heard Noah say; hard wood's worth money now. Besides, there's the Crossfield farm over in Putney; bank-stock, too, by all accounts. He's been a hard man, though," lowering her tone; "hard to his own kin. Them that knows says that when the family used to live down to Newburyport—that's twenty years ago and more—there was three girls; and two was like him, grand and stiff, and they two was old maids. The other one, she was the youngest, she liked a young man, and he liked her, and nothing the matter only he was poor and had his own way to make. So then they all set their faces against it; but she was high strung, too, and set out she'd have her own way. They broke her spirit though, for they just give out that she was deranged, and locked her up in a room, and for fear she would get out of the windows they went and nailed boards over 'em, all only a streak at the top."

Grown very earnest in what she was relating, the old creature had unconsciously elevated her voice. She now bethought herself, and, lifting her shaking head, glanced cautiously around the room; then, having taken a pinch of snuff from a box fished out of the depths of a huge pocket, and having proffered the same solace to her companion, she went on:

"And so, finally, the young man, him that wanted to have her, he got discouraged and went away to foreign parts. All the while the brother and sisters, dressed out in the best of every thing, silks and satins and broad-cloth, they used to go riding up and down in their coach, with a nigger to drive. Nabby Ann, our Noah's wife, her father's second wife was a widow when he married her, and when her first husband was

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living, he was a Brice, they used to live down nigh Newburyport, and she's seen 'em come nipping along into church, proud as peacocks, with their green velvet cloaks trimmed off with fur, and feathers in their bonnets, and all; and him with a gold knob on his cane and gold-bowed specs; and then just to think of that poor creature at home, shivering in a night-gown, like enough, all alone: they never let hired help go nigh her. Well, they've gone long ago to give their accounts, the sisters have, and now his turn is come. I say, if the Lord ain't mercifuler to him than he was to her, it'll go mighty hard with him—that's all."

"What's ever become of her?" said the one who enacted listener, and who manifested her interest in the story by an appropriate accompaniment of groans, gestures, and ejaculations.

"When she got pretty well broke down, and that wasn't till they had been living here a good while, it began to be too much trouble to have her in the house. So then she was sent off somewhere, to them that would do it for pay, to be taken care of."

"And didn't the young man ever come back?"

"Not as I heard of. The Gaylords had a younger brother, and he followed the sea. Somehow or other he never used to come nigh the rest of them, and when he married a wife he took her to live in England. It got to him there how things was going on, and he sent a letter that she should come and live with him. So then their backs were up. By-and-by he started to come to this country, him and his family, and the ship was a wreck; near about all the passengers was lost, and him among them. His wife and a baby was saved. She had friends, so I suppose they took care of her and her child."

A little barefooted maiden now came pattering up to the door. "Granny," said she, "mother says, will you come home now, for it's pitch dark and like to rain?"

So they went away together. They were near neighbors and lived at half a furlong's distance, by the side of the highway, from which a chestnut-shaded avenue led to Captain Gaylord's dwelling. The noise they made in departing awoke Nancy, the kitchen-girl, who, after a busy day's work, had fallen asleep on a bench in the porch just outside the door. Finding the room vacated, she closed the windows and then sat down on the step, watching the rivers of lightning that kept pouring across the inky mass of clouds in the west.

A girl of fourteen or thereabouts appeared at the door of the adjoining room; she spoke as one having authority.

"Go to bed, Nancy. See that every thing is ready for the watchers, and bring me a glass of water—fresh from the well, mind—and then you go to bed."

Nancy obeyed the directions, one and all, muttering to herself as she ascended the stairs to her own apartment: "Ain't no lady about her neither, nohow: ordering round! mean as dirt! I despise her!"

The young lady to whom the remark applied was Miss Hannah Maria Spooner, daughter of Captain Gaylord's housekeeper.

In a large dimly-lighted upper room, on a bed from which the curtains were drawn away to give the air free access, lay the sick man, evidently near death. He was dozing, but in a broken slumber, often starting and looking around, as if he had half forgotten where he was. At times, too, he talked in his sleep, but for the most part indistinctly; once, indeed, he wrought himself into a state of almost fierce excitement against an imaginary opponent. He awoke then, and for a few minutes his mind still wandered, and he asked what was that heavy, beating sound; but there was no sound at all, and he presently dozed off again. The physician, Doctor Reid, and Matthew Horton, the watcher, sat near. Mrs. Spooner, desiring them to summon her if needful, retired to her own room.

The thunder-storm of that night was remembered in the neighborhood for years. Bolt after bolt of lurid fire left its scathing mark. An elm at the gate was splintered to the root. Now the old man slept quietly, undisturbed by the tumult; his heavy, stern features had lost no whit of their usual resolute expression, the thick gray brows were drawn closely together over the shut eyes, the hard mouth was firmly compressed. The night wore on, and the storm was spent. The clouds were scattered, and wherever the moonlight found a rift in the foliage of the trees it glided downward, and lay white and lovely on the grass beneath. When it slanted through the windows of the sick room, and fell on the pale face of the old man, it met an answering calm. The soul was sundered from its earthly dwelling. Let us hope that mercy was dealt to him in more generous measure than he had meted to others.

No mourner followed Captain Gaylord to his grave; for all that there was a great funeral after the New England country fashion, and a very long procession. Many of the poorer sort were glad of a chance for once to enter the grand parlors, to see the marvels with which they were said to be furnished. There were the brilliant carpets, the shining crimson curtains, the pianoforte, brought, it was said, from over seas; sofas and chairs all cushioned with bright velvet, looking-glasses reaching from ceiling to floor, with broad gilded frames, richly colored pictures, great gorgeous vases, and a hundred knick-knacks, of which none there knew the name or use. Country people, old men in homespun and clouted shoon, and old women in dim calico and dimmer cotton shawls, sat on the costly seats, and looked and wondered, with a thought of the rich man and Lazarus. Open-mouthed, round-eyed urchins stood on the softly-carpeted stairs, and kicked their restless little feet against the polished mahogany balusters. Little girls alternately smelled at their nosegays of pinks and southernwood, and shyly eyed the unaccustomed splen-

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dors, now and then exchanging a still whisper. The house was well filled for once.

When the clergyman had concluded his remarks and prayer, Squire Breed, who always presided over funerals of high degree, desired those who wished once more to look upon "our departed friend," to avail themselves of the present opportunity. I warrant you every one did take a peep, young and old. What a beautiful coffin! real mahogany, and all lined with white satin! Very still and pale the haughty Captain lay there and let them look, one and all, as much as ever they liked. Afterward the lid was screwed down, the coffin lifted by its silvered handles, and the Captain borne, feet foremost, through his splendid hall, down his handsome stone steps, along his shaded gravel-walk, never to come back again. "You will now please fall into procession!" says Squire Breed, authoritatively marshaling them. Every body obeys. First, after the clergyman and the bearers, come Mrs. Spooner and Hannah Maria, the former in a smart black silk, the latter in yellow barége; then a motley line, but orderly nevertheless; and the very trio who had sat in judgment by the kitchen fire-place failed not to bring up the rear. The bell tolled, and they walked slowly along. It was a calm, delicious afternoon in June when they carried Captain Gaylord to his last home—something less imposing, thought the followers, than that which he left behind. The costly coffin was inclosed in one of pine, and as the bearers lowered their burden into the narrow bed, six feet beneath the green sward, the birds trolled out glad carols, as if they had come to an especial merry-making. Two white marble slabs, close at hand, marked the graves of the Misses Sarah and Clementina Gaylord. Where was the third sister, the poor Fanny?

Had Captain Gaylord imagined that he kept his own affairs entirely to himself? Deluded man! He had known Mrs. Spooner to be a tolerably thrifty housekeeper, but he had never approximated an appreciation of her powers. There was not a pigeon-hole in his secretary whose contents were not known to her just as well as to himself; and long ago, little by little, there had come into her mind, first the possibility, next the desire, and, lastly, the determination, to avail herself of this knowledge. How many times it had happened that a will was laid away in some unsuspected place, and not brought to light, even for years! What harm if it so fell out in this case? She would not destroy a will—not for all the world—but was not her son, Ephraim Spooner, down at Greenfield, a shrewd lawyer? and there, too, resided the young person on whom this will conferred almost the whole of the great Gaylord estate; farms, bonds, and mortgages, bank-stock, and what not. Mrs. Spooner had indeed "indulged a hope" of finding her own services properly signalized; she was not so much as mentioned in the document. And since this was the case, what wonder that she dwelt upon the subject till she fancied that she could descry, though as yet only dimly and afar off, a way by which Ephraim's interests, and her own at the same time, might be promoted! At any rate she would not lose the chances; and so the will, duly executed—she knew enough to understand that—was, on the very day after the Captain's demise, transferred to a large-print copy of Josephus, and deposited at the bottom of a large wooden chest, the property of Mrs. Spooner, there for the present safely to repose.

That lady had little cause of complaint, however. During the years of her administration in that household she had received an ample, even a liberal compensation; for the Captain, to do him justice, was never close about money matters. Besides, he had allowed her to bring her daughter there, thus providing her a home free of expense. Now the most eligible plan Mrs. Spooner could devise was to betake herself to Greenfield, and form with Ephraim a joint-stock association in housekeeping—the expenses to be divided between them. She represented to him that, in this way, he could most cheaply compass the largest share of creature comforts; and as she knew that he would not regard it an exactly equitable arrangement that she should be furnished with bed and board for two, while contributing only a moiety of the cost, she farther planned that Hannah Maria should go on a visit to some far-away cousins to attend school, and pay her way by dint of working out of school hours. These circumstances all fell out precisely as she had forecordained.

A mile west of Putney village stands a deserted mill, doorless and windowless, seemingly in the last stages of decay. A solitary hemlock-tree standing near stretches its long, sombre branches quite across the sunken-in roof. Time is doing his best to efface every vestige of the ancient dam, and the brawling mill-stream leaps from gray rock to rock along its descending bed, and then disappears in the gloom of a ravine whose sides approach so near that the trunk of a fallen tree, chance-directed, bridges the chasm. A traveled road, a noted thoroughfare in the palmy days of stage-coaches, skirts the right bank of the stream, separated from it only by a low wall, or rather lengthened pile of stones, gathered from the carriage track; opposite ascends a range of pasture lands, by courtesy so called, strewn thickly with masses and splinters of rock of every imaginable shape and size. Blackened stumps, with here and there a tall trunk, charred and defiant of decay, attest that the element of fire has contributed to the ghastly dreariness of the place. A plentiful growth of briers has followed in the wake of the devastator, and a solitary tree, which has miraculously escaped, clings with brown, talon-shaped roots around the seamed and lichen-spotted granite. This drear-looking tract is sundered from the road by a fence sufficiently formidable to protect a far more tempting domain. The aspect of the inclosure sufficiently justifies its appellation—the Devil's Quarry.

A stone's-throw from the old mill the road curves around the base of the ascent, and beyond

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this curve the country wears quite another look. On the right rises the steep, well-wooded hill; on the left spreads a broad, green valley, with a clear, shining river flowing through its depths. The mill-stream, freed from its imprisoning walls, runs a quieter course, expanding when it reaches the level into a smooth pool, or pond, starred thick with white lilies, and sending off its surplus waters a tribute to the near river. Just at the most charming point, looking downward across the valley, and upward toward the spiry pines, stands a small, well-sheltered, pleasant-looking dwelling. A thicket of sweet-brier entirely conceals one end of the house; great clumps of barberry-bushes grow around it—that shrub against which the wheat-growers hold an invincible prejudice, but which is in itself extremely beautiful, assuming, as almost invariably it does, the form of a gigantic wheat-sheaf. It is one of my own prime favorites, from its earliest tiny leaves, as they emerge from the dark gray stem, with their dainty shape, velvety texture, and bright emerald green; then through the flowering time, those pretty panicles of lemon-hued flowers, with the mysterious stamens sensitive and alert at the approach of an intruder; and, finally, with its crowning glory, those exquisite drooping clusters of scarlet berries, like Fair Rosamond's mouth, "so dyed double red."

This house, long ago, was the miller's, and besides the house, certain acres, known as the Crossfield farm. There are people who seem to live in the world solely as targets for the arrows of outrageous fortune. Joseph Wetherell was one of these. A well-disposed, industrious man he was always; but, as the neighbors said, unlucky. He was long a tenant on this farm, which at length fell as an inheritance to his wife. Joseph ventured to hope that this circumstance was the turning in the tide of his affairs, and for a season things really bade fair to go prosperously with him. Then came a reverse; his children, one after another, sickened and died, all save one, who had gone to seek his fortune elsewhere before these hard times came. The mother, feeble and despondent always, lost all heart after her children's death, and soon followed them. Sickness brings expense, and to meet it, Joseph had been obliged to mortgage his farm; he could not redeem it, and one fine day he found himself fairly dispossessed, out of work and out of doors. So then he set his face Westward, to find a shelter with a kind-hearted and more fortunate brother, one who had already repeatedly urged him to come and try his luck where lands were better and stones fewer. It had chanced that the Crossfield farm, after changing owners two or three times, fell into the hands of Captain Gaylord, and it happened, moreover, that Philip, the absent son of Joseph Wetherell, was the rejected suitor of poor Fanny Gaylord.

Luke Tuft, and his sister, the widow Wilcox, were tenants of the farm at the time with which we have to do. Luke was a very small man, lithe and alert enough to delude you into the belief, unless you noticed his oldish face, keen, shrewd, close-set eyes, and the pent-house lid of stiff grayish hair projecting over them, that he was really a boy. Perhaps his ordinary garb contributed to this misconception; his "every-day clothes," in contradistinction from Sunday gear, including always a supernumerary garment worn exteriorly, exactly like an exaggerated pinafore, fashioned in winter of striped blue woolen, and in summer of tow cloth, with over-alls to match. Mrs. Wilcox was much the more considerable-looking personage of the two. If she had honestly avowed what epithets she thought best expressive of her distinguishing traits, she would have said, "smart, sensible, and serious." She was tolerably good-natured, and yet despotic over Luke, whom she had taught his place, and kept in it, albeit he made sometimes a feeble, rush-light show of independence. She was tall, stout, and rosy; she had a liking for reasonable outward adornings, such as gay-colored calicoes, bright shawls, and caps with plenty of handsome bows of ribbon. Wind or rain, nothing kept her within doors when she chose to go out. She greatly delighted in "conference-meetings," and sometimes availed herself of the implied permission: "If any of the sisters have remarks to make an opportunity is afforded." Does it betoken retrogression, I wonder, that there is less of this particular manifestation of courtesy nowadays than formerly? or have the lordly sex proved, perhaps, in this as in other things, that, if you give them an inch the sisters will take an ell? And whatever is the reason that the sisters' voices, however agreeable and low-toned they might be in ordinary conversation, used invariably to shrill up to that ear-piercing key whose pathetic, scared quavering alone, by exciting our commiseration, held in abeyance our sense of the ludicrous!

Mrs. Wilcox and her brother had a boarder. In fact, their tenure of the premises was on the express condition that this boarder should find with them a permanent home. Food, firing, every thing was furnished her—the boarder was a woman—and, moreover, the munificent sum of fifty dollars a year. It was down in black and white, and the papers were in a lawyer's hands, so there was no evading the conditions. Howbeit, no disposition to evasion was manifested. The person was not a troublesome boarder, only she had some whimseys which must be complied with to the letter; for instance, it was her pleasure to have her meals brought to her own room; she occupied but one. At first Mrs. Wilcox proposed that they should add to the enjoyment of their refections the zest of each other's society, but the boarder evinced then that the extreme calmness of her usual demeanor was not a part of herself, and could on occasion be laid aside—she would take her repasts exclusively by herself; and, on the whole, Mrs. Wilcox found this order of things rather more agreeable than that which herself had devised; for another peculiarity on the part of the new inmate was an unconquerable reluctance to meet unfamiliar people. She

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seemed instinctively aware of any unwonted arrival, and on such an occasion the tall sweet-brier which grew almost to the top of her window, and which she would not allow to be interfered with, was not shield sufficient; she drew the curtains close, even if that compelled her to sit in the twilight. Nevertheless, one did sometimes accidentally encounter the recluse. I myself did once. I had seen, in riding by the Devil's Quarry, an incredible quantity of unripe blackberries, and sufficient time having elapsed to bring them to perfection, I beguiled two little friends, members of the household where I was a guest, to accompany me to the gathering. They, however, preferred prospecting for squirrels; so I filled my own basket and sat down on a rock to await their return. While I was there, a woman of slender, bent figure came around the hill. She approached so near that I could quite distinctly see her features. I never looked on a living face so fixed, so stony, as if not happiness only, but the memory of it, were gone. She was meagre and sallow, the corners of the mouth were drawn downward, the cheeks hollowed, shriveled, lined; the eyes looked as if they had been sodden with tears till no color was left on them, till their very texture was changed: the hair, so much of it as was visible, was whiter than the poor pale forehead it shaded. She wore an antiquated sort of bonnet, a "calash," green in color, and much like the modern "ugly;" around her neck was an odd-looking, profuse, elaborately-embroidered frill; though the day was warm, she had wrapped around her a netted shawl of crimson wool, so large that it descended almost to her feet.

This time, certainly, she was not forewarned of a strange presence, for she walked leisurely along, stopping here and there to gather some of the white immortal flowers or large purple asters which grew around; and when she had come to a point whence she could best see the old mill she stood still, and, shading her dim eyes with her withered hand, looked wistfully over toward it for a few minutes, motionless as the dead pine trunk beside her. The blue sky was full of white, shining clouds, and the shadow of one of these fell around her; it seemed to chill her, for she shivered slightly, and drew her shawl closer. Then presently, as if her errand were accomplished, she turned and slowly walked toward the house, out of sight again. I confess freely that I followed her with eyes full of tears, for she seemed to have passed the gate on which is written—"Lasciate ogni speranza."

And this poor creature was what remained of Fanny Gaylord, the high-spirited, headstrong maiden who, a score of years ago, had roundly avowed to the face of her haughty brother and sisters her fixed resolve, in defiance of their opposition, to give her hand, as she had already given her love, to one whose only pretensions were worth, ability, and a strong attachment to herself. The trio, one and all, were disgusted, outraged, perplexed. But if she were determined, so were they no less, and they were three to one. Heaven only knows what measures they used to break down that high will to their own overweening pride; but they never flinched, and when one of the sisters died she left her mantle to the other; and when the second died, the brother found the work so completely done to his hand that he needed only to look about and find a home for Fanny with some quiet people, living far enough distant to take her well out of his way. The Crossfield farm had by this time come into Captain Gaylord's hands, and when Luke Tuft came to see about taking it, incidentally it came out in the conversation that Mrs. Wilcox was a very suitable person to take charge of Captain Gaylord's invalid sister—for that is what she had now become. If the thought ever presented itself that the place in question was the old home of Philip Wetherell, it was probably too insignificant for consideration. The affair was speedily decided, and as speedily executed. When Fanny Gaylord knew that she was about to change her abode, she said neither yea nor nay; she took no trouble about it, nor needed. Such clothing as she already had was packed for removal, and such as she required to have made was prepared without her voice in the matter. She passively put on bonnet and shawl when they were brought to her, and when, after this, she was left alone a few minutes, she went furtively to a bureau, and, pulling out a drawer, took from a hiding-place a little faded morocco pocket-book, which she hastily concealed about her person, and then, when they called her, she went away.

Fifteen years and more she had been shut up in that room. She had entered it still full of passionate resistance—still full of the energy of young life. She had been very beautiful, with a face brilliant as an oleander blossom, dark flashing eyes, and hair a proverb for its richness and lustre; she had been noted for grace and elegance of manner. And now she went away almost as veritable a corpse as if she had been carried in her coffin. Her brother stood at the window of his front parlor, thinking it wise to avoid excitement, and congratulating himself that it was all so quietly and expeditiously managed. She did not see him; she never once looked up. If she felt an added trouble at this change in her life, she kept it well to herself. The room assigned her in the new home she took without remark, and never voluntarily remained a moment in any other. Sometimes she went out a little way into the fields near the house, but she never spoke to any one whom she met, nor would she ever go to church. Often at night she had been heard walking about her room till a late hour. Sometimes she wrought assiduously at her old-fashioned needle-work or netting, at other times she spent whole weeks in listless inaction. One thing alone seemed to have a permanent interest for her, she liked to read the column of ship news in the weekly Boston paper, which Mrs. Wilcox and another "sister" took in partnership. To be sure the intelligence was none of the freshest by the time it reached Miss Gaylord,

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since the other partner had the first reading of the paper, but that circumstance no whit diminished the particularity with which every item was perused. Mrs. Wilcox, to do her justice, when she observed this inclination of Miss Gaylord's, administered to it very cheerfully.

One summer afternoon, when Mrs. Wilcox had been decorating with a fresh purple ribbon her brown straw bonnet, and was holding it off at a little distance to observe the effect, Luke came into the house at an unwonted hour, and with an independent briskness of step, rather foreign to his usual indoor demeanor. He planted himself in a chair, took off his straw-hat, and seeing no convenient place of deposit in his immediate vicinity, aimed it at a nail in the wall which it did not hit, and failing to hit, fell directly into the water-pail. The splash made Mrs. Wilcox look around, and the survey made her come at once to the rescue of the hat, and the immediate and violent purification of the water-pail, with plenty of appropriate remarks.

"You won't have to write that next letter to Captain Gaylord," said Luke, somewhat irrelevantly as it seemed.

"What do you mean to say by that?" asked his sister, a little sharply.

"He won't be likely to read any more letters, I guess," answered Luke.

"Is Captain Gaylord dead?" inquired Mrs. Wilcox, with a changed tone, her energetic action suddenly arrested.

"He's dead and gone," replied Luke; "if you know where he's gone, you know a heap more'n I do."

"Let us hope that he has entered into his reward," said Mrs. Wilcox. You see it was a way she had of talking.

"By all accounts that's exactly what he wouldn't like to enter into," rejoined Luke, whose way was a different one. They do say, "sister Wilcox"—just a *soupçon* of irony in that —"that he's been an all-fired hard case in some respects. I've nothing special against him myself; him and me always kept square. But I shouldn't want to swop with him now."

His sister took no notice of this remark; she was thoughtful and silent for the space of five minutes. "Well, I don't see," said she at length, "as it's going to make any odds with us. At all events, we shall all go on for the present, I suppose, just as we have. And now you're here, you can fasten that loose hinge of the wood-shed door."

"Ephraim Spooner, Esquire," in bright yellow letters on a green ground, indicated to all whom it might concern that a fountain of law was accessible in the little one-story office over the way from the new brick hotel in Greenfield. Mr. Spooner's residence was in the rear of his office, and a continuation of the same edifice. In a small, dingy apartment, which served the several uses of kitchen, dining-room, and sitting-room, Mrs. Spooner, with the skirt of her dress carefully pinned up out of harm's way, with her cap strings fastened at the back of her head, and with a general fly-away appearance, moved to and fro settling the room after the final meal of the day. These were different times from those of her dominion in Captain Gaylord's household. But then, it is incredible how little she contrived to live upon, herself and Ephraim. And the latter yielded the kitchen department to her sway without misgiving; he knew well it could not be in more frugal hands. This evening, by the same solitary lamp which illuminated her labors, Ephraim sat and pored over some hard-featured manuscripts, evidently of the species law-paper.

"Which was right, Ephraim, you or I, about the Fithian place?" said Mrs. Spooner, as she carefully set away in a closet some scraps of cold viands, and then, opening a door, rewarded the hungry mew of a gaunt-looking cat with a thrust into the outer darkness—"only that, and nothing more." A current of air extinguished the lamp, and while his mother sought and found a match wherewith to relight it, Mr. Spooner did not vary his position. He sat with his chair tilted back, and his feet elevated to the mantlepiece behind the rusty cooking-stove, which did double duty, not only preparing the food for their delectation, but also furnishing requisite warmth in cold weather. Ephraim's attitude, it is true, imposed on his mother the necessity of making a considerable circuit in the performance of some of her avocations, but neither of them seemed to regard that circumstance.

The query was repeated before it elicited a reply; "I can't tell you more about it than I could day before yesterday."

"Why didn't you go to the clerk's office? Didn't you find the record?"

"I went to the office, but there was nothing there. Just what you might expect. The man who was so high that no house but the best in town was good enough for him—who was so free with his money that a hundred dollars, more or less, would not stand in his way in a bargain—was, as I should think he would be, just fool enough to neglect seeing the deed recorded."

Mrs. Spooner kept her sharp little eyes fixed on Ephraim's. "What harm can come of that? It is not too late for it to be done still, is it?"

"Suppose the deed got lost, and there was nothing to show he ever bought the place or paid for it. I don't see then what hold his heirs have got on it."

Ephraim resumed the papers he had been examining. Mrs. Spooner, who during the discourse had been regulating her cap and dress, now took her knitting work and sat down on the flag-bottomed rocking-chair. But she was so intent on evolving in her own mind what might be Ephraim's reserved forces—for, like all wary people's, his speech was to his thought what the shop-keeper's inch "sample" is to the wide-spread glories of his delaines and calicoes—that the gray woolen stocking remained motionless in her suspended hand. Presently she smiled a slow, grim smile to herself, and, adjusting her knitting-sheath and spectacles, fell vigorously to work.

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Some of the circumstances in question were these: A valuable estate was offered for sale at a fraction of its real worth. Ephraim, whose worldly possessions would not have availed to pay for half of it, had nevertheless—the time being one of great money-pressure and himself justly reputed a close-fisted, accumulative man—ventured to make the purchase; shrewdly confident that Mr. Fithian, whom he knew to be looking about for a pleasant homestead, would take the bargain off his hands. The event justified his foresight; the transfer was made, leaving Ephraim a gainer by the transaction to an amount not very startling certainly, but yet sufficient to encourage him in his favorite dream—that he should live to see himself the richest man in Greenfield. Mr. Fithian had scarcely become the occupant of his new home when he suddenly died, leaving his possessions to Miss Helen Fithian, his sole surviving child; and here that lady, still Miss Fithian, had ever since resided. She would have been very lonely but for the presence of her young friend and relative, Grace Fithian Gaylord, the daughter of her deceased and only sister. In a recent railroad disaster one of the witnesses to the deed about which Ephraim and his mother were discoursing had been gathered to his fathers. The remaining witness was Mrs. Spooner herself.

Mrs. Spooner, then, sat pondering these things when she heard a light tap at the door, and, opening it, discovered the very individual with whom her thoughts had just now for one moment been occupied—Lucy Hill, the village dress-maker. Lucy smilingly accepted an invitation to enter, Ephraim meanwhile having suddenly retreated to his own sanctum, the office, leaving the intervening door ajar, so that he could still, if he liked, listen to the conversation. She was a rather pretty girl, Lucy Hill, with a broad rosy face, eyes like black beads, and smooth, shining hair; she was very deft with her needle, and therefore much in request. It was surmised that she had money laid up in the Savings bank.

She had come to see if Mrs. Spooner couldn't wait a little while about the new waist to her black silk dress. Miss Fithian wanted her the rest of this week and the next. She had already finished two dresses, and there were several more. Usually Miss Fithian and Miss Gaylord sewed with her, but they were going to Springfield Wednesday morning, and would not be home till Friday night; so that left her the more to do.

Mrs. Spooner was quite unusually gracious to Lucy this evening; so was Ephraim too, for he did what he had never done before; when he heard Lucy preparing to depart he came out from the office, as if accidentally, and seeing her at the door offered to escort her home.

Lucy was pleased at this; it was really a distinction. For though Mr. Spooner was any thing but personally agreeable, being in fact a little notorious for homeliness both of aspect and demeanor, he was still a man of mark, because he was of those who, given the mere postulate of time, are sure to turn out rich.

It is wonderful how accessible are some women's hearts. Ephraim was the merest empiric; I do not suppose he had ever before tried his skill in any thing of the kind, but before he had seen Lucy to Miss Fithian's gate—to be sure he led her a rather roundabout way—he had convinced her, without saying it out either, that he had long been her ardent though silent admirer. Nay, he had ventured mystically to hint, that if all the people in the world had their due, that very mansion, imposing as it looked there, with its ivy-wreathed verandas, and handsome French windows through whose transparent curtains the solar lamp shone with such cheerful brilliancy, would, in all probability, belong to another than its present occupant.

"You see, Lucy," said the wily serpent, "I speak right out to you. In fact, I feel to-night—you must excuse me, but I can't help it—just as if our interests were somehow connected."

Lucy, poor little foolish thing, said she was sure she took an interest—she did not know how to finish.

"Don't you think you could come and see mother a while to-morrow evening?" asked Ephraim. "Mother thinks a great deal of you. She was saying this morning she wished you would come oftener."

Lucy didn't know but she could; she guessed she might, perhaps.

Ephraim bade her good-night at the gate, leaving her in a flutter of silly delight; while he, deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, was congratulating himself, and despising her for this facile success, which he chose to regard as an earnest of the results of a far more important scheme—one, indeed, seen by himself as yet, only as through a glass, darkly.

The next morning Miss Fithian sat in the breakfast-room, reading. It was just a pleasant room; every thing about it, the mistress included, looked altogether sensible, tasteful, and comfortable. The table, spread for the morning refection, looked charmingly attractive, particularly the glittering coffee-service. Entered Daphne, an ebony-hued matron, with shining face, her crisped locks decorated with a turban, winged like the cap of Mercury, and fashioned out of a crimson and yellow Madras handkerchief. She brought in one hand a pitcher of milk, and in the other, a dish lined with vine-leaves and heaped with brilliant scarlet strawberries. At another door came in Grace Gaylord, bringing a basket full of flowers, among them some superb moss-roses, with the dew-spangles still on them.

"Look, Aunt Helen!" said she; "look! what beauties! and there are buds enough to keep us supplied with plenty of such for a fortnight. Besides, those in the north garden have hardly begun to come on yet. Do you know what a perfect morning it is? Just listen to the birds!"

"You oughter heard 'em this mornin'," said Daphne, with a toss of her turban. "When I got up the clock hadn't struck four, and they was a-goin' it."

"Too early, Daphne!" said Miss Fithian.

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"You should keep better hours; five o'clock is quite soon enough for you."

"Bless you! no, Miss Fithian," returned Daphne. I couldn't lie abed till five o'clock, nohow! Fust place, I put the bread spongin' last night, so's to get it riz and baked 'fore it's hot. Next place, I milked; Horner gives the big tin pail full; can't bear to have a man mussin' roun' an' milkin'; never could! Next place, I churned. Butter looks ef cows lived on dandelions; just you look in that creamer! Takes a sight o' cream for our family, but we've got enough, thank goodness!"

She busied herself placing the chairs at the table and bringing vases for the flowers, and went on: "Come, Miss Lucy!"—to the young woman in the next room, of which the door stood open—"come and eat your breakfast. Lie abed in the mornin'!" repeated she. "Wouldn't do it if I had to pick up chips 'n throw 'em down again! Why, ain't no time o' day so pleasant as the fresh of the morning! Old Miss Sperry sent you word you don't send her no more black tea, cause it don't agree with her; much as she could do to drink it. She says poor folks got feelin's to 'em all the same as rich folks." Daphne's eyes and teeth glittered more than usual, for she enjoyed the humor of this, old Mrs. Sperry for a long time having been Miss Fithian's pensioner.

"Very well, Daphne; send her green tea the next time, and some white sugar, too," said Miss Fithian.

"She wants a frock for little Nance," continued Daphne; "something that won't tear, she says, cause she don't want to keep patchin'; her eyes is got to be poor. You better get her a good strong home-made gingham. I'll sew it for her myself, if you'll let Lucy cut it out."

"I'll attend to it at once, Daphne," said Grace; "any thing else?"

"Susy Lee's been here to tell you somebody's put her cow into the pound, and she hain't got no money to get her out again. She says she'll work, but I told her we ain't got nothing for her to do. I'm pestered myself to find enough to keep me from settin' holdin' my hands. But I knowed you'd help her, all the same, cause she's poor."

This matter also was arranged.

"My scissors stuck in the floor last night," pursued Daphne; "they pinted right that way; so somebody's comin' from there. And there was three letters in my candle; so you see if you don't hear from somebody or other to-day." She had spent her quiver, and disappeared kitchenward.

Miss Fithian and Grace talked over the practicability of a flight of rude stone steps down the slope from the back of the garden to the river. When this subject and the breakfast were disposed of, Grace took her way to the village, half a mile distant, to do some errands, of which the chief were, to bring home whatever might await them at the post-office—Daphne's prognosticated letters inclusive—and to buy the strong dress for old Mrs. Sperry's little grand-daughter. She met now and then a man going to his work, or a child on its way to the district school, for each and all of whom she had a cheerful greeting; she was one of those whose very presence is sunshiny. Her purchases were speedily made, and she next directed her steps toward the post-office. As she entered here, she received a profound and awkward salutation from a person with whom she had never before exchanged such courtesies; nor could it now be called an exchange, for with no thought of appropriating the honor, she inadvertently glanced behind her, to see for whom a salam so deferential could have been intended. There was a harvest of newspapers, pamphlets, and letters; and this perhaps was the reason why she never bestowed another thought on Ephraim Spooner, Esquire, for he, no less, was the knight of the elaborate bow. Not so unheeding was Squire Spooner. His thoughts ran something on this wise:

"Stuck up, eh? Well, I knew that already. But before six months are gone by, just see if she isn't Mrs. Ephraim Spooner for all that. And who knows, after all, if there will be any need of such an overture at the house there as I spoke of to Lucy last night? Lucy—faugh! I couldn't put up with a fool like Lucy, if she was to inherit the whole Gaylord property."

A few steps from the door Mr. Parker overtook Grace; they were old friends, Mr. Parker and herself. He walked on with her toward home. They met half-witted Harry Willard and stopped to speak with him. Mr. Parker desired him to come soon and see if his garden were all right. It always pleased Harry extremely that gentlefolks should notice him thus. Mr. Parker and Grace thought the weather had never been lovelier than for the last week or two; showers at night, just enough to keep the foliage perfect, and days either brilliant or soft; no dryness, no excessive heat. When they reached the house Miss Fithian was on the veranda, busied with her needle-work. Mr. Fithian would not have a chair; he sat down on the steps.

"You have made the view perfect on this side," said he; "two spires, that bend in the river, and the summit of Monadnoc, all brought into sight by the removal of a single tree. How does the ash endure its transplanting?"

Grace, who was coming with strawberries and cream for Mr. Parker, said it did not know it had been stirred at all; it had flowered full, and would have no end of red bunches in the fall.

Miss Fithian said they were indebted to Mr. Parker for suggesting a way in which the removal could be carried into effect without the loss of the favorite tree.

Mr. Parker was Miss Fithian's adviser, and Grace left them. Indeed she had something of her own to think of.

"Lockhart of Fitzwilliam writes me," said he, "that three years ago Captain Gaylord instructed him to draw up a will including a considerable bequest, in fact the most of his estate, to your Grace. Gaylord was a strange man, but it

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seems an unlikely thing that he should destroy that will without making some other disposal of his affairs. Nevertheless nothing of the kind has been forthcoming. I should have liked it well enough for Grace; it would not have spoiled her. Very likely she would have been neither more nor less happy for it."

Miss Fithian was a little slow to reply: truth to tell, she had already, with womanlike celerity, laid the lower course of a handsome edifice in Spain.

"But I came this morning to get that bond of Wilmer's; we need it. Now can you tell in what possible lurking-place, in what cranny of a drawer, or work-box, or cabinet, or secretary, it may be? I ought to have sent you word last week; women can never tell—"

A malicious libel, Miss Fithian averred. She had one only place in the world for business papers—fortunately she had few documents of the kind; this contained them all. She had entered the room and brought thence a light writing-case.

As Miss Fithian went in, Lucy, who dearly loved to listen to every thing, and who had taken a position in the next room as near the door as she dared, suddenly and safely retreated. She had not lost a word of the conversation, however, and what she heard she always remembered.

After Mr. Parker was gone Miss Fithian read the letters and newspapers. While she was reading Grace came through the house, bringing in her hand Miss Fithian's garden bonnet. Whatever was it that made the child so beautiful? Such a clear splendor as shone in her eyes, a dewy tenderness over them, too; her cheeks a little paler than usual, perhaps; her scarlet lips tremulous; and her voice sounded different from its usual tone, though she only said—"I want you, Aunt Helen." So they went down the garden walk together, toward the river.

When they were away from the house Grace began: "Oh, Aunt Helen, I can not think why it is that you and every one else have always been so good to me! The very best mother that ever lived could have been no kinder, not more thoughtful and gentle and loving toward me than you have been invariably, ever since I can remember. God only knows how dearly I love you, how much I thank you. And now, only think, Aunt Helen! Randolph has written to me; he has come home; he is in New York; and, Aunt Helen, he says he loves me, and wishes me to be his wife. He says I must have known this two years ago; only he thinks he had then no right to say it to me; but he has succeeded beyond what he dared expect, and now, if I can answer to his wish, he will not go away again. Indeed I did not know he loved me. I have thought sometimes that the woman he did love would be very happy; but that he, so wise, so manly, and excellent, so beautiful every way, should care as he does for me! I can't make it seem real, Aunt Helen, but I would not have it otherwise for the world!" And then, happy as she was, she cried like a child, and I am not sure but Aunt Helen did too. I know they staid down in the garden till Daphne called them to dinner.

Happiness dulls some consciences; Grace's it quickened. She had plenty of time for thought that July night, for she never fell asleep at all till Daphne was astir. One resolve she had firmly taken—that she would find out that poor old aunt of hers, of whom she had heard, but whom she had never seen, who had once been young and loved too; she would find her out, and try to impart to her some of her own happiness.

She slept so late in the morning that Miss Fithian came to summon her to breakfast. They were going to Springfield in the early train, and there was no time to lose. So while Grace made herself ready, brushed and braided that beautiful chestnut-brown hair, and donned her pretty gray traveling-dress, they talked over what she had been thinking about. Miss Fithian, unused to say her nay, was hardly likely to thwart Grace on this point; she approved and seconded her wish, and it was determined that it should be put in execution as soon as possible after their return from Springfield.

Lucy usually took a walk after her day's sewing. The evening after Miss Fithian and Grace went to Springfield she failed not to call on Mrs. Spooner, nor did Ephraim fail to accompany her homeward. Lucy's tongue was loosened; and, finding that her attendant listened with apparent interest, her volubility grew unlimited. Every thing she had seen, every word she had heard, she detailed. Mr. Parker's call, the talk about the will, the raillery in reference to the place where business-papers were kept, nothing was omitted. In his turn Ephraim informed Lucy that he had lost several papers of much importance—that he had reason to suppose they might be in Miss Fithian's possession—that the recovery of them would make a difference to him personally of several thousands of dollars, in some business which he had to settle. At first Lucy did not divine what was required of her, but when she did, she demurred nothing thereat. The feeblest rush-light is more than lure enough for the silly moth. The timely absence of Miss Fithian and Miss Gaylord furnished the very best of opportunities, since there would be about the premises only John, the man-servant, who slept in a room beyond the wood-shed, and Daphne, who occupied a chamber near that assigned to Lucy, and who, as Lucy had audible proof, was a sound sleeper. Perhaps Ephraim felt a misgiving at Lucy's entire absence of consideration, since it implied such extreme folly. In any case, however, he trusted in his own craft for salvation.

Harry Willard, the demented, stood in the shadow of the cedar-hedge which surrounded Miss Fithian's garden. It was not a cold night, and yet Harry was shaking, for, like Wordsworth's lunatic, he was smitten with a perpetual shiver. Summer or winter, thinly clad or warmly, he walked about with his arms folded, and shook as if an ague fit were on him. He was no longer young, and there were people in the vil-

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lage who remembered him a bright, promising boy; a fall on the ice had changed him from that into a quaking, moping, and mowing lunatic. Harry had a home in the poor-house, but in the summer time he chose to occupy a little deserted shanty, where he staid at night, wandering about the neighborhood during the day, entirely harmless, troublesome to none except to the young woman who chanced for the time to be the object of his gallant attentions. His likings, however, were so notoriously mutable that the transitoriness of the annoyance rendered it endurable. The present queen of his devoirs was Lucy, the dress-maker.

It was a clear night; the moon was near the full, and already far in the west, for it was late. Ever since nine o'clock poor, witless Harry, who had seen Lucy and Ephraim walking together, and who had followed them in the bootless hope of an opportunity, unobserved by the latter, to offer Lucy a bouquet, one which he had that afternoon begged from Mr. Parker's garden expressly for her, and made up of the most brilliant flowers that grew there—larkspurs, sweet-williams, London pride, marigolds, and great red roses—ever since Lucy, entering, had shut the high wire gate with a clang and walked rapidly up toward the house, while Ephraim went his ways, Harry had stood there. And still he stood and looked around him. Doubtless he felt through his shattered intellect the tranquil loveliness, the mysterious beauty of the night. The shadows of the tall elm-trees slanted over the moonlit grass, the trunks in long prostrate columns, the foliage in irregular inky-black masses, through the branches overhead the sky was purple, cloudless, and flecked with only the largest stars. Not a leaf was astir; shrill insect sounds, the fall of a far-off brook, seldom heard at this distance, alone broke — intensified rather — the perfect calm. Suddenly—his senses of sight and hearing were preternaturally acute — he heard some one stealthily approaching. He soon recognized Ephraim, and cowered silently farther into the shadow. He heard the click of the raised fastening of the gate; he heard Lucy's voice, and not a syllable of the few words interchanged between the two escaped him. A fierce, jealous anger sprang up in him, but fear was more powerful still; often and often has Ephraim, out of pure evil-mindedness, terrified him with dire threats of some vague, horrible infliction; so the strong passion is conquered by the stronger. He listens to Lucy, again and again urging Ephraim to expedition; he hears the ready, oily replies and promises of the latter; he sees him receiving from Lucy's hand something—what it is he knows not—the gate is carefully, silently closed, not fastened; Lucy goes with noiseless steps toward the house, and Ephraim walks along the opposite way. He turns down a lane where the trees are thick, walking always in the shadow, and keeps along the river bank. A little way down there stands an old dwelling, long deserted, apart from all others, the doors half-wrenched from their hinges, and the windows broken. Here, cautiously avoiding all needless sound, Ephraim enters. With stealthy steps Harry has followed him, sufficiently near to keep him in sight. Harry too approaches the old house; he does not enter, but looks in through the broken window. Him too the shadows favor; a butternut-tree, its lower branches drooping tent-wise, effectually screens him. At first it is so dark that he can not see, but presently Ephraim lights a lantern. This is darkened on three sides, but the fourth shines brightly on his cunning, wicked face, and Harry sees that he has with him what seems to be a kind of leathern box. It is locked, for Ephraim applies a key: that one does not answer, and he tries another and yet another: the last is successful, the lock has yielded. Package after package, Ephraim looks carefully over some papers; he selects several and lays them apart; the others are restored to their place, the key is again turned, the selected papers are deposited in a leathern pocket-book, the light is extinguished, and a moment or two afterward Ephraim emerges from the door, and so out into the clear, pure, dewy night. The moon nears the horizon now; he walks slowly—he would much rather it were dark. What sound is that like footsteps? He stands quite still to listen. Harry, who does not know this, proceeds quietly, steadily onward. Ephraim sees but does not recognize him, and, unnerved by the cowardice of guilt, he starts aside. The edge of the bank was nearer than he knew. The turf, undermined, yields beneath him. Instinctively he throws away that which he was carrying, and clutches at some boughs overhead. Too late! there is a heavy crashing sound, then a sullen plunge into the water—that is all. There is none looking on, and if there were any, none could see, for it is black darkness down there; the bed of the river is low, and no ray of moonlight reaches it now. The water, though still, is swift and deep.

Harry hears the fall, and it arrests him: he looks cautiously all around; Ephraim is nowhere visible. There is a glimmer of moonlight on something bright lying on the grass yonder: attracted by the sheen, Harry approaches and takes it up; it is the writing-case with its polished steel lock. He knows it to be what Ephraim took from Lucy, for he saw its glitter when she gave it to him. He will carry it back to her, he thinks; so onward he goes, the cherished nosegay still in his hand.

Lucy, with a shawl drawn over her head, crouches near a thicket of lilacs just inside the gate, awaiting Ephraim's return. It has grown so dark now that she can not distinguish the approaching figure till very near; she has already spoken before she is aware that it is not Ephraim but Harry Willard. Bewildered, she asks, "Why, where is Ephraim! how came you by this?" But it is difficult to obtain a sensible response from Harry at any time; she will have to do with conjectures of her own instead of replies to her questioning. At all events it is something to have the writing-case in her possession again;

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she had become half afraid in the dark there. "An odd messenger to choose," she thinks; "crazy Harry Willard!" Meanwhile she accepts unheedingly the flowers which he, grown shamedfaced in her presence, offers without the speech he had intended to make. "Good-night, Harry—go home!" she says, in a low tone, but authoritatively, while she silently secures the fastening of the gate. He obeys, and Lucy, with a guiltier feeling than she had ever known before, creeps up the walk, enters the house by the veranda window, which she closes after her, feels her way through the darkness up to her own room, and goes to bed. Sleep does not come at her bidding though, and when at last it approaches it brings bad dreams. She is riding with Ephraim; all at once she discovers that their carriage is the hearse, with a coffin for a seat, and that she is wearing the pall draped around her instead of a shawl. Then they are married, and with the thought that there is no help for it, she feels an inexpressible loathing toward him. There is the ghost of a glad feeling when she wakes out of this to find it only a dream. So the rest of the night wears on, and by morning she is really ill.

A soft gray vapor filled the whole river valley next morning. Quite early it seemed likely to rain, but a few counter indications, such as the misty webs on the grass, the wide-open dandelions, and the upright column of smoke from the kitchen chimney, triumphantly vindicated themselves. The vapor lifted, detached itself into rounded, silver-white masses, and disappeared.

"Miss Lucy," said Daphne, "if you'll please to 'scuse me, I'll bring your breakfast in here this morning, cause it's going to be fust rate to clean house; 'n I want to take up the carpet in the other room when I can catch a chance. Miss Fithian don't never like to be all topsy-turvied, so I allus do it when she's gone away." Lucy did not demur, only she didn't care for any breakfast this morning. "Be you sick?" inquired Daphne, "cause you look all kind o' brown round your eyes, 'n you're pale, too. Don't you feel well?"

No, Lucy said; her head ached a good deal.

Daphne would fain have administered some of her favorite specifics, but Lucy thought she should be better by-and-by without any thing.

Busy as a bee was Daphne all day, but her song was something louder; she had a special liking for Methodist hymn-tunes, and always the harder she worked the more zealously she sang; so it was to-day. Once she bethought herself to inquire if the noise disturbed Lucy, offering in that case to forego her gratification. Lucy said she was not disturbed; but that was, nevertheless, the most wretched day she ever experienced; a sense of guiltiness, superstitious fears, and a foreboding of some dreadful evil oppressed her, till she was really unable to work. She wished she could go to her own home; but that was too far away. Daphne, with all her hurry, would fain have prepared some delicacy to tempt her appetite; but she would have nothing. In the afternoon she put on her bonnet, and said she was going to the house of an aunt who lived in the village. On her way she called at Mrs. Spooner's, and learned that Ephraim had not been at home since the preceding evening; his mother thought he might have gone on the night train up the river to Charlestown; he had recently spoken of business which would call him there. Lucy's aunt, observing how ill she looked, said she was not fit to sew, and that she should keep her until she was better.

Seven o'clock came, and with it came Miss Fithian and Grace. Daphne had taken care to prepare a most tempting supper. Mr. Parker came in unexpectedly, and occupied a place at the table, whose appetizing odor, he averred, greatly to Daphne's delight, had lured him thitherward. The delicate broiled chicken, the golden-brown waffles, Daphne's especial pride, and the fragrant Mocha, offered a very enticing bill of fare, and were properly appreciated.

When Daphne came in to clear the table she brought intelligence that a man had that afternoon been found drowned, two miles down the river, at the flume; it was one of the villagers—Mr. Spooner, the lawyer, she had heard.

"Was it true?" they asked Mr. Parker.

"Yes, it was true: there had been an inquest—Accidental drowning."

They talked this over as people do in a country place; Miss Fithian and Grace asking about the man's friends, pitying his mother, and glad there were no wife and children to be made sorrowful. Mr. Parker walked up and down the room till Daphne had finally disappeared; then he asked,

"Miss Fithian, besides Daphne and John, whom have you had about the house lately?"

"There had been no one," she replied; "not an individual, except Lucy Hill, the dress-maker. She was sewing there now; only this afternoon she had a headache, and was gone over to the village to see her aunt. Mr. Parker knew Lucy Hill?"

"Yes, I have seen her," he said; "and you have entire confidence in her trustiness?"

Oh, certainly; entire confidence. Why, Lucy was almost one of the family; they called one room Lucy's room. They had known her these three years; they all liked her, she was so obliging and quiet. Oh yes, indeed, Miss Fithian said: she was sure she could rely entirely on Lucy.

Even while she was saying it they were interrupted. Lucy herself stood at the door with a white, scared face, which none of them ever forgot.

"Miss Fithian," she said, "I can not ask you to forgive me; I have no right to ask that. I have been too guilty, too ungrateful to you, to whom I owed so much. Only do let me confess to you how dreadfully wicked I have been."

So she told the whole, extenuating no circumstance, nor exonerating herself in the least particular. It would all be made public to-morrow, she said, and she deserved it; she deserved the worst that could befall her.

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Her penitence was so genuine that it moved them one and all, even calm, clear-sighted Mr. Parker. Miss Fithian spoke kindly and encouragingly to her—assured her of her own forgiveness and compassion—called Mr. Parker to witness that there was no need of giving publicity to Lucy's share in the transaction she so much regretted, nor any wisdom in doing so.

Truly Lucy's repentance needed not to be repented of. A serious illness ensued upon this excitement, from which, however, she recovered, and thenceforth she was a wiser and better woman.

Poor Harry, obedient to Lucy, had gone home to his shanty. As usual, after a late evening, he slept very soundly and very long; he did not appear again in the village till the inquest was over. When he did come he told his story, but interweaving with it so much which was evidently imaginary that it obtained little credence.

Almost immediately after Ephraim's death, with the conviction that no possibility now existed of turning the document to her own profit, and, it may be, with a dim sense that retributive justice had overtaken her, Mrs. Spooner decided to bring to light the hidden will. So she sent for Mr. Parker, and made it over to him, with a story of how she had that very day discovered it in an old volume, accidentally brought away from Captain Gaylord's, and which, till just now, had remained unopened. This version, not very probable certainly, but admitting neither proof nor refutation, passed unquestioned. The will was proved and uncontested, so making Grace a lassie of abundant "means."

Mr. Parker and Miss Fithian—Mr. and Mrs. Parker they are now—were duly pleased with the turn things had taken. Grace herself did not know whether to be glad or troubled until she had Randolph's view of the matter. Randolph did not deem it requisite, in consequence, to alter his plans for the future; he had already succeeded in that which he had most at heart, and with health, ability, resoluteness of purpose, and, more than all, firmness of religious principle, he could have no misgiving.

One pleasant morning, very soon after these occurrences, Mrs. Wilcox was taken by surprise. Two ladies had alighted from a carriage and were approaching the door. Mrs. Wilcox was a little fluttered, for, as she afterward said, she knew at a glimpse they were real ladies; and she had only just time to hasten to a bureau and get out another cap, which in her hurry she put on over the one she already wore—a circumstance very mortifying to her in the retrospect, when they knocked for admittance.

People who had seen Fanny Gaylord in her youth said that Grace was very like her, but no such thought occurred to Mrs. Wilcox at the sight of the fair brilliant young face, with its clear hazel eyes and drooping chestnut curls; she would have been reminded rather of that splendid carnation, just come into bloom, on the window-seat there.

She went in to prepare Miss Gaylord for a guest. Apparently there was some reluctance on that lady's part, for Mrs. Wilcox's voice was heard in a tone of expostulation. At last it was announced that the young lady might enter.

When Grace went in, Miss Gaylord sat in her arm-chair, upright and rigid, and regarded her steadfastly with eyes that seemed to have forgotten long, long ago how to express any gladness. And sitting there thus immovable, in the green-curtained room whose light exaggerated her pallor, clad in her antiquated costume, a white handkerchief drawn around her face and tied beneath the chin, she looked weird and ghostly enough to intimidate any one less in earnest than Grace; she, kind heart, felt enough warmth within her to melt away that ice. All the compassion of her nature was wakened; she had much ado to sustain her self-control. She had planned beforehand what to say, but she never thought of that now; she sat down on a low seat, and took in her own hands those others, so pale and thin with large purple veins.

"Aunt Fanny," she began, "I am your niece, Grace Gaylord, your brother William's daughter—I have come to see you."

No answer at first; the eyes still kept their cold, steady look: at length, "What do you want with me?" she said.

"Only, if I could, to make you happier, Aunt Fanny. May I tell you just what I do want?—to persuade you to come home with me. I will take the very best care of you—I will do every thing in the world I can for you. Do come now, Aunt Fanny; at all events, do come for a little while, and try how you like us. I should so dearly love to make you happier."

"Happier!" repeated Miss Gaylord; "it is a great many years too late for that—more years than you have seen." The stony eyes softened, actually two great tears gathered in them and rolled down the colorless cheeks. Grace renewed her entreaties. Miss Gaylord shook her head.

"Where do you live?" she asked, after a pause. Grace told her.

"You say you are my brother William's child: have you brothers and sisters?" Grace answered that she had none. She had had two brothers; both were lost with her father.

"You should thank God, then," said Miss Gaylord. "If they had lived they would hate you, insult you, do worse than to kill you; and what then?—you would hate them too. So just thank God that you have neither sister nor brother. Only William was ever good to me, and he is long ago dead, and his wife too. You are his child, you say, and your name is Grace. Well, Grace, I can see William's looks in you; but don't you ask me to go away from this place. I never shall, while I live—never."

Grace tried vainly to persuade her. Afterward, when her persevering efforts had made the poor lady regard her with affection, she renewed the attempt, but to no purpose. Yet she had the pleasure of knowing that she made the rest of that lonely, blighted life less dreary.

Miss Gaylord survived her brother, Captain

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Gaylord, less than two years. When she felt that her death was approaching, she requested that she might be buried in the grave-yard at the foot of the hill: the request was of course complied with. A few weeks afterward a gentleman, past middle age, staid a day or two in the village. He seemed to feel an interest in every person and every thing about it; he took long walks, and once, after spending an hour around the old mill, he knocked at Mrs. Wilcox's door. He asked many questions, and, Miss Gaylord's name being incidentally mentioned, he listened so attentively that Mrs. Wilcox was induced to give him many particulars of that poor lady's history. When questioned in his turn, he accounted for his interest in the place by the circumstance that he had himself once lived there, and gave her his name, Philip Wetherell.

Grace, now Mrs. Randolph Lee, resides in one of our eastern cities. She is one of the very happiest, as well as one of the most altogether charming persons I have ever known.

CARLSBAD ON CRUTCHES.

Second Paper.

IV.

AS I have heretofore remarked, the first few days after my arrival in the grand hospital of Carlsbad, I was guided, in the topography of the town and general observation of the waters and inhabitants, by the medium of a donkey-cart; in which vehicle I went rolling from point to point, according to the temper and inclination of the donkey himself. But as he was a time-honored institution of the place—with a back like an old hair trunk and ears like strips of gutta percha—who had practiced professionally with generations of maimed or halting patients, he had, in some degree, acquired their habits, and rarely extended his rambles beyond the most contracted limits; so that my own explorations were in consequence rather circumscribed. So soon, however, as I could limp about on my own legs and crutch, I dispensed with the aid of my obstinate donkey attendant, and began the treatment—or cure, as it is termed—after the general mode. This interval, however, gave me the opportunity of studying the natural history of the country, though that, too, was by no means extensive. In fact, the only animals I observed besides the donkey breed were dogs and pigs. The dogs were of the white-half-shaved-woolly species, with intelligent muzzles and small round feet like checkers; all evidently propagated without a sinister blemish from the portrait of *Zum Weisen Pudel*, which one sees at the upper end of the little Prado. As for the pigs, they are a long-legged, wiry race, and capable of great physical endurance. They seem to have descended from an Arabian stock of the desert, with much bone and not an ounce of superfluous meat, or even so much as a ham-sandwich upon them; and I should say, from the malevolent look out of their cruel gimlet eyes and length of snout, that they were of vicious dispositions and delighted in tusk combats; highly dangerous indeed to the pig-sticking nobles of Bohemia, who are fond of preying upon them in spearing pursuits of the chase.

I had likewise leisure, during this donkey relaxation, to take a mental inventory of the furniture of my lodgings—especially the chairs and tables, which were manifestly modeled after the pigs I have described. Many pigs of tapering structure have, no doubt, stood at no remote periods to furniture artists in designing the forms one sees in Bohemian lodgings. The crooked leg, the sharp split hoof, and carved medallion boars' heads and bristles are always truthfully copied. As for the German bedsteads, it is impossible to state at what era of the world's history, by whom invented, or for what purpose, or by what architectural freak they were devised. They are simply boxed parallelograms, containing a hard sack of hair, a loose bundle of feathers, and so indecently short that one is led to wonder in despair for what race of Liliputs they could have been originally intended. The bedclothes are likewise surprising, commonly a thick quilted coverlet with a sheet stitched to the under side, and sometimes a large-sized napkin to lie upon. But a really comfortable bed, with its proper human equipment, has never yet been found in travelers' abodes in all Germany. Then the washing apparatus is another mystery, varying, in material and shape, all through the country, though never big enough to rinse a doll-baby's face in. At Carlsbad the contrivances are either flat oval pie-plates or else small soup dishes of the capacity of coffee cups, scarcely as large as some of the meerschaum pipe-bowls transmitted as heir-looms in ancient families; but yet quite equal to any water and ewer emergencies which the natives apparently care to indulge in.

The first intimation I had of having become a resident of the town was the presentation of a regular and official printed document, by which I learned that, for the inestimable privilege of using the waters, I was to pay five florins for the embellishment of the public grounds, and two florins additional for the support of the great leader and composer—with his coadjutors in music—the Herr Labitzky. In return for these florins, the Imperial Council of Prague, under a special edict, dating any time from the beginning of the present century, had been pleased to cause my name to be inscribed on the list of visitors, and to remit the tax heretofore imposed on the keys of the Latrina, together with other exemptions, which I do not feel called upon specially to recite, and ending by invoking my charity for the support of a hospital for sick strangers and poor persons. To all of which requests—they being humane and moderate—I willingly contributed.

The next document I inspected was the *Curlist*, which is published daily, and contains a correct transcript of your passport, including your name, titles, profession, and country, all done into the German language. As I had read in

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one of Murray's universal guide-books that Carlsbad was a great resort for crowned heads, I, of course, lost no time in reading over the *Cur-list* from beginning to end, so that I might make myself acquainted with the rank and pedigrees of the monarchs with whom I should be brought in drinking contact. But to my chagrin, among the two thousand and some hundreds of guests there was not the least hint or vestige of an emperor, king, or kaiser. An English duke, two or three lords, a brace of Bohemian princes, a few Austrian Herzogs, and no end of counts were all remarkable. Among lesser notabilities, however, there was no lack; but since I could not understand their callings, or even pronounce their names properly, it gave me no great satisfaction. Here are a few of the names which I copy from the list before me: Frau Sabine Bokatcher; Verlagsbuchhändlers Witere in Bohmen; Juliana Stoboy, Steureinnehemer aus Prag; Herr Swoboda Pilliwax, Dokter der Domprobst und Finantzprocuraturs-adjunkt; Karl Pippig Zschetzscwhe, Galanteriewaarenhändler; Herr Hellmuth Papi Hellenstein, Zuckerfabriksbeister mit Bruder; Excellenz Herr Graf von Suppankik, Bevollmächtiger und Ausserrodentlicher aus Padderborn; Herr Benbow Diner, Rittergutsbesitzerin mit Gesellschafterin aus Diepensee; Frau Binneball Beer mit Tochter aus Gross-Oschersleben.

V.

Stored with all the foregoing abstract knowledge, I arose one morning and emerged from my domicile out upon the Wiese. It was not six o'clock, and the mist was coming down like fine mustard seed shot in my face from the steep sides of the Hirschsprung. The bakers' shops, however, were open, and the graveled walk was nicely swept and raked into fanciful patterns for the day. Peasant girls, trim and tidy, with baskets of flowers on their heads, were tripping along to the fountains, while moving in opposite directions were others of their sex—quite unsexed, however, to all outward appearance—going to their early toil in the fields, to be hitched with cows and horses at the plow, or to gather heavy loads of wood on their backs in the distant forests. All said "*Guten morgen!*" as I hobbled slowly on to the Marketplatz. There the "guests" were pouring in by a steady human stream from all points, and there were, at the least, full three hundred thirsty souls, who, cups in hand, were marching in solemn single file to the spring near at hand. There is fashion in the choice of a fountain at Carlsbad as well as in all other pursuits and habits of life, and during my two seasons the Marketbrunn and Nieubrunn were most numerously attended. I tailed on to the cue in rear of a portly old lady with a crutch stick in her hand, attired in a slouched beaver hat and a coarse brown single-breasted pea-jacket, buttoned closely up to the chin over her double-breasted, expansive shoulders, and who strongly reminded me of Dirk Hatterick. Behind me again came Prince Paul Esterhazy—a jaunty, slim little old dandy in a white hat, cocked to one side, and dressed in a loose suit of pepper and salt—quite unlike his embassadorial costume in days of yore at Saint James, when he was "all jewels from his jasey to his diamond boots"—and chattering away in great glee and good humor. I noticed him, too, very frequently afterward, as he danced gayly along the promenades, poking the pretty peasant girls with the end of his dainty cane about the ribs and bodices—to see, perhaps, if their hearts were in the right place—pinching their blooming cheeks, chuckling compliments through the most perfect of his sets of teeth, and, in a word, conducting himself in the most affectionate manner possible. And, by-the-way, the last time I had the honor of being dazzled by the shadow of His Serene Transparency, the venerable Paul, was in the ante-room of Baron Humboldt, at Berlin, a year ago last September. There the pair stood shaking hands and laughing with all their might; and when the Prince departed the good old Baron turned to us and said, "That, my dear, is old Prince Esterhazy. I have not seen him for more than thirty years; but he still seems to be a pleasant, lively little old fellow." Their united ages being, on this occasion I speak of, about one hundred and seventy years.

To return to the Marketbrunn: when my turn came a little girl filled my goblet, and withdrawing, like a bit of ham from a sandwich, from between my noble companions, I retired to a corner, and slowly sipped my allowance. I then crawled up the paved hill in the rear of the Schlossbrunn, when I filled and emptied my cup again; and so down by the zigzag paths, beneath the dripping foliage, to the Nieubrunn, where is a long covered promenade beside the river itself, and where the Herr Labitzky was discoursing the sweetest of Bellini's music. Here I took my third sip of the goblet, as I wished to experiment upon the effects produced by the different springs. It is not a plan commonly recommended, and not considered at all times and in all cases beneficial; but yet I tried it, and found no ill effects to arise. Indeed I frequently pursued the same course, and when one spring gave me headache or dizziness I quaffed at another—from hot to hottest, or hottest to hot—until I found the water to suit me. In quantity, too, I was guided by the immediate effects produced after drinking; and though, for intervals of days and even weeks, I could swallow as much as eight or nine six-ounce cups, yet, at other times, I dropped down to four or five—in a sort of sliding scale, regulated by the symptomatic indications of my eyes and head. The water never acted violently upon the stomach or urinary organs, though quite enough to carry off all secretions chemically opposed to it, not otherwise dissipated through the blood and pores of the skin.*

* I may here observe that the waters are put up for exportation, and are used pretty extensively in India and in the hospitals of Vienna; and an agency has recently been established by Mattoni in Boston. In the process

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Having swallowed my third and last allowance at the Nieubrunn, I limped on to the great bubbling Sprudel, which bursts forth a little way beyond, on the right bank of the river. Here, likewise, is a long covered colonnade, beside the Tepel, where the young Herr Labitzky, in emulation of his sire, leads another orchestra. The principal feed-pipe from the huge caldron below spouts up at the lower end of the colonnade; but the water is so hot that you have to slide your cup into a tin pouch, with a long wooden handle, when it is dipped up by one of the half-dozen little girls around the reservoir. Near by, on the same level, is another covered place, where the Jews mostly congregate, and, with an open walk adjoining, are called the "Halls of Abraham" and "Gallery of the Circumcision." A great throng of Polish Jews are always found in Carlsbad during the season. They, as well as Gentiles, are no doubt afflicted with various disorders; and since they get their medicine here for nothing, live in little dens about the sides of the hills, practice the most frugal economy in food, and do the while a little barter in soapstone ornaments and jet trinkets, Carlsbad seems to be the very place for them. Nor is their costume an expensive one, for it only consists of a conical beaver hat, a gaberdine of bombazine, reaching to their heels, and a pair of long boots. The last articles serving them for stockings, drawers, trowsers, and shirt, for no under raiment is ever visible, save that which nature provides, and that not kept up to its original color. They are a sharp-featured race of Jews, and what gives a particularly weazen-eyed fierceness to their expression, are long spiral locks of hair—like so many ebony shavings—which hang down their hollow cheeks. The women bear the same type, though more comely in the absence of the cork-screw ringlets; but less *comely*—if I may be excused the pun—owing to their hair being cut off entirely. The men play the part of Dalilahs, and not only shear but shave the heads of their mates the moment they are married. Perhaps it is done in revenge for rites performed upon them in early life. As some slight recompense, however, for this hirsute deprivation, the wives wear black or brown silk wigs, or any other colors which will match their gowns.

Having thus taken a cursory glance of these Jews—who, I was happy further to observe, huddled together by themselves, and who, when not drinking, were scratching and making awful faces—I betook me to a bench in the Sprudel promenade, and devoted my attention to the so-called Christians. What a crowd was there! Nothing but a photograph could delineate them. Battalion after battalion, men and women together, backward and forward they marched—their only arms their cups, and their only ammunition Sprudel water. Among them all there was not one who was not an invalid, or, at least I presume, fancied they were; but if one could form a rough guess from external symptoms, the waters should possess miraculous powers to cure them. There were individuals with squint eyes, club feet, knock knees, high shoulders, scalded faces, snub noses, and red hair. Others, again, black with jaundice—no Mozambique or Benin resident blacker—or lame with wounds or gout, pale, quivering, and blear-eyed. Russians from the Crimea, with frozen stumps of limbs, or shattered by shot or bayonet thrust—one, a gaunt, soldierly general, with his lower jaw almost gone by a Minié bullet at Inkermann; lots of English officers, with yellow, liverless faces, from the hot plains of India, or wounded in the revolt; and a few cadaverous objects from long suffering in the Leeward Islands or yellow fever. Many of them going about in donkey carts, dragged along by flunkies, or upheld by crutches. Others, too—especially old women—monsters in rancid fat, the accumulation of ages, waddling wearily about; and beside them flabby old he veterans—one with legs like beer barrels, and stomach big in girth as a ground-tier butt—worn out by disease or vice; and more wrinkled, tottering, and decrepit, with shriveled-up faces, pot-bellies, and their legs gone entirely.

What a painful sight it is, and how each one, as he passes, glares inquisitively at their neighbor, and mentally speculates whether they can be cured or not? Perhaps, too, thinking and believing that the neighbor's case is hopeless, and one's own only admits of relief. Even that bright pretty girl I see there in the chip hat and fluttering blue ribbons, who so gayly sips from the steaming goblet, gallantly handed by the dashing young officer in gold aiguilettes and varnished jack-boots, she has a bad-looking pimple on her nose; and notwithstanding those brilliant eyes and rosy lips, her admirer detects incipient cancer from that pimple, and pities her from his inmost soul. She, too, is not destitute of sympathy; and when she perceives a scurfy mark on the hand beneath the gold-braided cuff which presents the goblet, she knows the young aid-de-camp is a victim to scrofula or king's evil. In fact, she told me at a later day her fears for this elegant soldier, and even went so far as to pity *me*—the minx!—and to hint, moreover, that paralysis was quite beyond the reach of Carlsbad water virtue! But I did not believe her, and thought I saw the red, vein-like fibres of the cancer pimple spreading down to her soft cheeks and up toward the corners of her sparkling eyes! There was likewise another wretch, this time a repulsive-looking one, with whom I scraped acquaintance, who had rudimentary stumps of gouty, chalky fingers; and

of corking, the jars are injected with carbonic acid gas, which prevents any partial decomposition of the water; and in all important respects the virtues of the waters are retained; that is, when warmed up to the temperature of the spring from which they may have been drawn. "With regard to the foreign manufacture of the Carlsbad waters, however scientific their composition or successful their imitation in taste or smell, they can not possess the real virtues of the natural waters; for though they may have all the *known* ingredients as discovered by chemical analysis, they can not retain those which are *unknown*, and which have hitherto baffled all chemical investigation." So says Dr. Mannl.

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who, I really believe, wore a silver nose, told me that my case was the worst he had ever heard of, and begged me to return at once to my home and kindred, and die peacefully in my native land. This suggestion, however, though conscientiously volunteered, did not in the least disturb me, because I felt a conviction that the Devil already had a tight grip on my silver-nosed ally, as much as if I saw his dread tormentors stuck into those gouty old toes, and so I bore his observations cheerfully. Indeed I was quite convinced that had all the patients I saw in Carlsbad written down their separate opinions of one another in a book, and all the conclusions proved true, there would not now be a single survivor of us to tell the tale or notch off the fatal tally!

When my eyes fairly ached with beholding all this train of animated misery, and my ears taken in the last melodious crash of the Labitzky band, I hobbled back over the Tepel to the Wiese. Here, in a *melée* of jostling crinoline, I gently ambled my way into a baker's shop, and selected my bread. I have said, I think, that these shops are very numerous in Carlsbad, and that the bread is alike excellent in all; but I have forgotten to mention that the persons who sell it are very pretty persons indeed, some of them altogether charming, and one envies the bread its kneading under such fair plump hands. "Tank you, Sir," said the pretty fraulein, as she took the money with a pleasant smile, and pitched the little loaves into a paper bag, "may love go with you!" and off I went to a little table in front of my lodgings, where the good Madame Mattoni provided the delicious *café au lait*, which made up the other half of my breakfast. Sometimes an egg was added to this repast; and while seated there beneath the stunted trees I became as much an object of solicitude, and underwent as close a scrutiny—including my egg—as if I were myself a new species of *ovum*, and for the first time submitted to scientific inspection. All the lovely matrons and the bouffante maidens in hoops, and the fat dowagers and paralytic old codgers, stopped to gaze at me. Even good-natured Baron Rothschild—who never deigned to look at the distinguished Rabbins of his persuasion, whose cashmere goat beards alone made them worthy of a glance—honored me with the most marked regard. I felt then that, had a mutton-chop or a bit of beefsteak appeared on my little white table, I should have been placed under the action of the microscope in presence of the whole town. As it was I did not murmur, or by word, look, or gesture, hint that this universal attention was disagreeable; for I knew that novelties, whatever their zest, were not tolerated in Carlsbad, and I was therefore willing to pay tribute to the general curiosity.

I would finish my simple breakfast about half past nine o'clock, as would the multitude with theirs, and be returning from the valley or hillside *cafes* in cheerful groups, when perhaps my good doctor would make me an *al fresco* call, and sit beside me on the bench.

"Much headache?" says he.

"Not much."

"*Bon.* Take much exercise?"

"A little," I reply.

"*Bon.* How many cups to-day?"

"Six."

"*Bon.*"

And so my doctor pats me on the back, and goes to look after others of his flock. On other occasions I return the visit of my doctor, who, during drinking hours, is always seated in an angle of the Marketplatz, where peer and peasant, count and commoner, fraus and frauleins bow low before him, and give heed to his counsels. Ay, there he sits, as handsome a man, with as fine a head as any of the Aulic Council, of which he is a worthy member. Not a cottage within leagues around but has known the tramp of his horses' feet, and welcomed the sound of his cheerful voice, when sickness and want visits their poverty-stricken dwellings. There are besides my doctor plenty of other people's doctors, who drive around, with much rattle and clatter, in low, double Broughams without doors, so as to be ready any moment to spring out upon a patient on either hand in case their services are needed; and who go about in early morning from spring to spring administering, as it were, ambulating advice. All are thought to be skillful, and no doubt they are; and all seem to get on most harmoniously together, and never quarrel over the live body of a patient.

It is about ten o'clock when the doctor leaves me, and I hobble along the Wiese, past the prettily embowered shops and *cafés*, until I sit down again before the door of ancient Joseph Wagner. I had already exchanged pleasant salutations with graceful Fannie Woczaddler, who is the fashionable modiste from Prag; and said *Guten morgen, Mynheer*, to the stout Herr Hern Pupp—a sort of stomach plumber, and famous for his works in pewter; and I intend presently to nod to Carl Damm and Joseph Danz on the corner; but now I am with my venerable friend Wagner, who was once a splendid old soldier and fought every where; since retiring from the profession of arms and taking to the manufacture of beautiful wooden boxes, by which he has made a fortune. Joseph is one of the Burgers of the Wiese, and for more than thirty years he has held court in his little shop, where many of the greatest statesmen and nobles of Europe have held familiar confabs with him. The Metternichs, Esterhazys, Polignacs, and scores like them, have, and still do, discuss the affairs of state with him. While I, however, manage to talk a little French and German jargon with Joseph, over comes the handsome Herr Wolf, from the brilliant glass and China shop opposite; and perhaps I go into that magazine and admire the delicate beauty of the muslin glass of Bohemia, as pure as spring water and light as paper, fashioned into the most graceful forms, and altogether the rarest productions of taste and skill to be seen in all the great glass marts of the Empire. Then I wander slowly on again, till I get to my banker.

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This is the Herr Seifert, an active, dapper, obliging little man who speaks English, keeps a large shop of heterogeneous articles, and does a polyglot sort of business in every thing, from steel pens to lodgings and livery horses. It was here that I drew money, and first began to discover the true value of German silver; which coinage I found to consist of an alloy of old pewter spoons and grease; and which, with dirty and almost worthless florin bank-notes, are not a currency one would care to carry to Australia or California with the expectation of turning it into sterling metal. It might, in fact, prove more cumbersome than useful. But during the whole time I was in the Austrian dominions, and especially while the war was raging in Lombardy, when all through Bohemia the people were taxed about forty per cent. on their incomes —those who had any left—I did not see a single bit of gold or silver used in ordinary traffic; and even then the peasantry and small shopkeepers were in the habit of hiding the nasty nickel krentzer pieces, believing, in their ignorance, that it possessed some intrinsic value of its own. I always felt sorry for the receivers to whom I was obliged to pay out this rascally trash in return for solid comforts in food or lodgings; though, on the other hand, I ever felt the bitterest animosity at myself for being obliged to exchange my glittering Napoleons or solid English gold for such bad pewter.

To return to my friend Seifert: I paid him daily visits, sometimes two or three, and soon made a bosom companion of him; receiving his views, as well pecuniary as political, as so much intellectual law. Seifert first took me to the Cabinet reading-room, a very nice retreat with a very polite conductor, where all the leading journals of Europe are taken, whenever nothing is contained in them disrespectful to the house or dominions of Hapsburg, and where I subscribed for the season. Then Seifert carried me to see the Military Hospital. This is a quadrangle of huge size, standing on the left bank of the Tepel, near the edge of the town. It accommodates about two hundred officers and soldiers, and was built, at Doctor Hofberger's suggestion, with the money raised by a national subscription to commemorate the escape of the young Emperor from the knife of the assassin on the ramparts of Vienna in 1852. By a happy accident powerful springs of Carlsbad water, for drinking and bathing, were found within the foundation walls; and the whole structure is supplied with it. It was here, as well as to all the mineral spas in the heart of Bohemia, that came the wounded warriors from the battles in Italy. Day by day the mournful litters went slowly by with their maimed burdens. One young officer of cavalry, who was frightfully mutilated by a rifle cannon bolt at Solferino, told me that he never even distinguished a French uniform during the combat, and though nearly three thousand metres in rear of the Austrian line of battle, he was knocked over, with his charger, by the beforementioned bolt.

VI.

A few days after this visit to the hospital the Herr Seifert hitched up his *Poni equipagen*—a small four-wheeled vehicle, with a pair of spirited black rats for horses—to drive me to the Hans Heiling rocks. The road lies along the western face of the Stag's Leap, from where you look down on the valley of the Eger—a thread of a river which mingles with the Tepel, and winds about a wide grain-covered sloping plain, dotted with hamlets, until the distant view is bounded by the mountains of the Bohemian frontier. On the way we stopped to visit a broad rock, perched in the cleft of a narrow gorge, which commands a pretty peep—though scarcely an eyeball-full—of smiling landscape between the green and waving foliage. It is called the Russell Sitz, in compliment to the well-beloved gentleman who first discovered its beauties; and who—in deep-felt gratitude I say it—first induced me to visit Carlsbad. A mile or more beyond we left the Poni equipagen, and descended by a steep and well-swept path to the banks of the Eger, where the little stream ripples noisily over its uneven bed, and where it is held in by a precipitous wall of pine-clad hills and rocky palisades. Skirting along a pathway facing the rocky framing of the picture, we come to a rural restauration, where, as well as every where else within ten miles of Carlsbad, excellent coffee is to be had; and likewise a kind of Seltzer water, in jugs, called Geishübel, which, with sugar, is a delightfully effervescing drink, and much encouraged by the faculty. Here, too, is music; for where is there not music in Bohemia? And while we sit here, in the cooling shade of the valley, you may, kind reader, perhaps incline a lazy ear to the legend of those tall rocks there of Hans Heiling, which look down upon us from across the running water. I tell it as it was told to me by the old music man at my elbow, who leads and plays his own entire orchestra. But be it understood, however, that though my performance may be wanting in the Teutonic gravity of the original version, by its transmutation into homely Saxon, yet I believe the interest and horror of the narrative will remain unimpaired.

THE DREADFUL LEGEND OF HANS HEILING.

In a time now long since passed away there lived a farmer, with a farm full forty leagues round, named Beit. He had a lovely daughter inclining to corpulency, who weighed four sacks of grain, and on account of those charms and the reputed wealth of her father she gave herself airs and turned up her snub nose at the brave gallants of the village. Her name, of course, was the Fraulein Beit, though she was occasionally, out of affectionate regard, designated as Beitsy. Just in front of old Beit's house there dwelt an enemy, who died at the opening of this story, leaving, however, an only son named Bout, who inherited the family feud. This young Bout had a slight squint to his otherwise expressive eyes, large ears, and a hair lip; but in other re-

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spects he was considered a very captivating fellow, and when fashionably dressed in the style then in vogue, in leather trowsers and boots—all in one piece, which came up to his armpits—and a cocked hat, with an elegant black-stemmed pipe in his mouth, he was very much smiled upon by the Eger maidens. In the course of time it so happened that one day, while prowling about the Beit property, he spied Beitsy Beit hoeing potatoes in a field hard by; and he became so suddenly and deeply enamored of her charms that he volunteered to carry the vegetables home for her. Though the pretty Fraulein declined this delicate offer, yet since the politeness was very unusual in that part of the country—and is, in fact, to this day—she could not resist saying, as well as her panting bosom would admit: *Mein deer Herr Bout mein heert ein thein.* This sentiment, uttered in her native tongue, was equivalent to hinting that she felt interested in Bout, in a friendly way, with a view, perhaps, to that budding regard ending in a permanent attachment; whereupon he immediately put his arms around the maiden, as far as he could reach, and exclaimed: *Mein deer Fraulein, I could eat you up!* Bout was often heard to regret in after-life that he did not eat her up, as stout as she was, at the time; but when we consider that love is very rarely carnivorous in the sanguine days of youth, he should not, perhaps, be blamed. However, the ice around Beitsy's heart having been cracked, the next step to be taken was to ask old Beit's consent for his daughter's soft fat hand; and, accordingly, the Eger swain dressed himself up in his long boots and trowsers—all nicely polished with black grease—and then he thundered at the ancient gates of Beit. "Come in!" roared the old wretch, in a harsh, husky voice; and in Bout walked, and without any preamble whatever he demanded the hand of Beitsy. The venerable Beit was inhaling the smoke from the great meerschaum at the time, which had been in the family for four centuries, and weighed full forty pounds. This he slowly removed from his mouth and hurled it at the astonished lover, and which knocked out several of his front teeth and seriously injured his gums. His wrath not assuaged by this, he next pitched a huge chest of oak drawers and the boar's-head carving-knife at Bout; then a pan of live coals, the heavy brass candlesticks, and a pot of sour-krout; then flew the family feather bed and the crockery utensils; then a dozen of German-silver spoons, which Bout caught in his pockets, believing they were pure metal; then the iron boot-jack and a live pig; and finally the enraged parent seized the great beer barrel and emptied it on top of Bout's cocked hat. But fortunately the perturbed lover had a strong head under his hat, and besides a good deal of the beer ran down, it is to be presumed, into his mouth, or else he would not have been steady enough to walk out of the house, as he did, without assistance. Bout, however, was so hurt in spirit at this unkind, not to say rude behavior, that he declared he would never speak to old Beit until he apologized; and there being no hope of such a condescension, Bout rode away for ever so many hundred leagues, and built himself a castle on a high rock in a fertile country, which he filled with robbers, and worked off his chagrin by beating and pillaging the peasantry thereabouts until they were taught to believe the country belonged to him. Meanwhile the old Beit never spoke to any body, and the only abstraction he enjoyed was in sticking a wooden pitchfork into the tender and adipose body of his only daughter, and in smoking the family jar of meerschaum. Well, a great many years passed away and nothing was heard of the discarded Bout, or indeed any other visitors, until one day there came walking by a tall, fierce-looking man, with a black plume of cock's feathers stuck in his cap. He wore a large gleaming ring on his thumb; his eyes were red as blood, his nose was hooked, and his feet were like hoofs. He introduced himself as Hans Heiling, but every one knows him to be the Devil at the first glance, so there is no need of any further disguise about him. For some time he paid the most devoted attention to the Fraulein Beit, and on one occasion attempted to take liberties with her by the offer of a chaste salute. This Beitsy repulsed, and being at the same time defended by a talisman in shape of a meat cleaver, which she wore habitually by a chain around her neck, she did not hesitate to make battle with it, and thus kept her devil of a lover at bay. This sort of coquetry did not, however, last long, and old Beit having been won over by the present of a new pair of leather trowsers, and Beitsy having pretty well made up her mind that Bout would not return, and that one man was as good as another, an early day was appointed for her marriage with the Herr Hans Heiling Accordingly, every thing was prepared for this happy event, when all at once a great galloping of horses was heard, and presently the long-lost Bout dashed through the portals, attended by a troop of his choicest robbers, and precipitated himself into the arms of his fat but beloved Beitsy. On this occasion the Herr Heiling had the good sense to withdraw, but at the same time snapping his teeth and vowing revenge; and then, more preparations were quickly made for the nuptials of Bout and Beitsy. The hour drew nigh; guests from all the land around assembled on the grassy banks of the Eger; a great meat pasty had been baked for the feast; music made the air melodious, and the company were dancing or reposing—prior to the ceremony—upon the damp herbage. During the height of these festivities, which had now extended well into the night, the great clock of the village slowly tolled twelve! Scarcely had the sound of the last stroke died away when a terrible storm struck the company with dismay. The thunder muttered and crashed, the lightning flashed, the rain came down in torrents, and the river boiled in angry waves over its turbulent bed. In the midst of this uproar Hans Heiling, devil as he was, came snorting and plunging in among the company,

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and, after a demoniac dance of short duration, he sprang toward the affrighted Beitsy, snatched the cleaver talisman from her exposed bosom, flourished it over his horns, clacked his hoofs together, gathered up his pronged tail in convenient links in his claws, and then leaped with a blasphemous yell into the Eger. The river opened to receive him, a sheet of blue flame and red fires started up, the waters hissed and boiled, and for a long time afterward tasted of brimstone and sulphur. As for those tender and expectant lovers, Bout and Beitsy, they, together with all the bridal party, were transformed by the power of the Evil One into those tall rocks we see there, dripping tears amidst the green and twining foliage, and looking down, with their sad and expressionless stony faces, upon the passers-by. So ends this dreadful legend.

VII.

About a week after my arrival in Carlsbad my doctor asked me how I felt. I said, better. He said, "Bon;" and then patting me on the back he told me to begin the baths. So one morning, after the usual drinking process and breakfast, I made my first plunge. There are plenty of bathing-houses in the town, and all of them tolerably well arranged, clean, and convenient; but the one I liked best was the "Drei Kettens"—no allusion, however, to cats—and which means the House of the Three Chains. Iron pipes convey the water from the Great Sprudel Bubbler right and left down the banks of the Tepel, but since it is too hot to bathe in as it comes direct from the source, it is cooled by water from the stream pumped into tanks for the purpose. This process dilutes the Sprudel and makes it milder in its effects; but when one feels able to test the full strength—as I did in the course of a few weeks—in what is called a "Sprudel bath," then it should be drawn off into the bath and allowed to remain undisturbed for some hours before using. It preserves its temperature, even in these china-tiled or marble-lined baths, wonderfully, and in the process of cooling a thick white scum rises to the surface, tasting, looking, and smelling like thin chicken broth. This scum is the efflorescence of the alkaline properties of the water, and, after bathing, leaves an irritating, itching sensation—though by no means unpleasant—on the skin of the bather.

On my first dip I staid in only fifteen minutes, with the temperature at 92° of Fahrenheit; but later, and especially during my second season, I went in for an hour at a stretch, with the water fizzing from 116° to 120°. I feel quite sure that I derived as much relief and positive good from the baths as I did from drinking, and, moreover, the bathing was far more pleasant. Both treatments, in fact, acted perfectly; and while one allayed my spasms of pain and rapidly reduced the internal inflammation, the other seemed to bring circulation and vitality to my numbed and paralyzed leg, and soon gave me reasonable hopes of a permanent cure. I found, too, that the greatest effect was produced when I took the bath within an hour after drinking, and without taking breakfast between whiles; then the saturation seemed complete. After drinking or bathing it is not thought judicious to lie down, or go to sleep, or indulge in drowsiness in any way, either reclining or sitting. If you do—and it is at times difficult to resist the indulgence of a nap—you are almost sure to wake with headache, a blinding dizziness in the eyes, and a bad sodary taste in the mouth. The physicians always advise the patient to work the water out of the system by moderate exercise, through the blood and pores of the body, and go to bed at night on an empty stomach; and it is for these reasons that the waters are drank so early in the morning. Though there is no fixed time for remaining in the bath, yet it is not thought advisable to make chicken soup of one's self; and while there is indeed a luxurious fascination in the bath, and one dislikes to leave the amorous water, still it is best not to woo it too far. The water is delightfully soft, and makes the skin as smooth as ivory; and on account of this beautifying principle the ladies seek the baths more than the men. There are, however, exceptions; and one day I heard a vain son of Paris exclaim to a companion in an adjoining bath: "*Sapristie! mon cher Antoine, je suis enchanté avec mes jambes!*" Having some curiosity to observe the enchanting style of legs that had so fascinated their owner, I waited till he emerged from his marble tub and appeared in the open air. Then I beheld a pair of sturdy balustrade supporters inclosed in peg-top trowsers, and, so far as I could see, entirely destitute of enchanting grace or symmetry; and I therefore concluded that the idea was an optical delusion, and produced solely on the mind of the owner by the mirage-like effect of the water. During my first season in Carlsbad I took forty-two baths in nine weeks; and the last, thirty-one in seven weeks. The steam baths I never tried, but the method consists in boxing the body up to the neck in an air-tight chest, with the Sprudel steam admitted from below. There are likewise mud baths which are successfully used for gout and cutaneous disorders; but as I did not try either mud or steam, I can not speak from actual experience.

VIII.

Among the pleasantest recollections of my visit to Carlsbad, surrounded as we were by a little coterie of charming women and agreeable men, was meeting my old friend Ole Bull. Our acquaintance went back for many a year, from the time of his first visit to America, and here we met again in the heart of Bohemia to talk over the past. I found him ill and care-worn, and just returned from a professional tour along the Lower Danube, where he had been received with such wild enthusiasm as he had never known before. Illness, however, the result of over-work, mental cares and troubles—too sacred to mention—came upon him, and he wandered to Carls-

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bad, like the rest of us, for a new lease of life. And he found it too, with sympathizing friends around him; and when he left with me, at a later day, for Norway, his step had resumed its elasticity, his blue eye sparkled, and he was once more himself—the king of the violin. He was a constant companion in all our drives and rambles; to the lonely castle of Engel Haus; to the peak of the Aberg; the drives and trout dinners at Hammer; the glorious old oaks of Dalwitz; our tea-drinks on the hill-side resorts, and our wanderings in the groves; and always the observed of all observers among the princes and magnates of the land. I never wondered that the women adored him—not only for his great and manly beauty and unrivaled genius in music, but for that touching simplicity and gentleness of heart and manner that loved the child for its helplessness, and worshiped the hills for their grandeur. He has indeed an almost superhuman fascination, rarely accorded to his fellows. He could not be persuaded to give a concert in Carlsbad; but he sometimes played for us in private. His touch had lost none of its marvelous power. The bright eyes of lovely women rained tears for his music, and the men held their breath in rapturous wonder. And when, too, he played the grand melodies of Mozart—his love for the works of that grand master amounts to adoration—the very composers who accompanied him forgot their parts, and seemed half paralyzed with admiration. But it was the reverence due to genius; and while he wailed in plaintive, heart-broken tones, or pierced like lightning, with exquisite purity, through the deep sounds of his accompaniments, they almost kneeled down in homage before him. At other times he loved to dwell on his native land and the scenes of his boyhood; and his quaintness and mobile expression always made him an entertaining narrator. Once he told us that, when but eight years old, "a little fiddle, no bigger than a lemon and of the same color, was given him, and he began to worry the strings." This early taste for music induced his mother to ask a "dance fiddler" to give him lessons; but the boy soon began to upbraid the master for playing false; whereupon an uncle, who had quartette parties, took the little Bull under his own instruction. Then the old uncle made a seat for the boy in the case of the violoncello, where he kept quiet as a mouse, in great fear and jeopardy lest the bow of the big fiddle, in the savage hands of his uncle, should cut his ears off. In this painful position, with eyes and ears wide open, he learned the music by heart, notwithstanding that the quartette party smoked and drank at every interlude like mad. The leading violin, however, always got tipsy first, and the uncle would abuse him soundly for not being able to stand a glass or two, and threaten to take the instrument away from him and give it to the little boy. So it came to pass that once, when the first violin slid out of his chair in a musicless condition, the little Ole was given the bow. This was his first distinguished position, and he played so well that he was elected their leader. In later years, when Bull had become famous and returned to Norway in 1838, his old drunken friend, Heinrich by name, at the age of eighty, sent for Bull, and while on his death-bed begged him to play for him, so that he might have the consolation of hearing what the violin was capable of. First, however, he wished to see and handle the violin itself—a real Stradivarius, remarking at the time, "Ah! my little Ole, many a Cremona have I sold, but I never saw one in my life before." Bull told us that the old fellow, among other "industries," made a trade of buying German fiddles for a dollar, counterfeiting them up by stamps and varnish, and then disposing of them as old relics. Bull played by the bedside of his old friend until the spirit left the body. On another occasion, while in England, Bull and Bochsa, the pianist, were to give a concert at Worthing, near London. A storm, however, prevented their arrival until two hours after the time announced, and then the audience were in such a rage that they hissed the Herr Bochsa to utter perdition. Bull appeared and the tumult increased; but he bore it coolly until a fellow in the gallery whistled, when Bull made his violin whistle like an echo. Then the fellow crowed and groaned; but Bull followed him up, by braying like a heart-broken donkey and yelping like a kennel, until the audience got in good humor and turned his tormentor out. But still Bull could not fairly begin, because of a fat woman who sat in front, and who looked so cross and sleepy that he became nervous and could not command his thoughts. Presently, however, he paused, and by a gentle lullaby movement he fiddled her into a doze; then he made his violin snore a concerto with her; and finally he awoke her by a loud crash, which so struck his victim aghast that she tumbled off the bench in a collapsed state and was borne away!

I trust I may be excused for thus using my friend Ole in this my Carlsbad experience; but as I believe he contributed very materially to my cure, by the pleasure I derived from his society and peculiar conversational treatment, I have therefore—in a magnetic sense—swallowed him whole. I had already swallowed three hundred and ninety-seven cups of the various waters, which I had indelibly carved on my drinking goblet, and the time drew nigh for me to leave. The weary days of my long and painful illness and the black dreams of night were fading away before the dawn of renewed life and vigor, and the future seemed bright before me. I had so far recovered the use of my leg that I could walk a mile without fatigue; the internal inflammation had entirely subsided; and I suffered very little pain. This state of affairs continued, with partial relapses, during the subsequent winter; but whatever of actual disease remained was, I have reason to hope, eradicated by a second course of Carlsbad the last summer. And though my leg has become shorter than its fellow, and gives me a lee roll occasionally if I work it too

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hard, yet I am entirely thankful for it as it is, and would not part with it for any conceivable amount of money.

To return, however, for another moment to Carlsbad—where, could I pen a suitable inscription, I would place a bronze or marble plate of thanksgiving with others of the kind upon the rocky galleries of the Tepel—one day my good doctor Hofberger came to see me. He said I had taken quite as much of the waters as was good for me in one season, but that I must return to them again. This time it was my turn to say "*Bon;*" and after a hearty embrace we parted. Early the following morning our carriage rolled gently away from our kind friends the Mattonis, and we were waved farewell by the other happy people of the Wiese. At the little bridge by the Nieubrunn we drew up for a moment, and Ole Bull and I drained a last steaming goblet and gave a heartfelt cheer for the Sprudel waters. The postillions cracked their whips, the horses started, and under a heavy shower of bouquets and roses we bade adieu to Carlsbad.

WASHINGTON.

WRITTEN UPON CONTEMPLATING STUART'S PORTRAIT IN THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

I.

ART in its mighty privilege receives
Painter and painted in its bonds forever;
A girl by Raphael in his glory lives—
A Washington unto his limner gives
The Ages' love to crown his best endeavor.

II.

The German Emperor, with whose counterpart
The gorgeous Titian made the world acquainted,
Boasted himself immortal by the art:
But he who on *thy* features cast his heart
Was made immortal by the head he painted!

III.

For thou before whose tinted shade I bow
Wert sent to show the wise of every nation
How a young world might leave the axe and plow
To die for Truth! So great, so loved wert thou,
That he who touched thee won a reputation.

IV.

The steady fire that battled in thy breast
Lit up our gloom with radiance, good though gory;
Like some red sun which the dull earth caressed
Into a wealthy adoration, blest
To be its glory's great reflected glory.

V.

Thou—when the earthly heaven of man's soul—
The heaven of home, of liberty, of honor—
Shuddered with darkness—didst the clouds uproll
And burst such light upon the nation's dole
That every State still feels thy breath upon her.

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VI.

Could I have seen thee in the Council—bland,
Firm as a rock, but as deep stream thy manner;
Or when, at trembling Liberty's command,
Facing grim havoc like a flag-staff stand,
And squadrons rolling round thee like a banner!

VII.

Could I have been with thee on Princeton's morn!
Or swelled with silence in the midnight muster;
Beheld thee ever, every fate adorn—
Or on retreat, or wingéd victory borne—
The warrior throbbing with the sage's lustre:

VIII.

Could I have shouted in the wild acclaim
That rent the sky o'er Germantown asunder;
Or when, like cataract, 'gainst the sheeted flame
You dashed, and chill'd the victor-shout to shame
On Monmouth's day of palsy-giving thunder:

IX.

Could I have followed thee through town and camp!
Fought where you led, and heard the same drums rattle;
Charged with a wild but passion-steadied tramp,
And witness'd, rising o'er death's ghastly damp,
The stars of empire through the clouds of battle!

X.

Oh! to have died thus 'neath thy hero gaze,
And won a smile, my bursting youth would rather,
Than to have lived with every other praise,
Saving the blessing of those epic days
When you blest all, and were the nation's father.

XI.

The autumn sun caresses Vernon's tomb,
Whose presence doth the country's honor leaven:
Two suns they are, that dissipate man's gloom;
For one's the index to Earth's free-born bloom,
The other to our burning hope in Heaven!

XII.

Thy dust may moulder in the hollow rock;
But every day thy soul makes some new capture!
Nations unborn will swell thy thankful flock,
And Fancy tremble that she can not mock
Thy history's Truth that will enchant with rapture.

XIII.

How vain the daring to compute in words
The height of homage that the heart would render!
And yet how proud—to feel no speech affords
Harmonious measure to the subtle chords
That fill the soul beneath thy placid splendor!

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RELICS OF GENERAL CHASSÉ.

A TALE OF ANTWERP.

THAT Belgium is now one of the European kingdoms, living by its own laws, resting on its own bottom, with a King and Court, palaces and Parliament of its own, is known to all the world. And a very nice little kingdom it is; full of old towns, fine Flemish pictures, and interesting Gothic churches. But in the memory of very many of us, who do not think ourselves old men, Belgium, as it is now called—in those days it used to be Flanders and Brabant—was a part of Holland; and it obtained its own independence by a revolution. In that revolution the most important military step was the siege of Antwerp, which was defended, on the part of the Dutch, by General Chassé, with the utmost gallantry, but nevertheless ineffectually.

After the siege Antwerp became quite a show place; and among the visitors who flocked there to talk of the gallant general, and to see what remained of the great effort which he had made to defend the place, were two Englishmen. One was the hero of this little history; and the other was a young man of considerable less weight in the world. The less I say of the latter the better; but it is necessary that I should give some description of the former.

The Rev. Augustus Horne was, at the time of my narrative, a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England. The profession which he had graced sat easily on him. Its external marks and signs were as pleasing to his friends as were its internal comforts to himself. He was a man of much quiet mirth, full of polished wit, and on some rare occasions he could descend to the more noisy hilarity of a joke. Loved by his friends, he loved all the world. He had known no care and seen no sorrow. Always intended for holy orders, he had entered them without a scruple, and remained within their pale without a regret. At twenty-four he had been a deacon, at twenty-seven a priest, at thirty a rector, and at thirty-five a prebendary; and as his rectory was rich and his prebendal stall well paid, the Rev. Augustus Horne was called by all, and called himself, a happy man. His stature was about six feet two, and his corpulence exceeded those bounds which symmetry would have preferred as being most perfectly compatible even with such a height. But nevertheless Mr. Horne was a well-made man; his hands and feet were small; his face was handsome, frank, and full of expression; his bright eyes twinkled with humor; his finely-cut mouth disclosed two marvelous rows of well-preserved ivory; and his slightly aquiline nose was just such a projection as one would wish to see on the face of a well-fed, good-natured dignitary of the Church of England. When I add to all this that the reverend gentleman was as generous as he was rich—and the kind mother in whose arms he had been nurtured had taken care that he should never want—I need hardly say that I was blessed with a very pleasant traveling companion.

I must mention one more interesting particular. Mr. Horne was rather inclined to dandyism, in an innocent way. His clerical starched neckcloth was always of the whitest, his cambric handkerchief of the finest, his bands adorned with the broadest border; his sable suit never degenerated to a rusty brown; it not only gave, on all occasions, glossy evidence of freshness, but also of the talent which the artisan had displayed in turning out a well-dressed clergyman of the Church of England. His hair was ever brushed with scrupulous attention, and showed in its regular waves the guardian care of each separate bristle. And all this was done with that ease and grace which should be the characteristics of a dignitary of the established English Church.

I had accompanied Mr. Horne to the Rhine; and we had reached Brussels on our return, just at the close of that revolution which ended in affording a throne to the son-in-law of George the Fourth. At that moment General Chassé's name and fame were in every man's mouth, and, like other curious admirers of the brave, Mr. Horne determined to devote two days to the scene of the late events at Antwerp. Antwerp, moreover, possesses perhaps the finest spire, and certainly one of the three or four finest pictures, in the world. Of General Chassé, of the Cathedral, and of the Rubens, I had heard much, and was therefore well pleased that such should be his resolution. This accomplished, we were to return to Brussels; and thence, *via* Ghent, Ostend, and Dover, I to complete my legal studies in London, and Mr. Horne to enjoy once more the peaceful retirement of Ollerton rectory. As we were to be absent but one night we were enabled to indulge in the gratification of traveling without our luggage. A small *sac-de-nuit* was prepared; brushes, combs, razors, strops, a change of linen, etc., etc., were carefully put up; but our heavy baggage, our coats, waistcoats, and other wearing apparel, were unnecessary. It was delightful to feel one's self so light-handed. The reverend gentleman, with my humble self by his side, left the portal of the Hôtel de Belle Vue at 7 A.M., in good humor with all the world. There were no railroads in those days; but a cabriolet, big enough to hold six persons, with rope traces and corresponding appendages, deposited us at the Golden Fleece in something less than six hours. The inward man was duly fortified, and we started for the castle.

It boots not here to describe the effects which gunpowder and grape-shot had had on the walls of Antwerp. Let the curious in these matters read the horrors of the siege of Troy, or the history of Jerusalem taken by Titus. The one may be found in Homer, and the other in Josephus. Or if they prefer doings of a later date, there is the taking of Sebastopol, as narrated in the columns of the English *Times* newspaper. The accounts are equally true, instructive, and intelligible. In the mean time, allow the Rev. Augustus Horne and myself to enter the private chambers of the renowned though defeated general.

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We rambled for a while through the covered way, over the glacis and along the counterscarp, and listened to the guide as he detailed to us, in already accustomed words, how the siege had gone. Then we got into the private apartments of the General, and, having dexterously shaken off our attendant, wandered at large among the deserted rooms.

"It is clear that no one ever comes here," said I.

"No," said the Rev. Augustus; "it seems not: and, to tell the truth, I don't know why any one should come. The chambers in themselves are not attractive."

What he said was true. They were plain, ugly, square, unfurnished rooms, here a big one and there a little one, as is usual in most houses —unfurnished, that is, for the most part. In one place we did find a table and a few chairs, in another a bedstead, and so on. But to me it was pleasant to indulge in those ruminations which any traces of the great or unfortunate create in softly sympathizing minds. For a time we communicated our thoughts to each other as we roamed free as air through the apartments; and then I lingered for a few moments behind, while Mr. Horne moved on with a quicker step.

At last I entered the bedchamber of the General, and there I overtook my friend. He was inspecting, with much attention, an article of the great man's wardrobe which he held in his hand. It was precisely that virile habiliment to which a well-known gallant captain alludes, in his conversation with the posthumous appearance of Miss Bayley, as containing a Bank of England £5 note.

"The General must have been a large man, George, or he would hardly have filled these," said Mr. Horne, holding up to the light the respectable leathern articles in question. "He must have been a very large man—the largest man in Antwerp, I should think; or else his tailor has done him more than justice."

They were certainly large, and had about them a charming regimental military appearance. They were made of white leather, with bright metal buttons at the knees, and bright metal buttons at the top. They owned no pockets, and were, with the exception of the legitimate outlet, continuous in the circumference of the waistband. No dangling strings gave them an appearance of senile imbecility. Were it not for a certain rigidity, sternness, and mental inflexibility—we will call it military ardor with which they were imbued—they would have created envy in the bosom of a fox-hunter.

Mr. Horne was no fox-hunter, but still he seemed to be irresistibly taken with the ladylike propensity of wishing to wear them. "Surely, George," he said, "the General must have been a stouter man than I am"—and he contemplated his own proportions with complacency — "these what's-the-names are quite big enough for me."

I differed in opinion; and was obliged to explain that I thought he did the good living of Ollerton insufficient justice.

"I am sure they are large enough for me," he repeated, with considerable obstinacy. I smiled incredulously; and then, to settle the matter, he resolved that he would try them on. Nobody had been in these rooms for the last hour, and it appeared as though they were never visited. Even the guide had not come on with us, but was employed in showing other parties about the fortifications. It was clear that this portion of the building was left desolate, and that the experiment might be safely made. So the sportive rector declared that he would for a short time wear the regimentals which had once contained the valorous heart of General Chassé.

With all decorum the Rev. Mr. Horne divested himself of the work of the London artist's needle; and, carefully placing his own garments beyond the reach of dust, essayed to fit himself in military garb.

At that important moment—at the critical instant of the attempt—the clatter of female voices was heard approaching the chamber. They must have suddenly come round some passage corner; for it was evident by the sound that they were close upon us before we had any warning of their advent. At this very minute Mr. Horne was somewhat embarrassed in his attempts, and was not fully in possession of his usual active powers of movement, nor of his usual presence of mind. He only looked for escape; and seeing a door partly open he with difficulty retreated through it, and I followed him. We found that we were in a small dressing-room; and as, by good luck, the door was defended by an inner bolt, my friend was able to protect himself.

"There shall be another siege, at any rate as stout as the last, before I surrender," said he.

As the ladies seemed inclined to linger in the room, it became a matter of importance that the above-named articles should fit, not only for ornament but for use. It was very cold, and Mr. Horne was altogether unused to move in a Highland sphere of life. But alas, alas! General Chassé had not been nurtured in the classical retirement of Ollerton. The ungiving leather would stretch no point to accommodate the divine, though it had been willing to minister to the convenience of the soldier. Mr. Horne was vexed and chilled; and throwing the now hateful garments into a corner, and protecting himself from the cold as best he might, by standing with his knees together and his body somewhat bent, so as to give the skirts of his coat an opportunity of doing extra duty, he begged me to see if those jabbering females were not going to leave him in peace to recover his own property. I accordingly went to the door, and opening it to a small extent I peeped through.

Who shall describe my horror at the sight which I then saw? The scene, which had hitherto been tinted with comic effect, was now becoming so decidedly tragic that I did not dare at once to acquaint my worthy pastor with that which was occurring—and, alas! had already occurred.

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Five countrywomen of our own (it was easy to know them by their dress and general aspect) were standing in the middle of the room; and one of them, the centre of the group, the senior harpy of the lot, a maiden lady—I could have sworn to that—with a red nose, held in one hand a huge pair of scissors, and in the other—the already devoted goods of my most unfortunate companion! Down from the waistband, through that goodly expanse, a fell gash had already gone through and through; and in useless, unbecoming disorder the broadcloth fell pendant from her arm on this side and on that. At that moment I confess that I had not the courage to speak to Mr. Horne—not even to look at him.

I must describe that group. Of the figure next to me I could only see the back. It was a broad back, done up in black silk not of the newest. The whole figure, one may say, was dumpy. The black silk was not long, as dresses now are worn, nor wide in its skirts. In every way it was shimpy, considering the breadth it had to cover; and below the silk I saw the heels of two thick shoes, and enough to swear by of two woollen stockings. Above the silk was a red-and-blue shawl; and above that a ponderous, elaborate brown bonnet, as to the materials of which I should not wish to undergo an examination. Over and beyond this I could only see the backs of her two hands. They were held up as though in wonder at that which the red-nosed holder of the scissors had dared to do.

Opposite to this lady, and with her face fully turned to me, was a kindly-looking, fat, motherly woman, with light-colored hair, not in the best order. She was hot and scarlet with exercise, being perhaps too stout for the steep steps of the fortress; and in one hand she held a handkerchief, with which from time to time she wiped her brow. In the other hand she held one of the extremities of my friend's property, feeling—good, careful soul!—what was the texture of that cloth. As she did so, I could see a glance of approbation pass across her warm features. I liked that lady's face, in spite of her untidy hair, and felt that had she been alone my friend would not have been injured.

On either side of her there stood a flaxen-haired maiden, with long curls, large blue eyes, fresh red cheeks, an undefined lumpy nose, and large good-humored mouth. They were as like as two peas, only that one was half an inch taller than the other; and there was no difficulty in discovering, at a moment's glance, that they were the children of that overheated matron who was feeling the web of my friend's cloth.

But the principal figure was she who held the centre place in the group. She was tall and thin, with fierce-looking eyes, rendered more fierce by the spectacles which she wore; with a red nose, as I have said before; and about her an undescribable something which quite convinced me that she had never known—could never know—aught of the comforts of married life. It was she who held the scissors and the black garments. It was she who had given that unkind cut. As I looked at her she whisked herself quickly round from one companion to the other, triumphing in what she had done, and ready to triumph further in what she was about to do. I immediately conceived a deep hatred for that Queen of the Harpies.

"Well, I suppose they can't be wanted again," said the mother, rubbing her forehead.

"Oh dear no!" said she of the red nose. "They are relics!"

I thought to leap forth; but for what purpose should I have leaped? The accursed scissors had already done their work; and the symmetry, nay, even the utility of the vestment was destroyed.

"General Chassé wore a very good article—I will say that for him," continued the mother.

"Of course he did!" said the Queen Harpy. "Why should he not, seeing that the country paid for it for him? Well, ladies, who's for having a bit!"

"Oh my! you won't go for to cut them up," said the stout back.

"Won't I?" said the scissors; and she immediately made another incision. "Who's for having a bit? Don't all speak at once."

"I should like a morsel for a pin-cushion," said flaxen-haired Miss No. 1, a young lady about nineteen, actuated by a general affection for all sword-bearing, fire-eating heroes. "I should like to have something to make me think of the poor General!"

Snip, snip went the scissors with professional rapidity, and a round piece was extracted from the back of the calf of the left leg. I shuddered with horror; and so did the Rev. Augustus Horne with cold.

"I hardly think it's proper to cut them up," said Miss No. 2.

"Oh, isn't it?" said the harpy. "Then I'll do what's improper!" and she got her finger and thumb well through the holes in the scissors handles. As she spoke, resolution was plainly marked on her brow.

"Well, if they are to be cut up, I should certainly like a bit for a pen-wiper," said No. 2. No. 2 was a literary young lady with a periodical correspondence, a journal, and an album. Snip, snip went the scissors again, and the broad part of the upper right division afforded ample materials for a pen-wiper.

Then the lady with the back, seeing that the desecration of the article had been completed, plucked up heart of courage and put in her little request: "I think I might have a needle-case out of it," said she, "just as a *suvneer* of the poor General"—and a long fragment cut rapidly out of the waistband afforded her unqualified delight.

Mamma, with the hot face and untidy hair, came next. "Well, girls," she said, "as you are all served, I don't see why I'm to be left out. Perhaps, Miss Grogram"—she was an old maid, you see—"perhaps, Miss Grogram, you could get me as much as would make a decent-sized reticule."

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There was not the slightest difficulty in doing this. The harpy in the centre again went to work, snip, snip, and extracting from that portion of the affairs which usually sustained the greater portion of Mr. Horne's weight two large round pieces of cloth, presented them to the well-pleased matron. "The General knew well where to get a bit of good broadcloth, certainly," said she, again feeling the pieces.

"And now for No. 1," said she whom I so absolutely hated, "I think there is still enough for a pair of slippers. There's nothing so nice for the house as good black-cloth slippers that are warm to the feet and don't show the dirt." And so saying, she spread out on the floor the lacerated remainders.

"There's a nice bit there," said young lady No. 2, poking at one of the pockets with the end of her parasol.

"Yes," said the harpy, contemplating her plunder. "But I'm thinking whether I couldn't get leggings as well. I always wear leggings in the thick of the winter." And so she concluded her operations, and there was nothing left but a melancholy skeleton of seams and buttons.

All this having been achieved, they pocketed their plunder and prepared to depart. There are people who have a wonderful appetite for relics. A stone with which Washington had broken a window when a boy—with which he had done so or had not, for there is little difference; a button that was on a coat of Napoleon's or on that of one of his lackeys; a bullet said to have been picked up at Waterloo or Bunker Hill; these, and such like things, are great treasures. And their most desirable characteristic is the ease with which they are attained. Any bullet or any button does the work. Faith alone is necessary. And now these ladies had made themselves happy and glorious with "Relics" of General Chassé cut from the ill-used habiliments of an elderly English gentleman!

They departed at last, and Mr. Horne, for once in an ill humor, followed me into the bedroom—here I must be excused if I draw a veil over his manly sorrow at discovering what fate had done for him. Remember what was his position! unclothed in the castle of Antwerp! The nearest suitable change for those which had been destroyed was locked up in his portmanteau at the Hôtel de Belle Vue in Brussels! He had nothing left to him—literally nothing, in that Antwerp world. There was no other wretched being wandering then in that Dutch town so utterly denuded of the goods of life. For what is a man fit—for what can he be fit—when left in such a position? There are some evils which seem utterly to crush a man; and if there be any misfortune to which a man may be allowed to succumb without imputation on his manliness, surely it is such as this. How was Mr. Horne to return to his hotel without incurring the displeasure of the municipality? That was my first thought.

He had a cloak, but it was at the inn; and I found that my friend was oppressed with a great horror at the idea of being left alone; so that I could not go in search of it. There is an old saying, that no man is a hero, to his *valet de chambre*—the reason doubtless being this: that it is customary for his valet to see the hero divested of those trappings in which so much of the heroic consists. Who reverences a clergyman without his gown, or a warrior without his sword and sabre-tasche? What would even Minerva be without her helmet?

I do not wish it to be understood that I no longer reverenced Mr. Horne because he was in an undress; but he himself certainly lost much of his composed, well-sustained dignity of demeanor. He was fearful and querulous, cold, and rather cross. When, forgetting his size, I offered him my own, he thought that I was laughing at him. He began to be afraid that the story would get abroad, and he then and there exacted a promise that I would never tell it during his lifetime. I have kept my word; but now my old friend has been gathered to his fathers, full of years.

At last I got him to the hotel. It was long before he would leave the castle, cloaked though he was; not, indeed, till the shades of evening had dimmed the outlines of men and things, and made indistinct the outward garniture of those who passed to and fro in the streets. Then, wrapped in his cloak, Mr. Horne followed me along the quays and through the narrowest of the streets; and at length, without venturing to return the gaze of any one in the hotel court, he made his way up to his own bedroom.

Dinnerless and supperless he went to his couch. But when there he did consent to receive some consolation in the shape of mutton cutlets and fried potatoes, a savory omelet, and a bottle of claret. The mutton cutlets and fried potatoes at the Golden Fleece at Antwerp are—or were then, for I am speaking now of well-nigh thirty years since—remarkably good; the claret, also, was of the best; and so, by degrees, the look of despairing dismay passed from his face, and some scintillations of the old fire returned to his eyes.

"I wonder whether they find themselves much happier for what they have got?" said he.

"A great deal happier," said I. "They'll boast of those things to all their friends at home, and we shall doubtless see some account of their success in the newspapers."

"It would be delightful to expose their blunder—to show them up. Would it not, George? To turn the tables on them?"

"Yes," said I, "I should like to have the laugh against them."

"So would I, only that I should compromise myself by telling the story. It wouldn't do at all to have the story told at Oxford with my name attached to it."

To this also I assented. To what would I not have assented in my anxiety to make him happy after his misery?

But all was not over yet. He was in bed now, but it was necessary that he should rise again on the morrow. At home, in England, what was

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required might, perhaps, have been made during the night; but here, among the slow Flemings, any such exertion would have been impossible. Mr. Horne, moreover, had no desire to be troubled in his retirement by a tailor.

Now the landlord of the Golden Fleece was a very stout man—a very stout man indeed. Looking at him as he stood with his hands in his pockets at the portal of his own establishment, I could not but think that he was stouter even than Mr. Horne. But then he was certainly much shorter, and the want of due proportion probably added to his unwieldy appéarance. I walked round him once or twice wishfully, measuring him in my eye, and thinking of what texture might be the Sunday best of such a man. The clothes which he then had on were certainly not exactly suited to Mr. Horne's tastes.

He saw that I was observing him, and appeared uneasy and offended. I had already ascertained that he spoke a little English. Of Flemish I knew literally nothing, and in French, with which probably he was also acquainted, I was by no means voluble. The business which I had to transact was intricate, and I required the use of my mother tongue.

It was intricate and delicate, and difficult withal. I began by remarking on the weather, but he did not take my remarks kindly. I am inclined to fancy that he thought I was desirous of borrowing money from him. At any rate he gave me no encouragement in my first advances.

"Vat misfortune?" at last he asked, when I had succeeded in making him understand that a gentleman up stairs required his assistance.

"He has lost these things," and I took hold of my own garments. "It's a long story, or I'd tell you how; but he has not a pair in the world till he get back to Brussels—unless you can lend him one."

"Lost hees br——?" and he opened his eyes wide, and looked at me with astonishment.

"Yes, yes, exactly so," said I, interrupting him. "Most astonishing thing, isn't it? But it's quite true."

"Vas hees money in de pocket?" asked my suspicious landlord.

"No, no, no. It's not so bad as that. His money is all right. I had the money luckily."

"Ah! dat is better. But he have lost hees b——?"

"Yes, yes." I was now getting rather impatient. "There is no mistake about it. He has lost them as sure as you stand there." And then I proceeded to explain that as the gentleman in question was very stout, and as he, the landlord, was stout also, he might assist us in this great calamity by a loan from his own wardrobe.

When he found that the money was not in the pocket, and that his bill therefore would be paid, he was not indisposed to be gracious. He would, he said, desire his servant to take up what was required to Mr. Horne's chamber. I endeavored to make him understand that a sombre color would be preferable; but he only answered that he would put the best that he had at the gentleman's disposal. He could not think of offering any thing less than his best on such an occasion. And then he turned his back and went his way, muttering as he went something in Flemish, which I believed to be an exclamation of astonishment that any man should, under any circumstances, lose such an article.

It was now getting late; so when I had taken a short stroll by myself, I went to bed without disturbing Mr. Horne again that night. On the following morning I thought it best not to go to him unless he sent for me; so I desired the boots to let him know that I had ordered breakfast in a private room, and that I would await him there unless he wished to see me. He sent me word back to say that he would be with me very shortly.

He did not keep me waiting above half an hour; but I confess that that half-hour was not pleasantly spent. I feared that his temper would be tried in dressing, and that he would not be able to eat his breakfast in a happy state of mind. So that when I heard his heavy footstep advancing along the passage my heart did misgive me, and I felt that I was trembling.

That step was certainly slower and more ponderous than usual. There was always a certain dignity in the very sound of his movements, but now this seemed to have been enhanced. To judge merely by the step, one would have said that a bishop was coming that way instead of a prebendary.

And then he entered. In the upper half of his august person no alteration was perceptible. The hair was as regular and as graceful as ever, the handkerchief as white, the coat as immaculate; but below his well-filled waistcoat a pair of red plush began to shine in unmitigated splendor, and continued from thence down to within an inch above his knee, nor, as it appeared, could any pulling induce them to descend lower. Mr. Horne always wore black silk stockings—at least so the world supposed—but it was now apparent that the world had been wrong in presuming him to be guilty of such extravagance. Those, at any rate, which he exhibited on the present occasion were more economical. They were silk to the calf, but thence upward they continued their career in white cotton. These then followed the plush; first two snowy, full-sized pillars of white, and then two jet columns of flossy silk. Such was the appearance, on that well-remembered morning, of the Reverend Augustus Horne, as he entered the room in which his breakfast was prepared.

I could see at a glance that a dark frown contracted his eyebrows, and that the compressed muscles of his upper lip gave a strange degree of austerity to his open face. He carried his head proudly on high, determined to be dignified in spite of his misfortunes, and advanced two steps into the room without a remark, as though to show that neither red plush nor black cloth could disarrange the equal poise of his mighty mind.

And after all what are a man's garments but

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the outward husks in which the fruit is kept duly tempered from the wind?

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

And is not the tailor's art as little worthy, as insignificant as that of the king who makes

"A marquis, duke, and a' that?"

Who would be content to think that his manly dignity depended on his coat and waistcoat, or his hold on the world's esteem on any other garment of usual wear? That no such weakness soiled his mind Mr. Horne was determined to prove; and thus he entered the room with measured tread and stern, dignified demeanor.

Having advanced two steps his eye caught mine. I do not know whether he was moved by some unconscious smile on my part—for in truth I endeavored to seem as indifferent as himself to the nature of his dress—or whether he was invincibly tickled by some inward fancy of his own, but suddenly his advancing step ceased, a broad flash of comic humor spread itself over his features, he retreated with his back against the wall, and then burst out into an immoderate roar of loud laughter.

And I—what else could I then do but laugh? He laughed, and I laughed. He roared, and I roared. He lifted up his vast legs to view till the rays of the morning sun shone through the window on the bright hues which he displayed; and he did not sit down to his breakfast till he had in every fantastic attitude shown off to the best advantage the red plush of which he had so recently become proud.

An Antwerp private cabriolet on that day reached the yard of the Hôtel de Belle Vue at about 4 P.M., and four waiters, in a frenzy of astonishment, saw the Reverend Augustus Horne descend from the vehicle and seek his chamber dressed in the garments which I have described; but I am inclined to think that he has never since favored any of his friends with such a sight.

It was on the next evening after this that I went out to drink tea with two maiden ladies, relatives of mine, who kept a seminary for English girls at Brussels. The Misses Macmanus were very worthy women, and earned their bread in an upright, painstaking manner. I would not for worlds have passed through Brussels without paying them this compliment. They were, however, perhaps a little dull, and I was aware that I should not probably meet in their drawing-room many of the fashionable inhabitants of the city. Mr. Horne had declined to accompany me; but in doing so he was good enough to express a warm admiration for the character of my worthy cousins.

The elder Miss Macmanus, in her little note, had informed me that she would have the pleasure of introducing me to a few of my "compatriots." I presumed she meant Englishmen; and as I was in the habit of meeting such every day of my life at home, I can not say that I was peculiarly elevated by the promise. When, however, I entered the room, there was no Englishman there—there was no man of any kind; there were twelve ladies collected together with the view of making the evening pass agreeably to me, the single virile being among them all. I felt as though I were a sort of Mohammed in Paradise; but I certainly felt also that the Paradise was none of my own choosing.

In the centre of the amphitheatre which the ladies formed sat the two Misses Macmanus—there, at least, they sat when they had completed the process of shaking hands with me. To the left of them, making one wing of the semicircle, were arranged the five pupils by attending to whom the Misses Macmanus earned their living; and the other wing consisted of the five ladies who had furnished themselves with relics of General Chassé. They were my "compatriots."

I was introduced to them all, one after the other; but their names did not abide in my memory one moment. I was thinking too much of the singularity of the adventure, and could not attend to such minutiæ. That the red-nosed harpy was Miss Grogram, that I remembered—that, I may say, I never shall forget. But whether the motherly lady with the somewhat blowsy hair was Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Green, or Mrs. Walker, I can not now say. The dumpy female with the broad back was always called Aunt Sally by the young ladies.

Too much sugar spoils one's tea; I think I have heard that even prosperity will cloy when it comes in overdoses; and a school-boy has been known to be overdone with jam. I myself have always been peculiarly attached to ladies' society, and have avoided bachelor parties as things execrable in their very nature. But on this special occasion I felt myself to be that schoolboy—I was literally overdone with jam. My tea was all sugar, so that I could not drink it. I was one among twelve—what could I do or say? The proportion of alloy was too small to have any effect in changing the nature of the virgin silver, and the conversation became absolutely feminine.

I must confess also that my previous experience as to these compatriots of mine had not prejudiced me in their favor. I regarded them with—I am ashamed to say so, seeing that they were ladies—but almost with loathing. When last I had seen them their occupation had reminded me of some obscene feast, of harpies, or almost of ghouls. They had brought down to the verge of desperation the man whom of all men I most venerated. On these accounts I was inclined to be taciturn with reference to them—and then what could I have to say to the Misses Macmanus's five pupils?

My cousins at first made an effort or two in my favor; but these efforts were fruitless. I soon died away into utter unrecognized insignificance; and the conversation, as I have before said, became feminine; and indeed that horrid Miss Grogram, who was, as it were, the princess of the ghouls, nearly monopolized the whole of it. Mamma Jones—we will call her Jones for the occasion—put in a word now and then, as did also the elder and more energetic Miss Mac-

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manus. The dumpy lady with the broad back ate tea-cake incessantly; the two daughters looked scornful, as though they were above their company with reference to the five pupils; and the five pupils themselves sat in a row with the utmost propriety, each with her hands crossed on her lap before her.

Of what they were talking at last I became utterly oblivious. They had ignored me, going into realms of muslin, questions of maid servants, female rights, and cheap under-clothing; and I therefore had ignored them. My mind had gone back to Mr. Horne and his garments. While they spoke of their rights, I was thinking of his wrongs; when they mentioned the price of flannel, I thought of that of broadcloth.

But of a sudden my attention was arrested. Miss Macmanus had said something of the black silks of Antwerp, when Miss Grogram replied that she had just returned from that city, and had there enjoyed a great success. My cousin had again asked something about the black silks, thinking, no doubt, that Miss Grogram had achieved some bargain; but that lady had soon undeceived her.

"Oh no," said Miss Grogram, "it was at the castle. We got such beautiful relics of General Chassé! Didn't we, Mrs. Jones?"

"Indeed we did," said Mrs. Jones, bringing out from beneath the skirts of her dress and ostensibly displaying a large black bag.

"And I've got such a beautiful needle-case," said the broad-back, displaying her prize. "I've been making it up all the morning." And she handed over the article to Miss Macmanus.

"And only look at this duck of a pen-wiper," simpered flaxen-hair No. 2. "Only think of wiping one's pens with relics of General Chassé!" and she handed it over to the other Miss Macmanus.

"And mine's a pin-cushion," said No. 1, exhibiting the trophy.

"But that's nothing to what I've got," said Miss Grogram. "In the first place, there's a pair of slippers—a beautiful pair—they're not made up yet, of course; and then—"

The two Misses Macmanus and their five pupils were sitting open-eared, open-eyed, and open-mouthed. How all these sombre-looking articles could be relics of General Chassé did not at first appear clear to them.

"What are they, Miss Grogram?" said the elder Miss Macmanus, holding the needle-case in one hand and Mrs. Jones's bag in the other. Miss Macmanus was a strong-minded female, and I reverenced my cousin when I saw the decided way in which she intended to put down the greedy annoyance of Miss Grogram.

"They are relics."

"But where do they come from, Miss Grogram?"

"Why, from the castle, to be sure—from General Chassé's own rooms."

"Did any body sell them to you?"

"No."

"Or give them to you?"

"Why, no—at least not exactly give."

"There they were, and she took 'em," said the broad-back.

Oh, what a look Miss Grogram gave her! "Took them! of course I took them. That is, you took them as much as I did. They were things that we found lying about."

"What things?" asked Miss Macmanus, in a peculiarly strong-minded tone.

Miss Grogram seemed to be for a moment silenced. I had been ignored, as I have said, and my existence forgotten; but now I observed that the eyes of the culprits were turned toward me—the eyes, that is, of four of them. Mrs. Jones looked at me from beneath her fan; the two girls glanced at me furtively, and then their eyes fell to the lowest flounces of their frocks; Miss Grogram turned her spectacles right upon me, and I fancied that she nodded her head at me as a sort of answer to Miss Macmanus; the five pupils opened their mouths and eyes wider; but she of the broad back was nothing abashed. It would have been nothing to her had there been a dozen gentlemen in the room. "We just found a pair of black ——." The whole truth was told in the plainest possible language.

"Oh, Aunt Sally!" "Aunt Sally, how can you?" "Hold your tongue, Aunt Sally!"

"And then Miss Grogram just cut them up with her scissors," continued Aunt Sally, not a whit abashed, "and gave us each a bit, only she took more than half for herself." It was clear to me that there had been some quarrel, some delicious quarrel, between Aunt Sally and Miss Grogram. Through the whole adventure I had rather respected Aunt Sally. "She took more than half for herself," continued Aunt Sally. "She kept all the ——."

"Jemima," said the elder Miss Macmanus, interrupting the speaker, and addressing her sister, "it is time, I think, for the young ladies to retire. Will you be kind enough to see them to their rooms?" The five pupils thereupon rose from their seats and courtesied. They then left the room in file, the younger Miss Macmanus showing them the way.

"But we haven't done any harm, have we?" asked Mrs. Jones, with some tremulousness in her voice.

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Macmanus. "What I'm thinking of now is this—to whom, I wonder, did the garments properly belong? Who had been the owner and wearer of them?"

"Why, General Chassé, of course," said Miss Grogram.

"They were the General's," repeated the two young ladies; blushing, however, as they alluded to the subject.

"Well, we thought they were the General's, certainly; and a very excellent article they were," said Mrs. Jones.

"Perhaps they were the butler's?" said Aunt Sally. I certainly had not given her credit for so much sarcasm.

"Butler's!" exclaimed Miss Grogram, with a toss of her head.

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"Oh! Aunt Sally, Aunt Sally! how can you?" shrieked the two young ladies.

"Oh laws!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones.

"I don't think that they could have belonged to the butler," said Miss Macmanus, with much authority, "seeing that domestics in this country are never clad in garments of that description; so far my own observation enables me to speak with certainty. But it is equally sure that they were never the property of the General lately in command at Antwerp. Generals, when they are in full dress, wear ornamental lace upon their—their regimentals; and when—" So much she said, and something more, which it may be unnecessary that I should repeat; but such were her eloquence and logic that no doubt would have been left on the mind of any impartial hearer. If an argumentative speaker ever proved any thing, Miss Macmanus proved that General Chassé had never been the wearer of the article in question.

"But I know very well they were his!" said Miss Grogram, who was not an impartial hearer. "Of course they were; whose else's should they be?"

"I'm sure I hope they were his," said one of the young ladies, almost crying.

"I wish I'd never taken it," said the other.

"Dear, dear, dear!" said Mrs. Jones.

"I'll give you my needle-case, Miss Grogram," said Aunt Sally.

I had sat hitherto silent during the whole scene, meditating how best I might confound the red-nosed harpy. Now, I thought, was the time for me to strike in.

"I really think, ladies, that there has been some mistake," said I.

"There has been no mistake at all, Sir!" said Miss Grogram.

"Perhaps not," I answered, very mildly; "very likely not. But some affair of a similar nature was very much talked about in Antwerp yesterday."

"Oh laws!" again ejaculated Mrs. Jones.

"The affair I allude to has been talked about a good deal, certainly," I continued. "But perhaps it may be altogether a different circumstance."

"And what may be the circumstance to which you allude?" asked Miss Macmanus, in the same authoritative tone.

"I dare say it has nothing to do with these ladies," said I; "but a piece of cloth, of the nature they have described, was cut up in the Castle of Antwerp on the day before yesterday. It belonged to a gentleman who was visiting the place; and I was given to understand that he is determined to punish the people who have wronged him."

"It can't be the same," said Miss Grogram; but I could see that she was trembling.

"Oh laws! what will become of us?" said Mrs. Jones.

"You can all prove that I didn't touch them, and that I warned her not," said Aunt Sally. In the mean time the two young ladies had almost fainted behind their fans.

"But how had it come to pass," asked Miss Macmanus, "that the gentleman had—"

"I know nothing more about it, cousin," said I; "only it does seem that there is an odd coincidence."

Immediately after this I took my leave. I saw that I had avenged my friend, and spread dismay in the hearts of those who had injured him. I had learned in the course of the evening at what hotel the five ladies were staying; and in the course of the next morning I sauntered into the hall, and finding one of the porters alone, asked if they were still there. The man told me that they had started by the earliest diligence. "And," said he, "if you are a friend of theirs, perhaps you will take charge of these things, which they have left behind them?" So saying, he pointed to a table at the back of the hall, on which were lying the black bag, the black needle-case, the black pin-cushion, and the black pen-wiper. There was also a heap of fragments of cloth, which I well knew had been intended by Miss Grogram for the comfort of her feet and ankles.

I declined the commission, however. They were no special friends of mine, I said; and I left all the relics still lying on the little table in the back hall.

"Upon the whole, I am satisfied!" said the Rev. Augustus Horne, when I told him the finale of the story.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.*

FROM the contemporary barbarism of the native people of Europe, who could scarcely be said to have emerged from the savage state, unclean in person, benighted in mind, inhabiting huts in which it was a token of wealth if there were bulrushes on the floor and straw mats against the wall, miserably fed on beans, vetches, roots, and even the bark of trees, clad in garments of untanned skin, or, at the best, in leather—perennial in durability, but not conducive to personal purity—a state in which the pomp of royalty was sufficiently and satisfactorily manifested in the equipage of the sovereign, an ox-cart drawn by not less than two yokes of cattle, quickened in their movements by the goads of pedestrian serfs whose legs were wrapped in wisps of straw; from a people devout believers in all the wild fictions of shrine-miracles and preposterous relics; from the degradation of a base theology, and from the disputes of ambitious ecclesiastics for power, it is pleasant to turn to the southwest corner of the continent, whence, under auspices of a very different kind, the irradiations of light were to break forth. The crescent in the west was soon to pass eastward to its full.

These were the circumstances of the Arab conquest of Spain. In that country the Arian creed

* Extract from *A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, by JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Shortly to be published by Harper and Brothers.

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had been supplanted by the Orthodox, and the customary persecutions had set in. From the time of the Emperor Hadrian, who had transported 50,000 Jewish families into Spain, that race had singularly increased, and, as might be expected, had received no mercy at the hands of the Orthodox. Ninety thousand individuals had recently suffered compulsory baptism, and so had been brought under the atrocious Catholic law, that whoever has been baptized shall be compelled to continue the observances of the Church. The Gothic monarchy was elective, and Roderic had succeeded to the throne, to the prejudice of the heirs of his predecessor. Though a very brave soldier, he was a luxurious and licentious man. It was the custom of the Goths to send their children to Toledo to be educated; and under these circumstances a young girl of extraordinary beauty, the daughter of Count Julian, Governor of Ceuta, in Africa, was residing there. King Roderic fell passionately in love with her, and, being unable to overcome her virtuous resolution by persuasion, gratified himself by violence. The girl found means to inform her father of what had occurred. "By the living God!" exclaimed the Count, in a paroxysm of wrath, "I will be revenged!" But dissembling his rage, he crossed over into Spain, had an understanding with Oppas, the Archbishop of Toledo, and other disaffected ecclesiastics, and under specious pretenses lulled the suspicions of Roderic, and brought his daughter away. And now he opened communications with the Emir Musa, prevailing upon him to attempt the conquest of the country, and offering that he himself would lead the way. The conditions were settled between them, and the consent of the Calif to the expedition obtained. Tarik, a lieutenant of the Emir, was sent across the straits with the van of the army. He landed on the rock called in memory of his name Gibraltar, April, 711. In the battle that ensued, a part of Roderic's troops, together with the Archbishop of Toledo, consummated their treasonable compact, and deserted to the Arabs; the rest were panic-stricken. In the rout Roderic himself was drowned in the waters of the Guadalquiver.

Tarik now proceeded rapidly northward, and was soon joined by his superior, the Emir Musa, who was not, perhaps, without jealousy at his success. As the Arab historians say, the Almighty delivered the idolators into their hand, and gave them one victory after another. As the towns successively fell, they left them in charge of the Jews, to whose revenge the conquest was largely due, and who could be thoroughly trusted; nor did they pause in their march until they had passed the French frontier and reached the Rhone. It was the intention of Musa to cross the European continent to Constantinople, subjugating the Frank, German, and Italian barbarians by the way. At this time it seemed impossible that France could escape the fate of Spain, and if she fell the threat of Musa would inevitably have come to pass, that he would preach the Unity of God in the Vatican. But a quarrel had arisen between him and Tarik, who had been imprisoned and even scourged. The friends of the latter, however, did not fail him at the court of Damascus. An envoy from the Calif Alwalid appeared, ordering Musa to desist from his enterprise, to return to Syria and exonerate himself of the things laid to his charge. But Musa bribed the envoy to let him advance. Hereupon the angry Calif dispatched a second messenger, who, in face of the Moslems and Christians, audaciously arrested him at the head of his troops by the bridle of his horse. The conqueror of Spain was compelled to return; he was cast into prison, fined 200,000 pieces of gold, publicly whipped, and his life with difficulty spared. As is related of Belisarius, Musa was driven as a beggar to solicit charity, and the Saracen conqueror of Spain ended his days in grief and absolute want.

These dissensions among the Arabs, far more than the sword of Charles Martel, prevented the Mohammedanization of France. Their historians admit the great check received at the battle of Tours, in which Abderrahman was killed; they call that field the Place of the Martyrs; but their accounts by no means correspond to the relations of the Christian authors, who affirm that 375,000 Mohammedans fell, but only fifteen hundred Christians. The defeat was not so disastrous but that in a few months they were able to resume their advance, and their progress was arrested only by renewed dissensions among themselves—dissensions not alone among the leaders in Spain, but also more serious ones of aspirants for the Califate in Asia. On the overthrow of the Ommiade house, Abderrahman, one of that family, escaped to Spain, which repaid the patronage of its conquest by acknowledging him as its sovereign. He made Cordova the seat of his government. Neither he nor his immediate successors took any other title but that of Emir, out of respect to the Calif, who resided at Bagdad, the metropolis of Islam, though they maintained a rivalry with him in the patronage of letters and science. Abderrahman himself strengthened his power by an alliance with Charlemagne.

If it be true that the Arabs burned the library of Alexandria, there was at that time danger that their fanaticism would lend itself to the Byzantine system; but it was only for a moment that the Califs fell into this evil policy. They very soon became distinguished patrons of learning. It has been said that they overran the domains of science as quickly as they overran the realms of their neighbors. It became customary for the first dignities of the state to be held by men distinguished for their erudition. Some of the maxims current show how much literature was esteemed. "The ink of the doctor is equally valuable as the blood of the martyr." "Paradise is as much for him who has rightly used the pen as for him who has fallen by the sword." "The world is sustained by four things only—the learning of the wise, the justice of the great, the prayers of the good, and the valor of the

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brave." Within twenty-five years after the death of Mohammed, under Ali, the fourth Calif, the patronage of learning had become a settled principle of the Mohammedan system. Under the Califs of Bagdad this principle was thoroughly carried out. The cultivators of mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and general literature abounded in the court of Almansor, who invited all philosophers, offering them his protection whatever their religious opinions might be. His successor, Alraschid, is said never to have traveled without a retinue of a hundred learned men. This great sovereign issued an edict that no mosque should be built unless there was a school attached to it. It was he who confided the superintendence of his schools to the Nestorian Masué. His successor, Almaimon, was brought up among Greek and Persian mathematicians, philosophers, and physicians. They continued his associates all his life. By these sovereigns the establishment of libraries was incessantly prosecuted, and the collection and copying of manuscripts properly organized. In all the great cities schools abounded; in Alexandria there were not less than twenty. As might be expected, this could not take place without exciting the indignation of the old fanatical party, who not only remonstrated with Almaimon, but threatened him with the vengeance of God for thus disturbing the faith of the people. However, what had thus been commenced as a matter of profound policy soon grew into a habit, and it was observed that whenever an Emir managed to make himself independent, he forthwith opened academies.

The Arabs furnish a striking illustration of the successive phases of national life. They first come before us as fetich worshipers, having their age of credulity, their object of superstition being the black stone in the temple at Mecca. They pass through an age of inquiry, rendering possible the advent of Mohammed. Then follows their age of faith, the blind fanaticism of which quickly led them to overspread all adjoining countries; and at last comes their period of maturity, their age of reason. The striking feature of their movement is the quickness with which they passed through these successive phases, and the intensity of their national life.

This singular rapidity of national life was favored by very obvious circumstances. The long and desolating wars between Heraclius and Chosroes had altogether destroyed the mercantile relations of the Roman and Persian empires, and had thrown the entire Oriental and African trade into the hands of the Arabs. As a merchant, Mohammed himself makes his first appearance. The first we hear in his history are the journeys he has made as the factor of the wealthy Cadijah. In these expeditions with the caravans to Damascus and other Syrian cities, he was brought in contact with Jews and men of affairs, who from the nature of their pursuits were of more enlarged views than mere Arab chieftains or the petty tradesmen of Arab towns. Through such agency the first impetus was given. As to the rapid success, its causes are in like manner so plain as to take away all surprise. It is no wonder that in fifty years, as Abderrahman wrote to the Calif, not only had the tribute from the entire north of Africa ceased, through the population having become altogether Mohammedan, but that the Moors boasted an Arab descent as their greatest glory. For besides the sectarian animosities on which I have dwelt, as facilitating the first conquest of the Christians, and the dreadful shock that had been given by the capture of the Holy City, Jerusalem, the insulting and burning the sepulchre of Our Saviour, and the carrying away of his cross as a trophy by the Persians, there were other very powerful causes. For many years the taxation imposed by the Emperors of Constantinople on their subjects in Asia and Africa had been not only excessive and extortionate but likewise complicated. This the Califs replaced by a simple, well-defined tribute, of far less amount. Thus, in the case of Cyprus, the sum paid to the Calif was only half of what it had been to the Emperor, and indeed the lower orders were never made to feel the bitterness of conquest, the blows fell on the ecclesiastics not on the population, and between them there was but little sympathy. In the eyes of the ignorant nations the prestige of the patriarchs and bishops was utterly destroyed, by their detected helplessness to prevent the capture and insult of the sacred places. On the payment of a trifling sum the conqueror guaranteed to the Christian and the Jew absolute security for their worship. An equivalent was given for a price. Religious freedom was bought with money. Numerous instances might be given of the scrupulous integrity with which the Arab commanders complied with their part of the contract. The example set by Omar on the steps of the Church of the Resurrection was followed by Moawiyah, who actually rebuilt the church of Edessa for his Christian subjects; and by Abdalmalik, who, when he had commenced converting that of Damascus into a mosque, forthwith desisted on finding that the Christians were entitled to it by the terms of the capitulation. If these things were done in the first fervor of victory, the principles on which they depended were all the more powerful after the Arabs had become tinctured with Nestorian and Jewish influences, and were a learned nation. It is related of Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, and the fourth successor in the Califate, that he gave himself up to letters. Among his sayings are recorded such as these: "Eminence in science is the highest of honors;" "He dies not who gives life to learning;" "The greatest ornament of a man is erudition." When the sovereign felt and expressed such sentiments it was impossible but that a liberal policy should prevail.

Besides these there were other incentives not less powerful. To one whose faith sat lightly upon him, or who valued it less than the tribute to be paid, it only required the repetition of a short sentence acknowledging the unity of God and the divine mission of the Prophet, and he

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forthwith became, though a captive or a slave, the equal and friend of his conqueror. Doubtless many thousands were under these circumstances carried away. As respects the female sex, the Arab system was very far from being oppressive; some have even asserted that "the Christian women found in the seraglios a delightful retreat." But above all, polygamy acted most effectually in consolidating the conquests; the large families that were raised—some are mentioned of more than one hundred and eighty children—compressed into the course of a few years events that would otherwise have taken many generations for their accomplishment. These children gloried in their Arab descent, and being taught to speak the language of their conquering fathers, became to all intents and purposes Arabs. This diffusion of the language was sometimes expedited by the edicts of the Califs; thus Alwalid I. prohibited the use of Greek, directing the Arabic to be employed in its stead.

If thus without difficulty we recognize the causes which led to the rapid diffusion of the Arab power, we also without difficulty recognize those which led to its check and eventual dissolution. Arab conquest implied, from the scale on which it was pursued, the forthgoing of the whole nation. It could only be accomplished, and in a temporary manner sustained, by an excessive and incessant drain of the native Arab population. That immobility, or, at the best, slow progress, the nation had for so many ages displayed, was at an end, society was moved to its foundations, a fanatical delirium possessed it, the greatest and boldest enterprises were entered upon without hesitation, the wildest hopes or passions of men might be speedily gratified, wealth and beauty were the tangible rewards of valor in this life, to say nothing of Paradise in the next. But such an outrush of a nation in all directions implied the quick growth of diverse interests and opposing policies. The necessary consequence of the Arab system was subdivision and breaking up. The circumstances of its growth rendered it certain that a decomposition would take place in the political, and not, as has been in the case of the ecclesiastical Roman system, in the theological direction. All this is illustrated both in the earlier and later Saracenic history. Their intestine divisions and quarrels checked the advance of the Arabs in the south of France; it was similar divisions and quarrels which led to their expulsion from Spain. The political decomposition went on until there were almost as many independent sovereignties as towns—Cordova, Toledo, Seville, Jaen, Granada, and many other places, were examples. In the rivalries and petty oppositions necessarily arising the African connections were not cultivated, and when the time of trial came no reliance could be placed on that country.

War makes a people run through its phases of existence fast. It would have taken the Arabs many thousand years to have advanced, intellectually, as far as they did in a single century, had they, as a nation, remained in profound peace. They did not so much shake off that dead weight which clogs the movement of a nation—its inert mass of common people; they converted that mass into a living force. National progress is the sum of individual progress; national immobility the result of individual quiescence. Arabian life was run through with rapidity, because an unrestrained career was opened to every man; and yet, quick as the movement was, it manifested all those unavoidable phases through which, whether its motion be swift or slow, humanity must unavoidably pass.

Scarcely had the Arabs become firmly settled in Spain before they commenced a brilliant career. Adopting what had now become the established policy of the Commanders of the Faithful in Asia, the Califs of Cordova distinguished themselves as patrons of learning, and set an example of refinement strongly contrasting with the condition of the native European princes. Cordova, under their administration, at its highest point of prosperity, boasted of more than two hundred thousand houses, and more than a million of inhabitants. After sunset a man might walk through it in a straight line for ten miles by the light of the public lamps. Seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London. Its streets were solidly paved. In Paris, centuries subsequently, whoever stepped over his threshold on a rainy day stepped up to his ankles in mud. Other cities, as Granada, Seville, Toledo, considered themselves rivals of Cordova. The palaces of the Califs were decorated with inconceivable luxury. Those sovereigns might well look down with supercilious contempt on the dwellings of the rulers of Germany, France, and England, which were scarce better than stables—chimneyless, windowless, and with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, like the wigwams of certain Indians. The Spanish Mohammedans had brought with them all the luxuries and all the prodigalities of Asia. Their residences stood forth against the clear blue sky, or were embosomed in woods; they had polished marble balconies overhanging orange-gardens, courts with cascades of water, shadowy retreats provocative of slumber in the heat of the day, retiring rooms vaulted with stained glass, speckled with gold, over which streams of water were made to gush; the floors and walls were of exquisite mosaic; here, a fountain of quicksilver shot up in a glistening spray, the glittering particles falling with a tranquil sound like fairy bells; there, apartments into which cool air was drawn from flower-gardens, in summer, by means of ventilating towers, and in the winter through earthen pipes, or caleducts, embedded in the walls; the hypocaust in the vaults below breathing forth volumes of warm and perfumed air through these hidden passages. The walls were not covered with wainscot, but adorned with arabesques, and paintings of agricultural scenes and views of Paradise. From the ceilings, corniced with fretted gold, vast chandeliers depended; it is

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said that one was so large that it contained 1084 lamps. Clusters of frail marble columns surprised the beholder with the vast weights they bore. In the boudoirs of the sultanas they were sometimes of verd antique, and incrusted with lapis lazuli. The furniture was of sandal and citron wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, silver, or relieved with gold and precious malachite. In orderly confusion were arranged vases of rock crystal, Chinese porcelains, and tables of exquisite mosaic. The winter apartments were hung with rich tapestry; the floors were covered with embroidered Persian carpets. Pillows and couches, of elegant forms, were scattered about the rooms, which were perfumed with frankincense. It was the intention of the Saracen architects, by excluding the view of the external landscape, to concentrate attention on his work; and since the representation of the human form was religiously forbidden, and that source of decoration denied, his imagination ran riot with the complicated arabesques he introduced, and sought every opportunity of replacing the prohibited works of art by the trophies and rarities of the garden. It was for this reason that the Arabs never produced artists; religion turned them from the beautiful, and made them soldiers, philosophers, and men of affairs. Splendid flowers and rare exotics ornamented the court-yards, and even the inner chambers. Great care was taken to make due provision for the cleanliness, occupation, and amusement of the inmates. Through pipes of metal, water, both warm and cold, to suit the season of the year, was delivered into baths of marble; in niches where the current of air could be artificially directed hung dripping alcazzaras. There were whispering-galleries for the amusement of the women; labyrinths and marble play-courts for the children; for the master himself, grand libraries. The Calif Alhakam's was so large that the catalogue alone filled forty volumes. He had also apartments for the transcribing, binding, and ornamenting of books. A taste for calligraphy and the possession of splendidly-illuminated manuscripts seems to have anticipated in the Califs, both of Asia and Spain, the taste for statuary and paintings among the later Popes of Rome.

Such were the palace and gardens of Zehra, in which Abderrahman III. honored his favorite sultana. The edifice had 1200 columns of Greek, Italian, Spanish, and African marble; its hall of audience was incrusted with gold and pearls. Through the long corridors of its seraglio black eunuchs silently glided. The ladies of the harem, both wives and concubines, were of inconceivable beauty. To that establishment alone 6300 persons were attached. The body-guard of the sovereign was composed of 12,000 horsemen, whose cimeters and belts were studded with gold. This was that Abderrahman who, after a glorious reign of fifty years, sat down to count the number of days of unalloyed happiness he had experienced, and could only enumerate fourteen. "O man!" exclaimed the plaintive Calif, "put not thy trust in this present world."

No nation has ever excelled the Spanish Arabs in the beauty and costliness of their pleasure-gardens. To them, also, we owe the introduction of very many of our most valuable cultivated fruits, such as the peach. Retaining the love of their ancestors for the cooling effect of water in a hot climate, they spared no pains in the superfluity of fountains, hydraulic works, and artificial lakes in which fish were raised for the table. In such a lake, attached to the palace of Cordova, many loaves were cast each day to feed the fish. There were also menageries of foreign animals; aviaries of rare birds; manufactories in which skilled workmen, obtained from foreign countries, displayed their art in textures of silk, cotton, linen, and in all the miracles of the loom; in jewelry and filagree work, with which they ministered to the female pride of the sultanas and concubines. Under the shade of cypresses cascades disappeared; among flowering shrubs there were winding walks, bowers of roses, seats cut out of the rock, and crypt-like grottoes hewn in the living stone. Nowhere was ornamental gardening better understood, for not only did the artist try to please the eye as it wandered over the pleasant gradation of vegetable color and form—he also boasted his success in the gratification of the sense of smell by the studied succession of perfumes from beds of flowers.

To these Saracens we are indebted for many of our personal comforts. Religiously cleanly, it was not possible for them to clothe according to the fashion of the natives of Europe, in a garment unchanged till it dropped to pieces of itself, a loathsome mass of vermin, stench, and rags. No Arab, who had been a minister of state, or the associate or antagonist of a sovereign, would have offered such a spectacle as the corpse of Thomas à Becket when his haircloth shirt was removed. They taught us the use of the often changed and often washed under-garment of linen or cotton, which still passes among ladies under its old Arabic name. But to cleanliness they were not unwilling to add ornament. Especially among women of the higher classes was the love of finery a passion. Their outer garments were often of silk, embroidered and decorated with gems and woven gold. So fond were the Moorish women of gay colors, and the lustre of chrysolites, hyacinths, emeralds, and sapphires, that it was quaintly said that the interior of any public building, in which they were permitted to appear, looked like a flower-meadow in the spring besprinkled with rain.

In the midst of all this luxury, which can not be looked upon by the historian with disdain, since in the end it produced a most important result in the south of France, the Spanish Califs, emulating the example of their Asiatic compeers, and in this strongly contrasting with the Popes of Rome, were not only the patrons but the personal cultivators of all the branches of human learning. One of them was himself the author of a work on Polite literature in not less than fifty volumes, another wrote a treatise on Alge-

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bra. When Zaryab the musician camé from the East to Spain, the Calif Abderrahman rode forth to meet him in honor. The college of music in Cordova was sustained by ample government patronage, and is said to have produced many illustrious professors.

The Arabs never translated into their own tongue the great Greek poets, though they so sedulously collected and translated the Greek philosophers. Their religious sentiments and sedate character caused them to abominate the lewdness of our classical mythology, and to denounce indignantly any connection between the licentious, impure Olympian Jove and the Most High God as an insufferable and unpardonable blasphemy. Haroun Alraschid had gratified his curiosity by causing Homer to be translated into Syriac, but he did not adventure on rendering the great epics into Arabic. Notwithstanding this aversion to our graceful but not unobjectionable ancient poetry, among them originated the Tensons or poetic disputations, carried afterward to perfection among the Troubadours; from them also the Provençals learned to employ jongleurs. Across the Pyrenees literary, philosophical, and military adventurers were perpetually passing; and thus the luxury, the taste, and, above all, the chivalrous gallantry and elegant courtesies of Moorish society, found their way from Granada and Cordova to Provence and Languedoc. The French and German and English nobles imbibed the Arab admiration for the horse; they learned to pride themselves on skillful riding. Hunting and falconry became their fashionable pastimes; they tried to emulate that Arab skill which had produced the celebrated breed of Andalusian horses. It was an age of grandeur and gallantry, the pastimes were tilts and tournaments; the refined society of Cordova prided itself in its politeness. A gay contagion also spread from the beautiful Moorish miscreants to their sisters beyond the mountains; the South of France was full of the witcheries of female fascinations, and of dancing to the lute and mandolin. Even in Italy and Sicily the love-song became the favorite composition, and out of these genial but not orthodox beginnings, the polite literature of modern Europe arose. The pleasant epidemic spread by degrees along every hill-side and valley. In monasteries, voices that had been vowed to celibacy, might be heard caroling stanzas of which St. Jerome would hardly have approved; there was many a juicy Abbot, who could troll forth in jocund strains, like those of the merry sinners of Malaga and Xeres, the charms of women and wine, though one was forbidden to the Moslem and one to the monk. The sedate gray beards of Cordova had already applied to the supreme judge to have the songs of the Spanish Jew, Abraham Ibn Sahal, prohibited, for there was not a youth nor woman nor child in the city, who could not repeat them by heart. Their immoral tendency was a public scandal. The light gayety of Spain was reflected in the coarser habits of the northern countries. It was an Archdeacon of Oxford who sung,

"Mihi sit propositum in taberná mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori;
'Deus sit propitius huic potatori,'" etc.

Even as early as the tenth century persons having a taste for learning, and for elegant amenities, found their way into Spain from all adjoining countries—a practice in subsequent years still more indulged in, when it became illustrated by the brilliant success of Gerbert, who passed from the infidel University of Cordova to the Papacy of Rome.

The Califs of the West carried out the precepts of Ali, the fourth successor of Mohammed, in the patronage of literature. They established libraries in all their chief towns; it is said that not less than seventy were in existence. To every mosque was attached a public school, in which the children of the poor were taught to read and write, and instructed in the precepts of the Koran. For those in easier circumstances there were academies usually arranged in twenty-five or thirty apartments, each calculated for accommodating four students; the academy being presided over by a rector. In Cordova, Granada, and other great cities, there were Universities frequently under the superintendence of Jews; the Mohammedan maxim being that the real learning of a man is of vastly more public importance than any particular religious opinions he may entertain. In this they followed the example of the Asiatic Calif, Haroun Alraschid, who actually conferred the superintendence of his schools on John Ibn Masué, a Nestorian Christian. The Mohammedan liberality was in striking contrast with the intolerance of Europe. Indeed it may be doubted whether at this moment any European nation is sufficiently advanced to follow such an example. In the Universities the professors of polite literature gave lectures upon Arabic classical works; others taught rhetoric, or composition, or mathematics, or astronomy, or other sciences. From these institutions many of the practices observed in our colleges were derived. They held Commencements as we do, in which poems were read and orations delivered in presence of the public. They had also, in addition to these schools of general learning, professional ones, particularly for medicine.

With a pride perhaps not altogether inexcusable, the Arabians boasted of their language as being the most perfect spoken by man. Mohammed himself, when challenged to produce a miracle in proof of the authenticity of his mission, uniformly pointed to the composition of the Koran, its unapproachable excellence vindicating its inspiration. The orthodox Moslems—the Moslems are those who are submissively resigned to the Divine will—are wont to assert that every page of that book is indeed a conspicuous miracle. It is not then surprising that, in the Arabian schools, great attention was paid to the study of language, and that so many celebrated grammarians were produced. By these scholars dictionaries, similar to those now in use, were

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composed; their copiousness is indicated by the circumstance that one of them consisted of sixty volumes, the definition of each word being illustrated or sustained by quotations from Arab authors of acknowledged repute. They had also lexicons of Greek, Latin, Hebrew; and cyclopedias such as the Historical Dictionary of Sciences of Mohammed Ibn Abdallah, of Granada. In their highest civilization and luxury they did not forget the amusements of their forefathers—listening to the tale-teller, who never failed to obtain an audience in the midst of Arab tents. Around the evening fires in Spain the wandering literati exercised their wonderful powers of Oriental invention, edifying the eager listeners by such narrations as those that have descended to us in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The more sober and higher efforts of the educated were, of course, directed to pulpit eloquence, in conformity to the example of all the great Oriental Califs, and sanctified by the practice of the Prophet himself. Their poetical productions embraced all the modern minor forms—satires, odes, elegies, etc.; but they never produced any work in the higher walks of poesy, no epic, no tragedy. Perhaps this was due to their false fashion of valuing the mechanical execution of a work. They were the authors and introducers of rhyme; and such was the luxuriance and abundance of their language, that in some of their longest poems the same rhyme is said to have been used alternately from the beginning to the end. Where such mechanical triumphs are popularly prized, it may be supposed that the conception and spirit would be indifferent. Even among the Spanish women there were not a few who, like Velada, Ayesha, Labana, Algasania, achieved reputation in these compositions; and some of them were daughters of Califs. And this is the more interesting to us, since it was from the Provençal poetry, the direct descendant of these efforts, that European literature arose. Sonnets and romances at last displaced the grimly-orthodox productions of the wearisome and ignorant Fathers of the Church.

If fiction was prized among the Spanish Arabs, history was held in not less esteem. Every Calif had his own historian. The instincts of the race are perpetually peeping out; not only were there historians of the commanders of the Faithful, but also of celebrated horses and illustrious camels. In connection with history statistics were cultivated, this having been, it may be said, a necessary study from the first enforced on the Saracen officers in their assessment of tribute on conquered misbelievers, and subsequently continued as an object of taste. It was, doubtless, a similar necessity arising from their position that stamped such a singular practical aspect on the science of the Arabs generally. Many of their learned men were travelers and voyagers, constantly moving about for the acquisition or diffusion of knowledge, their acquirements being a passport to them wherever they went, and a sufficient introduction to any of the African or Asiatic courts. They were thus continually brought in contact with men of affairs, soldiers of fortune, statesmen, and became imbued with much of their practical spirit; and hence the singularly romantic character which the biographies of many of these men display, wonderful turns of prosperity, cruel necessitudes, violent deaths. The scope of their literary labors offers a subject well worthy of meditation; it contrasts with the contemporary ignorance of Europe. Some wrote on Chronology; some on Numismatics; some, now that military eloquence had become objectless, wrote on pulpit oratory; some on agriculture and its allied branches, as the art of irrigation. Not one of the purely mathematical, or mixed, or practical sciences was omitted.

Our obligations to the Spanish Moors in the arts of life are even more marked than in the higher branches of science, perhaps only because our ancestors were better prepared to take advantage of things connected with daily affairs. They set an example of skillful agriculture, the practice of which was regulated by a code of laws. Not only did they attend to the cultivation of plants, introducing very many new ones; they likewise paid great attention to the breeding of cattle, especially sheep and the horse. To them we owe the introduction of the great products, rice, sugar, cotton, and also, as we have previously observed, nearly all the fine garden and orchard fruits, together with many less important plants, as spinach and saffron. To them Spain owes the culture of silk; they gave to Xeres and Malaga their celebrity for making wine. They introduced the Egyptian system of irrigation by flood-gates, wheels, and pumps. They also promoted many important branches of industry, improved the manufacture of textile fabrics, earthenware, iron, steel; the Toledo sword-blades were every where prized for their temper. The Arabs, on their expulsion from Spain, carried the manufacture of leather, in which they were acknowledged to excel, to Morocco, from which city the leather itself has now taken its name. They also introduced inventions of a more ominous kind, gunpowder and artillery. The cannon they used appeared to have been made of wrought iron. But perhaps they more than compensated for these evil contrivances by the introduction of the mariner's compass.

The mention of the mariner's compass might lead us correctly to infer that the Spanish Arabs were interested in commercial pursuits—a conclusion to which we should also come when we consider the revenue of some of their califs. That of Abderrahman III. is stated at five and a half millions sterling—a vast sum if considered by its modern equivalent, and far more than could possibly be raised by taxes on the produce of the soil. It probably exceeded the entire revenue of all the sovereigns of Christendom taken together. From Barcelona and other ports an immense trade with the Levant was maintained, but it was mainly in the hands of the Jews, who, from the first invasion of Spain by Musa, had ever been the firm allies and collaborators of the Arabs. Together they had participated in the dangers of

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the invasion; together they had shared its boundless success; together they had held in irreverent derision, nay, even in contempt, the woman-worshipers and polytheistic savages beyond the Pyrenees, as they mirthfully called those whose long-delayed vengeance they were in the end to feel; together they were expelled. Against such Jews as lingered behind the hideous persecutions of the Inquisition were directed. But in the days of their prosperity they maintained a merchant marine of more than a thousand ships. They had factories and consuls on the Tanais. With Constantinople alone they maintained a vast trade; it ramified from the Black Sea and East Mediterranean far into the interior of Asia; it reached the ports of India and China, and extended along the African coast as far as Madagascar. Even in these commercial affairs the singular genius of the Jew and Arab shine forth. In the midst of the tenth century, when Europe was about in the same condition that Caffraria is now, enlightened Moors, like Abul Cassem, were writing treatises on the principles of trade and commerce. As on so many other occasions, on these affairs they have left their traces. The smallest weight they used in trade was the grain of barley, four of which were equal to one sweet pea, called in Arabic, carat. We still use the grain as our unit of weight, and still speak of gold as being so many carats fine.

Such were the califs of the West; such their splendor, their luxury, their knowledge; such some of the obligations we are under to them—obligations which Christian Europe, with singular insincerity, has ever been fain to hide. The cry against the misbeliever has long outlived the Crusades. Considering the enchanting country over which they ruled, it was not without reason that they caused to be engraven on the public seal, "The Servant of the Merciful rests contented in the decrees of God." What more, indeed, could Paradise give them? But considering also the evil end of all this happiness and pomp, this learning, liberality, and wealth, we may well appreciate the solemn truth which these monarchs, in their day of pride and power, grandly wrote in the beautiful mosaics on their palace walls, an ever-recurring monition to him who owes dominion to the sword, "There is no conqueror but God."

LITTLE BROTHER.

IN THREE PARTS.—I. A BOY TOO MUCH.

IT was of no use to tell Kate that Augustus—of the same surname, and aged seven years—was a sweet little fellow. He *ought* to be, considering the number of paper-bags, labeled "Stewart's Assorted Candies," he consumed per week. Of as little use to say he was a child: there were some children who didn't put newspapers on the strings of their sister's piano, and play it was a banjo. Oh! he would outgrow it, would he? Then, why wasn't he sent away somewhere till he did? Or put into something, and locked up? Or put under somewhere—a large barrel, for instance, with the head knocked out to give him air, as they do with young tomatoes and pie-plants till they arrive at an age when they can come to the table?

Then Kate Jones's mother—just like a mother, as she was!—assumed the part of a tenderer variety of Judge-Advocate; and while she acknowledged that the little Augustus *did* almost exhaust her patience on occasions, recalled a number of very pretty ways he had, nice things he had done, affectionate words he had said, and the truly good heart that the child possessed beneath all his boy-mischief!

For instance: Did not Kate remember how, when the family was boarding at the St. Jiminy—that gilded cage, where families not yet able, in their own estimation, to be happily domestic in a house of their own at a moderate price, were accommodated with facilities for being very fashionably miserable at an exorbitant one—the dear little fellow had once shown such an affectionate solicitude for his mother and sister? How, when after wondering all one Friday why the washer-woman didn't come home with the clothes—because they wanted to darn the stockings and see the shirts all right—they found, in the evening, that she *had* come in the forenoon, while they were shopping down town, and that Gus had taken all the clothes out of the basket, and put them away in all sorts of inconceivable drawers, presses, and trunks before the two ladies returned; and when he was asked if he had any thing to say why the sentence of being spanked until he was red should not be passed upon him, he sobbed, and put his little fists into his eyes, and faltered out something which led them to understand that the "Song of the Shirt," read by his father to them all, three evenings before, had left such an impression on his young mind that he had hidden the clothes, to prevent his mother and sister sewing on them and dying of consumption? Didn't Kate remember that?

Yes; Kate *did* remember it. And she remembered also another occasion, since they had rented their present house in Twenty-third Street, when the *dear little fellow* drove away from their connection one of the most aristocratic young gentlemen in all New York society—young Schumakers Fyndings. To be sure *his* papa did business down in some awful place that *her* papa called the Swamp; but Kate didn't believe *he* ever went there, or knew any thing about where it was even. Both directly and indirectly his papa might have furnished the calf-skin for his delicate polished boots; but there was not the slightest suspicion of the ancestral leather about him otherwise. No, not in the least! And he would have been such a desirable person to know—but for that little pest! And Kate went on rapidly to recite how Master Augustus, contrary to her own mature advice, had been permitted to "sit up" at the party, and had the little Misses Blummerie invited over to make it pleasant for him; and yet, ingrate that he was, when the gentlemen were all out in the hall,

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ready to go, after the breaking-up, and Harold Fitz-Blacktease, the son of the China trader, came down stairs, and said, "Fellahs! who's got a cigar for me to smoke on my way home?" and no man gave unto him, how that wretched Augustus, leaning over the balcony at his side, with slow, unmoving finger selected young Fyndings out of the throng, and said, in a voice distinctly audible to all present, "*He's* got some; *he* has: I saw him take six out of papa's box up in the gentlemen's dressing-room, and they're in the inside pocket of his Raglan!" And how young Fyndings turned the color of his papa's boot-top morocco, and, in a humiliated manner, extended one of the said six to Fitz-Blacktease; and how *she* nearly dropped with mortification; and how young Fyndings never came to make his party call—nor, indeed, a call of any description—afterward. Did her mamma remember *that?*

And, only to weary her with one instance more: Could she recall the time when Master Augustus turned to that distinguished foreigner, M. Pâté de Perigord, who was dining with them previous to taking Kate to see the performance of "ze inimitable Sharl Mattieu" in the "Critic," with Brougham, Burton, Walcot, and Lizzie Weston, at the Metropolitan, and asked him, "Have you got a large salary?" and upon the distinguished foreigner answering, in his pretty, broken way, with a disguised surprise, that he had "not ze salaire at all," the enfant terrible bent a severe gaze upon him, and demanded, "How can you afford to take my sister to Burton's, *then?*" And, in general, was it among possible remembrances that, on New-Year's days, the formidable infant stood sucking innumerable consecutive oranges at the foot of the front-steps, and shaking with juicy hands the lavender kids of the gentlemen who came to pay their compliments; or, tiring of that amusement, ascended to the parlor, borrowed the visitors' hats, asked them where they got them, what they paid for them, and, with the same succulent hands, brushed the nap the wrong way?

In fine, was it on the record how *that* Augustus never ceased to behave himself in the most heart-rending and peace-dispelling, odious manner, at all times and places, universal and particular? Was it, or was it not? That was all!

At this moment the angel spoken of showed his wings. A harbinger voice in the entry cried, "Porgies! Here-er yer fresh porgies! Here they go-o-oh!" The door opened, and the terrible child came in. His head, which just reached to the door-knob, was covered with a thicket of corn-silky curls; and having parted from the comb on bad terms before breakfast, had not made up with it since. His cheeks were plump as mellow Spitzenbergs, and quite as red, with overmuch shouting of his imaginary wares. These—to wit, the porgies—consisted of a selection from the valuable annuals and vases which ought to have occupied the drawing-room centre-table, and were borne in the hollow bottom of an embroidered foot-stool, turned upside down, its floss and worsted suffering undesirable attrition with the carpet; and the whole establishment, thus improvised, was fastened to his waist by an elegant groseille silken cord and tassel from his mother's morning-dress, which cost at the least twelve shillings at Peyser's. His eyes were a mischievous twinkling hazel; young as he was, there was an air of old waggishness about him, a sense of the ludicrous, which promised the true man of humor when a few more years in this mixed world should have added pathos to his fun. But, at present, he was only the dear, naughty little rogue—one of those children that you are forever wanting to whip at one end and kiss at the other.

Kate had worked the foot-stool which this lad was desecrating. With a fateful sternness and an agony of mind which did not express itself in words, for these had proved useless long ago, she put down the under-sleeve she was crocheting, and marching up to her brother, began disengaging the cord and tassel from his waist.

"Take care, Kate," said the child, with a shake of his head; "I'm a horse. You're afraid of horses, you know, and this one is a very bad one. He kicks, and bites, and runs away, and does every thing that's bad. Oh, he's an awful horse! Porgies! here-er yer fresh porgies! here they go-o-oh!"

And he burst away from the young girl to career around the room faster than Kate's offended dignity choose to follow him.

"My son, take off that cord and sit down for a moment. I want to talk to you." This was said very calmly by the mother of Augustus.

"Yes, mamma, I will. I'm a good horse to people that treat me kindly and don't make me shy; so I'll just take my harness off and listen. May I stand up, mamma, while you're talking? horses never sit down, you know."

"Yes, my dear, come and stand up by my side and let me take your hand." Augustus obeyed, with a very good grace. Kate resumed her crocheting in silence, and the mother said to the child:

"My son, do you love me—very much indeed?"

"Yes, mamma, I love you—six bushels."

"Why do you love me, Augustus?"

"Because you're good."

"Don't you want to be loved, my dear little son?"

"Yes, I want people to love me, if they won't call me a monkey, and an owl, and good-for-nothing, and say I ought to be whipped, and sent to bed, and have my hair brushed, and every thing mean." (This with a glance at Miss Jones, who did not appear to hear it.)

"Don't you think *I* love you, Augustus?"

"Yes, you do, mamma."

"Why do I love you, Augustus?"

"Because I'm naughty."

"Wouldn't you like to be loved because you were good?"

"Wouldn't I die if I were good?"

"Why, what do you mean, Augustus?"

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"Wouldn't I have to be an angel, and with the angels stand, a crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand? *That's* what I mean; that's what little Jimmy Stilton did, and he was good, Kate said. He wanted to be an angel, *he* did. *I* don't, because he died; and he didn't know what knuckle-down was! And he thought that top-time came before kite-time! And if he's got a harp I don't believe he can play it, for he couldn't do any thing with a jews-harp, and a harp's an awful lot harder, isn't it, mamma?"

"Don't say 'an awful lot,' dear; say 'a great deal.' Oh, how sorry I am to think my little boy wouldn't like to be an angel! You can be an angel and *live*, too, Augustus; you can be an angel and stay to make us all very happy."

"I know it; you're an angel, mamma. Give me a *great big* kiss!"

"There, dear! there are two instead of one for you! But let me talk to you a little more; did you never read the pretty books you get at school, about being good?"

"Yes, mamma, and that's just it! Don't all the good children in books die? Don't Nathan Dickerman sit on a chair in his picture, with something very bad the matter with his back, and don't *he* die when he's only ten years old? And don't little Mary Lathrop die when she's eight? and didn't she turn around when her brother slapped her and say, 'Hit me on the other cheek, *dear?*' I'd ha' *deared* him! I wish I'd been there; I'd ha' *lammed* him, *I* would!"

"But don't my little son remember that all the naughty children in books get terribly punished for it—say, my little Augustus?"

"Oh yes, *they* die, too! they go out in boats on Sunday, and get tipped up; and in the pictures you can't see any thing but their hands sticking above the water, and nobody comes to pull them out. Or they go up into trees to hook birds' nests, and the limb always breaks, and then they get it! Oh, cracky! *don't* they? Every body dies, in books—good boys die, and naughty boys die!"

"What are you going to do, then, Augustus, if the good boys and naughty boys both die?"

"I—I—I—" Here Augustus stopped and scratched his head in deep meditation. Finally he brightened up with the discovery of a capital idea. "I guess," said Augustus, "that I won't be *very* naughty, nor *very* good; I'll be *half-an'-half!* and then I'll keep alive fornever and never!"

"Oh, Augustus! Very well! half-and-half is better than very naughty—and I'm afraid that my little boy is *that* too, sometimes."

"Yes, I am; I'm very naughty to-day; for I've been playing porgies with the books, and the vases, and the foot-stool, and your cord. But I won't do it any more. And I'm very naughty to Kate, too, to-day; but I always *am* naughty to *her*, because she's so naughty to me—and, besides, I do hate that Spindle-shanks!"

"Augustus! I shall punish you if you call your sister names!"

"I ain't a-callin *her* names—*she* isn't Spindle-shanks."

"Who do you mean, then, Augustus?"

"I mean that old thing, Mr. Lilykid, who is all the time coming to see Kate, and drinking papa's Champagne, and dancing polkas with Kate, and taking her to the opera, and calling me 'sonny!' Just as I was coming up stairs with the porgies Johnson let him in, and asked me would I tell Kate that a gentleman was in the parlor—and he's been here ever since, cooling his heels while I was up here talking—that's what Johnson calls it when he has to wait. What does 'cooling his heels' mean, mamma?"

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Kate—"and you never told me of it, you wicked, wicked boy! If you don't whip him for *this*, mother, I shall think you mean to let him rush headlong to destruction!"

So saying, she jerked the bell-pull, as if it were Master Augustus's ear, and communicated with some faintly tintinnabulating conscience in the basement of his system, instead of merely sounding an alarm to Johnson in the kitchen, who straightway knocked at the door.

"Go down immediately to the parlor, Johnson," said Miss Jones, in a tone whose sternness was just enough smothered to fall short of the guest below, "and tell Mr. Lilykid that, by a mistake, I was only informed just now of his being here, and will see him directly. And remember, Johnson, never, on any occasion when you have a message for me, to give it to Master Augustus, but bring it *yourself*."

"Directly" is an idea of such wonderful elasticity that, in the seventh sphere of the spiritual world, where Mrs. Hatch informs us that we shall be clothed with ideas in lieu of matter, it will probably answer to the India rubber of this present gross life, and be manufactured into all sorts of ethereal overshoes, belting, shoulder-straps, water-proof coats, and stretchable arrangements whatsoever, by some Horace Day of that stage of existence. "Directly," with the soldier and sailor, means as long as it takes to turn on their heels; with the waiter at the eating-house where I lunch, it means as soon as the fat man in the next box has ceased to be hungry, thirsty, and morning-paper-ivorous; with young ladies in general, it signifies any conceivable time, from half an hour and rising, in which a lovely mauve barége robe may be put on, its skirt, under-skirt, and over-skirt shaken down, so as to lie airily over those magnificent thirty-spring skirts, with tapes woven in and adjustable bustles, created by the wondrous Mrs. Peddie, of Bowery, just below Bleecker Street. This was what "directly" meant with Miss Kate Jones in particular.

With a sweet smile upon her pretty mouth—which was *not* the result of saying "Papa, propriety, poultry, prunes, prisms," but of a still better recipe—the banishment of all thoughts concerning that dreadful Augustus—she descended to the parlor, and met Mr. Lilykid with a voice from the "Young Lady's Behavior-Book" and a bow from the third figure of the Lancers.

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Mr. Lilykid being a gentleman who ran entirely to the small and well-polished toes of good society, either had no heels to cool or ignored them completely, reciprocating the greeting as if he had only come in within the last three minutes.

"Did any one ever see such a contretemps?" warbled Kate, with a light-hearted laugh. "Here you have been kept waiting, so rudely, I don't know how long—it must be ten minutes, I dare say."

"Oh, h-a-a-adly! ha-a-adly!" murmured Mr. Lilykid, in gallant deprecation. "What's that pwetty thing the poet says?—'How softly falls the foot of Time that only tweads on flowahs!' And to expect Miss Jones—oh, that is to twead on damask woses—otto of woses! Weally, I feel as if I were not only on an ottoman, but an otto-man myself, now that you ah heah! Ha! he! he! he!"

"You are very kind, I'm sure, as well as very witty! You must have thought you were going to be fastened to your ottoman for a thousand years, like the King in the Palace of Sleepers; but it's all that darling little rogue of a brother of mine! Johnson very improperly confided his message to him, and he went off to play, as children will, and forgot all about it. What do you find to amuse yourself with now, in town? It's so dreadfully dull, and every body's leaving for the Springs, or Newport, or the Grand Tour. We're going out next week—we would have gone this, but papa always likes to go with us, and he wanted to stay for the Bremen steamer. What *do* you find to do?"

(Mr. Lilykid will excuse me for translating his *bon ton*-ese into English hereafter, as its drawl is painful to vulgar ears.)

"My dear Miss Jones, a man devoted to good society always has enough to do! I sometimes see friends of mine feeling quite miserably—*blasé*, in fact—and I always say to them, 'Eustis,' or 'Ainsley,' or 'Bellemountain,' as the case may be, 'really, how can you? Do you know your duty to your set? Do you reflect that you'll be called on to be an ornament to it next winter—to exert yourself for its benefit—to make yourself agreeable in every way? And yet you are idle! I declare it's a shame!' For there are so many things a man devoted to good society can do to keep himself in practice, you know. Dear me! I could not excuse myself to my conscience if I were idle!"

"You say I know, but I *don't* know. Tell me, for I feel a sincere interest in knowing. I really supposed that all that gentlemen found to occupy themselves with, after the winter was over and before the summer season began, was to lie on a sofa and color their meerschaums!"

"Aw, really! I confess to the meerschaum; but then, that's only my relaxation. I never permit myself to take it up unless my mind has been on the stretch for some time, and wants unbending, you know. Business first, pleasure afterward; and I have so much to keep me busy every day that I don't think much of mere selfish gratification—till evening, at least."

"But you don't go down town, like poor papa, into that dreadful Wall Street?"

"Ha-a-a-adly! When I say business, I don't mean stocks, and rents, and dividends, and all that—my lawyer attends to those things for me. Left an orphan at a very early age, with a large property, consisting almost entirely of real estate widely scattered through the rural districts, I don't know what I should have done, young as I was, and careless of my own interests—as I still am—if it hadn't been for my having a capable business man, who was faithfully attached to our family, and who comes between me and all my tenants and others who want to talk about money. My business is something quite different, I assure you. You see, Miss Jones, from my youngest days I have been devoted to good society. I live for it. I may say it is my meat and my drink to do my duty to good society. And at this season, when every body else is voting it dull and lounging about, I say to myself, 'Lorenzo Lilykid, no lounging for you, my boy! What are you going to do to-day for good society?' That's when I rise, you know. Well, you see, something always presents itself. Take to-day, for instance. I reflect, while I am taking my morning coffee, that there's serious danger of my billiards getting down. I'm startled by remembering that the last time I played was with little Tom Tibbits—fortnight next Friday—only pocket-game—excuse me for being technical—know it's very shoppy—gave him thirty points—beat him easily—no sort of practice in *that*. If I lose my game, there's one duty to good society gone—dead smash! So I walk down to Phelan's, take the cue, and play a carom game, even, with Frank Toler—splendid cue, he!—and just beat him by three points! There's one duty to good society fulfilled—feel happier, stronger—conscious of not giving way to loose habits. That lasted half an hour; and when it was over I began to reflect again. A man devoted to good society *must* reflect—can't rush headlong, you know—it seems quite unprincipled for a man with duties, and we all have those, of course."

"Of course!" assented Kate, deferentially, awe-struck by the moral grandeur of the individual.

"When I reflect, I call to mind that next winter I shall be expected—if I am spared—to perform various other duties to good society. The Chasseurs will, perhaps, be as necessary to a man devoted to its interests as the Lancers have been hitherto. Shall I be ignorant of them? Shall I be the one to bring confusion into my set by going to the right when I ought to go to the left and bowing when I ought to chassez? No! I know my duty better. I whistle the Chasseurs and go through the figures by myself for an hour. I know them well. I can take my place when duty calls. That brings me to lunch—deviled chop and mushrooms, at the St. Germain. There I have an opportunity to study the manners of the best men. Major Totbury, of the Seventh, sits at the next table, tak-

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ing fricandeau of veal and sherry, followed by quail sauté aux truffes; 'pon honor, most accomplished luncher in New York: eats by science; might be a lesson to any body. I learn from him—he doesn't know it; but I honor him, and shall remember his order next time I lunch there."

"Oh, you satirical man!" said Kate, elevating her pretty eyebrows.

"Oh, not at all! I entreat you, don't think so! If a man devoted to good society lunches, he owes it as a duty to good society to lunch well. Declare I respect him for it. Very well, lunch finished, what next? Reflect again. Lunch suggests suppers—suppers in general, by a natural train of associations, bring up suppers in particular—evening-party suppers; and then, with the greatest remorse, I find, oh, such a horrible piece of last winter's reminiscence staring me in the face! What do you think I was so wretched to do to Miss Arabella Dubblezeppher at the Snugfittes' Fancy Dress Ball, in January."

Miss Jones blushed an apocalypse of all the many remaining proprieties which good society had not subdued to their right proportion. Young gentlemen did so many ardent things beyond squeezing the partners of the bosoms a trifle too tight in the Deux Pas—when the Champagne was not prudently toned by pious education and a bottle of cooling Chablis or Sauterne in the dressing-room! "Kissed Miss Arabella Dubblezeppher" was in her mind, and her mind—untutored soul that she was—being so near her tongue, therefore did Miss Jones blush.

"Really, I can't form the slightest idea."

"You were not there—to my great desolation having received Mrs. Tambour's cards first, as I remember—and, therefore, Miss Dubblezeppher was the Houri, at least of Snugfittes' Fancy Dress Paradise. And I—me voici l'étourdi!—spilt a whole table-spoonful of melted chocolate ice on her wings when I was helping her!"

"Oh," said Kate, visibly relieved, and thinking of the dozen or so rich silks hanging in her wardrobe, fraught with similar remembrances in various colors differing from the original, which never more would flutter to the wooing of Dodsworth's pipes. "Oh! is that all?"

"*All*, my dear Miss Jones? It is enough, and far too much. Since I first devoted myself to good society I never but once before committed a piece of similar maladroitness. How did Miss Arabella receive it? Ah! admirably. In the Dark Ages, in a castle on the Rhine, for example, had I been guilty of such a crime against a lady of rank I should have forfeited my life—been immediately run through with a sword by one of the gentlemen present—and, perhaps, should have died feeling that I was but a just sacrifice to the indignation of what then was good society. But Miss Arabella only looked at me with the sweetest smile of the evening (again because Miss Jones was not there), and in answer to my humble apologies, said, 'Oh, I beg you won't think of it, Mr. Lilykid; it is not of the slightest consequence.' I could not stop my ears, however, to the fact that immediately after she turned to the lady next her, Miss Millefleurs, and made use, in an undertone, of that very disagreeable word from the French, '*Bête!*' Very well, to-day, as I said, that came painfully to my memory; and, 'pon honor, I vowed it should never take place again, or I would doom myself to voluntary exile from the society to which I am devoted."

"Oh, Mr. Lilykid! don't talk so dreadfully! You are the very life of our circle!"

"*Mille ringraziamenti, donna bellissima!* I hope that exile will not be necessary. Don't laugh at me now, really, I beseech you, if I tell you what was my employment for the next hour after that regret awoke in my mind. I happened to remember the means I took when first, at a very early age, I resolved to devote myself to our good society, and trembled to think of doing all the gaucheries which I saw committed by other gentlemen upon ladies' dresses with glasses of Champagne and plates of cream and salad and cups of coffee. I returned to my quiet lodgings. I locked myself into the privacy of my apartments. I took all the chairs and placed them in a row with intervals of a foot or two between. Then, with a saucer full of water in each hand, I practiced vaulting over them one after another until I succeeded in accomplishing it without spilling a drop. This morning my success was admirable; at the end of an hour I was able to take one, two, or five at a spring without losing a single globule from the saucers. It is arduous, I know; it requires resolution, patience, perseverance, but a man devoted to good society must, in conscience, have all these. I shall do it daily for some time, and I shall be abundantly repaid, my dear Miss Jones, if next winter I see the fruits of my labor in not offending against society as I did at Mrs. Snugfitte's."

"How few gentlemen ever think of us ladies and our comfort as you do, Mr. Lilykid! Let me return you my thanks on behalf of our whole sex! Do you know that at that very party at Mrs. Tambour's which you spoke of, I had such a love of a rose-colored brocade, with point lace Bertha à l'Imperatrice, utterly ruined by a plate full of oysters spilled right into my lap? And such a curious coincidence! I made the very same remark as Miss Dubblezeppher to the lady next *me!* Oh, that lovely brocade! it was *too* bad!"

"And *I* never saw you in it! It would have ravished me! You are so beautiful in rose color—pardon me! Rose color is so beautiful on *you!* Have another one next winter, and dub me with your bouquetière its guardian chevalier. I'll hover around it! It shall attract me as the flower does the bee! I shall watch over it as the angel guards the moss-rose till it blossoms! And, Jove! I'll call out the man that desecrates it with a particle of any thing to eat or drink!"

"Ah, faithful knight! you deserve worthier occupation for your bravery and your vigilance than one poor maiden's party dress."

"Not at all. The old knights, we hear, de-

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voted themselves to the *redress* of fair ladies—I will devote myself to the *dress* of one; he, he, he, he! only a difference of two letters in favor of brevity. And if the true Queen Rose shall smile upon her chevalier from above the false rose, which shows her beauty better, the happy man will then only feel that he has a worthier commission, and will dare to look up and ask to be dubbed again *her* knight!" As he said this, Mr. Lilykid bowed reverently to the lady, whom he had been gradually drawing nearer as he waxed eloquent, and, taking her fair soft hand in his straw-colored Jouvin, pressed its rosy finger-tips to his mustache.

Irresistible sweet tingling that shot through Kate's young form from those electric points! What rare, delicate politeness! what an original grace has such a demonstration as this to the heart of a young American maiden, though the women of the Continent take it as such a matter of fact, receiving it as the most formal compliment fifty times a day! This Mr. Lilykid was such an unusually charming man!

Mr. Lilykid drew nearer: he still held the hand with which he had been so rapturous in his own; it fluttered like a little white mouse who is very much frightened, and Mr. Lilykid pressed it tighter to keep it calm. Mr. Lilykid laid his glove upon his watch-pocket, and exhibited symptoms of getting down upon one knee—which light-infantry movement, thank Jove and the Brooks Brothers, is much facilitated by the present roomy cut of pantaloons. The trembling extended from Kate's hand to her whole little frame; she blushed again, and the rosy sky of her face disputed possession with the down-dropped twilight of her eyes; she heard the clock and her own heart tick audibly:

"Come right along; they're in here, and *he'll* be so glad to see you. Come along, papa!"

Heavens! It was that horrid Augustus right at the door. Mr. Lilykid's symptoms took a turn; he released the little hand; he returned to a position which did not bring in play the peculiar advantages of the peg-top. And just in time; for the door opened, and lo! a stout, good-humored man, with an abundance of whiskers, and a jolly, play-ferocious style of countenance, like a Lambro converted to the domestic virtues, loomed up through the opening, preceded by the *enfant terrible* tugging at his right little finger.

"Come right along, papa. They'll be so glad to see you. They're both in here. Come right along!"

"Mr. Lilykid, how d'ye do, Sir? Hope I see you well. Pleasant weather we're having?"

"Aw! yes, de-cidedly! How de-do, Mr. Jones. We were just speaking of you a moment ago; quite opportune—he, he, he!"

Mr. Jones, according to his cheerful domestic custom, kissed Kate affectionately, not having seen her since breakfast, perhaps not *at* breakfast, as he went down town early, stripped off his immense Raglan—like the sun coming out of a cloud, or a gigantic orange peeling itself for the purpose of feeling nice and easy—gave it to Augustus, who staggered out into the entry in entire eclipse under it, and hung it up on the highest peg he could reach, and then sat down in the most good-natured manner to be the gentleman of whom John Crapeau says:

"Deux, c'est la compagnie—*trois*, c'est une foule."

If I should record the conversation it would not assist the progress of this story. How could it assist the progress of any thing to bring together three people, two of whom suppose Panama to be a manufactory for large durable hats, and the remaining one of whom tells said two that Panama has gone up to 117, as if it were a piece of information calculated to excite the liveliest emotions of pleasure; but left them ignorant whether Panama had floated to that degree of latitude, or now numbered so many souls of population, or what — especially *what*? How could it assist the progress of any thing to bring together two people from one world and one from another, sympathizing with and contiguous to each other about as nearly as the Earth and Le Verrier's last-discovered planet, unless, perhaps, they wished information; and who wants *that*, in good society?

So that the only progress which *was* assisted was Mr. Lilykid to the front door. With another bow—this time from the fifth figure of the Lancers, where the partners meet, the music lulls, and the hands linger—Miss Jones stood in the parlor entrance, and said "Good-afternoon." Mr. Lilykid had the parlor door between himself and the intruder from the broker's world. Once out of eclipse from that gross body, he became ardent again. A second time he pressed the little trembling hand to his lips, and murmured,

"You asked what I could do to keep New York from seeming dull, and yet *you* will be here for nearly a week longer! My morning was spent in duty; my afternoon has been—oh *such* a reward! Al rivedersi!"

And, accompanied by Kate, the broker ascended to the blissful domestic regions where his wife was telling Scripture stories to little Augustus, who sat, listening intently, in her lap. The history of Joseph, the good boy who let himself be put in the closet rather than do any thing naughty, was interrupted by Kate's enthusiasm on the subject of that delightful man, Mr. Lilykid—much to the little brother's disgust, who wanted to know whether the sacred character kicked, and how long he staid before they opened the door; and finally ended by muttering, with his thumb in his mouth,

"I wish Spindle-shanks could be locked up where Joseph was. You're always plaguing me. It's *mean*—that's what it is!"

"I wonder," said Mr. Jones, in an absent-minded manner, "who this Mr. Lilykid is."

"He's a most charming man!" answered Kate.

"He's a big monkey!" said the pleasant child. And the ringing of the dinner-bell prevented any arrival at a compromise between these slightly differing opinions.

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LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER I.

THE BACHELOR OF BEAK STREET.

WHO shall be the hero of this tale? Not I who write it. I am but the Chorus of the Play. I make remarks on the conduct of the characters: I narrate their simple story. There is love and marriage in it: there is grief and disappointment: the scene is in the parlor, and the region beneath the parlor. No: it may be the parlor and kitchen, in this instance, are on the same level. There is no high life, unless, to be sure, you call a baronet's widow a lady in high life; and some ladies may be, while some certainly are not. I don't think there's a villain in the whole performance. There is an abominable selfish old woman, certainly; an old highway robber; an old sponger on other people's kindness; an old haunter of Bath and Cheltenham boarding-houses (about which how can I know any thing, never having been in a boarding-house at Bath or Cheltenham in my life?); an old swindler of tradesmen, tyrant of servants, bully of the poor—who, to be sure, might do duty for a villain, but she considers herself as virtuous a woman as ever was born. The heroine is not faultless (ah! that will be a great relief to some folks, for many writers' good women are, you know, so *very* insipid). The principal personage you may very likely think to be no better than a muff. But is many a respectable man of our acquaintance much better? and do muffs know that they are what they are, or, knowing it, are they unhappy? Do girls decline to marry one if he is rich? Do we refuse to dine with one? I listened to one at Church last Sunday, with all the women crying and sobbing; and, oh dear me! how finely he preached! Don't we give him great credit for wisdom and eloquence in the House of Commons? Don't we give him important commands in the army? Can you, or can you not, point out one who has been made a peer? Doesn't your wife call one in the moment any of the children are ill? Don't we read his dear poems, or even novels? Yes; perhaps even this one is read and written by—Well? *Quid rides?* Do you mean that I am painting a portrait which hangs before me every morning in the looking-glass when I am shaving? *Après?* Do you suppose that I suppose that I have not infirmities like my neighbors? Am I weak? It is notorious to all my friends there is a certain dish I can't resist; no, not if I have already eaten twice too much at dinner. So, dear Sir, or Madam, have *you* your weakness—*your* irresistible dish of temptation (or if you don't know it, your friends do)? No, dear friend, the chances are that you and I are not people of the highest intellect, of the largest fortune, of the most ancient family, of the most consummate virtue, of the most faultless beauty in face and figure. We are no heroes nor angels; neither are we fiends from abodes unmentionable, black assassins, treacherous Iagos, familiar with stabbing and poison—murder our amusement, daggers our playthings, arsenic our daily bread, lies our conversation, and forgery our common handwriting. No, we are not monsters of crime, or angels walking the earth—at least I know *one* of us who isn't, as can be shown any day at home if the knife won't cut or the mutton comes up raw. But we are not altogether brutal and unkind, and a few folks like us. Our poetry is not as good as Alfred Tennyson's, but we can turn a couplet for Miss Fanny's album: our jokes are not always first-rate, but Mary and her mother smile very kindly when papa tells his story or makes his pun. We have many weaknesses, but we are not ruffians of crime. No more was my friend Lovel. On the contrary, he was as harmless and kindly a fellow as ever lived when I first knew him. At present, with his changed position, he is, perhaps, rather *fine* (and certainly I am not asked to his *best* dinner-parties, as I used to be, where you hardly see a commoner—but stay! I am advancing matters). At the time when this story begins, I say, Lovel had his faults—which of us has not? He had buried his wife, having notoriously been henpecked by her. How many men and brethren are like him! He had a good fortune—I wish I had as much—though I dare say many people are ten times as rich. He was a good-looking fellow enough; though that depends, ladies, upon whether you like a fair man or a dark one. He

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had a country house, but it was only at Putney. In fact, he was in business in the city, and being a hospitable man, and having three or four spare bedrooms, some of his friends were always welcome at Shrublands, especially after Mrs. Lovel's death, who liked me pretty well at the period of her early marriage with my friend, but got to dislike me at last and to show me the cold shoulder. That is a joint I never could like (though I have known fellows who persist in dining off it year after year, who cling hold of it, and refuse to be separated from it). I say, when Lovel's wife began to show me that she was tired of my company, I made myself scarce: used to pretend to be engaged when Fred faintly asked me to Shrublands; to accept his meek apologies, proposals to dine *en garçon* at Greenwich, the club, and so forth; and never visit upon him my wrath at his wife's indifference—for, after all, he had been my friend at many a pinch: he never stinted at Hart's or Lovegrove's, and always made a point of having the wine I liked, never mind what the price was. As for his wife, there was, assuredly, no love lost between us—I thought her a lean, scraggy, lackadaisical, egotistical, consequential, insipid creature: and as for his mother-in-law, who staid at Fred's as long and as often as her daughter would endure her, has any one who ever knew that notorious old Lady Baker at Bath, at Cheltenham, at Brighton—wherever trumps and frumps were found together; wherever scandal was cackled, wherever flyblown reputations were assembled, and dowagers with damaged titles trod over each other for the pas—who, I say, ever had a good word for that old woman? What party was not bored where she appeared? What tradesman was not done with whom she dealt? I wish with all my heart I was about to narrate a story with a good mother-in-law for a character; but then you know, my dear madam, all good women in novels are insipid. This woman certainly was not. She was not only not insipid, but exceedingly badtasted. She had a foul, loud tongue, a stupid head, a bad temper, an immense pride and arrogance, an extravagant son, and very little money. Can I say much more of a woman than this? Aha! my good Lady Baker! I was a *mauvais sujet*, was I?—I was leading Fred into smoking, drinking, and low bachelor habits, was I? I, his old friend, who have borrowed money from him any time these twenty years, was not fit company for you and your precious daughter? Indeed! *I* paid the money I borrowed from him like a man; but did *you* ever pay him, I should like to know? When Mrs. Lovel was in the first column of the *Times*, *then* Fred and I used to go off to Greenwich and Blackwall, as I said; then his kind old heart was allowed to feel for his friend; *then* we could have the other bottle of claret without the appearance of Bedford and the coffee, which in Mrs. L.'s time used to be sent in to us before we could ring for a second bottle, although she and Lady Baker had had three glasses each out of the first. Three full glasses each, I give you my word! No, madam, it was your turn to bully me once—now it is mine, and I use it. No, you old Catamaran, though you pretend you never read novels, some of your confounded good-natured friends will let you know of *this* one. Here you are, do you hear? Here you shall be shown up. And so I intend to show up *other* women and *other* men who have offended me. Is one to be subject to slights and scorn, and not have revenge? Kindnesses are easily forgotten; but injuries!—what worthy man does not keep *those* in mind?

Before entering upon the present narrative, may I take leave to inform a candid public, that though it is all true, there is not a word of truth in it; that though Lovel is alive and prosperous, and you very likely have met him, yet I defy you to point him out; that his wife (for he is Lovel the Widower no more) is not the lady you imagine her to be, when you say (as you will persist in doing), "Oh, that character is intended for Mrs. Thingamy, or was notoriously drawn from Lady So-and-so." No. You are utterly mistaken. Why, even the advertising-puffers have almost given up that stale stratagem of announcing "REVELATIONS FROM HIGH LIFE.—The *beau monde* will be startled at recognizing the portraits of some of its brilliant leaders in Miss Wiggins's forthcoming *Roman de Société*." Or, "We suspect a certain ducal house will be puzzled to guess how the pitiless author of *May Fair Mysteries* has become acquainted with (and exposed with a fearless hand) *certain family secrets* which were thought only to be known to a few of the very highest members of the aristocracy." No, I say; these silly baits to catch an unsuspecting public shall not be our arts. If you choose to occupy yourself with trying to ascertain if a certain cap fits one among ever so many thousand heads, you *may* possibly pop it on the right one: but the cap-maker will perish before he tells you; unless, of course, he has some private pique to avenge, or malice to wreak, upon some individual who can't by any possibility hit again; *then*, indeed, he will come boldly forward and seize upon his victim—(a bishop, say, or a woman without coarse, quarrelsome male relatives will be best)—and clap on him, or her, such a cap, with such ears, that all the world shall laugh at the poor wretch, shuddering, and blushing beet-root red, and whimpering deserved tears of rage and vexation at being made the common butt of society. Besides, I dine at Lovel's still; his company and cuisine are among the best in London. If they suspected I was taking them off, he and his wife would leave off inviting me. Would any man of a generous disposition lose such a valued friend for a joke, or be so foolish as to show him up in a story? All persons with a decent knowledge of the world will at once banish the thought, as not merely base but absurd. I am invited to his house one day next week: *vous concevez* I can't mention the very day, for then he would find me out—and of course there would be no more cards for his old friend. He would not like appearing, as it must be owned he does in this memoir,

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as a man of not very strong mind. He believes himself to be a most determined, resolute person. He is quick in speech, wears a fierce beard, speaks with asperity to his servants (who liken him to a—to that before-named sable or ermine contrivance in which ladies insert their hands in winter), and takes his wife to task so smartly that I believe she believes he believes he is the master of the house. "Elizabeth, my love, he must mean A, or B, or D," I fancy I hear Lovel say; and she says, "Yes; oh! it is certainly D —his very image!" "D to a T," says Lovel (who is a neat wit). *She* may know that I mean to depict her husband in the above unpretending lines: but she will never let me know of her knowledge except by a little extra courtesy; except (may I make this pleasing exception?) by a few more invitations; except by a look of those unfathomable eyes (gracious goodness! to think she wore spectacles ever so long, and put a lid over them as it were!), into which when you gaze sometimes, you may gaze so deep, and deep, and deep, that I defy you to plumb halfway down into their mystery.

When I was a young man, I had lodgings in Beak Street, Regent Street (I no more have lived in Beak Street than in Belgrave Square: but I choose to say so, and no gentleman will be so rude as to contradict another)—I had lodgings, I say, in Beak Street, Regent Street. Mrs. Prior was the landlady's name. She had seen better days—landladies frequently have. Her husband—he could not be called the landlord, for Mrs. P. was manager of the place—had been, in happier times, captain or lieutenant in the militia; then of Diss, in Norfolk, of no profession; then of Norwich Castle, a prisoner for debt; then of Southampton Buildings, London, law-writer; then of the Bom-Retiro Cacadores, in the service of H. M. the Queen of Portugal, lieutenant and paymaster; then of Melina Place, St. George's Fields, etc.—I forbear to give the particulars of an existence which a legal biographer has traced step by step, and which has more than once been the subject of judicial investigation by certain commissioners in Lincoln's-inn Fields. Well Prior, at this time, swimming out of a hundred shipwrecks, had clambered on to a lighter, as it were, and was clerk to a coal-merchant by the river side. "You conceive, Sir," he would say, "my employment is only temporary—the fortune of war, the fortune of war!" He smattered words in not a few foreign languages. His person was profusely scented with tobacco. Bearded individuals, padding the muddy hoof in the neighboring Regent Street, would call sometimes of an evening, and ask for "the Captain." He was known at many neighboring billiard-tables, and, I imagine, not respected. You will not see enough of Captain Prior to be very weary of him and his coarse swagger, to be disgusted by his repeated requests for small money-loans, or to deplore his loss, which you will please to suppose has happened before the curtain of our present drama draws up. I think two people in the world were sorry for him: his wife, who still loved the memory of the handsome young man who had wooed and won her; his daughter Elizabeth, whom for the last few months of his life, and up to his fatal illness, he every evening conducted to what he called her "Academy." You are right. Elizabeth is the principal character in this story. When I knew her, a thin, freckled girl of fifteen, with a lean frock, and hair of a reddish hue, she used to borrow my books, and play on the First Floor's piano, when he was from home—Slumley his name was. He was editor of the *Swell*, a newspaper then published; author of a great number of popular songs, a friend of several music-selling houses; and it was by Mr. Slumley's interest that Elizabeth was received as a pupil at what the family called "the Academy."

Captain Prior then used to conduct his girl to the Academy, but she often had to conduct him home again. Having to wait about the premises for two, or three, or five hours sometimes while Elizabeth was doing her lessons, he would naturally desire to shelter himself from the cold at some neighboring house of entertainment. Every Friday a prize of a golden medal, nay, I believe, sometimes of twenty-five silver medals, was awarded to Miss Bellenden and other young ladies for their good conduct and assiduity at this academy. Miss Bellenden gave her gold medal to her mother, only keeping five shillings for herself, with which the poor child bought gloves, shoes, and her humble articles of millinery.

Once or twice the Captain succeeded in intercepting that piece of gold, and I dare say treated some of his whiskered friends — the clinking trampers of the Quadrant pavement. He was a free-handed fellow when he had any body's money in his pocket. It was owing to differences regarding the settlement of accounts that he quarreled with the coal-merchant, his very last employer. Bessy, after yielding once or twice to his importunity, and trying to believe his solemn promises of repayment, had strength of mind to refuse her father the pound which he would have taken. Her five shillings—her poor little slender pocket-money, the representative of her charities and kindnesses to the little brothers and sisters, of her little toilet ornaments, nay, necessities; of those well-mended gloves, of those oft-darned stockings, of those poor boots, which had to walk many a weary mile after midnight; of those little knicknacks, in the shape of brooch or bracelet, with which the poor child adorned her homely robe or sleeve—her poor five shillings, out of which Mary sometimes found a pair of shoes, or Tommy a flannel jacket, and little Bill a coach and horse—this wretched sum, this mite, which Bessy administered among so many poor—I very much fear her father sometimes confiscated. I charged the child with the fact, and she could not deny me. I vowed a tremendous vow, that, if ever I heard of her giving Prior money again, I would quit the lodgings, and never give those children lolly-pop, nor peg-top, nor sixpence; nor the pungent marmalade, nor

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the biting gingerbread-nut, nor the theatre-characters, nor the paint-box to illuminate the same; nor the discarded clothes, which became smaller clothes upon the persons of little Tommy and little Bill, for whom Mrs. Prior, and Bessy, and the little maid, cut, clipped, altered, ironed, darned, mangled, with the greatest ingenuity. I say, considering what had passed between me and the Priors—considering those money transactions, and those clothes, and my kindness to the children—it was rather hard that my jam-pots were poached, and my brandy-bottles leaked. And then to frighten her brother with the story of the inexorable creditor—oh, Mrs. Prior!—oh, fie, Mrs. P.!

So Bessy went to her school in a shabby shawl, a faded bonnet, and a poor little lean dress flounced with the mud and dust of all weathers, whereas there were some other young ladies, fellow-pupils of hers, who laid out their gold medals to much greater advantage. Miss Delamere, with her eighteen shillings a week (calling them "*silver medals*," was only my wit, you see), had twenty new bonnets, silk and satin dresses for all seasons, feathers in abundance, swansdown muffs and tippets, lovely pocket-handkerchiefs and trinkets, and many and many a half-crown mould of jelly, bottle of sherry, blanket, or what not, for a poor fellow-pupil in distress; and as for Miss Montanville, who had exactly the same sal—well, who had a scholarship of exactly the same value, viz. about fifty pounds yearly—she kept an elegant little cottage in the Regent's Park, a brougham with a horse all over brass harness, and a groom with a prodigious gold lace hat-band, who was treated with frightful contumely at the neighboring cab-stand: an aunt or a mother, I don't know which (I hope it was only an aunt), always comfortably dressed, and who looked after Montanville: and she herself had bracelets, brooches, and velvet pelisses of the very richest description. But then Miss Montanville was a good economist. *She* was never known to help a poor friend in distress, or give a fainting brother and sister a crust or a glass of wine. She allowed ten shillings a week to her father, whose name was Boskinson, said to be clerk to a chapel in Paddington; but she would never see him—no, not when he was in hospital, where he was so ill; and though she certainly lent Miss Wilder thirteen pounds, she had Wilder arrested upon her promissory note for twenty-four, and sold up every stick of Wilder's furniture, so that the whole Academy cried shame! Well, an accident occurred to Miss Montanville, for which those may be sorry who choose. On the evening of the 26th of December, Eighteen hundred and something, when the conductors of the Academy were giving their grand annual Christmas Pant—I should say examination of the Academy pupils before their numerous friends—Montanville, who happened to be present, not in her brougham this time, but in an aërial chariot of splendor drawn by doves, fell off a rainbow, and through the roof of the Revolving Shrine of the Amaranthine Queen, thereby very nearly damaging Bellenden, who was occupying the shrine, attired in a light-blue spangled dress, waving a wand, and uttering some idiotic verses composed for her by the Professor of Literature attached to the Academy. As for Montanville, let her go shrieking down that trap-door, break her leg, be taken home, and never more be character of ours. She never could speak. Her voice was as hoarse as a fish-woman's. Can that immense stout old box-keeper at the —— theatre, who limps up to ladies on the first tier, and offers that horrible foot-stool, which every body stumbles over, and makes a clumsy courtesy, and looks so knowing and hard, as if she recognized an acquaintance in the splendid lady who enters the box—can that old female be the once brilliant Emily Montanville? I am told there are *no* lady box-keepers in the English theatres. This, I submit, is a proof of my consummate care and artifice in rescuing from a prurient curiosity the individual personages from whom the characters of the present story are taken. Montanville is *not* a box-opener. She *may*, under another name, keep a trinket-shop in the Burlington Arcade, for what you know: but this secret no torture shall induce me to divulge. Life has its rises and its downfalls, and you have had yours, you hobbling old creature, Montanville, indeed! Go thy ways! Here is a shilling for thee. (Thank you, Sir.) Take away that confounded foot-stool, and never let us see thee more!

Now the fairy Amarantha was like a certain dear young lady of whom we have read in early youth. Up to twelve o'clock, attired in sparkling raiment, she leads the dance with the prince (Gradini, known as Grady in his days of banishment at the T. R. Dublin). At supper, she takes her place by the prince's royal father (who is alive now, and still reigns occasionally, so that we will not mention his revered name). She makes believe to drink from the gilded pasteboard, and to eat of the mighty pudding. She smiles as the good old irascible monarch knocks the prime minister and the cooks about: she blazes in splendor: she beams with a thousand jewels, in comparison with which the Koh-i-noor is a wretched lustreless little pebble: she disappears in a chariot, such as a Lord Mayor never rode in:—and at midnight, who is that young woman tripping homeward through the wet streets in a battered bonnet, a cotton shawl, and a lean frock fringed with the dreary winter flounces?

Our Cinderella is up early in the morning: she does no little portion of the house-work: she dresses her sisters and brothers: she prepares papa's breakfast. On days when she has not to go to morning lessons at her academy she helps with the dinner. Heaven help us! She has often brought mine when I have dined at home, and owns to having made that famous mutton-broth when I had a cold. Foreigners come to the house—professional gentlemen—to see Slumley on the first floor; exiled captains of Spain and Portugal, companions of the warrior her fa-

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ther. It is surprising how she has learned their accents, and has picked up French and Italian, too. And she played the piano in Mr. Slumley's room sometimes, as I have said; but refrained from that presently, and from visiting him altogether. I suspect he was not a man of principle. His paper used to make direful attacks upon individual reputations; and you would find theatre and opera people most curiously praised and assaulted in the *Swell*. I recollect meeting him, several years after, in the lobby of the opera, in a very noisy frame of mind, when he heard a certain lady's carriage called, and cried out with exceeding strong language, which need not be accurately reported, "Look at that woman! Confound her! I made her, Sir! Got her an engagement when the family was starving, Sir! Did you see her, Sir? She wouldn't even look at me!" Nor indeed was Mr. S. at that moment a very agreeable object to behold.

Then I remembered that there had been some quarrel with this man, when we lodged in Beak Street together. If difficulty there was, it was solved *ambulando*. He quitted the lodgings, leaving an excellent and costly piano as security for a heavy bill which he owed to Mrs. Prior, and the instrument was presently fetched away by the music-sellers, its owners. But regarding Mr. S.'s valuable biography, let us speak very gently. You see it is "an insult to literature" to say that there are disreputable and dishonest persons who write in newspapers.

Nothing, dear friend, escapes your penetration: if a joke is made in your company you are down upon it instanter, and your smile rewards the wag who amuses you: so you knew at once, while I was talking of Elizabeth and her academy, that a theatre was meant, where the poor child danced for a guinea, or five-and-twenty shillings per week. Nay, she must have had not a little skill and merit to advance to the quarter of a hundred; for she was not pretty at this time, only a rough, tawny-haired filly of a girl, with great eyes. Dolphin, the manager, did not think much of her, and she passed before him in his regiment of Sea-nymphs, or Bayadères, or Fairies, or Mazurka maidens (with their fluttering lances and little scarlet slyboots!), scarcely more noticed than private Jones standing under arms in his company when his Royal Highness the Field-marshal gallops by. There were no dramatic triumphs for Miss Bellenden; no bouquets were flung at her feet; no cunning Mephistopheles—the emissary of some philandering Faustus outside—corrupted her duenna, or brought her caskets of diamonds. Had there been any such admirer for Bellenden, Dolphin would not only not have been shocked, but he would very likely have raised her salary. As it was, though himself, I fear, a person of loose morals, he respected better things. "That Bellenden's a good hhonest gurl," he said to the present writer; "works hard; gives her money to her family; father a shy old cove. Very good family, I hear they are!" and he passes on to some other of the innumerable subjects which engage a manager.

Now, why should a poor lodging-house keeper make such a mighty secret of having a daughter earning an honest guinea by dancing at a theatre? Why persist in calling the theatre an academy? Why did Mrs. Prior speak of it as such, to me who knew what the truth was, and to whom Elizabeth herself made no mystery of her calling?

There are actions and events in its life over which decent Poverty often chooses to cast a vail that is not unbecoming wear. We can all, if we are minded, peer through this poor flimsy screen: often there is no shame behind it—only empty platters, poor scraps, and other threadbare evidence of want and cold. And who is called on to show his rags to the public, and cry out his hunger in the street? At this time (her character has developed itself not so amiably since) Mrs. Prior was outwardly respectable; and yet, as I have said, my groceries were consumed with remarkable rapidity; my wine and brandy bottles were all leaky, until they were excluded from air under a patent lock; my Morell raspberry jam, of which I was passionately fond, if exposed on the table for a few hours, was always eaten by the cat, or that wonderful little wretch of a maid-of-all-work, so active, yet so patient, so kind, so dirty, so obliging. Was it *the maid* who took those groceries? I have seen the *Gazza Ladra*, and know that poor little maids are sometimes wrongfully accused; and besides, in my particular case, I own I don't care who the culprit was. At the year's end, a single man is not much poorer for this house-tax which he pays. One Sunday evening, being confined with a cold, and partaking of that mutton broth which Elizabeth made so well, and which she brought me, I entreated her to bring from the cupboard, of which I gave her the key, a certain brandy-bottle. She saw my face when I looked at her; there was no mistaking its agony. There was scarce any brandy left; it had all leaked away; and it was Sunday, and no good brandy was to be bought that evening.

Elizabeth, I say, saw my grief. She put down the bottle, and she cried: she tried to prevent herself from doing so at first, but she fairly burst into tears.

"My dear—dear child," says I, seizing her hand, "you don't suppose I fancy you—"

"No—no!" she says, drawing the large hand over her eyes. "No—no! but I saw it when you and Mr. Warrington last 'ad some. Oh! do have a patting lock!"

"A patent lock, my dear?" I remarked. "How odd that you, who have learned to pronounce Italian and French words so well, should make such strange slips in English! Your mother speaks well enough."

"She was born a lady. She was not sent to be a milliner's girl, as I was, and then among those noisy girls at that—oh! that *place!*" cries Bessy, in a sort of desperation, clenching her hand.

Here the bells of St. Beak's began to ring quite cheerily for evening service. I heard

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"Elizabeth!" cried out from the lower regions by Mrs. Prior's cracked voice. And the maiden went her way to Church, which she and her mother never missed of a Sunday; and I dare say I slept just as well without the brandy-and-water.

Slumley being gone, Mrs. Prior came to me rather wistfully one day, and wanted to know whether I would object to Madame Bentivoglio, the opera-singer, having the first floor? This was too much, indeed! How was my work to go on with that woman practicing all day and roaring underneath me? But after sending away so good a customer, I could not refuse to lend the Priors a little more money; and Prior insisted upon treating me to a new stamp, and making out a new and handsome bill for an amount nearly twice as great as the last: which he had no doubt under heaven, and which he pledged his honor as an officer and a gentleman that he would meet. Let me see: That was how many years ago? Thirteen, fourteen, twenty? Never mind. My fair Elizabeth, I think if you saw your poor old father's signature now, you would pay it. I came upon it lately in an old box I haven't opened these fifteen years, along with some letters written—never mind by whom—and an old glove that I used to set an absurd value by; and that emerald-green tabinet waistcoat which kind old Mrs. Macmanus gave me, and which I wore at the L—d L—t—nt's ball, Ph-n-x Park, Dublin, once, when I danced with *her* there! Lord!—Lord! It would no more meet round my waist now than round Daniel Lambert's. How we outgrow things!

But as I never presented this united bill of £43 odd (the first portion of £23, etc., was advanced by me in order to pay an execution out of the house)—as I never expected to have it paid any more than I did to be Lord Mayor of London—I say it was a little hard that Mrs. Prior should write off to her brother (she writes a capital letter), blessing Providence that had given him a noble income, promising him the benefit of her prayers, in order that he should long live to enjoy his large salary, and informing him that an obdurate creditor, who shall be nameless (meaning me), who had Captain Prior *in his power* (as if being in possession of that dingy scrawl, I should have known what to do with it), who held Mr. Prior's acceptance for £43 14*s.* 4*d.* due on the 3d July (my bill), would infallibly bring their family to RUIN, unless a part of the money was paid up. When I went up to my old college, and called on Sargent, at Boniface Lodge, he treated me as civilly as if I had been an undergraduate; scarcely spoke to me in hall, where, of course, I dined at the Fellows' table; and only asked me to one of Mrs. Sargent's confounded tea-parties during the whole time of my stay. Now it was by this man's entreaty that I went to lodge at Prior's; he talked to me after dinner one day, he hummed, he ha'd, he blushed, he prated in his pompous way, about an unfortunate sister in London—fatal early marriage—husband, Captain Prior, Knight of the Swan with two Necks of Portugal, most distinguished officer, but imprudent speculator—advantageous lodgings in the centre of London, quiet, though near the Clubs—if I was ill (I am a confirmed invalid), Mrs. Prior, his sister, would nurse me like a mother. So, in a word, I went to Prior's: I took the rooms: I was attracted by some children: Amelia Jane (that little dirty maid before mentioned) dragging a go-cart, containing a little dirty pair; another marching by them, carrying a fourth well-nigh as big as himself. These little folks, having threaded the mighty flood of Regent Street, debouched into the quiet creek of Beak Street, just as I happened to follow them. And the door at which the small caravan halted—the very door I was in search of—was opened by Elizabeth, then only just emerging from childhood, with tawny hair falling into her solemn eyes.

The aspect of these little people, which would have deterred many, happened to attract me. I am a lonely man. I may have been ill-treated by some one once, but that is neither here nor there. If I had had children of my own, I think I should have been good to them. I thought Prior a dreadful vulgar wretch, and his wife a scheming, greedy little woman. But the children amused me: and I took the rooms, liking to hear overhead in the morning the patter of their little feet. The person I mean has several; husband, judge in the West Indies. *Allons!* now you know how I came to live at Mrs. Prior's.

Though I am now a steady, a *confirmed* old bachelor (I shall call myself Mr. Batchelor, if you please, in this story; and there is some one far—far away who knows why I will NEVER take another title), I was a gay young fellow enough once. I was not above the pleasures of youth: in fact, I learned quadrilles on purpose to dance with her that long vacation when I went to read with my young friend Lord Viscount Poldoody at Dub—pshaw! Be still, thou foolish heart! Perhaps I misspent my time as an undergraduate. Perhaps I read too many novels, occupied myself too much with "elegant literature" (that used to be our phrase), and spoke too often at the Union, where I had a considerable reputation. But those fine words got me no college prizes: I missed my fellowship: was rather in disgrace with my relations afterward, but had a small independence of my own, which I eked out by taking a few pupils for little goes and the common degree. At length, a relation dying, and leaving me a further small income, I left the university, and came to reside in London.

Now in my third year at college there came to St. Boniface a young gentleman, who was one of the few gentleman-pensioners of our society. His popularity speedily was great. A kindly and simple youth, he would have been liked, I dare say, even though he had been no richer than the rest of us; but this is certain, that flattery, worldliness, mammon-worship, are vices as well known to young as to old boys; and a rich lad at school or college has his followers, tuft-hunt-

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ers, led-captains, little courts, just as much as any elderly millionary of Pall-Mall, who gazes round his club to see whom he shall take home to dinner, while humble trencher-men wait anxiously, thinking—Ah! will he take me this time? or will he ask that abominable sneak and toady Henchman again? Well—well! this is an old story about parasites and flatterers. My dear good Sir, I am not for a moment going to say that *you* ever were one: and I dare say it was very base and mean of us to like a man chiefly on account of his money. "I know"—Tom Lovel used to say—"I know fellows come to my rooms because I have a large allowance, and plenty of my poor old governor's wine, and give good dinners: I am not deceived; but, at least, it is pleasanter to come to me and have good dinners, and good wine, than to go to Jack Highson's dreary tea and turnout, or to Ned Roper's abominable Oxbridge port." And so I admit at once that Lovel's parties *were* more agreeable than most men's in the college. Perhaps the goodness of the fare, by pleasing the guests, made them more pleasant. A dinner in hall, and a pewter-plate is all very well, and I can say grace before it with all my heart; but a dinner with fish from London, game, and two or three nice little *entrées*, is better—and there was no better cook in the university than ours at St. Boniface, and ah, me! there were appetites then, and digestions which rendered the good dinner doubly good.

Between me and young Lovel a friendship sprang up, which, I trust, even the publication of this story will not diminish. There is a period, immediately after the taking of his bachelor's degree, when many a university man finds himself embarrassed. The tradesmen rather rudely press for a settlement of their accounts. Those prints we ordered *calidi juventâ;* those shirt-studs and pins which the jewelers would persist in thrusting into our artless bosoms; those fine coats we would insist on having for our books, as well as ourselves; all these have to be paid for by the graduate. And my father, who was then alive, refusing to meet these demands, under the—I own—just plea, that my allowance had been ample, and that my half-sisters ought not to be mulcted of their slender portions in consequence of my extravagance, I should have been subject to very serious inconvenience—nay, possibly, to personal incarceration, had not Lovel, at the risk of rustication, rushed up to London to his mother (who then had *especial reasons* for being very gracious to her son), obtained a supply of money from her, and brought it to me at Mr. Shackell's horrible hotel, where I was lodged. He had tears in his kind eyes; he grasped my hand a hundred and hundred times as he flung the notes into my lap; and the recording tutor (Sargent was only tutor then) who was going to bring him up before the Master for breach of discipline, dashed away a drop from his own lid, when, with a moving eloquence, I told what had happened, and blotted out the transaction with some particular old 1811 port, of which we freely partook in his private rooms that evening. By laborious installments, I had the happiness to pay Lovel back. I took pupils, as I said; I engaged in literary pursuits: I became connected with a literary periodical, and I am ashamed to say, I imposed myself upon the public as a good classical scholar. I was not thought the less learned, when my relative dying, I found myself in possession of a small independency; and my *Translations from the Greek*, my *Poems by Beta*, and my articles in the paper of which I was part proprietor for several years, have had their little success in their day.

Indeed at Oxbridge, if I did not obtain university honors, at least I showed literary tastes. I got the prize essay one year at Boniface, and plead guilty to having written essays, poems, and a tragedy. My college friends had a joke at my expense (a very small joke serves to amuse those port-wine-bibbing fogies, and keeps them laughing for ever so long a time)—they are welcome, I say, to make merry at my charges—in respect of a certain bargain which I made on coming to London, and in which, had I been Moses Primrose purchasing green spectacles, I could scarcely have been more taken in. *My* Jenkinson was an old college acquaintance, whom I was idiot enough to imagine a respectable man: the fellow had a very smooth tongue, and sleek, sanctified exterior. He was rather a popular preacher, and used to cry a good deal in the pulpit. He, and a queer wine-merchant and bill-discounter, Sherrick by name, had somehow got possession of that neat little literary paper, the *Museum*, which, perhaps, you remember; and this eligible literary property my friend Honeyman, with his wheedling tongue, induced me to purchase. I bear no malice: the fellow is in India now, where I trust he pays his butcher and baker. He was in dreadful straits for money when he sold me the *Museum*. He began crying when I told him some short time afterward that he was a swindler, and from behind his pocket-handkerchief sobbed a prayer that I should one day think better of him; whereas my remarks to the same effect produced an exactly contrary impression upon his accomplice, Sherrick, who burst out laughing in my face, and said, "The more fool you." Mr. Sherrick was right. He was a fool, without mistake, who had any money-dealing with him; and poor Honeyman was right, too; I don't think so badly of him as I did. A fellow so hardly pinched for money could not resist the temptation of extracting it from such a greenhorn. I dare say I gave myself airs as editor of that confounded *Museum*, and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I dare say I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses (to a Being who shall be nameless, but whose conduct has caused a faithful heart to bleed not a little). I dare say I wrote satirical articles, in which I piqued myself upon the fineness of my

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wit, and criticisms, got up for the nonce, out of encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries; so that I would be actually astounded at my own knowledge. I dare say I made a gaby of myself to the world: pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.

I think it was my brilliant *confrère* on the first floor (he had pecuniary transactions with Sherrick, and visited two or three of her Majesty's metropolitan prisons at that gentleman's suit) who first showed me how grievously I had been cheated in the newspaper matter. Slumley wrote for a paper printed at our office. The same boy often brought proofs to both of us—a little bit of a puny bright-eyed chap, who looked scarce twelve years old when he was sixteen; who in wit was a man when in stature he was a child—like many other children of the poor.

This little Dick Bedford used to sit many hours asleep on my landing-place or Slumley's, while we were preparing our invaluable compositions within our respective apartments. S. was a good-natured reprobate, and gave the child of his meat and his drink. I used to like to help the little man from my breakfast, and see him enjoy the meal. As he sate, with his bag on his knees, his head sunk in sleep, his little high-lows scarce reaching the floor, Dick made a touching little picture. The whole house was fond of him. The tipsy Captain nodded him a welcome as he swaggered down stairs, stock and coat and waistcoat in hand, to his worship's toilet in the back kitchen. The children and Dick were good friends; and Elizabeth patronized him, and talked with him now and again, in her grave way. You know Clancy, the composer? know him better, perhaps, under his name of Friedrich Donner? Donner used to write music to Slumley's words, or *vice versa;* and would come now and again to Beak Street, where he and his poet would try their joint work at the piano. At the sound of that music little Dick's eyes used to kindle. "Oh, it's prime!" said the young enthusiast. And I will say, that good-natured miscreant of a Slumley not only gave the child pence, but tickets for the play, concerts, and so forth. Dick had a neat little suit of clothes at home; his mother made him a very nice little waistcoat out of my undergraduate's gown; and he and she, a decent woman, when in their best raiment, looked respectable enough for any theatre-pit in England.

Among other places of public amusement which he attended, Mr. Dick frequented the academy where Miss Bellenden danced, and whence poor Elizabeth Prior issued forth after midnight in her shabby frock. And once the Captain, Elizabeth's father and protector, being unable to walk very accurately, and noisy and incoherent in his speech, so that the attention of Messieurs of the police was directed toward him, Dick came up, placed Elizabeth and her father in a cab, paid the fare with his own money, and brought the whole party home in triumph, himself sitting on the box of the vehicle. I chanced to be coming home myself (from one of Mrs. Wateringham's elegant tea soirées, in Dorset Square), and reached my door just at the arrival of Dick and his caravan. "Here, cabby!" says Dick, handing out the fare, and looking with his brightest eyes. It is pleasanter to look at that beaming little face, than at the Captain yonder, reeling into his house supported by his daughter. Dick cried, Elizabeth told me, when, a week afterward, she wanted to pay him back his shilling; and she said he was a strange child, that he was.

I revert to my friend Lovel. I was coaching Lovel for his degree (which, between ourselves, I think he never would have attained), when he suddenly announced to me, from Weymouth, where he was passing the vacation, his intention to quit the university and to travel abroad. "Events have happened, dear friend," he wrote, "which will make my mother's home miserable to me (I little knew when I went to town about your business, what caused her *wonderful complaisance* to me). She would have broken my heart, Charles (my Christian name is Charles), but its wounds have found *a consoler!*"

Now, in this little chapter, there are some little mysteries propounded, upon which, were I not above any such artifice, I might easily leave the reader to ponder for a month.

1. Why did Mrs. Prior, at the lodgings, persist in calling the theatre at which her daughter danced the Academy?

2. What were the special reasons why Mrs. Lovel should be very gracious with her son, and give him £150 as soon as he asked for the money?

3. Why was Fred Lovel's heart nearly broken? and 4. Who was his consoler?

I answer these at once, and without the slightest attempt at delay or circumlocution. 1. Mrs. Prior, who had repeatedly received money from her brother, John Erasmus Sargent, D.D., Master of St. Boniface College, knew perfectly well that if the Master (whom she already pestered out of his life) heard that she had sent a niece of his on the stage, he would never give her another shilling.

2. The reason why Emma, widow of the late Adolphus Loeffel, of Whitechapel Road, sugar-baker, was so particularly gracious to her son, Adolphus Frederic Lovel, Esq., of St. Boniface College, Oxbridge, and principal partner in the house of Loeffel aforesaid, an infant, was that she, Emma, was about to contract a second marriage with the Rev. Samuel Bonnington.

3. Fred Lovel's heart was so very much broken by this intelligence that he gave himself airs of Hamlet, dressed in black, wore his long fair hair over his eyes, and exhibited a hundred signs of grief and desperation, until—

4. Louisa (widow of the late Sir Popham Baker, of Bakerstown, Co. Kilkenny, Baronet) induced Mr. Lovel to take a trip on the Rhine with her and Cecilia, fourth and only unmarried daughter of the aforesaid Sir Popham Baker, deceased.

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I AM REFERRED TO CECILIA.

My opinion of Cecilia I have candidly given in a previous page. I adhere to that opinion. I shall not repeat it. The subject is disagreeable to me, as the woman herself was in life. What Fred found in her to admire I can not tell: lucky for us all that tastes, men, women, vary. You will never see her alive in this history. That is her picture, painted by the late Mr. Gandish.

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She stands fingering that harp with which she has often driven me half mad with her *Tara's Halls* and her *Poor Marianne*. She used to Bully Fred so, and be so rude to her guests, that in order to pacify her, he would meanly say, "Do, my love, let us have a little music!" and thrumpty, thrumpty, off would go her gloves, and *Tara's Halls* would begin. "The harp that *once*" indeed! the accursed catgut scarce knew any other music, and "once" was a hundred times at least in *my* hearing. Then came the period when I was treated to the cold joint which I have mentioned; and, not liking it, I gave up going to Shrublands.

So, too, did my Lady Baker, but not of *her own free-will*, mind you. *She* did not quit the premises because her reception was too cold, but because the house was made a great deal too hot for her. I remember Fred coming to me in high spirits, and describing to me, with no little humor, a great battle between Cecilia and Lady Baker, and her ladyship's defeat and flight. She fled, however, only as far as Putney village, where she formed again, as it were, and fortified herself in a lodging. Next day she made a desperate and feeble attack, presenting herself at Shrublands lodge-gate, and threatening that she and sorrow would sit down before it; and that all the world should know how a daughter treated her mother. But the gate was locked, and Barnet, the gardener, appeared behind it, saying, "Since you *are* come, my lady, perhaps you will pay my missis the four-and-twenty shillings you borrowed of her." And he grinned at her through the bars until she fled before him, cowering. Lovel paid the little forgotten account; the best four-and-twenty shillings he had ever laid out, he said.

Eight years passed away; during the last four of which I scarce saw my old friend, except at clubs and taverns, where we met privily, and renewed, not old warmth and hilarity, but old kindness. One winter he took his family abroad; Cecilia's health was delicate, Lovel told me, and the doctor had advised that she should spend a winter in the south. He did not stay with them: he had pressing affairs at home; he had embarked in many businesses besides the paternal sugar-bakery; was concerned in companies, a director of a joint-stock bank, a man in whose fire were many irons. A faithful governess was with the children; a faithful man and maid were in attendance on the invalid; and Lovel, adoring his wife, as he certainly did, yet supported her absence with great equanimity.

In the spring I was not a little scared to read among the deaths in the newspaper: "At Naples, of scarlet fever, on the 25th ult., Cecilia, wife of Frederic Lovel, Esq., and daughter of the late Sir Popham Baker, Bart." I knew what my friend's grief would be. He had hurried abroad at the news of her illness; he did not reach Naples in time to receive the last words of his poor Cecilia.

Some months after the catastrophe I had a note from Shrublands. Lovel wrote quite in the old affectionate tone. He begged his dear old friend to go to him, and console him in his solitude. Would I come to dinner that evening?

Of course I went off to him straightway. I found him in deep sables in the drawing-room with his children, and I confess I was not astonished to see my Lady Baker once more in that room.

"You seem surprised to see me here, Mr. Batchelor!" says her ladyship, with that grace and good-breeding which she generally exhibited; for if she accepted benefits, she took care to insult those from whom she received them.

"Indeed, no," said I, looking at Lovel, who piteously hung down his head. He had his little Cecy at his knee; he was sitting under the portrait of the defunct musician, whose harp, now muffled in leather, stood dimly in the corner of the room.

"I am here not at my own wish, but from a feeling of duty toward that—departed—angel!" says Lady Baker, pointing to the picture.

"I am sure when mamma was here you were always quarreling," says little Popham, with a scowl.

"This is the way those innocent children have been taught to regard me," cries grandmamma.

"Silence, Pop!" says papa, "and don't be a rude boy."

"Isn't Pop a rude boy?" echoes Cecy.

"Silence, Pop," continues papa, "or you must go up to Miss Prior."

MOTHER OF PEARL.

I.

I MET her in India, when, during an eccentric course of travel, I visited the land of palankeens and hookahs. She was a slender, pale, spiritual-looking girl. Her figure swayed to and fro when she walked, like some delicate plant brushed by a very gentle wind. Her face betokened a rare susceptibility of nervous organization. Large, dark, gray eyes, spanned by slender arches of black eye-brows; irregular and mobile features. A mouth large and singularly expressive, and conveying vague hints of a sensual nature whenever she smiled. The paleness of her skin could hardly be called paleness; it was rather a beautiful transparency of texture, through the whiteness of which one beheld the under-glow of life, as one sees the fire of a lamp hazily revealed through the white ground-glass shade that envelops it. Her motions were full of a strange and subtle grace. It positively sent a thrill of an indefinable nature through me to watch her moving across a room. It was perhaps a pleasurable sensation at beholding her perform so ordinary an act in so unusual a manner. Every wanderer in the fields has been struck with delight on beholding a tuft of thistle-down floating calmly through the still atmosphere of a summer's day. She possessed in the most perfect degree this aerial serenity of motion. With all the attributes of body she seemed to move as if

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disembodied. It was a singular and paradoxical combination of the Real and Ideal, and therein I think lay the charm.

Then her voice. It was like no voice that I ever heard before. It was low and sweet—but how many hundreds of voices have I heard that were as low and just as sweet! The charm lay in something else. Each word was uttered with a sort of dove-like "coo"—pray do not laugh at the image, for I am striving to express what after all is perhaps inexpressible. However, I mean to say that the harsh gutturals and hissing dentals of our English tongue were enveloped by her in a species of vocal plumage, so that they flew from her lips—not like pebbles or snakes, as they do from mine and yours, but like humming-birds, soft and round and imbued with a strange fascination of sound.

We fell in love, married, and Minnie agreed to share my travel for a year, after which we were to repair to my native place in Maine, and settle down into a calm loving country life.

It was during this year that our little daughter Pearl was born. The way in which she came to be named Pearl was this:

We were cruising in the Bay of Condatchy, on the west coast of Ceylon, in a small vessel which I had hired for a month's trip to go where I listed. I had always a singular desire to make myself acquainted with the details of the pearl fishery, and I thought this would be a good opportunity; so with my wife and servants and little nameless child—she was only three months old—on whom, however, we showered daily a thousand unwritable love-titles, I set sail for the grounds of a celebrated pearl fishery.

It was a great although an idle pleasure to sit in one of the small coasting boats in that cloudless and serene climate, floating on an unruffled sea, and watch the tawny natives, naked, with the exception of a small strip of cotton cloth wound around their loins, plunge into the marvelously clear waters, and after having shot down far beyond sight, as if they had been lead instead of flesh and blood, suddenly break above the surface after what seemed an age of immersion, holding in their hands a basket filled with long, uncouthly-shaped bivalves, any of which might contain a treasure great as that which Cleopatra wasted in her goblet. The oysters being flung into the boat, a brief breathing spell was taken, and then once more the dark-skinned diver darted down like some agile fish to recommence his search. For the pearl-oyster is by no means to be found in the prodigal profusion in which his less aristocratic brethren, the Mill Ponds and Blue Points and Chinkopins, exist. He is rare and exclusive, and does not bestow himself liberally. He, like all high-born castes, is not prolific.

Sometimes a fearful moment of excitement would overtake us. While two or three of the pearl-divers were under water, the calm glassy surface of the sea would be cleft by what seemed the thin blade of a sharp knife, cutting through the water with a slow, even, deadly motion. This we knew to be the dorsal fin of the man-eating shark. Nothing can give any idea of the horrible symbolism of that back fin. To a person utterly unacquainted with the habits of the monster, the silent, stealthy, resistless way in which that membranous blade divided the water, would inevitably suggest a cruelty swift, unappeasable, relentless. This may seem exaggerated to any one who has not seen the spectacle I speak of. Every sea-faring man will admit its truth. When this ominous apparition became visible all on board the fishing boats were instantly in a state of excitement. The water was beaten with oars until it foamed. The natives shouted aloud with the most unearthly yells; missiles of all kinds were flung at this Seeva of the ocean, and a relentless attack was kept up on him until the poor fellows groping below showed their mahogany faces above the surface We were so fortunate as not to have been the spectators of any tragedy, but we knew from hearsay that it often happened that the shark—a fish, by-the-way, possessed of a rare intelligence—quietly bided his time, until the moment the diver broke water, when there would be a lightning-like rush, a flash of the white belly as the brute turned on his side to snap, a faint cry of agony from the victim, and then the mahogany face would sink convulsed never to rise again, while a great crimson clot of blood would hang suspended in the calm ocean, the red memorial of a sudden and awful fatality.

One breathless day we were floating in our little boat at the pearl fishery watching the diving. "We" means my wife, myself, and our little daughter, who was nestled in the arms of her "ayah," or colored nurse. It was one of those tropical mornings the glory of which is indescribable. The sea was so transparent that the boat in which we lay, shielded from the sun by awnings, seemed to hang suspended in air. The tufts of pink and white coral that studded the bed of the ocean beneath were as distinct as if they were growing at our feet. We seemed to be gazing upon a beautiful parterre of variegated candy tuft. The shores fringed with palms and patches of a gigantic species of cactus, which was then in bloom, were as still and serene as if they had been painted on glass. Indeed the whole landscape looked like a beautiful scene beheld through a glorified stereoscope. Eminently real as far as detail went, but fixed and motionless as death. Nothing broke the silence save the occasional plunge of the divers into the water, or the noise of the large oysters falling into the bottom of the boats. In the distance, on a small narrow point of land, a strange crowd of human beings was visible. Oriental pearl merchants, Fakeers selling amulets, Brahmins in their dirty white robes, all attracted to the spot by the prospect of gain (as fish collect round a handful of bait flung into a pond), bargaining, cheating, and strangely mingling religion and lucre. My wife and I lay back on the cushions that lined the after-part of our little skiff, languidly gazing on the sea

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and the sky by turns. Suddenly our attention was aroused by a great shout, which was followed by a volley of shrill cries from the pearl-fishing boats. On turning in that direction the greatest excitement was visible among the different crews. Hands were pointed. White teeth glittered in the sun, and every dusky form was gesticulating violently. Then two or three negroes seized some long poles and commenced beating the water violently. Others flung gourds and calabashes, and odd pieces of wood and stones in the direction of a particular spot that lay between the nearest fishing-boat and ourselves. The only thing visible in this spot was a black, sharp blade, thin as the blade of a penknife, that appeared slowly and evenly cutting through the still water. No surgical instrument ever glided through human flesh with a more silent, cruel calm. It needed not the cry of "Shark! shark!" to tell us what it was. In a moment we had a vivid picture of that unseen monster, with his small, watchful eyes, and his huge mouth with its double row of fangs, presented before our mental vision. There were three divers under water at this moment, while directly above them hung suspended this remorseless incarnation of Death. My wife clasped my hand convulsively, and became deathly pale. I stretched out the other hand instinctively, and grasped a revolver which lay beside me. I was in the act of cocking it when a shriek of unutterable agony from the ayah burst on our ears. I turned my head quick as a flash of lightning, and beheld her, with empty arms, hanging over the gunwale of the boat, while down in the calm sea I saw a tiny little face swathed in white sinking—sinking—sinking!

What are words to paint such a crisis? What pen, however vigorous, could depict the pallid, convulsed face of my wife, my own agonized countenance, the awful despair that settled on the dark face of the ayah as we three beheld the love of our lives serenely receding from us forever in that impassible transparent ocean? My pistol fell from my grasp. I, who rejoiced in a vigor of manhood such as few attain, was struck dumb and helpless. My brain whirled in its dome. Every outward object vanished from my sight, and all I saw was a vast translucent sea and one sweet face, rosy as a sea-shell, shining in its depths—shining with a vague smile that seemed to bid me a mute farewell as it floated away to death! I was roused from a trance of anguish by the flitting of a dark form through the clear water, cleaving its way swiftly toward that darling little shape that grew dimmer and dimmer every second as it settled in the sea. We all saw it, and the same thought struck us all. That terrible, deadly back fin was the key of our sudden terror. The shark! A simultaneous shriek burst from our lips. I tried to jump overboard, but was withheld by some one—little use had I done so, for I could not swim a stroke. The dark shape glided on like a flash of light. It reached our treasure—in an instant all we loved on earth was blotted from our sight! My heart stood still. My breath ceased; life trembled on my lips. The next moment a dusky head shot out of the water close to our boat—a dusky head whose parted lips gasped for breath, but whose eyes shone with the brightness of a superhuman joy. The second after two tawny hands held a dripping white mass above water, and the dark head shouted to the boatmen. Another second, and the brave pearl-diver had clambered in, and laid my little daughter at her mother's feet. This was the shark! This the man-eater! This hero in sun-burned hide, who, with his quick aquatic sight, had seen our dear one sinking through the sea, and had brought her up to us again, pale and dripping, but still alive!

What tears and what laughter fell on us three by turns as we named our gem rescued from the ocean "Little Pearl!"

II.

I had been about a year settled at my pleasant homestead in Maine when the great misfortune of my life fell upon me.

My existence was almost exceptional in its happiness. Independent in circumstances, master of a beautiful place, the natural charms of which were carefully seconded by art; married to a woman whose refined and cultivated mind seemed to be in perfect rapport with my own; and the father of the loveliest little maiden that ever tottered upon tiny feet, what more could I wish for? In the summer time we varied the pleasant monotony of our rustic life by flying visits to Newport and Nahant. In the winter a month or six weeks spent in New York, party-going and theatre-going, surfeited us with the rapid life of a metropolis, but gave us food for conversation for months to come. The intervals were well filled up with farming, reading, and the social intercourse into which we naturally fell with the old residents around us.

I said a moment ago that I was perfectly happy at this time. I was wrong. I was happy, but not perfectly happy. A vague grief overshadowed me. My wife's health gave me, at times, great concern. Charming and *spirituelle* as she was on the majority of occasions, there were times when she seemed a prey to a brooding melancholy. She would sit for hours in the twilight in what appeared to be a state of mental apathy, and at such times it was almost impossible to rouse her into even a moderate state of conversational activity. When I addressed her she would languidly turn her eyes on me, droop the eyelids over the eyeballs, and gaze at me with a strange expression that—I knew not why—sent a shudder through my limbs. It was in vain that I questioned her to ascertain if she suffered. She was perfectly well, she said, but weary. I consulted my old friend and neighbor, Doctor Melony, but, after a careful study of her constitution, he proclaimed her, after his own fashion, to be "sound as a bell, Sir! sound as a bell!"

To me, however, there was a funereal tone in

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this "bell." If it did not toll of death, it at least proclaimed disaster. I can not say why those dismal forebodings should have possessed me. Let who will explain the many presentiments of good and bad fortune which waylay men in the road of Life, as the witches used to waylay the traveler of old, and rise up in his path prognosticating, and, it may be, cursing.

At times, though, Minnie, as if to cheat speculation, displayed a gayety and cheerfulness beyond all expectation. She would propose little excursions to noted places in our neighborhood, rustic "sprees," as it were, and no eyes in the party would be brighter, or no laugh more ringing than hers. Yet these bright spots were but checkers on a life of gloom. Days passed in moodiness and silence. Nights of restless tossing on the couch. And ever and anon that strange furtive look following me as I went to and fro!

As the year slowly sailed through the green banks of summer into the flaming scenery of the fall, I resolved to make some attempt to dissipate this melancholy under which my wife so obviously labored.

"Minnie," I said to her, one day, "I feel rather dull. Let us go to New York for a few weeks."

"What for?" she answered, turning her face round slowly until her eyes rested on mine—eyes still filled with that inexplicable expression! "What for? To amuse ourselves? My dear Gerald, how can New York amuse you? We live in a hotel, each room of which is a stereotyped copy of the other. We get the same bill of fare—with a fresh date—every day for dinner. We go to parties that are a repetition of the parties we went to last year. The same thin-legged young man leads 'the German,' and one could almost imagine that the stewed terrapin which you get for supper had been kept over since the previous winter. There is no novelty—no nothing."

"There is a novelty, my dear," I said, although I could not help smiling at her languid dissection of a New York season. "You love the stage, and a new and, as I am told, a great actress, has appeared there. I, for my part, want to see her."

"Who is she? But, before you answer, I know perfectly well what a great American dramatic novelty is. She has been gifted by nature with fine eyes, a good figure, and a voice which has a tolerable scale of notes. Some one, or something, puts it into her head that she was born into this world for the special purpose of interpreting Shakspeare. She begins by reciting to her friends in a little village, and, owing to their encouragement, determines to take lessons from some broken-down actor, who ekes out an insufficient salary by giving lessons in elocution. Under his tuition—as she would under the instruction of any professor of that abominable art known as 'elocution'—she learns how to display her voice at the expense of the sense of the author. She thinks of nothing but rising and falling inflections, swimming entrances and graceful exits. Her idea of great emotion is hysterics, and her acme of by-play is to roll her eyes at the audience. You listen in vain for a natural intonation of the voice. You look in vain on the painted—over-painted—face for a single reflex of the emotions depicted by the dramatist. Emotions that, I am sure, when he was registering them on paper, flitted over *his* countenance, and thrilled his whole being as the auroral lights shimmer over the heavens, and send a vibration through all nature! My dear husband, I am tired of your great American actress. Please go and buy me half a dozen dolls."

I laughed. She was in her cynical mood, and none could be more sarcastic than she. But I was determined to gain my point.

"But," I resumed, "the actress I am anxious to see is the very reverse of the too-truthful picture you have painted. I want to see Matilda Heron."

"And who is Matilda Heron?"

"Well, I can't very well answer your question definitely, Minnie; but this I know, that she has come from somewhere out West, and fallen like a bomb-shell in New York. The metaphor is not too pronounced. Her appearance has been an explosion. Now you, *blasé* critic of actresses, here is a chance for a sensation! Will you go?"

"Of course I will, dear Gerald. But if I am disappointed, call on the gods to help you. I will punish you, if you mislead me, in some awful manner. I'll—write a play, or—go on the stage myself."

"Minnie," said I, kissing her smooth white forehead, "if you go on the stage you will make a most miserable failure. A good critic never yet made a good actor, and, *vice versa*, an actor, good or bad, never yet was a good critic."

III.

We went to New York. Matilda Heron was then playing her first engagement at Wallack's Theatre. The day after I arrived I secured a couple of orchestra seats, and before the curtain rose Minnie and I were installed in our places—I full of anticipation, she, as all prejudging critics are, determined to be terribly severe if she got a chance.

We were both of us too well bred, too well brought up, too well educated, and too cosmopolitan to experience any qualms about the morality of the play. We had read it in the French under the title of *La Dame aux Camélias*, and it was now produced in dramatic form under the title of "Camille."

If my wife did not get a chance for criticism, she at least got a sensation. Shall I be vulgar, and say that Miss Heron's first entrance "knocked her?" It was so wonderfully unconventional. The woman dared to come in upon that painted scene as if it really was the home apartment it was represented to be! She did not slide in with her face to the audience and wait for the

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mockery that is called "a reception." She walked in easily, naturally, unwitting of any outside eyes. The petulant manner in which she took off her shawl; the commonplace conversational tone in which she spoke to her servant, were revelations to Minnie and myself. Here was a daring reality. Here was a woman who, sacrificing for the moment all conventional prejudices, dared to play the Lorette as the Lorette herself plays her dramatic life, with all her whims, her passion, her fearlessness of consequences, her occasional vulgarities, her impertinence, her tenderness and self-sacrifice!

It was not that we did not see faults. Occasionally Miss Heron's accent was bad, and had a savor of Celtic origin. But what mattered accent, or what mattered elocution, when we felt ourselves in the presence of an inspired woman!

Did it ever strike a critic, who, when Hamlet is played, or Lady Macbeth, insists that the voice of the actor or actress must be melodious, to inquire of himself whether Hamlet in his lifetime was distinguished for a splendid vocal organ, or that Lady Macbeth was celebrated for the deep melody of her accents? Don't we require rather too much of the tootle-tootling of the voice in our dramatic artists? A pretty effect to which the vocal outbursts of nature are entirely sacrificed? But this is a story and not a dissertation on the drama. Suffice to say that, in common with my wife, I hate what is called elocution.

Miss Heron's "Camille" electrified both Minnie and myself. My wife was particularly *bouleverseé*. The artist we were beholding had not in a very marked manner any of those physical advantages which Minnie had predicated in her onslaught on the dramatic stars. It is true that Miss Heron's figure was commanding, and there was a certain powerful light in her eyes that startled and thrilled; but there was none of the beauty of the "favorite actress." The conquest that she achieved was purely intellectual and magnetic.

Of course we were present at the next performance. It was "Medea." We then beheld the great actress under a new phase. In "Camille" she died for love; in "Medea" she killed for love. I never saw a human being so *rocked* by emotion as was my wife during the progress of this tragedy. Her countenance was a mirror of every incident and passion. She swayed to and fro under those gusts of indignant love that the actress sent forth from time to time, and which swept the house like a storm. When the curtain fell she sat trembling in the box—vibrating still with those thunders of passion that the swift lightnings of genius had awakened. She seemed almost in a dream, as I took her to the carriage, and during the drive to our hotel she was moody and silent. It was in vain that I tried to get her to converse about the play. That the actress was great she acknowledged in the briefest possible sentence. Then she leaned back and seemed to fall into a reverie from which nothing would arouse her.

I ordered supper into our sitting-room, and made Minnie drink a couple of glasses of Champagne in the hope that it would rouse her into some state of mental activity. All my efforts, however, were without avail. She was silent and strange, and occasionally shivered as if penetrated with a sudden chill. Shortly after she pleaded weariness and retired for the night, leaving me puzzled more than ever by the strangeness of her case.

An hour or two afterward when I went to bed I found Minnie apparently asleep. Never had she seemed more beautiful. Her lips were like a bursting rose-bud about to blow under the influence of a perfumed wind, just parted as they were by the gentle breath that came and went. The long dark lashes that swept over her cheek gave a pensive charm to her countenance which was heightened by a rich stray of nutty hair that swept loosely across her bosom, tossed in the restlessness of slumber. I printed a light kiss upon her forehead, and with an unuttered prayer for her welfare lay down to rest.

I know not how long I had been asleep when I was awakened from a profound slumber by one of those indescribable sensations of mortal peril, which seem to sweep over the soul, and with as it were the *thrill* of its passage call louder than a trumpet, Awake! arouse! your life hangs by a hair! That this strange physical warning is in all cases the result of a magnetic phenomenon I have not the slightest doubt. To prove it, steal softly, ever so softly, to the bedside of a sleeper, and although no noise betrays your presence, the slumberer will almost invariably awaken, aroused by a magnetic perception of your proximity. How much more powerfully must the stealthy approach of one who harbors sinister designs affect the slumbering victim! An antagonistic magnetism hovers near; the whole of the subtle currents that course through the electrical machine known as Man are shocked with a powerful repulsion, and the sentinel mind whose guard has just been relieved, and which is slumbering in its quarters, suddenly hears the rappel beaten and leaps to arms.

In the midst of my deep sleep I sprang with a sudden bound upright in bed, with every faculty at its post. By one of those unaccountable mysteries of our being, I realized, before my eyes could be by any possibility alive to external objects, the presence of a great Horror. Simultaneously with this conviction, or following it so quickly as to be almost twin with it, I beheld the vivid flash of a knife, and felt an acute pain in my shoulder. The next instant all was plain, as if the scene, instead of passing in a half-illuminated bedroom, had occurred in the full sunlight of the Orient. My wife was standing by my bedside, her hands firmly pinioned in mine, while on the white coverlet lay a sharp table-knife red with the blood which was pouring from a deep wound in my shoulder. I had escaped death by a miracle. Another instant and the long blade would have been driven through my heart.

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I never was so perfectly self-possessed as on that terrible occasion. I forced Minnie to sit on the bed, while I looked calmly into her face. She returned my gaze with a sort of serene defiance.

"Minnie," I said, "I loved you dearly. Why did you do this?"

"I was weary of you," she answered, in a cold even voice—a voice so level that it seemed to be spoken on ruled lines, "that is my reason."

Great Heavens! I was not prepared for this sanguinary calm. I had looked for perhaps some indication of somnambulism; I had vaguely hoped even for the incoherence or vehemence of speech which would have betokened a sudden insanity—any thing, every thing but this awful avowal of a deliberate design to murder a man who loved her better than the life she sought! Still I clung to hope. I could not believe that this gentle, refined creature could deliberately quit my side at midnight, possess herself of the very knife which had been used at the table, across which I lavished a thousand fond attentions, and remorselessly endeavor to stab me to the heart. It must be the act of one insane or laboring under some momentary hallucination. I determined to test her farther. I adopted a tone of vehement reproach, hoping if insanity was smouldering in her brain to fan the embers to such a flame as would leave no doubt on my mind. I preferred that she should be mad than to feel that she hated me.

"Woman!" I thundered fiercely, "you must have the mind of a fiend to repay my love in this manner. Beware of my vengeance. Your punishment shall be terrible!"

"Punish me," she answered; and oh, how serene and distant her voice sounded!—"punish me how and when you will. It will not matter much." The tones were calm, assured, and fearless. The manner perfectly coherent. A terrible suspicion shot across my mind.

"Have I a rival?" I asked; "is it a guilty love that has prompted you to plan my death? If so, I am sorry you did not kill me."

"I do not know any other man whom I love. I can not tell why it is that I do not love you. You are very kind and considerate, but your presence wearies me. I sometimes see vaguely, as in a dream, my ideal of a husband, but he has no existence save in my soul, and I suppose I will never meet him."

"Minnie, you are mad!" I cried, despairingly.

"Am I?" she answered, with a faint, sad smile slowly overspreading her pale face like the dawn breaking imperceptibly over a cold gray lake. "Well, you can think so if you will. It is all one to me."

I never beheld such apathy—such stoical indifference. Had she exhibited fierce rage, disappointment at her failure, a mad thirst for my life-blood, I would have preferred it to this awful stagnation of sensibility — this frozen stillness of the heart. I felt all my nature harden suddenly toward her. It seemed to myself as if my face became fixed and stern as a bronze head.

"You are an inexplicable monster," I said, in tones that startled myself, they were so cold and metallic; "and I shall not endeavor to decipher you. I will use every endeavor to ascertain, however, whether it is some species of insanity that has thus afflicted you, or whether you are ruled by the most vicious soul that ever inhabited a human body. You shall return to my house to-morrow, when I will place you under the charge of Doctor Melony. You will live in the strictest seclusion. I need not tell you that, after what has happened, you must henceforth be a stranger to your daughter. Hands crimsoned with her father's blood are not those that I would see caressing her."

"Very well. It is all one to me where I am, or how I live."

"Go to bed."

She went, calmly as a well-taught child, coolly turning over the pillow on which was sprinkled the blood from the wound in my shoulder, so as to present the under-side for her beautiful, guilty head to repose on; gently removed the murderous knife, which was still lying on the coverlet, and placed it on a little table by the side of the bed, and then without a word calmly composed herself to sleep.

It was inexplicable. I stanched my wound and sat down to think.

What was the meaning of it all? I had in my life been over many lunatic asylums, and had, as one of the various items in my course of study, read much on the phenomena of insanity, which had always been exceedingly interesting to me for this reason; I thought that it may happen that only through the aberrated intellect was it that we could approach the secrets of the normal mind. The castle, fortified and garrisoned at every angle and loophole, guards its interior mysteries; it is only when the fortress crumbles that we can force our way inside, and detect the secret of its masonry, its form, and the theory of its construction.

But in all my researches I had never met with any symptoms of a diseased mind similar to these my wife exhibited. There was a uniform coherence that completely puzzled me. Her answers to my questions were complete and determinate —that is, they left no room for what is called "cross-examination." No man ever spent such a night of utter despair as I did watching in that dimly-lit chamber until dawn, while she, my would-be murderess, lay plunged in so profound and calm a slumber that she might have been a wearied angel rather than a self-possessed demon. The mystery of her guilt was maddening; and I sat hour after hour in my easy-chair, seeking in vain for a clew, until the dawn, spectral and gray, arose over the city. Then I packed up all our luggage, and wandered restlessly over the house until the usual hour for arising had struck.

On proceeding to my room I found my wife just completing her toilet. To my consternation and horror she flung herself into my arms as I entered.

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"Oh, Gerald!" she cried, "I have been so frightened. What has brought all this blood on the pillow and the sheets? Where have you been? When I awoke and missed you, and discovered these stains, I knew not what to think. Are you hurt? What *is* the matter?"

I stared at her. There was not a trace of conscious guilt in her countenance. It was the most consummate acting. Its very perfection made me the more relentless.

"There is no necessity for this hypocrisy," I said; "it will not alter my resolve. We depart for home to-day. Our luggage is packed, the bills are all paid. Speak to me, I pray you, as little as possible."

"What is it? Am I dreaming? Oh! Gerald, my darling, what have I done, or what has come over you?" She almost shrieked these queries.

"You know as well as I do, you fair-faced monster. You tried to murder me last night, when I was asleep. There's your mark on my shoulder. A loving signature, is it not?"

I bared my shoulder as I spoke, and exposed the wound. She gazed wildly in my face for a moment, then tottered and fell. I lifted her up and placed her on the bed. She did not faint, and had strength enough left to ask me to leave her alone for a few moments. I quitted her with a glance of contempt, and went down stairs to make arrangements for our journey. After an absence of about an hour I returned to our apartments. I found her sitting placidly in an easy-chair, looking out of the window. She scarcely noticed my entrance, and, O God! the same old distant look was on her face!

"We start at three o'clock. Are you ready?" I said to her.

"Yes. I need no preparation." Evenly, calmly uttered, without even turning her head to look at me.

"You have recovered your memory, it seems," I sneered. "You wasted your histrionic talents this morning."

"Did I?" She smiled with the most perfect serenity, arranged herself more easily in her chair, and leaned back as if in a reverie. I was enraged beyond endurance, and left the room abruptly.

That evening saw us on our way home. Throughout the journey she maintained the same apathetic air. We scarcely exchanged a word. The instant we reached our house I assigned her her apartments, forbidding her strictly to move from them, and dispatched a messenger for Doctor Melony. Minnie, on her part, took possession of her prison without a word. She did not even ask to see our darling little Pearl, who was a thousand times more beautiful and engaging than ever.

Melony arrived, and I laid the awful facts before him. The poor man was terribly shocked.

"Depend on it, it's opium," he said. "Let me see her."

An hour afterward he came to me.

"It's not opium, and it's not insanity," he said; "it must be somnambulism. I find symptoms, however, that puzzle me beyond all calculation. That she is not in her normal condition of mind is evident; but I can not discover the cause of this unnatural excitement. She is coherent, logical, but perfectly apathetic to all outward influences. At first I was certain that she was a victim of opium. Now I feel convinced that I was entirely wrong. It must be somnambulism. I will remain a few weeks in the house, and trust me to discover this mystery. Meanwhile she must be carefully watched."

Melony was as good as his word. He watched her incessantly, and reported to me her condition. The poor man was dreadfully puzzled. The strictest surveillance failed to elicit the slightest evidence of her taking any stimulants, although she remained almost all the time in the apathetic state which was so terrible to behold. The Doctor endeavored to arouse her by reproaches for her attempt on my life. She, in return, only smiled, and replied that it was a matter in which she had no further interest. Not a trace of any somnambulistic habit could be discovered. I was thoroughly wretched. I secluded myself from all society but that of Melony; and had it not been for him and my darling little Pearl I am certain that I would have gone mad. The most of my days I spent wandering in the great woods which lay in the neighborhood of my farm, and my evenings I endeavored to divert with reading, or a chat with the good Doctor. Yet, talk of what we would, the conversation would always return to the same melancholy topic. It was a maze of sorrow in which we invariably, no matter in what direction we wandered, brought up at the same spot.

IV.

The Doctor and myself were sitting one evening, late, in my library, talking gloomily enough over my domestic tragedy. He was endeavoring to persuade me to look more brightly on the future; to dismiss, as far as possible, from my mind the accursed horror that dwelt in my home, and to remember that I had still a dear object left on which to centre my affections. This allusion to little Pearl, in such a mood as I was then in, only served to heighten my agony. I began immediately to revolve the chances that, were my wife's disease really insanity, would it not be perpetuated in my dear child? Melony, of course, pooh-poohed the idea; but with the obstinacy of grief I clung to it. Suddenly a pause took place in the argument, and the dreary sounds that fill the air in the last nights of autumn swept around the house. The wind soughed through the tree-tops, which were now almost bare, as if moaning at being deprived of its leafy play-mates. Inexplicable noises passed to and fro without the windows. Dead leaves rustled along the piazza like the rustle of the garments of ghosts. Chilly draughts came from unseen crevices, blowing on back and cheek till one felt as if some invisible lips were close be-

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hind, pouring malignant breaths on face and shoulder. Suddenly the pause in our conversation was intruded on by a noise that we knew came neither from air or dry leaf. We heard sounding through the night the muffled tread of footsteps. I knew that, saving ourselves, the household had long since retired to bed. By a simultaneous action we both sprang to our feet, and rushed to a door which opened into a long corridor leading to the nursery, and which communicated, by a series of rambling passages, with the main body of the house. As we flung back the door a light appeared at the farther end, advancing slowly toward us. It was borne by a tall, white figure. It was my wife! Calm and stately, and with her wonderful serene step, she approached. My heart was frozen when I saw spots of blood on her hands and night-robe. I gave a wild cry, and rushed past her. In another instant I was in baby's room. The night-light was burning dimly; the colored nurse was sleeping calmly in her bed; while, in a little cot in another part of the room, I saw— Ah! how tell it?—I can not! Well, little Pearl was murdered—murdered! My darling lay—

It was I now who was insane. I rushed out of the room back into the corridor to slay the fiend who had done this horrible deed. I had no mercy for her then. I would have killed her a thousand times over. Great God! She was leaning against the wall conversing as calmly with the Doctor as if nothing had happened; smoothing her hair with her reddened fingers, nonchalant as if at an evening party. I ran at her to crush her. Melony leaped between us.

"Stop," he cried. "The secret is out;" and as he spoke he held up a little silver box containing what seemed to be a greenish paste: "it is Hasheesh, and she is confessing!"

Her statement was the most awful thing I ever listened to. It was as deliberate as a lawyer's brief. She had contracted this habit in the East, she said, long before I knew her, and could not break it off. It wound her nature in chains of steel; by degrees it grew upon her, until it became her very life. Her existence lay as it were in a nut-shell, but that shell was to her a universe. One night, she continued, when she was under the influence of the drug, she went with me to see a play in which the wife abhors her husband and murders her children. It was "Medea." From that instant Murder became glorified in her sight, through the medium of the spell-working drug. Her soul became rapt in the contemplation of the spilling of blood. I was to have been her first victim, Pearl her second. She ended by saying, with an ineffable smile, that the delight of the taking away of life was beyond imagination.

I suppose I must have fainted; for when I awoke from what seemed oblivion I found myself in bed with Doctor Melony by my side. He laid his finger on his lip, and whispered to me that I had been very ill, and must not talk. But I could not restrain myself.

"Where is she?" I muttered.

"Where she ought to be," he answered; and then I caught faintly the words "Private madhouse."

* * * * * *

Oh, Hasheesh! demon of a new Paradise, spiritual whirlwind, I know you now! You blackened my life, you robbed me of all I held dear; but you have since consoled me. You thought, wicked enchanter, that you had destroyed my peace forever. But I have won, through you yourself, the bliss you once blotted out. Vanish past! Hence present! Out upon actuality! Hand in hand, I walk with the conqueror of time, and space, and suffering. Bend all who hear me to his worship!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS has been in session for nearly a month, but the House of Representatives having been unable to elect a Speaker, no business of importance has been transacted. A ballot has been taken nearly every day, the remainder of the time having been mainly occupied by speeches on slavery and general political topics, based ostensibly upon the resolution of Mr. Clark, that no member "who had recommended or indorsed" Mr. Helper's book, entitled The Impending Crisis at the South, "is fit to be Speaker of this House." The Republicans have taken little active part in the debate, leaving the speaking almost entirely to their opponents.—After the first ballot for Speaker, Mr. Grow having withdrawn his name as a candidate, the entire Republican vote was concentrated upon Mr. Sherman. On the third ballot Mr. Sherman (Rep.) received 110 votes, Mr. Bocock (Dem.) 88, Mr. Gilmer (Am.) 20, and 18 Scattering; 231 votes being cast, and 116 being required for election, Mr. Sherman lacked 6 votes of the requisite number. Subsequent ballotings had the same general result, though the aggregate number of votes varied slightly, owing to the occasional absence of a few members; yet whenever a member of either side wished to leave, he found some one of the opposite party to pair off with him. The almost uniform result of the ballots was that Mr. Sherman lacked 4 votes necessary to a majority. On the 16th of December 14 of the Republicans voted for Mr. Gilmer, raising his vote to 86. This was done by arrangement, with the apparent design of testing the willingness of the Democrats to unite upon the American candidate. Upon the next ballot Mr. Gilmer's vote falling below his former number, he withdrew, nominating Mr. Boteler, of Virginia, who received 25 votes; Mr. Sherman having 111, and Mr. Bocock 83, with 9 scattering. On the 19th Mr. Bocock withdrew, thanking his friends for their support, and the Democratic vote was scattered among various candidates. On the next ballot Mr. Boteler received 89 votes, and on the succeeding one 88. On the 29th he withdrew, nominating Mr. Millson, of Virginia, who received 96 votes, the largest number as yet

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given for any candidate opposed to Mr. Sherman. Subsequently a number of members were brought forward as likely to concentrate the votes of those opposed to the Republican nominee. The most prominent of these was Mr. Scott, of California, who, on the 29th, received 83 votes, Mr. Sherman having 102, while 106 were necessary to a choice. The latest vote taken before the close of our Record for this month was on the 6th of January, when 112 being necessary for a choice, Mr. Sherman received 109, the remainder being scattering—Mr. McClernand, who received the largest number, having but 37.——During these proceedings, suggestions were made at various times for the election of a temporary Speaker, in order that provision might be made for the payment of Post-office contractors, and other urgent business should be transacted; but none of these propositions were acceded to.

In the Senate Mr. Trumbull's motion to include the attack upon the arsenal at Liberty, Missouri, among the subjects of inquiry under the resolution of Mr. Mason was lost, by a vote of 32 to 22; the resolution of Mr. Mason was then passed unanimously. The Committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Mason, Davis, Fitch, Collamer, and Doolittle.——The following are the most important bills which have been brought before the Senate: By Mr. Slidell, to appropriate money to facilitate the acquisition of Cuba; by Mr. Johnson, a Homestead Bill; by Mr. Harlan, for inquiring into the propriety of authorizing the people of Utah and New Mexico to elect Territorial officers; by Mr. Lane, to reimburse Oregon for the expenses of her Indian wars; by Mr. Gwin, a Pacific Railroad Bill; by Mr. Clay, to abolish fishing bounties; by Mr. Davis, to organize the Territory of Arizona; by Mr. Rice, providing a temporary government for Dacotah.

There being no prospect of an immediate organization of the House, the President transmitted his Message to Congress on the 27th of December. The Message, with the accompanying Reports from the Heads of the Departments, furnishes a résumé of the general condition of the Government.

The *Harper's Ferry* affair, the President says, derives its chief importance from the apprehension excited in the public mind that it was but the symptom of a feeling that might break out into more dangerous outrages, and terminate in an open war by the North to abolish slavery in the South; he entertains no such apprehension, but believes that this event, by causing the people to pause and reflect upon the possible peril of our institutions, will be the means of allaying the existing excitement, and preventing future outbreaks of a similar character.—He congratulates the country upon the final settlement, by the Supreme Court, of the question of *Slavery in the Territories*. "The right," he says, "has been established of every citizen to take his property of any kind, including slaves, into the common Territories, belonging equally to all States of the Confederacy, and to have it protected there under the Federal Constitution. Neither Congress, nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any human power, has any authority to annul or impair this vested right."—All lawful means have been, and will be, employed to execute the laws against *the African Slave-trade*. He has not been able to discover that any slaves have been imported into the United States except the cargo of the *Wanderer*, numbering between 300 and 400. The constitutionality and expediency of the laws against the trade is maintained. "Re-open the trade," he says, "and it would be difficult to determine whether the effect would be more deleterious on the interests of the master or on those of the native-born slave. Of the evils to the master, the one most to be dreaded would be the introduction of wild, heathen, and ignorant barbarians among the sober, orderly, and quiet slaves, whose ancestors have been on the soil for several generations. This might tend to barbarize, demoralize, and exasperate the whole mass, and produce the most deplorable consequences." The effect upon the slave would be to diminish his value, and render it more profitable to overwork him than to treat him with care, since the losses could be cheaply supplied by new importations. The effect upon Africa would be to give the trade such an extension as would stimulate the tribes to continual predatory incursions against each other for the sake of procuring victims to supply the American market; and thus all hopes of African civilization would be at an end.—The wisdom of our course in respect to *China* is insisted upon, and the course of our minister thoroughly approved, while the Chinese are stated to have acted with good faith and in a friendly spirit.—The successful issue of the *Paraguay* Expedition is noted; and it is affirmed that the prompt appearance of so large a force in such distant waters, and the admirable conduct of the officers and men, have had a happy effect in favor of our country.—Our relations with *Spain* are still unsatisfactory; no measures have been taken to liquidate demands which have been acknowledged to be just by the Spanish Government. The recommendation is repeated for an appropriation to pay claimants in the *Amistad* case; and it is urged that measures be taken for the acquisition, by fair purchase, of the island of Cuba.—The President hopes that he may soon be able to announce that the difficulties with *Great Britain* arising from the Clayton and Bulwer treaty have been settled.—The facts in the *San Juan* dispute are detailed, and the successful result of the mission of General Scott is noted.—Our unsatisfactory relations with *Mexico*, and the present deplorable state of that country, are detailed at length; and the impossibility of obtaining redress for wrongs and security for the future by ordinary methods is strongly insisted upon. The authority of the Constitutional Government, which is acknowledged in the ports and upon the sea-coast, does not extend over the interior, where most of the outrages against us have been committed. To reach the offenders we must penetrate to the interior, through the territory occupied by the Constitutional Government, the President, therefore, urges that Congress should pass a law authorizing him to employ a military force to enter Mexico, sufficient to obtain indemnity for the past and security for the future. He urges that we should interfere in Mexican affairs on the further ground, that without foreign interference that country will be given up to anarchy and ruin; and if we do not interfere European Powers probably will. He also recommends the establishment of temporary military posts in Sonora and Chihuahua; and asks for the passage of a law authorizing him to employ a naval force to protect our citizens in their transit across the Panama, Nicaragua, and Tehuantepec isthmus routes.—Referring to the embarrassments which would have been felt in calling an extra session of Congress at the close of the last regular session, arising from the fact that on the 4th of March, when the terms of members of the last Congress expired, while at that time their successors had not been chosen in nearly half of the States, the President recommends the passage of a

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law appointing some day previous to the 4th of March in each year of odd number, for the election of Representatives in all the States.—The construction of a *Pacific Railroad* is strongly urged; but the President thinks that it should not be done directly by the Government, but that aid should be given to private companies who shall undertake the work.—Referring to the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the President thinks it doubtful whether we can pass through the present and succeeding year without an *Increase of Revenue*. Should such an increase be required, he recommends that it be raised by an augmentation of tariff.—The local interests of the *District of Columbia* are urged upon the "just liberality" of Congress.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* presents on elaborate exposé of the financial condition of the Government. The balance in the Treasury at the commencement of the present fiscal year (July 1, 1859), was $4,339,276; the ordinary revenue for the same time is put down at $60,297,565; and the sum to be borrowed on Treasury notes and stock, $10,747,700; making the total revenue of the year $75,384,541. The expenditures are, for service of Government, $56,338,366; for interest on public debt, $4,664,366. The account for the year will then be as follows:

Total Revenue	$75,384,541
Total Expenditures	61,002,732
Balance on hand, July 1, 1860	$14,381,8 8

For the year from July 1, 1860, to July 1, 1861, the estimates of the Secretary are as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand, July 1, 1860	$14,381,808
Receipts from Customs	60,000,000
Receipts from Public Lands	4,000,000
Receipts from other Sources	2,225,000
Total Revenue	$80,606,808

EXPENDITURES.

Permanent Appropriations	$8,173,583
Unexpended Balances	12,262,453
New Appropriations	46,278,304
Total Expenditure	$66,7[illegible]4,928
Balance on hand, July 1, 1861	$13,891,880

The above estimates of receipts and probable expenditures, the Secretary states, are made after careful consideration; and he says that "it will be seen that there will be no necessity to provide additional means for the Treasury, provided the receipts should be equal to the estimates, and the appropriations do not exceed the amounts estimated for by the department." These estimates, however, do not include the sums of $4,296,009 required by the Postmaster-General to meet the deficiency of last year, and $5,526,324 for the estimated deficiency of the present year, and $539,350 asked by the Secretary of the Interior to carry out Indian treaties approved by Congress. These items alone, if allowed, will reduce the balance in the Treasury on the 1st of July, 1861, from $13,891,879 to $3,530,196. Nor is provision made for the payment of any part of the public debt. It will be noted that the President, reasoning from the same data as the Secretary of the Treasury, anticipates a deficiency in the revenues of the present and ensuing years.

The Report of the *Secretary of War* says that while the authorized strength of the army is 18,165 men, there were in July last but 17,498, of whom only 11,000 were available for service in the field. This small force is required to man 130 garrisons, posts, and camps, scattered over an area of three millions of square miles. It has therefore been impossible for it to give perfect protection to our whole frontier. Indian depredations have been committed on our Southern and Mexican border, which have been unchastised for want of men. The war with the Camanches and Kiowas is still unfinished; but measures have been taken to subdue these tribes, and to protect the routes from Missouri and Arkansas to New Mexico. For frontier defense it is recommended that a mounted corps be enlisted for a period of six months, to consist of young men of the frontier, skillful riders and dexterous marksmen. This system would soon supply the frontiers with a large number of settlers, fully capable of defending themselves against the savages. The formation of a retired list for the army is urged. Experiments are favorable to the use of camels upon our Western plains. The Military Academy is commended to the cordial support of Congress. The gradual introduction of the best forms of breech-loading arms into our army is recommended. Measures are urged for defending our sea-ports, especially that of New York, against danger from attack by routes not commanded by the channel forts. The state of affairs in Utah is such that there is no necessity for the presence of troops in that Territory. The Indians do not molest the Mormons; and the general opinion is that the outrages committed upon emigrants are the work of the Mormons, sanctioned by the authority of their hierarchy. The army in Utah is inactive, and stands in the attitude of a menacing force toward a conquered and sullen people. In the Territory, the Secretary believes that the preservation of right and justice, through the means of any jurisprudence known and recognized by the people of the United States, is impossible. It is governed by a system which is in total disregard of the laws and Constitution of the land—the laws of the Mormon Church and the will of the hierarchy. Beyond a mere outward show of acquiescence in the Federal authority the inhabitants are as irresponsible to it as is any foreign nation.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Navy* presents an account of the efforts for the suppression of the African slave-trade. Eight steamers have been detailed for this purpose; four to cruise on the coast of Guinea, and as many on the coast of Cuba; another is to cruise between New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, and Key West.—Under the present Administration twenty steam-vessels have been added to the navy. A still further augmentation of steamers is recommended.

The *Secretary of the Interior* furnishes a great mass of statistics in relation to the operations of the Land Office and the State of Indian affairs. During the five quarters, ending September 30, 1859, 18,618,183 acres of public lands have been disposed of, yielding $2,107,476; 3,617,440 acres were located with bounty land-warrants; 1,712,040 acres were approved to the several States under swamp grants; and 6,818,203 acres have been assigned to the States for railroad purposes. During this period 13,817,221 acres were surveyed and prepared for market, and 16,783,553 acres were proclaimed and offered for public sale. The whole amount surveyed, but not offered for sale is 56,970,941 acres, and the estimated quantity which had been offered for sale, and now remaining subject to entry, is 80,000,000 acres. The receipts from the sale of public lands are less than was anticipated. This is said to be mainly the result of the general anticipation that a law would be passed donating lands to actual settlers. The Secretary argues at length against the passage of such a

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law.—With the Indian tribes our relations are described as having been, on the whole, satisfactory. Outrages have indeed been committed by the savages, but they are less frequent than might have been anticipated; and many of the most horrible massacres attributed to them have been really perpetrated by whites disguised as Indians. The whole number of Indians within our territories is estimated at about 350,000. A few tribes are increasing in numbers; but the greater portion are rapidly diminishing.—The whole number of *Pensioners* of all classes is 11,585, and the amount required for the payment of pensions is $1,034,914. There are now but 165 Revolutionary pensioners, 89 having died during the year.—The number of *Patents* issued during the three-quarters of the year, was 3334; and 5167 applications for new patents were received.

Four more of the Harper's Ferry insurgents, Green, Copeland, Cook, and Coppic, were executed on the 16th of December. Stephens, the remaining one, will be tried by the State, not by the United States Court.—The Postmaster-General has sanctioned the decision of the Attorney-General of Virginia respecting the circulation of incendiary documents.

Of Foreign Affairs, we merely note that the European Congress was to meet about the last of January.

Literary Notices.

The Life of John Collins Warren, M.D., by EDWARD WARREN, M.D. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The subject of this biography, whose name inspires a traditional interest in every American heart, was the nephew of General Joseph Warren, who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill. His father was the most eminent surgeon of his day in Massachusetts, and to the zeal and intelligence of the son the cause of medical science in New England is indebted for a powerful impulse, the effects of which promise to be equally lasting and beneficial.

Dr. John C. Warren was born in Boston, August 1, 1778, fitted for college at the Public Latin School, which he left for Harvard College in 1793, where he was graduated in regular course at the end of four years. In about twelve months after leaving college he commenced the study of medicine with his father; and in the summer of 1799 embarked for London, with a view to availing himself of the advantages afforded in that city for professional study. An anecdote which is related of him at this time shows that the hereditary passion for liberty was not yet tempered with the discretion which, even at early age, became one of his leading characteristics. On going one evening to the west end of the town he fell in with a mob which had been raised on account of a scarcity of bread. He began to talk with some of the insurgents in regard to their objects and plans, when a charge was made upon them by a body of dragoons. The Warren blood was up in an instant, and he rallied with the mob in making a defense against the military. The police soon came up; and, irritated by the attacks, Warren got on the edge of the sidewalk, and began to harangue the crowd on their grievances and wrongs. They were greatly delighted by the sympathy of a person in a gentleman's dress, and testified their approval by vociferous cheers. He was becoming more and more involved in the affair, when one of the spectators spoke to him, drew him aside, and represented to him the danger of taking part with a mob, who were not likely to obtain relief from their sufferings by acts of violence. He followed the counsels of his friendly adviser, who proved to be an officer in the army, with no connection with the police; and was thus fortunately rescued from getting into serious difficulty. This was the first, and doubtless the last, time in which he manifested any disposition to interfere with the exercise of established authority.

After completing an extensive course of study of hospital practice in London, Edinburgh, and Paris, he returned to Boston, at the close of the year 1802, and at once engaged in practice in connection with his father, whose health had been somewhat impaired by an attack of paralysis. He rapidly rose to distinction in his profession; his services were in great request as a practical operator; he contributed largely to the medical literature of the day, besides taking an active part in political and military affairs. In 1815 he succeeded his father as Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard College, and was generally acknowledged to hold the highest rank among the surgeons of New England. In 1837 he revisited Europe, where he devoted himself to investigating the progress of surgery and medical science with all the ardor of youth. Having achieved the most distinguished professional eminence—being acknowledged as one of the highest living surgical authorities—he made a third visit to Europe in 1851, at the advanced age of seventy-three. He still devoted his time to his accustomed pursuits: visiting the hospitals assiduously, intent on examining every new discovery; and receiving the most honorable courtesies from the eminent surgeons of London and Paris. On his return to Boston, although in a great measure relaxing the strenuous devotion to his professional pursuits, he still retained the habit of performing capital operations, devoted much time to researches in favorite branches of natural history, and greatly interested his scientific associates by his lucid expositions of new discoveries. His death took place, after a short illness, on the 4th of May, 1856, at the age of seventy-eight.

Dr. Warren, though not endowed with the highest attributes of genius, possessed a large share of the qualities which form the essential conditions of scientific eminence. If he was destitute of creative imagination he had remarkable clearness of insight, the power of accurate observation, and a keen, patient, and discriminating judgment. He was certainly not a profound thinker on abstract subjects; his mind did not teem with the original conceptions of the poet; nor had he the force and versatility of expression, or the gift of brilliant illustration, which are necessary to the success of literary composition; but he was inspired with a conscientious love of truth, an instinctive aversion to pretense and deception, and an unwearied zeal in the pursuit of knowledge. The progress of age never chilled his ardor in the researches of science. To the last he was both learner and teacher, and followed up every new discovery with the insatiable curiosity of a first love. No man kept himself better informed in regard to the achievements of professional science in Europe; no man was more earnest or successful in transporting every valuable improvement to his own country.

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The method adopted by the author of these volumes is, in some respects, peculiar, comprising copious autobiographical notes and journals, together with a separate narrative of the principal events in the life of the subject, arranged in the order of topics, without adhering to regular chronological sequence.

The personal reminiscences of Dr. Warren are of a singularly interesting character, embracing lively sketches of several of the most distinguished English and French surgeons of the first half of the present century, and graphic descriptions of society in London and Paris during different portions of that period. The work, though full of instruction to the professional reader, is by no means of exclusive or limited interest, but challenges general attention as a worthy tribute to a man of elevated purposes, rare accomplishments, and commanding professional distinction.

Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct, by SAMUEL SMILES. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The purpose of this volume is to illustrate the conditions of success in life, by referring to the examples of eminent men who have risen from obscurity to places of usefulness and honor in the various departments of society. It is marked by an elevated tone of ethics, a profound sympathy with the struggles of the less favored classes, and the variety and impressiveness of the incidents which are employed to elucidate the subject of discussion. Among the topics to which the attention of the reader is directed are the importance of self-help, individual and national; the leaders of industry; workers in arts; business habits; the use and abuse of money; the true gentleman, and others. In the chapter on business habits, the author enumerates several curious instances of the combination of mental ability and literary pursuits with the successful conduct of affairs—showing the fallacy of Hazlitt's assertion that the man of business is merely a person in a go-cart, yoked to a trade or profession, "with no ideas but those of custom and interest on the narrowest scale." On the contrary, Shakspeare was an energetic actor in the affairs of the world. He was the prosperous manager of a theatre, and perhaps prided himself more upon his practical qualities in that capacity than on the composition of his plays. According to Pope, the principal object of Shakspeare in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. He succeeded so well in the accomplishment of this purpose that, at a comparatively early age, he had realized a sufficient competency to enable him to retire to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterward a commissioner of customs and inspector of woods and crown lands. Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been shrewd and sagacious in the management of affairs. Milton was secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth, and gave abundant evidence of his energy and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton was a most efficient Master of the Mint. Wordsworth was a distributor of stamps; and Sir Walter Scott a clerk to the Court of Session—both uniting a genius for poetry with punctual and practical habits as men of business. Ricardo was no less distinguished as a sagacious banker than a lucid expounder of the principles of political economy. Grote, the most profound historian of Greece, is also a London banker. John Stuart Mill, not surpassed by any living thinker in profoundness of speculation, lately retired from the examiner's department in the East India Company, with the admiration of his colleagues for the rare ability with which he had conducted the business of the department. With regard to the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, the author adds several instances to the well-known examples in which eminence in letters has been obtained amidst apparently insuperable obstacles to success. Alexander Murray, the distinguished linguist, learned to write by scribbling his letters on an old wool-card with the end of a burned heather stem. Professor Moor, when a young man, being too poor to purchase Newton's "Principia," borrowed the book, and copied the whole of it with his own hand. William Cobbett made himself master of English grammar when he was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of his berth, or that of his guard-bed, was his seat to study in; a bit of board lying on his lap was his writing-table; and the evening light of the fire his substitute for candle or oil. Even advanced age, in many interesting cases, has not proved fatal to literary success. Sir Henry Spelman was between fifty and sixty when he began the study of science. Franklin was fifty before he fully engaged in the researches in natural philosophy which have made his name immortal. Boccaccio was thirty-five when he entered upon his literary career; and Alfieri was forty-six when he commenced the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at forty, for the sake of reading Niebuhr in the original. James Watt, at about the same age, while working at his trade of an instrument-maker in Glasgow, made himself acquainted with the French, German, and Italian, in order to peruse the valuable works in those languages on mechanical philosophy. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Nor are the examples of rare occurrence in which apparently natural defects, in early life, have been overcome by a subsequent devotion to knowledge. Sir Isaac Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. Barrow, the great English divine and mathematician, when a boy at the Charter-house School, was notorious for his idleness and indifference to study. Adam Clarke, in his boyhood, was proclaimed by his father to be a grievous dunce. Even Dean Swift made a disastrous failure at the university. Sheridan was presented by his mother to a tutor as an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was a dull boy at his lessons, and while a student at the Edinburgh University received his sentence from Professor Dalzell, the celebrated Greek scholar, that "Dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Wellington never gave any indications of talent until he was brought into the field of practical effort, and was described by his strong-minded mother, who thought him little better than an idiot, as fit only to be "food for powder." The influence of this volume is adapted to be eminently salutary to the youthful reader. It inculcates energy in the dispatch of business, order in the arrangement of affairs, perseverence in the pursuit of excellence, and probity in all human relations. It stimulates to the attainment of noble objects by worthy means.

Christian Believing and Living. Sermons by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D. (Published by Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) Most of these sermons are of a practical and devotional character, and are remarkable for their earnestness of feeling, their vigorous appeals to the conscience and heart, and their brill-

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iant and glowing rhetoric. A portion of the volume is devoted to doctrinal discussions, though not in the spirit of controversy. The position of the author as preacher to Harvard University, which has been long considered as the seat of Unitarian theology, gives a peculiar interest and importance to the avowal of his faith in the doctrine of the Trinity. He defends this ancient belief of the Christian Church on the ground of the universality of its reception, its accordance with the teachings of Scripture, and its necessity to a scientific theological development, and to the vitality of religious experience. In the illustration of the practical duties of the Christian life, Dr. Huntington takes a wide range of thought, presents the great principles of moral action in an impressive point of view, and enforces his statements by appeals that are no less urgent and affectionate in spirit than pointed and eloquent in expression. Although his volume occupies the ground that has been maintained in the pulpit for ages, he presents the old familiar ideas in a form which to the majority of readers will possess the attraction of novelty.

Poems, by HENRY TIMROD. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) In this modest volume we find the indications of true poetical genius, with very considerable skill in the details of versification. The author is singularly free from the disposition to imitate a favorite model, and writes from the genuine impulses of his own mind. He evinces an active and delicate imagination, a refined vein of sentiment, and often not a little subtlety of thought. Many of the poems find their theme in the affections, and betray a pathetic tenderness, without effeminacy or the ostentation of feeling. Mr. Timrod's name now comes before us for the first time, but he has given assurance in this volume that he will not remain a stranger in the walks of American poetry.

Evenings at the Microscope, by PHILIP HENRY GOSSE. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) The author of this agreeable work is a distinguished English naturalist, who has gained a high reputation in his own country by his researches in entomology and his observations on animalcules. He has traveled extensively in the British Provinces and the United States, making valuable zoological collections, and publishing the results of his investigations in a series of interesting volumes. The present work is intended to be of a popular character; it records the personal experiments of the author in microscopic science; and, free from merely technical details, explains, in a colloquial and familiar style, the wonders of that branch of the animal kingdom to which his researches have been so successfully directed. It forms a useful guide to the beginner in the use of the microscope, furnishing abundant practical directions on the best mode of selecting, securing, and preparing objects for examination, and on the most convenient and effective processes of manipulation. For the most part the objects selected for illustration are such as may be met with in the usual walks of country life, without involving extraordinary difficulty or expense on the part of the learner. The volume abounds in instruction and entertainment, in addition to its merits as a scientific manual.

Great Facts: A Popular History and Description of the Most Remarkable Inventions during the Present Century, by FREDERICK C. BAKEWELL. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) The spirit of the age finds an enlightened and earnest representative in the author of this volume. Familiarly acquainted with the masterly inventions and processes which constitute the triumph of mechanical science in the nineteenth century, he illustrates their progress by a series of facts, set forth in a popular manner, without aiming at the formality of scientific exposition. Among the modern inventions of which an account is given are the various applications of steam, the photographic art, the electric telegraph, the stereoscope, gas-lighting, and improvements in the machinery for printing. The information thus afforded on a variety of objects which every day brings into prominent notice is of the most valuable character, enabling the intelligent reader to gain a much clearer comprehension of the age we live in.

An Appeal to the People in Behalf of their Rights as authorized Interpreters of the Bible, by CATHERINE E. BEECHER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In the opinion of Miss Beecher, this publication is called for by the present position of the religious world on certain theological questions of the highest moment. She believes that a crisis is at hand, in which not divines by profession and education, but the great body of the people, are to take the principal share, and which will result in the abandonment of the theory which has been held for ages in the Church with regard to the origin of evil. This theory, she maintains, has been forced upon the religious world, by popes and ecclesiastical councils, since the commencement of the fifth century, has since been sustained by the weapons of persecution, has been made the basis of a system of doctrine, so contrary to the moral sense of humanity, as to defy the efforts of theologians in its behalf, while the people, in the exercise of their common sense, have more or less distinctly protested against it, thus introducing a compound of inconsistencies and contradictions into the creeds of the Church, and the teachings of the schools. The leading theological teachers, moreover, it is asserted by Miss Beecher, have virtually conceded that this theory is sustained neither by common sense nor the Bible, and the time has now come for the people to cast off a dogma, which for ages has darkened the way to eternal life. This is to be accomplished by the vigorous application of the principles of common sense to the Bible, by which will be established its agreement with the system of natural religion set forth in the volume. Such an enterprise, it must be admitted, is of a decidedly revolutionary character, but, not daunted by fear of consequences, Miss Beecher addresses herself to the task with the earnestness of a neophyte and the energy of an iconoclast. Her volume can not fail to awaken a great degree of curiosity; it is written with a masculine vigor of expression, often rising to the tone of popular eloquence; the scholar will, doubtless, find occasional slips in its learning; and the theologian will meet with ancient arguments, presented in a novel and imposing manner, and adapted to a favorite style of thought, with numerous classes of persons addicted to the speculations of the age.

The publications of Harper and Brothers for the past month include the closing volume of ALISON'S *History of Europe*, to the accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852, presenting a copious narrative of the events which have given the stamp to recent history; a new novel entitled *Misrepresentation* by Mrs. Drury, the popular authoress of "Eastbury" and other favorite novels; and a pleasant juvenile work entitled *Harry's Summer in Ashcroft*, giving a variety of delightful pictures of rural life.

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Editor's Table.

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE.—Man, who is called little lower than the angels, lifts his head somewhat proudly toward the heavens in token of his superiority over the earth and its tribes of plants and animals; yet the brain, which is the very symbol and seat of his power, is in many things a tributary to the dust upon which he treads and to the food which it produces. None of our lords of creation can be much of a hero or sage without his breakfast or dinner, and of the naughty humors that keep many an aspiring devotee from becoming a saint no small portion have their seat in the liver and alimentary canal. Many a sad despondent, who thinks that he has fallen under the curse of God, and that life, death, and eternity can have no smiles for him thenceforth, has fallen into his gloom not because he has committed the unpardonable sin, or because God has ceased to be the All-merciful, but simply because he has eaten something that did not agree with him; and a badly-cooked dinner has set the members of the lower house in arms against the upper, and the Commons have cut off the needed supplies from the Lords. If the head is in trouble, the root of the matter is quite sure to be in the stomach; and a day's fasting, or a visit to the mineral spring, is likely literally to put a new face upon the whole man, and put a new song into his mouth. Now we are not, at this late day, after having tried so long to live like Christians, going to turn materialists, and say that mind, manners, and morals are nothing, and that bread, butter, and beef are every thing; but precisely because we take a serious and religious view of life, we mean to insist upon making a better use of material goods, and of so employing them as to make them help forward the highest welfare of the man.

The relation that exists in the body between the brain and the stomach exists in the household between the parlor and the kitchen. A large part of the comfort and even the peace of the family depends upon the servants; and every day is showing us that, as a people, we are in great danger of sacrificing health and temper to the incompetency of our kitchen cabinets. If servants are disobedient or ill-natured, it is not easy to have perfect bliss above stairs; and if they are, as is so often the case, unable to make a loaf of good bread or roast a joint of meat, the spoiled dinner is less edifying to the family than if they had either been accustomed to raw flesh like savages, or to low diet like hermits. Probably all nations suffer from the same domestic evil that is more and more wearing upon our American life, and, notwithstanding the disposition of some travelers to laud the servants of Europe, we hear, now and then, incidents of European life that show that all is not perfect the other side of the water, and that kitchen as well as parlor is mortal there as here. Yet there is one difficulty that is peculiar to us. Our social or political code stands in the way of our having a class of persons whose professed and permanent business it is to live in families as servants, or in a relation which expressly designates them as inferiors in position. All business, indeed, is a form of service, and the physician or teacher who is employed by the family serves its wishes, and for compensation, and under more or less supervision. All mechanical labor is more decidedly service, and the thousands of men and women who follow their trades in this city generally work immediately under the eye of their employer or of his superintendent, and are, therefore, directly under command. Yet it is thought that there is a wide difference between household service and other labor; so that thousands who have less wages, and less kind treatment than our domestics, would think themselves insulted by being called servants. Part of the unpopularity of the position is in the name, but not by any means the whole of it. The position requires a constant deference to the will of the superior, and implies, or is thought to imply, a constant subordination to the presiding head of the house, instead of ceasing with the customary ten or twelve hours' labor. The fact that the service rendered implies the absence of an independent home and residence in the employer's house, takes away that feeling of freedom that a poor workman or workwoman may contrive to have in a hovel or garret, while the necessity of being thrown together constantly with other persons, sometimes of doubtful character and always of humble condition, adds to the trials of the position. The nature of the labor itself may be, in some respects, less desirable than that of many forms of manual toil; yet the labor is less severe than that of most of the mechanical trades, and certainly there is no way in which women can earn so good wages by such easy work as by service in comfortable families. There is a difficulty, indeed, with persons who have children of their own to take care of, and many a deserted wife or destitute widow would gladly enter a good household as a servant if there were a place for her child or children. Hence it is that our servants are generally unmarried and of an age that makes them peculiarly restless, fond of dress, and on the watch for a better condition. The absence of a hereditary class of servants who expect to marry, live, and die in one condition, compels us to rely mainly upon young recruits; and in America our native young people are very unwilling to damage their market by any occupation that may lower their social consequence. In some quarters there are intermediate grades of service that may attract persons of genteel breeding and broken fortunes; but very few of our native people are disposed to enter families where they are classed as servants, although the labor may be light and elegant enough to crown the ambition of many a buxom lady's maid of the old country.

Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain that the children of our own people are unwilling to *live out*, as the phrase is, in families. The time was when the daughters of many small farmers, as well as of laborers, were glad to go out to service in towns and cities, and earn money enough to buy their little stock of furniture for housekeeping, or to help to pay off the debt on their father's house or farm. But then it was not uncommon for them to insist upon sitting with the family at table; and we remember ourselves being once resident of a household where a cherry-cheeked, round-armed damsel from Maine, after cooking the dinner, sat down with us to eat of the work of her own hands. Times, however, have changed, not only from the growth of social distinctions, but from the increase of occupations more attractive to female ambition, especially from the rise of manufacturing establishments that offer good wages without the restrictions and mortifications of domestic service. Hosts of American girls are willing to work in cotton and woolen mills who scorn to live out in families; and although their tasks are quite as hard in the mills, they have a feeling of independence, and especially an exemption from capricious dictation that are pe-

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culiarly dear to our blood and breeding. So far, however, as useful training is concerned, the discipline of the mill can not be very beneficial to a girl's future career; and a year's household service would better fit her to take care of a home of her own than ten years of running from a factory boarding-house, with its crowded beds and tables, to the close atmosphere and incessant din of the looms and spindles and carding machines.

The evident tendency is to make domestic service over to foreigners; and the Irish and Germans, with a certain proportion of English, Scotch, and French, are fast becoming our serving class. This tendency is showing itself not only in household labor, but also in farm labor; and it is comparatively a rare thing to find a native American working for wages on our farms, unless it is from day to day or month to month, without being permanently at the employer's call. If there is any exception to this rule it is in those employments that give a kind of independent position to them, as in the case of gardens or stables, and enable a coachman or gardener to feel that among the horses or the flowers he can be his own man, instead of being watched at every step by master or mistress. Among American women we see no disposition to accept any form of common domestic service; and the least remunerative and most exhausting kinds of needle-work are preferred to the most easy forms of household labor. Not only do terrible evils come to poor women from this pride, but our families lose the service of the most capable helpers, and are obliged to take to their homes coarse and ignorant foreigners to waste their goods and disparage their kindness, while thousands of native girls dig their graves with their needles, or find a still sadder fate. We do not think that the world can match the condition of our American families in their present destitution of well-trained servants. It is taken for granted that every kind of business requires some amount of careful preparation, and many a bright lad practices for seven long years making shoes or cart-wheels before he presumes to make one on his own account, while the girl who makes dresses or bonnets is expected to follow a long apprenticeship, after being already an expert with the needle, before she can be trusted to practice her art. But our household service, which requires not merely one task but a combination of tasks, is thought to require no preparation, and is often sought by persons who do not know how to light a fire, or boil a potato, or sweep a room. We have known families of wealth and intelligence, who can appreciate and reward faithful service, try dozens of pretentious applicants before finding themselves tolerably suited. Sometimes they take the trouble and cost of sending a long distance for a cook, and find the model servant unable to distinguish salt meat from fresh, and serving up to the hungry and astonished household a piece of corned beef, roasted and basted as if it were a tender sirloin fresh from the stall-fed ox. As to ignorance in other matters more ethereal, as the care of the wardrobe, the washing and ironing, we will not presume to invade the mysteries of the feminine toilet, nor say how rudely delicate sensibilities may be shocked by the harm done to linens, embroideries, and laces. We may, however, confess to a little masculine chagrin at shirt collars so flabby and innocent of starch as to refuse to stand, and flannels so shrunk as to refuse to encase our limbs. We do not deny that there are good servants, and a great many of them; but we do deny that they are plenty. We conscientiously believe that household service is the poorest thing done in America, and that, moreover, we do not see any manifest disposition to improve it. We see most disastrous consequences flowing from its present wretched condition, and have no doubt that the too frequent disposition to abandon housekeeping, and resort to hotels and boarding-houses, comes from the perpetual worry of having unfaithful or incompetent servants; while, in some cases, the damage to the comfort and temper of wives and husbands has been such as to bring on an alienation that seeks desperate relief in divorce.

There ought to be a change for the better, and not only because of the need of better service in families and the immense advance in economy and comfort from the due kind of service, but also on account of the readiness of our people to deal justly, and even generously, by their domestics. So far as wages are concerned, those given to a good servant—when it is remembered that board and lodging are included—are greater than those given to any common form of female toil. Seven or eight dollars a month—the common wages of women servants—with a good bed and table and fire, is, as the world goes, a large compensation; and, if estimated at the current price in cities for similar comforts, or even for the common necessities of decent living, the compensation may safely be estimated at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars a year. A girl of frugal habits may easily save half her wages, and so in ten years' service may accumulate five or six hundred dollars, which is a little fortune for a frugal wife to start with if she has a frugal husband. Few female occupations are so lucrative; since the moment we consider the more dainty and educated kinds of labor we encounter a luxury and expense beyond the rate of increase in compensation; and few women who toil for their living by arts that send them much into society are able to lay up a single dollar from year to year. In point of health, too, especially in our well-arranged, well-ventilated modern houses, we do not consider our servants as at all disparaged, and the variety and activity of their position gives them decided advantage over the hosts of women who earn a precarious livelihood with their needle. When it is considered, moreover, that they share little in the hardship of hard times and high prices that often press so fearfully upon out-door labor, we are confirmed in our view of the favorable promise of faithful household service. In this, of course, as in all conditions, there must be peculiar trials; and we know that there is something in the immense detail and entanglement of home cares that sorely tries the temper of the mistress, and makes it hard for the servant to unite system with energy in her method. We are speaking mainly of female servants, for they are the great majority, since few families keep men servants, and we are well aware that the female constitution is peculiarly delicate and excitable, and that in the parlor and the kitchen Mother Eve's little and great tempers may equally abound, and make it sometimes very hard for the mistress to be wholly just and the maid wholly amiable. In what we shall say we hope to be mindful of both parties in question; and in throwing out some suggestions for the better ordering of domestic service, we write as friends of humanity, not as champions of a social caste, quite sure that we are respecters of God's image whether in a dainter or coarser garb.

We start with maintaining that the favored classes who lead social opinion are called to accept and

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show a truer idea of usefulness as the foundation of social dignity. The word service itself needs to be saved from contempt by being named with honor in the best circles of society, so as to carry the conviction that there can be no dignity without usefulness, and that the parlor, in its way, is bound by the same great law of mutual good-will and moral responsibility as the kitchen in its way. So far as feminine opinion is concerned, we fear that it is much harder to carry out just ideas of usefulness in this democratic country than in the old aristocratic communities; since with us social dignity is of such sudden growth and equivocal value, that they who are scrambling for it are afraid to compromise their position by any pursuits or ideas that may be thought vulgar, or lead lookers-on to suppose that want of refinement or of means, not the power of principle, is the motive. The wife and daughters of a lucky speculator are likely to be more afraid of the needle, the dairy, and the kitchen than a duchess and her daughters, who have the blood and honors of centuries to dignify their utility; and any observer of American society can not fail to note the desire of our mushroom gentility to prove its utter ignorance of household cares, and sometimes to repudiate the very idea of self-denying social responsibility. The monstrous doctrine, moreover, is sometimes maintained that wealth, instead of imposing a higher form of service, is a just release from all serious care; and we sometimes hear people who are called Christians speak as if a man who chances upon a fortune must of course abandon at once his business or profession, and enroll himself in the ignoble band of idlers. With women this notion is more common than with men; and the contempt with which so many of our fine ladies look upon female industry, and dismiss not only the drudgery, but even the higher interests of their homes from thought, is frightful to a just observer. This haughtiness, we know, impresses a certain class of inferiors with a kind of admiration, and the kitchen marvels at the sublime indolence and uselessness of the parlor; but harm, nevertheless, is done even to the most obsequious servant by the virtual denial of the dignity of labor, and by the virtual assertion of the infidel idea that duty sinks, instead of rising, with increase of means, and that while God is ever working, His pet children have nothing at all to do but to belittle and befool themselves. We do not expect women of wealth and culture to vie with their servants in scrubbing and cooking; but we do ask them to carry with them into every scene and conversation the Christian idea of responsibility, and so cheer and dignify all labor by placing it under the sanction of immutable principle. In fact, only in this way can they require service of their domestics, not merely as a harsh necessity, but as a moral duty; and thus only can they expect respect for themselves from them not only for superior wealth, but also for dignity of character. The true motto of nobility is the old one, "Ich dien"—"I serve"—and if its meaning is not understood by the master and mistress, it can not be understood by the servant, nor the true idea of mutual service be acknowledged.

Not only are householders to respect the usefulness of their servants in general, but they are to appreciate it in particulars, and to be able better to understand and apportion the round and varieties of house-work. The master's eye not only helps the quantity but also the quality of the work; and a certain magnetism goes constantly from a capable and kindly head of the family to every member of the household. The lady of the house is never more worthy of her name than when she appreciates and encourages fidelity in her cook, or nurse, or chamber-maid as scrupulously as in her governess or physician, and remembers that true service from one human creature to another incurs a debt that money alone can not pay, but which needs something of the heart's own coinage for its liquidation. Too little of this service indeed is rendered, but sometimes what is rendered is not appreciated, and many a poor girl, who tries to be faithful, is scolded for not being in two places at once, and for having limbs that can be weary and nerves that must rest. We do not believe, indeed, in any lax sentimentalism in the treatment of servants, and do believe that they should have a rule to go by, and should be held firmly to their duty; but we are quite sure that more of the true duty would be done if it were remembered that orders may be given firmly yet kindly, and whether in the kitchen or on the battle-field our poor human nature can march much more stoutly by music than by groans. A little more Gospel mildness, and a little less scolding, might work a great revolution here as in so many other spheres, and prove that, in the long-run, the meek must inherit the earth.

There is, we know, a difficulty among us in bringing positively moral and religious influences to bear upon servants, because so many of them are separated from their employers by a barrier of blood and religion. But even this barrier of nativity and faith is not wholly insurmountable; and we have before us many instances of most interesting relations between servants and families under these differences—differences, indeed, which sometimes remove grounds of invidious comparison, and make a richer harmony from the combination of gifts and tempers. Still we regret the general absence of the old habit of family unity that gathered the whole household together daily for worship; and, wherever possible, it is best to have it thus constantly taught that, at home and church, the rich and poor are to meet together and remember Him who is the Maker of them all. There can certainly be some decided moral and religious impression, however, upon servants who are not inclined to join in worship aside from their own forms; and so far as respect for solid character is concerned, every family is bound to have its convictions clearly understood. The character of a servant should be as justly guarded as that of a superior—and, in fact, in one sense, more so; since our inferior is more in our power than our superior. Hence there should be more scrupulous regard as to what servants we recommend or allow others to recommend, and all thoughtful people should do all in their power to establish a fairer estimate of character among servants and employers. Some miserable creatures are allowed to prowl about from house to house, to lie and drink and steal—not to speak of more abandoned vices—and in some cases unprincipled people seem willing to rid themselves of a nuisance by making it over to the public at large with a general and philanthropic recommendation. This practice can not be too strongly condemned, nor the need be too forcibly urged of some more effective method of securing to servants the advantage of their actually good character, and of securing to employers the opportunity of obtaining such worthy service.

Families of wealth and of limited means are equally interested in the improvement of domestic service; although it is often supposed that wealth can purchase any thing that it needs, and has only to show its gold to secure its heart's desire in the nurs-

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ery and kitchen. But wealth brings its own exposures and discomforts; and where seven or eight servants bring their frail tempers and undisciplined habits together in the palace of some merchant prince, the house is not wholly sure of being Paradise merely because the wages are large or are promptly paid. In fact, some peculiar discomforts haunt rich houses, and the large number of servants, instead of lessening, multiply the trouble, by making work and confusion for each other. He that has five servants needs a sixth to do their extra work, and the sixth soon asks for a seventh, and the seventh for an eighth. Great annoyance is coming to our home-life from want of a fixed rule in this matter; and there is probably nothing on earth so incongruous in housekeeping as the disposition in this country to bring the rich and the limited households into immediate rivalry, and expose a family of two thousand dollars' income to the exactions of servants who have perhaps learned idleness and extravagance in the house of a family that spends twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year. The true economy that is incumbent alike upon rich and poor would check this evil in all quarters, and make it the universal habit to expect just service and to render fair reward. In time, probably, our American life will duly adjust itself into something like a regular domestic system, and employers and servants will settle down upon some rule of service and wages. As things are now, the tendency is to crowd families with constantly-increasing exactions both in the number and wages of domestics. The old-fashioned families of refined and even of wealthy condition were content, generally, with one female servant, and the ladies themselves helped with their own hands in all the lighter parts of the work. In fact, many excellent families kept no servant at all; and in the country, to this day, we can find many noble, well-educated women, who do the house work of their families generally, and hold as high a head in the village parlors as any Miss just from the city boarding-school. But those primitive manners are fast passing away; and families who have barely income enough to pay their rent and food and clothing are driven to keep at least one servant; and in our city the most modest gentility must be quite brave if it keeps less than two or three, while no one becomes conspicuous by keeping five or six.

Something might be done to secure a better state of things if servants themselves were better educated, not only for their work but for their social position, and could know where they can be, on the whole, best conditioned. A modest, faithful girl, who knows what a good home is, would be far more sure of promoting her best welfare by living in a sensible family in a quiet way, as the only servant, than in joining a whole bevy of flashy spendthrifts, who put every dollar of their earnings into finery, and whose whole speech and habit are at war with all sensible notions of life. The task is a hard one, but we trust that something can and will be done to bring a better class of persons into domestic service, and to make it easier and more hopeful for young women of character to enter families in a way mutually advantageous. If more stress were laid by both parties upon sterling principle, and the mistress and the maid could meet in the same overruling obligation, and it were well understood in religious circles that a worthy servant is to stand socially as well as any woman who renders equally useful labor, an immense evil would be obviated and an immense good secured.

It is common to look to great institutions to meet every social want, and we have no objection to the schemes for educating women in separate establishments for domestic service, and many enterprises that have been started are less called for than a normal house or school for training domestics. Personal and family influence, however, is the great moral power; and if it is duly exercised, we may soon see a new class of worthy young women entering the service with ample assurance that their character will be respected, their habits of usefulness improved, and their prospects in life not blighted. Each class, indeed, must be largely its own helper, and there is no class of persons so numerous as house-servants who have so little fellow-feeling, or who are so little led to care for one another or to better their general lot. Every trade has its rules and its organization, and every great branch of industry has its literary organ. But the millions of servants have no spirit of association, and it is not easy to act upon them for their improvement. Every word, however, does something; and we say our word earnestly, both to servants and masters and mistresses, of the need of making more account of the essential character and permanent welfare of this great class. What its condition is, what the average character and average destiny, we do not pretend to know; yet we do see facts that fill us with grave misgivings. Too often our houses receive the false, thieving, intemperate, and licentious, and when no positive vices appear there are signs of a wastefulness, insubordination, and bad temper that are blights to the home peace. Perhaps not as many girls at service are ruined as among their daintier sisters who keep fairer hands and cheeks by plying some lighter handicraft that gives them more leisure for walking and party-going. Yet the passion for finery is the fatal vice of many a poor girl who cooks and washes from morning till night, and spends every dollar of her money for flashy dress that may attract some bad well-to-do man to pretend to love her, or some weak poor man actually to love her, quite as sure to be ruined by her extravagance, if she marries him, as she is sure to be ruined by the former if she yields to his seductions. A short year or two brings many a homely tragedy of this kind to its finale. One of the prettiest and best girls that we ever met in service was ruined by a young physician, or one who called himself such, under the cloak of a fictitious marriage; and others, who have married with all their wages upon their backs, have soon found their finery, their health, peace, and their husband's love, all vanished at once with the approach of childbirth and poverty, perhaps intemperance and cruelty. Generally, we are disposed to regard our city domestics, as considering their condition, the most extravagant class in the community; and from what well-informed and observing ladies tell us, we have no doubt that in many modest, genteel families, the cook and the chambermaid venture to sweep the streets with silks or velvets that the mother and daughters would not think of purchasing. The trouble is, that the ambition of the kitchen, instead of spreading itself over the whole ground of human dignity, limits itself to a single point; and as poor Betty has, or thinks she has, nothing to care for but her own person, no library, piano, garden, house, or courtly circle, she lavishes her whole care upon her body, and puts her whole estate upon her back. It would be a curious census that might be taken by ascertaining the wages and expenses of the domestics in our great city; and we have no doubt that there are among

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them wardrobes that are comparatively more extravagant than that which made fashion stare and trade stir when, of late, Cuba sent one of her sons to turn so many hogsheads of sugar into jewels and laces and brocade. The folly of all this kitchen prodigality is all the more conspicuous by comparison with cases of wise frugality in the same class, as when worthy daughters support aged parents, or bring stout families of brothers and sisters at their cost to these shores. We knew of one servant who had nearly a thousand dollars of her own earnings in the Savings Bank, and who thus had driven at last a more lucrative business in the kitchen than many a man of ambition at the close of the same term of years has succeeded in doing by all his round of toil between the parlor and counting-house. Facts enough in both directions are before us to be full of warnings to the improvident and encouragements to the frugal.

We have spoken of some duties of employers, and have not forgotten those of servants themselves; but before we close, we must remember that this whole subject has a high social importance that connects it with the future of American society, and demands the serious consideration of every good citizen and humane man. We are not ashamed to confess that we write for the many, and not merely for the few, and feel most interest in the many who have shared our own lot and been obliged to earn their dollar before they spend it. Now, our people at large are surely meditating upon the problem of housekeeping as never before, and not only the disciples of Fourier, but thousands of very conservative families, are on the look-out for some magical phalanstery that shall save them from the intolerable care of the separate home, and think, perhaps, their wish fulfilled in some monster hotel or boarding-house. There, however, the same evil lurks, and the boarder is sure to share in the discomfort of the host. Meanwhile, the discomfort in households for want of good servants is matched by the suffering of the class of persons who naturally might be expected to render such service, and the great and growing tragedy of society is the destitution of women whose poverty compels them to go half fed or clothed or go to ruin, often unable to pay the rent that is at once saved to them the moment they enter domestic service. We do hope that this whole matter will engage more attention in the highest quarters of thought, and the importance and practicability of enlisting a larger and better class of women in service will be shown.

In a measure we are aware that the progress of the arts and sciences is relieving home life of some of its old burdens, and the sewing-machine is at the head of the list of inventions that lightens household toil. It may be that the great tasks of washing and cooking —those main burdens of the housewife—will be in a similar way diminished; and although no washing-machine thus far makes it wholly easy to make war upon the dirt so incident to our mortal estate, mechanism makes the lesser forms of cooking quite easy, and a small family might live tolerably from food cooked by the warmth of the gas-burners that light their rooms. But no inventions can do much to help us without energy and skill in our own people; and if our women would be less dependent upon poor servants, they must have pluck enough to take care of their own homes in case of need, and thus bring servants nearer to the true mark by showing that they are not the mistresses. We seriously believe that great harm is done to the health and the independence of our daughters by educating them to despise housework; and they would be much stronger, and none the less lovely women, by being able to make a shirt or a loaf of bread, roast a joint of beef or bake a pudding, without taking lessons of insolence from some dirty slattern who presumes to waste the substance of the family, not in sumptuous, but in unpalatable living. We confess to liking a handsome hand in a woman; but it is all the handsomer for looking as if it knew something and could do something, and, like an intelligent face, has an expression of thoughtfulness and purpose. Every woman who can not, with the aid of her daughters, at a pinch, be her own housekeeper and maid of all work, must sometimes be driven to sore perplexities, and eat dirt of very dirty hands or hear it from a very dirty tongue; while the same capability and energy that make her adequate to the time of emergency or limitation, will qualify her to adorn the most favored station, and use wealth as the means of beneficence with an economy adorned by hospitality and elegance.

We are convinced that some movement must ere long be made in the right quarter to relieve our domestic life of its present trials, although we shall not be surprised if matters are somewhat worse before they are better. Meanwhile it is pleasant to note, from time to time, signs of the better day in families who, either from the faculty of the mistress or fidelity of the servants, or from both causes combined, are escaping the general fluctuation and perplexity. The *o'd* servant is not now wholly a tradition; and one is encouraged to find households that preserve the same faithful helpers for a half score and even a score of years. We remember being much impressed, two or three years ago, by a tribute to a trusty domestic that rose altogether above the usual level of American manners, and may perhaps have been a relic of the Old World, although it ought to be one of the lessons of the New. One charming Sunday, while visiting a friend at his country-seat, some twenty miles from the city, we started on foot for the nearest church, and found the rough, picturesque little box in the woods, whose thickets rung with a tinkling sound that made you doubt whether a stray cow—milky mother of the horned herd—was jingling her bell, or the mother of souls, the daughter of Zion, was calling her children to her side. We found a good seat, and the service began. The reading was not remarkable, nor was the sermon, although quite sensible, very eloquent; but there was an inscription on a slab of marble upon the left hand wall that preached better than the pulpit. It recorded the death, if we remember rightly, of "Ann Griffiths, aged 65, a Faithful Servant" in some family whose name, we believe, was given. Surely there was a thought for a Christian Church which preaches the good old Gospel bravely to our snobbish modern life, and puts to each of us the question whether any truthful chisel could record as honorable an epitaph for any of us when our day is over. How suggestive, nay, how full of blessed fancies, was that writing on the stone; and how vividly the old servant's face rose before us, in company with the probable vicissitudes, births, marriages, deaths, and all the lights and shadows of home-life! In fact, every right-minded family delights in the sympathy of some dependent; and the old nurse or cook shares in all their joys and griefs, being sought for to have her part of every pleasure, and to do her part in giving comfort under trial. The children prepare little surprises for her on Christmas

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and New Year's, and the like; and when the sons and daughters come back from new homes the trusty old friend is not forgotten, and her face, more than the landscape or the pictures, looks its genial welcome to the absentees. The whole household-life is elevated by its thoughtfulness for inferiors; for here, as in all human experience, the heart rises as it descends in mercy, and that blessed dew of Heaven is twice blessed in its fall. They who care sincerely for one beneath them find themselves more cared for by the One above; and they who, in their way, repeat God's condescension, shall find themselves the more sharing in His blessedness, with a just hope of hearing at last the welcome to the good and faithful servant before that throne, which measures worth by spirit, not by wealth, and dispenses joys, not to greedy pride but to patient waiting.

Editor's Easy Chair.

NOTHING more unfairly represents what a man thinks than a newspaper report of what he was supposed to say; but there are some plain statements which may be accepted as true even if they do appear as reports. Thus when a lecturer is recently reported to have said that novel reading is pernicious, and that Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, and many more have introduced a dangerous delight into literature, there is something so credible and simple in the statement that there is little reason to suppose the lecturer did not say it.

It is certainly a curious proposition, and yet it is one frequently made. It is curious because the literature of fiction is only the permanent flower of the imagination. It is in letters what painting and sculpture, architecture and music, are, in forms and colors and sounds. It is as instinctive and inevitable as smiling and weeping, as all emotion whatsoever. To represent truth allegorically—to delineate the operation of principle and passion—to signalize the moral of human action and human life—to show the essential and triumphant loveliness of virtue—to preserve in enduring lines the most humorous and eccentric, the most nefarious and base, the most noble and inspiring, characteristics of men and times—all these are the substance of the novel and the work of the novelist.

And it is in a work of observation and of imagination as it is in effective preaching. The author or the preacher must first have eyes to see, then fancy to feel, and at last electric expression to strike home the gathered results. But in its essence, story-telling is the earliest desire and the simplest instinct. The wild rhymes that soothe the child—the impossible Mother Hubbards and Houses that Jack built, and blissful melodious nonsense of Mother Goose, which are as universal as babyhood—what are they but appeals and inspirations to that vague, vast power of the imagination which colors life and death, and in its act of highest creation is reverentially called genius, as most aptly symbolizing the great divine energy of creation.

The love of music, of color, of form—the delight in natural beauty, in the perfume of flowers, and the purple outline of distant mountains, and in a higher degree the fascination of noble, heroic, and saintly character, all these are strictly related to the imagination, and its play and pleasure is the reproduction of them.

But when the critic questions the morality of novels, is he not treading dangerous ground? What is a novel? It is a picture of life. Just in the degree that it is a true novel, it is an accurate representation—within such limits of space and time and mutual relation as to make it effective and real in its impression and influence—of the characters and circumstances which surround us all, and with which we are most familiar. It is, in one word, what Shakespeare calls the drama, "holding the mirror up to nature."

Then what is the object of a novel? As it is a work of art, its object is gratification of the sense of fitness and symmetry; in other words, intellectual delight. But then, as it is a panorama of human action, its necessary result is human improvement. For every man recognizing in himself the elements of character delineated, recognizes also the fidelity of the picture of their inevitable operation in life—sees himself openly revealed—his secret sympathies, impulses, ambitions—his vices, his virtues, his temptations; and follows with terrible fascination the course of his undeveloped future—pauses thoughtful and alarmed—and hangs back upon the very edge of sorrow and destruction.

This is the inevitable moral of a novel as it is of life. The novelist himself writes to delineate the play of character, but in doing that he does the other. An architect builds a beautiful house for a man to live in, but in building it he also quickens the sense of beauty in every beholder. A painter reproduces upon canvas the form and features of a beautiful woman, but in doing it he also restores in all its splendor her life and character to those who know her.

Of course it is not to be supposed that men always write stories with this distinct intention. Sir Walter Scott himself declared that a novelist could only hope to amuse—a remark which shows plainly enough that Sir Walter could do his work much better than he could talk about it.

"We are inclined," says he, "to think that the worst evil to be apprehended from the perusal of novels is that the habit is apt to generate an indisposition to real history and useful literature, and that the best that can be hoped is that they may sometimes instruct the youthful mind by real pictures of life, and sometimes awaken their better feelings and sympathies by strains of generous sentiments and tales of fictitious woe. Beyond this point they are a mere elegance, a luxury contrived for the amusement of polished life, and the gratification of that half love of literature which pervades all ranks in an advanced state of society, and are read much more for amusement than with the least hope of deriving instruction from them."

Do you suppose that Scott sincerely believed mankind were to be more improved by reading the real history of Messalina, of Cleopatra, of Aspasia, and Catharine, than by the fictitious story of Jeanie Deans? Did he really suppose the long histories of idiotic emperors in moribund Rome and Asia to be "useful literature," and "The Vicar of Wakefield" to be "a mere elegance, a luxury contrived for the amusement of polished life?" Did he prefer, as a moralist and a lover of his kind, that his daughters should read the true memoirs of the Duke of Grammont, or Charles II., or of almost any other king, rather than the untrue memoirs of Sir Roger de Coverley? Did Sir Walter Scott write novels so long and so well with such a feeling as this, and without knowing that the excellence of a novel is the excellence of Nature, and of every other great work of art, and that his own Rebecca is as real in

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herself, and as influential in her degree upon the human mind, as Judith and Queen Elizabeth?

All history slowly becomes romance. Is Alaric, the Visigoth, as real a person, in any serious sense, as Mr. Pickwick or Parson Adams? It is much more important to have a religious and manly tone of life inculcated in any way than it is to know that the Egyptian Amunoph Fourth succeeded Amunoph Third. Suppose there was such a man as Oliver Cromwell, who is admitted into history without question. Now his interest for me is the influence his story has upon my life; and yet how am I to know what kind of a man he was? I open the books, and I get an enemy's sneer or a friend's flattery. In the first book he is the first of heroes—in the next, he is the last of hypocrites. Probably History is less true to Nature, upon the whole, than Fiction. Clio is such a high-stepping muse that she goes over just what we want to know. Hence memoirs over which presides no haughty muse but the delightful Goddess of Gossip are the best history, and good memoirs are, like good novels, true pictures of life.

There is no need of comparisons, but there is no doubt that the history of Robinson Crusoe would help a boy in his way through life as much as any history of Oliver Cromwell.

Great qualities, heroism, energy, sweetness, charity, prudence, foresight—these are what the mind craves, and it knows and values them wherever they are, and gets its moral out of them in quite the same way, whether the story be of the real Alexander or the imaginary Achilles. Goodness is never imaginary. History and fiction are only two ways of putting a fact. We are just as sorry to see Iago succeed as to see Leonidas fail. For us both Iago and Leonidas are actual men; the form of the story neither affects them nor us. "Men will not become highwaymen," says Dr. Johnson, "because Macheath is acquitted on the stage." And it is equally true that they will still pick pockets, though the historical Turpin swang at Tyburn.

Sir Walter Scott is not the only famous novelist who has decried novels. Miss Burney, also, in the preface to "Evelina," smirkingly speaks of the "contagion of novels bidding defiance to the medicine of advice and reprehension," and being found "to baffle all the mental art of physic, save what is prescribed by the slow regimen of time and bitter diet of experience"—whatever that may mean.

Poor Miss Burney! how can we say hard things of her who, after the *unrealities* of "Cecilia" and "Evelina," chose the *realities* of a life at the court of George III.? Poor Miss Burney! she has earned the utmost liberty of speech herself, who had, *ex officio*, to listen to the dreary tattle of Queen Charlotte while she laced the royal stays. Poor Miss Burney! whom we must still love because she was one of the good story-tellers, who wrote novels that our grandmothers remember to have read, but for which, alas! "the slow regimen of time" is surely prescribing.

Much wiser is what Thackeray, in the new *Cornhill Magazine*, says of novels and novel-reading. In the quaint little town of Chur, far away among the Grisons, he used to encounter a lazy, slouching, half-grown boy, with big feet and lazy hands dawdling out of scanty pantaloons and tight sleeves, poring over a little book so intently that he had no eye for the purple evening, the apple-woman, or the rosy apple-cheeked maidens prattling around the fountain—no thought for the morrow's lessons, of the good mother waiting supper, or the father preparing a sound scolding—utterly absorbed in that little book. It was a Novel, of course; for nothing else could so have entranced the young reader. Whereupon the novelist-editor thus moralizes:

"Have you ever seen a score of white-bearded, white-robed warriors, or grave seniors of the city, seated at the gate of Jaffa or Beyrout, and listening to the story-teller reciting his marvels out of 'Antar' or the 'Arabian Nights?' I was once present when a young gentleman at table put a tart away from him, and said to his neighbor, the Younger Son (with rather a fatuous air), 'I never eat sweets.'

"'Not eat sweets; and do you know why?' says T.

"'Because I am past that kind of thing,' says the young gentleman.

"'Because you are a glutton and a sot!' cries the elder (and Juvenis winces a little). 'All people who have natural, healthy appetites love sweets; all children, all women, all Eastern people whose tastes are not corrupted by gluttony and strong drink.' And a plate full of raspberries and cream disappeared before the philosopher.

"You take the allegory? Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women—a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. Why, one of the most learned physicians in England said to me, only yesterday, 'I have just read So-and-So, for the second time' (naming one of Jones's exquisite fictions). Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians are notorious novel-readers; as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers. Who has not read about Eldon, and how he cried over novels every night when he was not at whist?

"As for that lazy, naughty boy at Chur, I doubt whether *he* will like novels when he is thirty years of age. He is taking too great a glut of them now. He is eating jelly until he will be sick. He will know most plots by the time he is twenty; so that *he* will never be surprised when the Stranger turns out to be the rightful earl—when the old waterman, throwing off his beggarly gabardine, shows his stars and the collars of his various orders, and clasping Antonia to his bosom, proves himself to be the prince, her long-lost father. He will recognize the novelists' same characters, though they appear in red-heeled pumps and *ailes-de-pigeon*, or the garb of the nineteenth century. He will get weary of sweets, as boys of private schools grow (or used to grow, for I have done growing some little time myself, and the practice may have ended too)—as private school-boys used to grow tired of the pudding before their mutton at dinner.

"And pray what is the moral of this apologue? The moral I take to be this: the appetite for novels extending to the end of the world—far away in the frozen deep, the sailors reading them to one another during the endless night—far away under the Syrian stars, the solemn sheiks and elders hearkening to the poet as he recites his tales—far away in the Indian camps, where the soldiers listen to ——'s tales, or ——'s, after the hot day's march—far away in little Chur yonder, where the lazy boy pores over the fond volume, and drinks it in with all his eyes—the demand being what we know it is, the merchant must supply it, as he will supply saddles and pale ale for Bombay or Calcutta.

"But as surely as the cadet drinks too much pale ale it will disagree with him; and so surely, dear

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youth, will too much novels cloy on thee. I wonder, do novel-writers themselves read many novels? If you go into Gunter's, you don't see those charming young ladies (to whom I present my most respectful compliments) eating tarts and ices, but at the proper evening tide they have good plain wholesome tea and bread and butter. Can any body tell me does the author of the 'Tale of Two Cities' read novels? does the author of the 'Tower of London' devour romances? does the dashing 'Harry Lorrequer' delight in 'Plain or Ringlets' or 'Spunge's Sporting Tour?' Does the veteran, from whose flowing pen we had the books which delighted our young days, 'Darnley,' and 'Richelieu,' and 'Delorme,' relish the works of Alexandre the Great, and thrill over the 'Three Musqueteers?' By-the-way, what a strange fate is that which has befallen the veteran novelist! He is her Majesty's Consul General in Venice, the only city in Europe where the famous 'two cavaliers' can not by any possibility be seen riding together. Does the accomplished author of the 'Caxtons' read the other tales in *Blackwood?* (For example, that ghost story printed last August [written by Bulwer himself.—EASY CHAIR], and which, for my part, though I read it in the public reading-room at the Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone, I protest frightened me so that I scarce dared look over my shoulder.) Does 'Uncle Tom' admire 'Adam Bede;' and does the author of the 'Vicar of Wrexhill' laugh over the 'Warden and the Three Clerks?' Dear youth of ingenuous countenance and ingenuous pudor! I make no doubt that the eminent parties above named all partake of novels in moderation—eat jellies—but mainly nourish themselves upon wholesome roast and boiled."

THIS matter of story-telling is the fresher to all of us just now, because the closing year saw the close of that sweet symmetric life of Washington Irving, whom we all loved more than we all loved any other man. Yet what was his work—what was it that made him at once so dear and so famous?

It was not his histories, excellent as they are, any more than it was Scott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, that gave him his crown of affection and admiration. No, it was the exquisite play of his fancy and his humor, and that kindly charity which always accompanies them. Irving is the author of the "Knickerbocker," of the "Sketch Book," and "Bracebridge Hall," of the "Alhambra," and the "Conquest of Granada." Soft, sunny lights lie on all he touched. Has he poisoned any fountain of pleasure or instruction?

And if it should be replied, No; that he was always gentle and pure, but that others are prurient and seductive, the response is that the rule must not be constructed from the exception. Don Juan is a naughty poem, but poetry is not naughty. Paul de Kock's novels are filthy, but is Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" so? And it is Sidney, not Paul de Kock, who must be looked to for the canons of fiction.

And what account shall we make of the instinct which reaches out toward Irving so lovingly as toward all the story-tellers or imaginative writers? For in every camp and nursery, on every forecastle and by every fireside, from Homer's Tale of Troy down to the Christmas extra of Dickens's "All the Year Round," the story-teller is always welcome.

What are the novelists but the story-tellers in the long march and bivouac of life?

A few solitary scholars listen with respect to Aristotle—a few grave men walk with Plato in the garden; but when Sir Walter Scott begins the whole world becomes a boy again, and sits upon his knee, delighted. Since Shakespeare, is there any fame so enviable and superb as Scott's? To write a book which the boy reads in play-time, and the mother in the nursery, and the statesman at midnight, and the general upon the eve of battle, and the girl puts with tears under her pillow, for an early start in the morning—this is to become a personal friend of the world. Who would exchange for that fame any other? And because we desire love more than any thing else, who would not rather have written Robinson Crusoe than the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton?

LET us stop here a moment and say a word, in the holiday times which are scarcely over, of Robinson Crusoe.

While Addison, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was doing what no man ever could do or ever has done better, and was engaged upon the famous eighth volume of the *Spectator*, there appeared a proclamation in the London *Gazette*, charging a seditious pamphlet upon "a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown colored hair, but wears a wig: a hooked nose: a sharp chin: gray eyes: and a large mole near his mouth, owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury fort in Essex."

The spare man was found, and sentenced to stand in the pillory; and stood there—while the crowd cheered him, and drank his health, and threw flowers at him. He was a man whom we might hardly have loved. He seemed peculiarly made for his own time rather than for all time. The mention of his name excites no especial tenderness, like the names of Steele and Goldsmith, of Fielding and Scott—his mere name is not half so famous as Addison's, and yet he has written the most permanently popular book in English literature.

He lost in the game of politics, in which Addison won; yet he was not a politician in any mean sense. He was a tough old Presbyterian and London tradesman, who had been a grim moral gladiator all his life: one of the stalwart Englishmen who, at every period of English history, have transmitted the torch of civil and religious liberty unimpaired and brightly burning. King William valued no counselor more, and had no more faithful friend. But having lost—having, at the age of fifty-four, to begin life anew—Daniel Defoe descended from the pillory, wiped from his brow the sweat of his long and bitter struggle, and did begin life anew by writing "Robinson Crusoe."

It is a story without a heroine, and without the usual resources of the novel. There is no love-making—no sentiment—no philosophy—no moralizing in it. But Dr. Johnson asks, in the name of the world, if there was ever any thing else written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers. Other literary philosophers and critics say that, of all works of fiction, it is perhaps the most interesting and instructive: Forster calls Defoe the father of the English novel; and not only does the French boy, and the German, and the Spanish, and the Italian, and every European and American child, know "Robinson Crusoe" well, but the traveler Burckhardt says that he heard it told in the cool evening by the wandering Arabs of the desert.

Why try to say any thing of this immortal story? Like the beauty of flowers, its charm is beyond ac-

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count. It is not a study, but a picture. It founded a school, and the "Swiss Family Robinson" prolongs the echo of "Robinson Crusoe" even to our own day. It is in the detailed development of real life, and the influence of character upon circumstances and fate, that "Robinson Crusoe" is so superior to any book that had then appeared. There is not a touch of what we call "the ideal" in it, as there is in "Peter Wilkins" and in many other stories of the school. Every boy feels, in reading it, that "Robinson Crusoe" did nothing that he could not easily do, and therefore it is like the best history.

Let us run on still further, for the Easy Chair of a Magazine in which so many of the best and purest stories are constantly appearing has a natural interest in speaking a kind word for the whole literature of fiction.

No man's nerves tingle when he hears the name of Aristotle. But to think of Fielding, and Scott, and Dickens, is like grasping a warm hand or leaning against a beating heart. We are personally acquainted with the story-tellers. They sit with us over the late fire, and share the last cigar. They steal into the family circle, and entwine themselves with how many lovely recollections!

And so among great divines the sweetest names are those of Fenelon and Jeremy Taylor; and it is for that *geniality* of genius which is the characteristic of the story-tellers. Hallam calls Taylor too Asiatic; but it is just that gorgeous, imaginative strain which brings him nearer to our hearts. Or think of the famous English bishops and pulpit performers, of Barrow, of South, of Tillotson—great as they were, yet contrast their fame and their influence with Bunyan's and the "Pilgrim's Progress." There is no severer religious cynic, in a certain way, than John Bunyan, yet how we all love him!

To be loved by children is the sweetest fame; and what child does not love the grim tinker who tells him the story of the Pilgrim's Progress—that Sunday Robinson Crusoe?

So strong is this instinct of tenderness that, even when the name of the author perishes, the affectionate feeling remains for his work. The old romances, like those of "Arthur" and the "Round Table," are taken into literature as great trees and mountains are taken into the landscape. The trees cease to be individual oaks and elms. They become a part of nature: and the books are not monuments of individual genius, they become a part of literature. Every child reads the "Arabian Nights" and "Robinson Crusoe;" but who can tell the name of that Arabian poet, or even if he were one or many, whose tales are yet told in the cafés of Cairo, Bagdad, and Ispahan, and which go, in every language, wherever books go? And how many, even among intelligent boys, know that it was Defoe who wrote "Robinson Crusoe?"

Thus the scope of fiction is as broad as Life and Imagination, and its influence is finer and profounder than that of all other literature. Objection to it is objection to the most instinctive and profound play of the human mind. Fiction is a final fact of human education, and is no more to be explained or defended than the sunset or the rose. If any body objects to novels in the abstract he objects to man. It is no more a waste of time to read a good novel than to read a good poem, or to look at a fine sunset, or to yield to a noble impulse; and the instinctive love of the world answers the objections to story-telling as effectually as a bobolink disposes of the Quaker objection to music.

And since, in the holiday time in which the Easy Chair is chatting surrounded with the bright faces of darling children, and the pretty books and toys and pleasant stories which the genial season ripens—the season so radiant with gracious memories of the childhood of Christ—since, at this time he has fallen to speaking of stories and story-tellers, he remembers that not many months ago he said something of Fielding and his stories, which seems to him now, perhaps, a little harsher and stronger than, upon the whole, he would willingly say. Or is it only the kindly season that brings him to relent?

Certainly no young man nor young woman can now be advised to read "Amelia" or "Tom Jones," but neither can they to read any of Richardson's stories, who does not suffer under the ban of impropriety; and certainly Fielding is a thousand-fold preferable to most of the French novels that are now read, which, indeed, it is a fashion to read. No. "Amelia" and "Tom Jones" are not to be recommended; but let us speak the truth of our first great novelist while we bury him, nor bury a hero without an honest tear.

We all call Henry Fielding hard names, but there are great witnesses for him. Do you remember the splendid praise of Gibbon? Coleridge says of "Tom Jones" that a young man whose heart or feelings or even his passions are excited by this novel is already thoroughly corrupt. We remember Thackeray's sympathy, and what Lady Mary Wortley Montague said. And even Talfourd, who was sure to be morally alarmed upon the smallest occasion, says of "Tom Jones:" "But if there be any vice left in it, the fresh atmosphere diffused over all its scenes will render it innoxious." The poet Cowper could read "Jonathan Wild" to Mrs. Unwin and the other Olney ladies, and nobody's propriety take cold; and old Dr. Johnson, who would not like Fielding, and paid colossal compliments to Richardson, is admirable precisely for Fielding's qualities—for his heartiness, his robust sense, his fidelity, and his manliness.

Nobody can deny the great coarseness of Fielding, nor excuse it, except upon the plea of the manners of his age; nor assert that the exemplary Richardson is not just as impossible reading for the same reason. But it is necessary to make a great distinction between coarseness and immorality; nor must we suppose that a work of art is corrupting only because it is repugnant to the reigning propriety.

We may fully grant the coarseness of Fielding, and understand and know that many a candid woman should find him distasteful. He is coarse in common with Shakespeare, and Boccaccio, and Chaucer, but the coarseness is more universal in him. Yet because we convict a man of swearing, let us not condemn him for murder. Fielding is coarse, but not immoral. The Congreve Comedy, on the other hand, is both coarse and immoral; for it panders to a prurient taste, and *intends* to pander. The spirit, the *animus* of that drama is licentious. But in Fielding the fresh, manly, simple heartiness benefit the reader a hundred-fold more than the superficial coarseness harms him. Fielding never sins against the noble sentiments and humane instincts.

I do not advise any young man or young woman to read Fielding's "Amelia," or "Tom Jones;" but I know that those who recoil from these books placidly read others which are a hundred times more proper and a thousand times more pernicious. The moral atmosphere of our society will scarcely allow

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Fielding ever to be generally read again. But let us speak the truth of him while we bury him, nor lose a hero without a tear.

So let us remember how much is due to times and manners. Remember how like a clear, strong, cool wind blowing through a warm fog was Fielding in the midst of the literature he supplanted. Forgive him his parody of Richardson. Forgive him for not seeing that they both worked in the same cause. His cheerful, robust, sensible mind stood between the supercilious Cavalier and the sanctimonious Puritan. Beyond doubt he called Richardson "Sammy," and dashed off his parody of Pamela with infinite gusto. For that very reason forgive and respect this sinewy genius which fought against extremes. Ah! happily in every heart there is a Poet's Corner, where the best and most cherished lie. They are not perfect, any of them; but they who loved much are forgiven. Therefore, remembering the sympathy, the charity, the sweet wit, the affluent imagination, the good sense, and the human heart, let us leave Fielding lying there by Chaucer, and plant rosemary for remembrance upon his grave.

Our Foreign Bureau.

SCHILLER first—if the matter be not too old. France has fêted his memory with music and with torch-fires; and Austria has fêted it, and England: if only every torch-bearer in the European processional could have given a helping hand to the live poet; if only every voice that has spent itself in lending force to the chorus of commemorative songs could have spoken cheerful and encouraging words to the live Schiller, what joy and strength for greater work might he not have found! Yet it takes a century to measure a poet, or a man; it takes a century to decide how near they and their words and works are to come to the hearts of succeeding centuries.

All doubt is taken away now in regard to Schiller. The spontaneity and the enthusiasm of these latter festivities have given us his stand-point in the popular reckoning. British readers and American readers know very little of his poems or of his life; and the French, if possible, still less: but whatever else may not be known of him, it is known now and admitted, that the German singer—what little time in the world's history he sung—reached those underlying truths, and hopes, and aspirations which live through all generations, and reached them in such frank, bold, hearty way as makes every listener and every reader—illiterate or learned—say, Lo, a singer, who has sung wisely and well!

From this time forth he rallies among the preachers whose sermons are listened to.

You do not know German? Never mind that: if we do not hear the voice, we hear and are touched by the echo it stirs. Whatever noble impulse his songs wakened has found vibration in these world-wide festivities that is contagious. Hearts mended by his strain mend other hearts by contact. Whatever glow of humane purpose he kindled must lend some of its warmth to you. Generous thoughts and hopes are not limited to the words they are born in, but possess a vitality above mere forms of speech, which is sure to reach and have issue.

In England, the scene of the Schiller fête was the Crystal Palace of Sydenham. The great gardens before the Palace were crowded; the trains came down crowded from London; there were banks of snowy and crimson and golden crysanthemums; there were banners of every imaginable device; there was a colossal bust of the fêted poet, which, at the proper hour, by adroit management of the screens, showed itself in the middle of the orchestra. Dr. Kinkel gave an eloquent address, in which was passion and picturesqueness and happy allusions which called down the plaudits of the throng. There was, moreover, a festival ode by Herr Freiligrath, and, of course, the "Song of the Bell." At night a torch-light procession, waving and trailing its red splendor amidst the parterres and the fountains of the Sydenham gardens.

And now, as if to confirm the festivity, we hear there is to be a "Schiller Institute" at Manchester—a literary and scientific association—to be "essentially German in its character, cultivating those intellectual qualities which are distinctive of German nationality, and which every truly patriotic mind must desire to maintain and develop, even when residing permanently in another land; and also to reciprocate the advantages received from the cosmopolitan hospitality of England, furnishing to the English themselves, and others, more direct means for becoming acquainted with the language, the literature, the art, and the science of Germany." Of course we quote this long sentence from the prospectus of the Manchester institution.

In France, the Schiller fête had its successes grateful to the German population; but Parisians are slow at entering with spirit upon any pageant which does not illustrate or confirm some *gloire* of France. They listened appetizingly to the music (why not, since Meyerbeer and Rossini had concern therein?); they looked approvingly upon the suggestive symbols and banners; but the street crowds, who would have dashed their caps into the air, five years ago, at sight of the old man Beranger, know of Schiller only as an outside barbarian.

In Berlin, whether fearful of political fermentation, or (as was officially claimed) fearful of disturbing the serenity of the invalid King, the demonstrations were quiet, but earnest: no such brave torchlightings as glared upon the street-fronts of Munich and of Vienna. Enough in all three cities to show how tenderly is loved the memory of Schiller.

And what a happy idea it was, that the men of Uri and of Unterwalden should celebrate on the Rütli itself the hundredth birthday of the poet of William Tell! Young winter had just sheeted the higher pasturage grounds with snow; but the firs were there, and, lower down, the yellow leaves of autumn; green ferns and latest grasses at the margin of the lake, and above, and back, shining clear and calmly, the icy summits of the mountain. And as the men of Uri came floating up in their barges to the old rallying ground of the Swiss heroes, they chanted as they rowed:

"We heartily hail thee, in distance—
Still mountain, that liftest thine head
Where the wavelet, that melts as it glistens,
From snows everlasting is fed!

"We praise thee, most peaceful of regions!
We hail thee, thou Holiest Land,
Where our fathers, with valorous legions,
Forever burst slavery's band!"

Still further—always of this German topic—we may mention that "Schiller's Life and Works," by Emil Palleske, has just now appeared in England, translated by Lady Wallace. It will give the world

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a closer look into the private life of the poet than it has hitherto been indulged with; but if it will greatly help the poet's reputation is a question. We know that Schiller struggled through his boyhood in those old days when a Duke of Wurtemburg secured boy-worship by mere force of position—before yet the stirring times had come when dukes were weighed against men, and feudal homage a tale: but still it is irksome and humiliating to read how such poet as Schiller could write in this fashion to his patron Duke:

"This prince, this father, who wishes to make me happy, must be even dearer to me than my parents, who depend on his favor. Oh, that I might venture to approach him with all the enthusiasm which gratitude inspires!..... What majesty is depicted in your features! Allow me to contribute my share of incense at your shrine, and let my parents kneel before you to thank you for my good fortune. I may well exclaim with my Fatherland, 'Long live the Duke!' I can not fully express my gratitude in words; let me breathe it forth in prayer. I must sigh where I can not speak."

We find it hard to credit this to the stately young fellow, of bright face and auburn hair, and a quick glitter in his eye, and frequent "deep, bold, eagle glances, which shone forth from under a full and well-developed forehead."

But he slips the ducal harness presently: he makes eager and fair fight for literary honors; of doubtful success at first; is hampered by debts; his excitable heart takes flame here and there, where agreeable and graceful women meet and flatter him: it is a pestilent revolutionary spirit he breathes into his verse that makes enemies for him even worse than his debts; but great and good souls welcome and befriend him; his passionate nature finds harbor lastly in a happy, joyous marriage. All this—covering hundreds of Lady Wallace's pages; and at last the touching end, which we give, and quit him and his festival thus:

"When Karoline came to him on the seventh evening, he wished, as usual, to commence a conversation on subjects for tragedy, and on the mode in which the loftier powers of man must be cultivated. Karoline did not answer with her usual vivacity, because she wished him to be quiet. He felt this, and sorrowfully said, 'Well, if no one any longer understands me, I had better say no more.' He soon fell into a doze, but rambled much in his sleep. 'Is this your hell? Is this your heaven?' he exclaimed just before he awoke, looking upward, and gently smiling, as if a consoling angel met his sight. On the 8th of May he wandered a good deal. Toward evening he expressed a desire once more to see the setting sun. The curtain was drawn aside, and gazing with a cheerful and serene air at the bright rays of evening, Nature thus received his last farewell. When Karoline went up to his bed and asked how he felt, he said, 'Calmer and calmer.'

"During the night he talked of *Demetrius* in his wandering fancies. The servant said that he repeatedly prayed to God to save him from a lingering death. At nine o'clock in the morning he became insensible. The dying man only uttered some unconnected words, chiefly Latin.

"In the afternoon the solemn moment of dissolution drew near. When his noble nature at last succumbed, and a convulsion disturbed his features, Lotte strove to place his head in an easier position: he recognized her, smiled, and his eye had already a glorified expression. Lotte sunk down close beside him, and he kissed her. This was the last symptom of consciousness."

Another poet, whose life and writings just now come freshly before the world, in the work of Mr. Redding, is Thomas Campbell.

Not a pleasant life, or a happy. Working only by spasms, and elaborating every thing to the last degree; not altogether happy-tempered, it would seem, but petulant and querulous; no system, no habits of industry—none of thrift; flinging pounds away to-day, borrowing to-morrow; now poor with a purse full, and again contented with a few shillings; suffering from ill-health, and using no legitimate means of recovery; sensitive to the last degree, and yet exposing himself wantonly to the insults or reproaches of his inferiors; flinging away his opportunities, and not anxious about others until too late to secure them; a tender and loving wife in his household, but (says Redding) one who never expressed any literary opinion, or pretended to any judgment on such subjects.

"She thought the verses her husband's affair; and that to be one of the best, kindest, and most considerate of wives, with as few foibles as any of her sex—for she had some—was the due limit of her province."

One great shadow—through all—on Campbell's life. His son, on whom his hopes leaned (*his* hopes, who had written the "Pleasures of Hope"), showed early an aberration of mind; only in the fixed, vacant gaze at first, which poor Campbell would meet fondly and watch very yearningly, for he knew the threat; it was the mother's inheritance: it might pass this generation; it had passed sometimes one, sometimes two. Would it pass?

Yearningly and fondly he watched; but the vacant, abstracted look grew in frequency. Strange fancies haunted him; the mother lavishing a fearful tenderness; strangers not suspecting that the vail was falling.

"Must he be ever a blank?"

His mother says, "Thomas has been looking at his father so fixedly that he can not bear it; he is gone out."

But he must bear it: not so cheerfully as Lamb bore up under the great shadow on his hearth-stone—but gloomily, mournfully, half skeptically, as where he says, in a moment of agony, "There must be a God—that is evident; there must be an all-powerful, inscrutable God!"

We can feel the wrenching of his soul at this; and still more fully when his wife comes to die, leaving him to the lonely guardianship of the mindless son. It is a dreadful household now, to be sure.

The poet wanders about the home in a maze. The order, the neatness, the quiet and complete provision for every comfort that her hand had supplied to father and son, gone. All is at odds and ends. The boy vacant, the father hopeless.

He summons friends to his aid; gives dinners, makes jokes, would kill the blasting memory—but he has not the firmness or the constancy for that. There are the silent nights—and there is the silent boy.

He wanders to the Continent—back again—away again—into Germany, into Brittany—any where for rest; but the sources of content are not in him. In London again; but not to die there. It is in France, in the old shore-town of Boulogne, in the hearing of the fish-women of the quays, that he finds the last

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chamber he will sleep in. There he dies so calmly that the attendants believe he is sleeping.

Think of all this when you read the "Pleasures of Hope" again, and "Gertrude of Wyoming."

We have slipped away from France. What if we close up now the story of poor Léonie Chéreau, whom we left in prison two months ago, for her theft of the infant child of M. Hua? You remember our short detail of the circumstances, and how rare a seizure the affair had made upon the heart of Paris.

Well, the poor girl has had her trial, defended by one of the most eloquent pleaders at the Paris bar, M. Lachaud. The trial evolved the old story of a woman's love, and faith, and hope, and desertion. She had thought to win back the faithless lover by representing the stolen child as her own: the plot failed. The offense was proved upon her. When asked if she had any defense to make, she said only, "I ask pardon of the father and the mother," and burst into tears.

She was acquitted; and the extraordinary verdict of "Not Guilty" is approved by the outside public.

As for the cause—the mover in this ruin and crime—the renegade lover of the culprit—he stands pilloried just now, not by process of law, but by the verdict of an indignant people. It is grievous to think that such men may slip their name and their country, and so escape the odium that should keep pace with them, and freshen each day the brand of their ignominy.

Another culprit across the Channel, whose story we half told a month or two since—we speak of Dr. Smethurst—has found reprieve and a pardon at the hands of the Queen (by reason of insufficiency in the medical testimony upon which he was convicted, Sir Benjamin Brodie overruling Dr. Dodd), has been tried for bigamy, which was an admitted offense; and, singularly enough, has been sentenced to undergo the lightest penalty which the law allows.

We allude to the case again, as one which has interested to a very great degree the general public of England, and has specially excited the attention of the medical profession. The evidence of Dr. Dodd, one of the largest, if not the largest, general practitioner of London, went to confirm the allegation that the wife of Smethurst had died by poison. This opinion has been severely criticised, and is specially contradicted by that of Sir Benjamin Brodie. The case has its analogies with that of the Stephens poisoning in New York, though lacking the weight of scientific testimony, and demonstration almost, against the prisoner that belongs to the latter.

Whoever reads the British papers nowadays must be struck by the sad array of divorce cases which fill their columns. The granting of a divorce costs less now than before the change of law, and the number who avail themselves of the economy is something startling.

Only the other day there was the wife of an Honorable Mr. Rowley (we beg the lady's pardon if the name be wrong), who alleged grossest maltreatment within two months after marriage—such as confining her to her chamber for days together, cutting off her hair in a moment of anger, beating her, kicking her; in short, treating her with such indignity that the Court at once recognized the justice of her claim and granted a divorce.

The husband, it appears, was a military man, of *excellent* connections; and he presently brings charge of perjury against the witnesses in his wife's behalf—not, indeed, as regards the main charge of cruelty, but the particular allegations of kicking her and denying her money, etc. His associations and education as a gentleman would forbid the possibility of this (so his legal representative professes), whatever might be the truth of the general charge. It looks very much as if a weak woman had caught a Tartar with a title. However, she is free of him now.

Another rather piquant breach of promise case, having its locality in southern Wales, has amused us latterly, as bringing up what we thought almost an extinct character—the old Squire Western. Not so old, indeed, but promising to make a match for him in time. Will it be believed that a young Welshman, heir to ground-rents—in the manufacturing town of Merthyr Tydvil, in Glamorganshire—of ten thousand dollars a year, should neither know how to read nor to write? Yet this appears upon the trial we speak of; for the young Squire Western—who has a love for horses and hounds and whips—a gay buck, in short, who knows how to chuck pretty bar-maids under the chin, has become inveigled by a young and buxom widow; he woos her—wins her—tries to prevail upon her to consent to a private marriage; but the widow knows that the father, an odd old gentleman, has already cut off a daughter without a penny for marrying against his wish. So she prevails upon the lover to wait the old gentleman's death. It is a tedious waiting; and, in the interval, the young Squire has met a Welsh cousin who has driven out thought of the widow. Result is that the young Western, with a great fortune and a great crack of hunting-whips, breaks promise (that he never made in writing only because he could not write) to the plaintiff in the suit, and marries a pretty cousin, with whom he keeps alive the pleasures of the "Court" at Merthyr Tydvil. He begins his honeymoon, however, by paying to the aggrieved widow a thousand pounds.

It seems odd enough in these days that a man with ten thousand a year—living all his life within two hundred miles of London—should neither know how to read or write; and, what is infinitely worse, should not feel the shame of his ignorance, but go on cracking his whip to the death.

It is useless as yet to speak of Italian matters: they make a sad jumble. No great gain has to be chronicled for a month or for two months past. Things stand as they were, and will stand thus, probably, until the Congress meets. Piedmont calm and satisfied; Lombardy glowing with her new liberties; a little wishful that Milan might become seat of royalty, but yet determined to make it centre in science and in art (which is better); Tuscany firm yet, but feeling deeply the retirement of Garibaldi; Modena and Parma satisfied with the Governor-Generalship of Buoncompagni; the Romagnese doubtful and wavering, feeling, more than all the rest, that in Garibaldi they have lost a hero and a head; the great leader himself evidently annoyed by the reviving elements of old conservatism which interpose barriers between his army and a brilliant march down through Calabria, to the regeneration of the Neapolitan country. It is undoubted that this scheme has been in his thought, and he has dreamed nobler dreams for Italy than the Italians themselves. But the King Victor Emanuel has won him away, by entreaty, from an enterprise which threatened to call up all the outside kings into opposing array. And while we read of this, and think of this, and see full-hearted Garibaldi fling-

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ing down his sword and retiring to his country quietude, how revolting in contrast appears the vaporing and the fuming of Irish priestcraft and peasantcraft, making proffer of shillelahs and brogue to put down the new hopes of Romagna, and keep good the temporal tyranny of the Pope! We hope his Holiness may never have more valiant supporters than Irish ribbonmen. We cut from an Irish journal this exposition of feeling:

"The persevering attacks on the Pope, and the mingled praise and censure of Ireland, are dexterously intended to quell the expression of public opinion in favor of his Holiness. If that expression were strong, decided, and universal, the Pope might defy his enemies, and the policy of England would soon undergo a favorable change. Dublin should at once take up the matter, and give the tone to the provinces. Already some of our chief counties, including Cork, Tipperary, Waterford, Meath, Kilkenny, Limerick, and Kerry, are marshaling their forces. The capital, with its concentration and influence, should originate the movement, and in a great aggregate meeting—for great indeed it would be—kindle the flame of sympathy, which would soon spread into every parish and hamlet in Ireland. A memorial or remonstrance signed by a million of men—and every man of the million would sign such a memorial—would operate most efficaciously in favor of the Pontiff. He does not want armed battalions; he wants, what is much more practicable, and will not be refused—the sympathy, support, and signatures of the Catholics of Ireland."

And with the Irish journal under hand, let us see how Mr. Smith O'Brien talks of emigration to America. We quote from his lecture at Dublin:

"In reference to the question whether the Irish laborer or small farmer ought to emigrate to America, he was disposed to say to them that if they could live at home in decent comfort they ought to stay in the old land. Increase in wealth did not always compensate for the sacrifice of home associations. To many, what was called sentiment was dearer than wealth; and he (Mr. O'Brien) was not one of those who would cast ridicule upon attachment to old tradition, to old places, and to old connections. But if the circumstances of their position in Ireland were such as left them no alternative but to live there as slaves and beggars or else emigrate, he would say to them, 'Go forth, trusting in Providence, and earn for yourselves an independence in some other country where honorable toil meets a more secure reward than in Ireland.' Such countries were to be found even in connection with the British empire; and if one-third of those who had emigrated from Ireland to the United States within the last twenty years had gone to Australia instead, it would have become an Irish settlement. Or if they had gone to Canada, they would have given a numerical superiority to the Catholics of that colony. There was no doubt that the difference, not to say antagonism, in religion tended to render the life of an Irish emigrant in the United States less satisfactory than if he were in connection with those who worshiped at the same altar. Many Irish residents told him that during the 'Know Nothing' movement they would willingly have left the United States if they could have done so without sustaining heavy loss. Fortunately, that anti-Irish prejudice had abated. It was boldly opposed by some of the leading statesmen in the struggle of 1854; and he was informed that in no one State, except Massachusetts (?), was the 'Know Nothing' movement now producing any effect on legislation. Candor compelled him to admit that there was some provocation for the existence of the anti-Irish prejudice. In the famine years, when numbers of the Irish emigrated and landed in America, afflicted with disease and want, they were not repelled, but received with kindness and consideration. The native Americans considered, therefore, that they had reason to complain because the electoral influence of the Irish was afterward often brought to bear in such a way as to return to office men who were not deemed fit to administer the affairs of the Union."

This, as we said, from a lecture before an immense audience in Dublin; and in the course of which he also took occasion to give his views upon American slavery. He did not conceal his repugnance to the institution of Slavery—"a repugnance which would prevent him from settling down in a Slave State—yet he felt bound to say that he saw no instances of coercion. If he had not been previously informed that slavery existed in those States he should not have known of its existence by any act or circumstance which occurred to him in passing over a distance of 4000 miles. Domestic servants were treated with much more kindness there than in any other part of the world. It was said that in some instances slaves were badly treated by their masters. Cases were mentioned to him in which a considerable number of slaves were worked to death, being overworked and underfed; but such instances were rare. They were exceptions which called forth more indignation there than the wholesale ejectment of tenants excited among the people of Ireland. [Groans.] When it was considered that the value of a slave was 1000 to 2000 dollars, it stood to reason that it was the interest of the master not to do any thing which would diminish their value. The best evidence that could be adduced to show that the slaves were well treated in America was that the colored population was rapidly increasing. In this respect the slavery in America contrasted most favorably with that practiced in the British colonies, for in them, previous to their liberation, the slaves were fast declining in numbers. It was impossible for him to describe the enmity and bitterness of feeling created in the South by the anti-slavery population of the North. They look on the people of the Northern States as people who would not only ruin them, but as calumniators. It was argued by slaveowners that the position of the African was benefited when he was transferred from the brutal habits of savages to those of a civilized life in America. With that reasoning he did not agree. [Hear, hear.] He believed, on the contrary, that the freedom of savage life, in its worst forms, was preferable to slavery under its best aspects. [Hear, hear.] The reopening of the slave-trade at present would be most dangerous to the colored race at present in America, as it would reduce their value, and make their masters less careful of them; for they might remember that when slavery existed in Cuba it was found cheaper to work a man to death than to feed him and attend to his health. There were many politicians in the Southern States of the republic who had advocated a separation between the Northern and Southern States; but if these politicians carried out their wish, and should the slave-trade be renewed, their triumph would be short-lived. They would lose at once the prestige which belonged to them as sons of the greatest republic in the world, and they would lose the sympathy of the civilized world."

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Another notability, Sir Archibald Alison, has been recently addressing a great meeting of Glasgow people, called together to devise means for promoting the "volunteer movement:" a movement which, to use the words of the speaker, "is felt from the Land's End to the furthest extremity of Scotland."

We excerpt only a little paragraph relating specially to France and her Emperor:

"I have taken especial care in these remarks to say nothing in regard to that great Power, recently our ally—I hope it may never become our enemy—from which an attack is more immediately apprehended. I will always speak with respect of the French. I will always speak with respect of the Emperor of the French. [Applause, and some marks of disapproval.] I admire the talent and I know the ability of the French Emperor. ['Hear, hear!' and 'Oh! oh!'] Listen, gentlemen, to what I say. It is because I know the bravery of France, because I know the power of France, and because I know the spirit and the ability of the Emperor—it is just for this reason that I say the volunteer movement is indispensably called for by Great Britain. [Tremendous applause.] This is not a case of dispute—it is not a quarrel or temporary necessity. France and England have been old rivals. England was conquered by France 800 years ago in one battle fought on the coast of Sussex. It was conquered by a province of France, and that is a warning and a lesson to us at this time. Seventeen years of slavery and suffering followed the conquest of England by France; and what was the feeling aroused in England by that circumstance? It was a feeling of revenge against France; and a number of times we invaded France. For 120 years the English wars desolated France, and twice over the English army marched through the streets of Paris, and twice over the English cavalry marched from Calais to Bayonne. The nations of England and France, therefore, are old rivals. They are rivals of 800 years' standing, and being old rivals, we have been so often pitted against each other in the ring that it is no wonder they should like to avenge themselves for the last overthrow in the tournament."

This is the Historian and—Advocate.

Speech-making seems the order of the day in England; and the speakers are growing into a very un-British warmth of language latterly. Thus the Hon. Mr. Gladstone pays in this way two heroic compliments:

"Let us render to Dr. Livingstone the full tribute which is due to him. Dr. Livingstone is a Christian—Dr. Livingstone is a missionary—Dr. Livingstone is a great traveler; but Dr. Livingstone has also earned that great name which the admiration of all ages has consecrated—Dr. Livingstone is a hero. [Cheers.] Our great living poet, the great poet of this age—Alfred Tennyson—[Loud cheers]—in a work which has taken its place in the deathless literature of the world, I mean his last work, has carried us back to the period of heroic manners, of heroic deeds, of heroic characters; but if the power that he possesses could have gone beyond what it has effected, could have gone beyond the almost living representation of those characters, and could actually have evoked them from the tomb, there is not one among those who have been represented in song who, if thus raised from the dead and permitted to walk among us, would not be ready to recognize as a brother the great traveler Dr. Livingstone, and to acknowledge him among his worthiest companions."

In France we do not listen to speeches, but to plays—intellectual pyrotechnics take dramatic phase: thus we have just now the younger Dumas, whose "Prodigal Father" every body talks of. It is a success: five thousand dollars are paid for the right to print it; and the author's right, in the representation, may very possibly bring up his revenue from it to twenty thousand. This for a play you hear through in three hours' time is well. Indeed, the success of the young Dumas has been something almost miraculous. He does not win people over to favor, but compels their plaudits. He touches them electrically; there is that magnetism in his talk which is as sure to draw as water is to run down hill. Does he reach it by a certain accident of his nature, or is it the result of keenest penetration and determined labor? Off-hand observers say the former, and dismiss his claims with, "Lucky dog!"

But those who know him best call him a veteran worker; who for one ounce of exhilarative sauces which he sells his customer (the public) destroys tons in weight.

The "Prodigal Father" is keen, witty, rapid, dashing, full, and symmetrical; but its tone is French, and so is "*L'Amour*."

The only straightforward, practical, wife-honoring man in the piece is betrayed, and made a dolt of, and has the worst of a duel. The shrewdest, keenest, most resourceful, and, upon the whole, most successful woman of the piece, is a particularly flaring type of the *Demi-monde*. We see very much of her: Dumas gloats upon her meretricious beauty.

The prodigal father has a prodigal son, and both live in the same direction; nay, they both fall in love with the same woman; the son yields to the father; and the father again, out of gratitude, yields to the son. The story is nothing, the conduct of it every thing.

All the world goes to see it.

Poor Lamartine just now appears again in this scrap from a Journal of Maçon: "M. de Lamartine left yesterday for Paris. No purchaser having come forward for his estates, and the national subscription having only produced about 160,000 francs, to pay more than 2,500,000 francs of debts, M. de Lamartine was obliged to ask for time. He called all his creditors (more than 400) together at the Château of Monteeau, and proposed to give up to them his estates, the value of which exceeded his liabilities. He also stated that, notwithstanding the insufficiency of the national subscription, he had paid to his creditors, in eighteen months, out of the produce of his literary labors, a sum of 1,200,000 francs, and engaged to pay, in January and February next, a further sum of 800,000 francs; so that his debts would be reduced to 1,000,000 francs. He therefore solicited the indulgence of dividing his payments into three or four installments, hoping, he said, by labor and economy, to pay every one in full. However inconvenient it might be for several among the creditors to have their debts settled in these small payments, yet not one of them opposed the proposition."

The talk is of the coming Congress—of the China war, and of the British panic and its riflemen. The Tuileries wears the Imperial flag again: the salons of her majesty shine with new splendors; the western garden is to take on new shape, and, rumor says, lose its classic nudities for something more agreeable to Eugénie.

A saucy, witty picture by Nadard the caricaturist

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is spoken of. It had for a time public exposure, but its political leaning gave it banishment:

"It represented an Italian in the national costume, wearing on his right foot the boot which is frequently intended as the representation of Italy. The boot, in rather a dilapidated condition, is covered with large patches, on which are written, 'Peace of Villafranca,' 'Magenta.' 'Treaty of Zurich,' 'Congress,' etc. Behind the Italian, a Zouave, of whom the author has only given a back view, is cobbling away, in the midst of a lot of old shoes. Over his stall is written 'Undertakes all sorts of work connected with his own business and with those of other people.' On the right is a bust of Garibaldi in a pensive attitude. The horizon in the back-ground presents dark clouds, here and there rent with lightning. At the foot of the Italian is an enormous bomb on the point of exploding. But what is most difficult to describe is the uneasy and piteous mien of the poor Italian, the disconsolate air with which he rubs his ear and holds out his foot, encumbered rather than shod with his old patched boot, pronouncing the legend written below the picture: 'Shall I walk any the better for it?'"

Shall he indeed?

There is a world of hopeful ones waiting on that question; in Rome, in Paris, all over Italy; a growing feeling that a crisis has at length come in the affairs of Italy which may lead to a glorious inheritance of Liberty, or blast their hopes for a half century forward. Poor Venice, shuddering and quaking upon the edge of the Lagoon, watches every phase of the kingly and Papish diplomacy, with her heart in her eyes, but thus far taking no access of courage, but rather leaning to despair.

God help them!

Editor's Drawer.

THE second month of the new year is as the first, and more abundant in good things. A correspondent in Mississippi, from whom we hope to hear many a time and oft, sends us some admirable reminiscences of Henry Clay and other men of mark. There are thousands of men in our country who have personal recollections of distinguished statesmen that should be gathered into such a reservoir as this. Read these, and send us more:

"WHEN Mr. Clay visited Hopkinsville, Kentucky, the first year of the administration of John Quincy Adams, to defend himself against the charge of 'bargain, intrigue, and corruption,' he was called upon by his friends at a large and spacious saloon. Dr. H——, then of that place, and a great friend of Mr. Clay, was by his side, presenting him to his numerous friends as they came forward. Presently the Doctor saw the tall form of the eccentric Governor Pittsur enter the door of the saloon. Instantly he embraced the opportunity to point him out to Mr. C., and then whispered to him that that tall man at the door 'is Governor Pittsur, of Pond River, a most worthy friend of yours, whom you must know without an introduction; and you must be certain, before he leaves, to wish that he may never have another invasion of squirrels.' Thus posted, Mr. Clay stood his ground in the centre of the saloon, while the Governor, unconscious of the innocent trick, approached him by degrees, and saying, as he came, 'Don't introduce me to Mr. Clay; he will know me, and I shall know him; for great men know each other on sight.'

"The Governor looked every where but in the right place; asking, as he passed on, 'Where *is* the godlike man?' and saying, 'I shall know him on sight; for great men like *us* never fail to know each other. I beg of you, gentlemen, not to introduce us; *we* will know each other, though we have never seen each other. You say he is in this room; good—I shall find him!' and away he stalked toward the place where Mr. Clay stood. Presently he drew himself up to his loftiest height upon beholding Mr. Clay, and eyed him for some time in unutterable admiration. Mr. Clay stepped forward with his blandest smile and sweetest voice, and exclaimed, 'How are you, Governor Pittsur, of *Pond River*? I am rejoiced to see you.' 'Hear that!' said the Governor; 'didn't I tell you that he would know me, and that Pittsur would know him? Yes, yes! gentlemen, he is the greatest man that lives!' After cordially shaking hands, and telling a few of his happy jokes, Mr. Clay said, 'My dear Governor, I wish that you may live a thousand years, that health may abound throughout your wide domain, and that you may never have another invasion of squirrels.' 'Bless me!' said the Governor, 'did you hear that? How did he know that my people lost their entire crop of corn last year by squirrels? Bless my soul, he knows every thing! Wonderful! wonderful! I always told you he was the greatest man in the world—*didn't I, boys?*' And the Governor left in a state of perfect admiration of the great statesman.

"ANOTHER: A new test of great men.—It is known that Mr. Clay was remarkable for his recollection of faces. A curious incident of this wonderful power is told of his visit to Jackson, Mississippi, in the year 18—. On his way the cars stopped at Clinton for a few moments, when an eccentric but strong-minded old man made his way up to him, exclaiming, as he did so, 'Don't introduce me, for I want to see if Mr. Clay will know me!' 'Where did I know you?' said Mr. Clay. 'In Kentucky,' said the keen-sighted but one-eyed old man. Mr. Clay struck his long bony finger upon his forehead, as if in deep thought. 'Have you lost that eye since I saw you, or had you lost it before?' inquired Mr. Clay. 'Since,' said the man. 'Then turn the sound side of your face to me that I may get your profile.' Mr. C. paused for a moment, his thoughts running back many years. 'I have it!' said he. 'Did not you give me a verdict, as juror, at Frankfort, Kentucky, in the great case of the United States *vs.* Innis, twenty-one years ago?' 'I did, I did!' said the overjoyed old man. 'And is not your name,' said Mr. Clay, 'Hardwicke?' 'It is, it is!' said Dr. Hardwicke, bursting into tears. 'Didn't I tell you, said he, to his friends, 'that he would know me, though I have not seen him from that time to this? Great men never forget faces.'

"STILL another, with the same test: The next year after Mr. Clay's visit to Jackson, Mississippi, Richard M. Johnson, Ex-Vice-President of the United States, paid a visit likewise to Jackson. The same Dr. Hardwicke spoken of in the anecdote of Mr. Clay was urged to apply the same test upon the Ex-Vice-President that he had tried upon Mr. Clay. The Doctor said, 'Oh, pish! he won't know me; though I was intimately acquainted with him, while I never was with Mr. Clay. I used to make barbacues for him at Boswell's cross-roads, in Harrison County, Kentucky, many and many a time; but I have no idea *he* will know me. Though great men

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never forget faces, yet he is not a great man to hurt. But I will go up and try him.' So saying, he marched up to Colonel Johnson. 'Sir,' said he, 'I wish you to tell me if you know me.' 'Where did I know you?' said the Colonel. 'In Kentucky,' said Hardwicke. 'Whereabout in Kentucky?' said the Colonel. 'In Harrison County,' said Hardwicke. 'Well, my dear friend, I have known so many people from that county that it is impossible for me to know you,' said the Colonel. 'I am an old acquaintance,' said Hardwicke; 'and you *ought* to know me.' 'I don't think I ever saw you before,' said the Colonel, 'though I am distressed to acknowledge it.' 'That'll do,' said Hardwicke, turning to his friends. 'I always told you that I didn't think Colonel Johnson a very great man,' almost loud enough for the Colonel to hear. Dr. Hardwicke refused to the last to let the kind-hearted old Colonel know his name. Both were mortified at the result, though Hardwicke proved his point.

"Hon. Anderson Hutchinson, of the State of Mississippi, was a profound lawyer, and took great delight in the investigation of all new questions, whether in law or politics. About the time when the Oregon question sprung up, in Mr. Polk's administration, and the threat of '54.40 or fight' was thundered over the land, a meeting of the people was called at Jackson, in the Hall of Representatives, to hear the subject discussed. Judge Hutchinson took the floor, and argued our right, under the Spanish title, to Oregon, most elaborately, for three-fourths of an hour or more. He then commenced upon our right as derived from an American ship, *Columbia*, commanded by Captain Gray, and was proceeding with his proof, greatly to the enlightenment of the large audience assembled, when some one thundered out, 'Oh, hang it, Judge, tell us about the Spanish title!' This was too much for the gravity of the house, and effectually killed the Judge's speech."

A MISTAKE.

Squire Bob, attacked by pleurisy,
  Was saved, in spite of his physician;
Who pledged his known veracity
  That Bob must leave his earthly mission.
The danger passed, and to his bed
  The bachelor called his faithful groom,
To learn how many tears were shed
  By sincere friends about his doom.
He heard the mortifying truth
  That none approached the patient's door,
With the exception of a youth
  In black, who wept his eyes quite sore;
Came every morning to inquire
  How far the patient had progressed.
"Oh!" cried with tears of joy the Squire,
  "Show me the friend with whom I'm blessed!
I will be grateful, will for him
  Invoke the blessings of my Maker!"
His groom replied, "He," looking grim,
  "Was said to be—*the Undertaker!*"

"A scene occurred at our dépôt," writes a Missouri friend, "the other day which, for cool impudence, I have seldom seen paralleled. I was standing there on the arrival of the St. Louis packet, when a gentleman came up and addressed a man standing close by me, and evidently a stranger to him, with the common Western question,

"'Do you use tobacco?'

"'Yes, Sir,' he graciously replied, and producing a plug of the hugest dimensions, he handed it to the applicant, who, taking out his knife, cut off about one-fifth of it, with the observation,

"'There's tobacco enough for any man, ain't there?'

"'Well, I should think there was,' was the indignant reply.

"'Very well, you take it, then,' he coolly observed, and handing him the small piece, he put the plug in his pocket and walked away."

"There used to be a worthless drunken fellow named Dick," writes the same correspondent, "who wandered about the small village of Moon, a nuisance to every one, but he was pitied and borne with on account of his good-humor and cool impudence. He chanced in at the house of Deacon Derby one cold wintry morning just as the family had sat down to breakfast. The Deacon purposely abstained from asking him to the table, and he stood warming himself at the fire-place for some time without any one saying a word to him, looking very longingly at the table, in the mean while. At last the old Deacon looked up and said,

"'It's pretty cold out doors, ain't it, Dick?'

"'Thank you,' briskly replied Dick; 'I don't care if I do!' and drawing a chair to the table, he made a breakfast with a great deal of gusto and a great deal of *dis*-gusto on the part of the Deacon."

A short time ago, our worthy Vice-President, Major Breckinridge, and General Leslie Coombs chanced to meet at the store of Mr. H——, in Lexington. The conversation naturally turned upon politics, when the Major remarked that "no man living had, for his party, done *more* and received *less* than the General."

"That is so," replied the old wag; "and, Major, no man has done *less* and received *more* from his party than you."

A roar of laughter followed, in which the Major joined heartily.

Our friend Grimes, a member of the bar in Eastern Virginia, has very little hair on his head, and is forced to conceal this mark of age by a wig. One day he had important business to transact some distance from home, which detained him so late that he was obliged to pass the night at a friend's house. After making himself very agreeable to the ladies during the evening, he was shown to his chamber by a stupid negro boy. Grimes dismissed the boy before uncovering his head, and was soon in the enjoyment of a sound sleep. Awaking at an early hour, he concluded it was too soon to get up, and turned over again—fell into a sound sleep, from which he was startled by the boy entering the room. Conscious of having overslept himself, he sprang up in bed and asked, "How long before breakfast?"

The boy, without noticing the question, apostrophized, "High! I didn't know two white folks staid here last night: where's that man 's got his hair on?"

From the city of Biggsville, in Illinois, a new contributor thus addresses us:

"*To the man who keeps the key of the Drawer in Harper's Magazine:* Having for a number of years enjoyed immensely the numerous and varied good things brought forth from your Drawer, during which time I have increased in weight from one hundred and forty to two hundred pounds, I esteem it but a reasonable service to contribute a 'little something' to the common fund of fun.

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"The following, though upward of twenty-five years old, has never, I believe, come to the eye of the public through the columns of the newspaper or magazine, and it has the merit of being strictly true:

"Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, an Irishman, William Patterson, left Erin's green isle to find a home in America. Having friends in the region of Fair Haven, Ohio, he made his way thither. Taking dinner one day at the house of Dr. P——, he was treated to the American dish, wholly new to him, of green corn in the ear. Unwilling, however, to be thought *green* himself, or being anxious to display unusual sagacity, after having eagerly devoured the savory corn, his appetite still unap-*peas*-ed, he passed up the despoiled cob with the very natural request,

"'Plase put some more *pase* on my *stick!*'"

"I send you also the following copy of a 'Notis,' to show how well we spell and write in this Western country:

"'Stray Notis Augest the 25 1859 taken up too Bay mares the aperence of Being worked eighte and ten years old one having white one the leges from about the pasters down the other no particler marks a dark bay

"'JOHN RUNKLE'"

HERE is a *verbatim et "spellatim"* copy of a note sent to the Register of Deeds in a county in the State of Wisconsin:

"mr canon pleas I wont u too giv thee Barer tht morgig william Eiklor."

THE following, from a member of the Western bar, is designed to show how they suffer from the combined miseries of an elective judiciary and the payment of the officers thereof by the fees which they make:

"We have a court in this county called the 'Law Commissioners;' it is a court of Record, the judge appointing his own clerk and receiving certain fees prescribed by statute. Of course the larger business done the more fees made. Among other powers exercised by this court is that of naturalizing foreigners. The Judge is in the habit of stopping the trial of causes, and indeed any other business of the court, in order to make citizens, and thereby earn a fee. A short time since, while one of our lawyers was arguing a cause, he was stopped by the Judge, who wished to grant the final paper of naturalization. The counsel immediately addressed the Court as follows:

"'Judge, you will only make a dollar by naturalizing that man, and I will give you a dollar and a quarter if you postpone him and listen to me.'

"Whereupon the Judge smiled very amiably and did as he was desired."

WRITES now a Georgian:

"A young man came from South Carolina and placed himself under the tuition of Judge J——, of Marietta, Georgia, expecting to be admitted in a few months to all the rights and privileges of a full-fledged attorney-at-law. Occasionally he would call on his neighbor who occupied the adjoining office, and expatiate freely upon his progress in 'Blackstone' and his expectations at the approaching examination. Upon one of these occasions his friend proposed that he should examine him a little (though no lawyer), by asking a few questions which might suggest themselves to his mind in looking over the book he was then reading. Accordingly his friend took the book, and turning back a few pages, asked the young man,

"'Can you tell what is an oath of allegiance?'

"'An oath of allegiance?' said he, 'yes, I reckon'—running his fingers through his hair, and trying to look very wise—'an oath of *allcg*iance is—when a man takes an oath and swears that what he *alleges* is true!'

"'His friend did not proceed any further with the examination, but advised the would-be lawyer to drop Blackstone and take up Webster a while.'

"IN the Hard Cider Campaign of 1840, Mr. Answer, a State Senator, presided over our club. He is a great speech-maker, but sadly addicted to murdering the King's English. On one occasion, at the close of the meeting of the club, he arose and announced that 'the regular *monthly* meetings would hereafter be held *every fortnight;*' and then gave notice to the audience that the exercises of the evening would 'close with singing by the *corpse!*'

"On one occasion a cold supper or collation was given by the trustees of our village to the firemen, and he was requested to invite certain citizens. The invitation ran thus: 'You are invited to *join* in a *cold coalition* at —— Place, on Thursday evening next.'"

NED ERWIN was a happy, care-for-nothing Irishman—the raw material, with Western steamboat polish. He was one of the most popular officers that ever run the Bigbee River. While first mate of one of our "crack" boats, Ned was on watch on the boiler-deck one cold, dark night, keeping a sharp eye to larboard and starboard, to prevent accident. A large canvas was spread round the front guards of the boat to shield the pilot-house from the blinding light of the furnace. After a long and tedious eventless watch Ned seated himself upon the capstan, his face fronting forward, his back to the furnace; where, shielded from the cold wind by the canvas, he soon fell asleep. "*The boys*" saw how things were, and, "jist for the divelment of it," resolved to give Ned a practical lesson on the impropriety of sleeping at his post. They very quietly raised the canvas, turned the capstan until they brought Ned full fronting the furnace, and then accidentally roused him up. Ned stared, started, and, jumping to his feet, shouted at the top of his voice, "*Stop her! Back her! Here's a boat into us in half a second!*" The laugh which greeted this speech, and apprised Ned of the *sell*, was but one of a thousand which the incident has caused.

"WESTERN NEW YORK ministers have strange experiences sometimes in the 'collection' of their salaries; in proof of which allow me to send to the Drawer one of my own, occurring not a very long time since.

"A 'trustee' waited on me with the very agreeable information that he'd 'been a collectin' latterly.' As the sum due was equivalent to a quarter's salary, I was 'very glad.' He hemmed and hawed, stuck his tongue out with a leisurely rolling from the right to the left, and the left to the right, and then bolted with 'He hadn't *got* much.'

"Hardly anticipating what was coming, I was, however, 'very sorry.'

"'Well,' said he, 'they're goin' to pay up afore long; but I only got *a dollar* out on 'em *this* time,' handing me four silver 'quarters.' A *quarter's* sal-

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ary with a vengeance! thought I; but the end was not yet.

"'Got that out of an *infidel*,' he continued. 'He wa'n't a goin' to give nothing, but I told him he might have a *funeral* in his family before the year was out, and this young minister would officiate. He said he hadn't thought of that; and he'd give a dollar toward it.'

"Beat that, my dear Drawer, if you can. It is fact, not fiction."

A KENTUCKY JUDGE goes to see an elephant, and sees one. A correspondent writes the story:

"During a session of the Circuit Court at ——, Kentucky, Judge M—— presiding, an important case, involving much money and interest, was called for trial. An eminent attorney conducting the defense in the case was not ready for trial; and, having no legal excuse for delay, suggested to the Court that his client and witnesses had gone to see an elephant swim the river. The Judge remarked that he knew a large circus company was to perform in town that day, and asked if they intended to make their elephant swim the river? Having received an affirmative answer, the Judge said he did not blame witnesses for leaving court to see a sight of such interest; and that he did not intend to let the opportunity slip to see it himself. Whereupon he ordered the Sheriff to adjourn court until the next morning, in order that every person might see the elephant swim the river. The attorney, in the mean time, applied himself to hunting up his witnesses, and next morning appeared ready for trial. The Judge waited upon the river-bank for hours, smoking his pipe, but no crowd collected and no elephant appeared!"

AT a term of the Circuit Court held for Grant County, at Williamstown, Kentucky, Judge M—— presiding, the case of a young man who had been indicted for grand larceny was called for trial. The attorney and witnesses for the Commonwealth were ready, and the prisoner was ordered to be brought into court. As soon as the prisoner entered the room the Judge fixed his eyes upon him, and regarded him for some time very intently, then turned to the crowded throng and addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, I do not believe that any man who dresses so decently, and looks as handsomely as this man does, could ever be guilty of stealing. He looks like an honest man; and, notwithstanding this 'indictment,' I believe he is one. All of you who are in favor of his going quits hold up your hands!"

The hands having been shown, the Judge turned to the prisoner, and remarked, "There, go now; you are unanimously discharged!"

ALL of us have heard of the practical sense—or, rather, the want of it—of the kind-hearted old bachelor who, for the ingress and egress of two favorite cats, hit upon the happy expedient of making *two* holes through his door; his benevolent optics not perceiving that *one* would have served the convenience of his feline pets just as well. But jokes of this nature are, in the general, so difficult to trace to authentic parentage or habitation, that we have doubted whether poor human nature is justly chargeable with such absurdities. But a few years ago, while traveling down in the lower part of Virginia, we fell upon the exact parallel of the story of the cats. As this story is unquestionably true, we conclude the other is also, notwithstanding its "soft impeachment" of human wit. At the time of which we speak there was living in one of the southern counties Colonel Jack — Perhaps we had better not mention the name. The Colonel was an excellent man in all moral and social relations—though, withal, a little eccentric. As his patrimonial acres were in great part unfenced, these constituted "the range" into which his milch cows were turned out daily for pasturage. But "the boy" whose duty it was to drive up the cows at night often had difficulties in finding them, in consequence of their straying so far away; and, to remedy the difficulty, the Colonel conceived a happy expedient, that all cow-boys hereafter will do well to adopt. So the next court-day he posted off "to town," and on his return brought two bells—a large and a small one—which he attached to the neck of one of the cows. His neighbors asking him why he had put *two* bells on the cow, he replied, with infinite *naïveté*, that "the large bell was to be *heard when the cows were a long way from home, and the small one when near!*"

"WE had had a nameless animal of pungent odor infesting our barn and shed for a long time in the fall of 1858. We had two shots in the dark at him, which led him to abandon these quarters and seek others at the end of our avenue and on the Brighton Road. The atmosphere there, however, did not improve on his advent into the place.

"It was just prior to the election, and a political banner was swinging high in air directly at the end of the avenue and across the Brighton Road. The little one, in company with her aunt, was passing under the flag on their way home. Turning up to the flag, with two or three preliminary sniffs and in solemn seriousness, said she: 'Hattie' (another sniff), '*Hattie, how that flag smells!*'

"I have heard many curious things from that child since, but nothing that opened our eyes quite so much as the following, that occurred, *verbatim*, not a week ago. It was early in the evening; her father had just put her to bed, and the dialogue ran thus precisely:

"'Now you must say your prayers, Annie.'

"'Why?'

"'Little girls must always say their prayers.'

"'I ain't going to. I don't love God!'

"'Don't love God! Why, Annie! when He does so much for you!'

"'Why, what does He do?'

"'He gives you every thing. You couldn't live without Him.'

"'Well, I don't care. *I can't be fussin' and prayin' every night!*'"

How many grown-up children *feel* so, if they don't say so.

"EVERY body around Chicago is familiar with the Recorder's Court of said city and its excellent Judge, Bob Wilson, who is of large dimensions and plain-spoken, sticking to justice more than technicalities of the law; and also with Phil Hoyne, its clerk for five years. Being in Phil's office one day, a son of the Emerald Island (who had been indicted for perjury for swearing in his vote on election day) came in, and wanted a lawyer to defend him, when Phil pointed him to a Mr. M—— (who happened to be in the clerk's office at the time), when the following took place (in pure Celtic):

"DEFENDANT. 'Mr. M——, will you attend to a small claim the boys have got agin me?'

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"M——. 'Is it before a Justice of the Peace or one of the high Courts?'

"DEFENDANT. 'High *Coort!* It is before the *fat Joodge* who sat up stairs beyant. I believe they call it Phil Hoyne's Coort.'

"M——. 'Yes, I'll attend to it. How much is the amount of the claim?'

"DEFENDANT. 'Divil a bit do I know about the amount.'

"M——. 'Well, if you can not tell what the claim is, how can I attend to it?'

"DEFENDANT. 'Well, Sur, I believe they call it *Parjury!*'

"The counsel did not think the claim so trifling which would subject a man to the penitentiary for ten years; but agreed nevertheless to attend to it."

"IN reading the precocious sayings of little ones at home, the thought occurred to me whether the children of former days could compare in point of intellect with those of the present, when I remembered an anecdote of my father, now an old gentleman of seventy. When he was three years old he was allowed one day to play out on the large flat stone in front of the door. Pretty soon his voice was heard calling to his sister Sally: 'Oh, Lally, Lally! there is something out here as round as the moon, with laller (yellow) spots on it, swallows its head, and looks like the very old dragon.' His sister stepped to the door to see this wonderful animal, and of course found a turtle."

"I SEND you an incident which happened some years ago in the Federal Court at Jackson, Mississippi. Here it is:

"Judge T—— was celebrated for his dry and caustic humor. He was the softest talking man in the world, and the meekest in appearance; but he had the courage and the voice of a lion.

"On the trial of a case before Judges M'K—— and G——, Judge T—— was the plaintiff's counsel. The suit was brought on a note for $1000, to which an offset of $300 for the value of a horse was pleaded. The jury allowed the offset. When the verdict was read, Judge T—— arose, and in his fullest, softest manner, addressed the Court as follows:

"'May it please your Honors, I gave the plaintiff a receipt for a note of one thousand dollars, and he expected me to obtain a judgment for that amount and the interest, and I apprehend that when my client comes to settle with me I may have difficulty with him.'

"JUDGE M'K——. 'The verdict will protect you from liability.'

"T——. 'But, if your Honors please, the plaintiff said nothing to me about a horse being in this case; and as he is a very honest though strict man, he must have forgotten about the horse—or there may be some mistake about it. I wish something to appear on the record to show how it happened that a verdict could be rendered for a less amount than the demand of the plaintiff.'

"JUDGE. 'The Court can see no farther action which it can take in the premises, but allows counsel to make any suggestion which may occur to him.'

"T——. 'I humbly and sincerely thank your Honor, and will suggest that Mr. George W. M——, the clerk of this court, is very skillful in the use of his pen and pencil, and eminently skillful in drawing the pictures of horses and other animals; and I request the Court to direct said M—— to draw the picture of a horse, as near like the one described by the witnesses as he can, and attach the same to the declaration in this suit, where it will stand as a perpetual memorial of this transaction, and will remind the plaintiff of that part of it which he seems to have overlooked or forgotten.'"

A WESTERN correspondent, always welcome, sends us the following capital anecdote of Arkansas political life:

"About a dozen years ago Governor Y—— and Judge W—— were candidates for Congress in this district. They were both far-sighted, shrewd politicians—the Judge the better lawyer and debater; the Governor by far the more winning in his manners, as the sequel will fully establish. One hot day in July, while they were traveling together on the canvass, they came upon a party of twenty men or more, assembled on the road-side for the purpose of having a shooting-match. Thinking it a good time and place for presenting their respective claims, the Governor proposed stopping. They halted; and the Governor soon made himself at home. He bought a number of chances in the 'match,' and, being a good marksman, succeeded well, winning quite a quantity of beef, which constituted the prize. The Judge had conscientious scruples as to shooting-matches, and did not participate, but stood by, conversing with the more sober of the crowd, while his friend, the Governor, was in high glee with his companions over their beef. When the beef was given out to the successful shooters, our Governor ordered his to be divided among some poor widows who, he ascertained, lived in the vicinity, and then asked the b'hoys if they were not 'dry?' Of course they were, and the Governor generously ordered a plentiful supply of the 'Oh, be joyful!' Here again the Judge had scruples, and did not participate; but had it been otherwise it would have availed nothing. The Governor was decidedly *the* man at the shooting-match, while the Judge felt himself emphatically in the vocative. Leaving their friends, they proceeded on their way some twelve or fifteen miles, and halted at a camp-ground where the annual camp-meeting was being held. They separated in the crowd, each electioneering with all his might with old and young, friends and strangers—making hay while the sun shone—for there was indeed a fine opening. Toward night the Judge began to look round for his distinguished opponent, but could find him nowhere. He waited patiently till evening services began, and concluded he would go out to the large shed where the people had assembled for meeting, thinking perhaps he might meet his friend. On going out, what was his astonishment to find the gallant Governor, the hero of the shooting-match, in front of the altar, surrounded by ministers and class-leaders, with a hymn-book in his hand, head thrown back, singing, as loud as his lungs would permit,

"'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.'

"'From that moment,' said the Judge, 'I gave up all hopes. I tell you—*I tell you, Sir*—a man that's good for a camp-meeting and shooting-match can't be beat for Congress: it can't be done, Sir!' And so it proved."

A SOUTH CAROLINA reader says:

"The Hard-Shell Baptists have been the Drawer handle long enough. I submit a 'necdote to show you that the fools are not all Baptists:

"The Rev. A. Jones, of the Presbyterian Church, county of Buncombe, State of North *Kerlina*, had

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been licensed, in the infancy of that presbytery, by the help of family influence, borrowed exercises, and good luck. Being unable to write or preach a sermon, he adopted the plan of reading a whole chapter and interlarding it with such running commentaries and reflections as suggested themselves to his mind.

"On the occasion which forms the date of my story his lesson was the eleventh chapter of Mark, narrating the entry of Christ into Jerusalem riding upon a colt. Reads:

"'And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and he sat upon him.

"'And many spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them in the way.'

"Remarks: 'That's the way of the world, brethren. Persecution! persecution!! Trying to make his critter throw him!'"

A SOUTHERN contributor writes:

"Numerous and humorous illustrations of the profundity of country justices have appeared in your Drawer, not many of them, however, excelling those told of Squire B——, who hails from here, and which anecdotes have the decided merit of being true.

"Squire B—— is a diminutive specimen of the *genus homo*, being five feet in his boots, with face like a speckled trout, ornamented with two sunken gray eyes, the latter separated by a shocking large nose, which an Irishman remarked 'was big enough for the two-of-him,' and has, by his many novel decisions in utter variance with what is generally believed to be law, acquired the *sobriquet* of 'Chief-Justice.' The following anecdote is well vouched for:

"On one occasion he issued a warrant for debt against one of our townsmen, who responded to it in the usual manner by naming an hour on the second day following (the return day of the warrant), when he would be prepared for trial. At the appointed time he attended with his witnesses, who were ready to prove the full payment of the debt, and this colloquy ensued:

"DEFENDANT (*confidently*). 'I'm ready to try that case now, Squire.'

"SQUIRE B—— (*embarrassed*). 'Why, I decided that case agin yer day afore yesterday!'

"DEFENDANT (*astonished and indignant*). 'What! Why, Squire, I paid that money long ago, and here are two witnesses to prove it. What right had you to decide the case before the day of trial?'

"SQUIRE B—— (*suavely, but conclusively*). 'Look-a-here, Bill, it don't make no difference; I was bound to give it agin yer, *anyhow!*'

"This settled it. Bill stormed, but the amount being but five dollars the case was not appealable, and he was obliged to pay the debt a second time.

"On another trial before Squire B——, the plaintiff insisted upon twenty-four dollars as the amount due him, which the defendant denied, but acknowledged that he owed the plaintiff eighteen dollars. After a few moments' profound reflection the Squire announced his intention of *non-pros*-ing, or dismissing the plaintiff's case. To this the defendant himself interposed an objection, saying that he actually was indebted to the plaintiff to the amount of eighteen dollars, and was perfectly willing that judgment should be given for that amount. But Squire B—— was not to be instructed in his business—he knew what he was about, and with his usual dignity, impressively waved the defendant into silence, and concluded the discussion and the case at the same time, with 'Well, I *non-pros* the case *anyhow!*'

"Both plaintiff and defendant stood aghast at this *bizarre* disposal of the matter, but the plaintiff recovering from the state into which the extraordinary decision had thrown him, appealed to the County Court. At its next term, the Court desiring to know who had rendered such a decision, reversed it, and gave judgment for the full amount of twenty-four dollars. The Squire was nettled at this occurrence, but soon recovered his usual equanimity, and coolly remarked,

"'Well, Joe (the plaintiff) always said I was a fool; he'll think so now, sure enough.'"

THE name of Rev. Peter Cartwright, the renowned Methodist preacher, is so well known in the West and Southwest, as to scarcely demand explanation as to who he was, or is—for I believe he is still living. In the year 1824 he was regarded as a most remarkable preacher, for he was then in his prime. He was a thick, heavy-set man, with a profusion of dark curly hair hanging on his broad shoulders. His forehead was square and massive, his eyes black and fiery, while his complexion was dark or bronzed. The set of his jaws were of the bull-dog cast, while his character for fighting or willingness to fight was as good as his character for zeal and piety, and none was better for these qualifications. His dress was the plainest of the plain, being neither more nor less than unbleached, homemade flax, large and loose, but always shad-bellied. Of course such a man was the observed of all observers, and drew crowds to hear him at camp meetings. His voice suited the open woods, and his primitive style of preaching fitted him for the eleven o'clock sermon on the Sabbath. An occurrence took place at the camp meeting at Watkins, of that year, not far from the Kentucky line, in the State of Tennessee, that deserves recording as characteristic of the man and the times.

"A report, about half past three o'clock in the afternoon, that a notorious desperado had brought a large jug of whisky to the outskirts of the encampment, and that he was retailing it to the disorderly crowd around him, came to the ears of Mr. Cartwright, with the assurance that he had defied the peace-officers on the ground, and that he had sworn death to any man who would interfere with him. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Cartwright started to the scene of disorder, and in defiance of threats marched boldly up to the offender, and with the power of Goliah hurled him to the ground, and there held him until he delivered him into the hands of a proper officer. He then took the jug of whisky with him in triumph to the camp, and under the influence of the feelings of the moment took the stand and placed the jug on the bar in front of him, where it was seen of all. He then commenced a sort of half comic, half serious account of his battle with King Alcohol, in which he minutely related all that had taken place, while he strutted from side to side of the pulpit, the undisputed conqueror of the day. And truly did he look the conqueror; for there was the flashing eye, the dilated nostril, and the swelling notes of victory. At length his countenance changed, and he turned to the King in the stone jug and regularly indicted him for his unnumbered crimes. In some of his apostrophes he was most eloquent and sublime while depicting the woes and the sorrows of his demoniac career on earth. He shook his huge fist at the King, and declared that, come weal, come woe, he would fight against him to the death. Never was there a more unsparing trial, and at the end of it he pronounced the verdict, and in the presence

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of the vast crowd which had been held spell-bound for an hour by his awful denunciations of King Alcohol, he seized the jug and walked rapidly to the side of the pulpit and poured its contents upon the ground.

"Never was a better temperance sermon preached from that day to this, and never was there more bold, original, soul-stirring eloquence uttered in the same space of time. His thundering words, 'Die the death of the traitor!' are still sounding in my ears."

"HERE is a good story of Judge B——, late one of the Justices of the Eighth District of this State—an amiable man and excellent Judge, who hated a mean action. It seems to me well worthy to be preserved in your Drawer, and not the less so because it is true:*

"The Judge was trying at the Genesee Circuit an action in which one of the parties happened to be a namesake of his. During the trial, the party having an opportunity, and thinking probably to gain some advantage by it, approached the Judge and said: 'We are of the same name, Judge. I've been making inquiries, and find we are some relation to each other.'

"'Ah!' said the Judge, 'is that so? Are you sure of it?'

"'Oh, yes,' said he; 'no doubt of it.'

"'Well,' said the Judge, 'I am very glad to hear that—*very glad indeed*. I shall get rid of trying your action. I shall dismiss it, because I can't sit in a suit where I am related to one of the parties!'

"This was a little more than the party had bargained for, and he began at once to paddle off. After a few inquiries as to the Judge's ancestry, and their residence, etc., 'I think, Judge,' said he, 'I was mistaken. We are of quite different families, and not at all related.'

"'Ah!' says the Judge, 'is that so?'

"'Oh yes,' says he; 'there is no mistake about it.'

"'Well,' said the Judge, in a very emphatic tone, '*I'm glad to learn that—very glad. I should hate awfully to be related to a man mean enough to attempt to influence a Court as you have!*'

"The would-be relative retired."

A MASSACHUSETTS correspondent sends us a sheet full of clerical anecdotes:

"Parson Adams was for thirty-seven years the minister of Lunenburg, and was a divine of high character and influence both with laymen and his brother clergymen. He was held in great veneration and fear, particularly by the younger members of the community, who looked upon him as being something more than an ordinary mortal.

"He was riding out one day on horseback, as was his custom, when he saw a boy jump over a stone-wall and hide behind it. Riding up to the spot, he called to the boy, and asked him why he did so.

"'Please, Sir,' said the boy, 'I was afraid of you.'

"'Afraid of me! Why, I'm nothing but a man.'

"'Ain't you?' said the boy; '*I thought you was the devil!*'

"THE Rev. Mr. Whitney, of Shirley, exchanged with Mr. Adams one bitter cold day. Mr. W. told Mr. A. that the window behind the pulpit was broken, and the cushion on the desk had a hole in front, through which the feathers escaped; but he did not wish any thing said about it, as his society was very poor. To this Mr. A. consented; but he took a bag of rags with him, and before the service, and in full view of the congregation, he stuffed them into the apertures of the broken window. He took care, before the sermon, to push the feathers toward the hole in the cushion, and during the sermon, in enforcing some particular point, he brought the big Bible down on it with such an emphasis that it scattered the feathers in a shower on the heads of the deacons beneath.

"'*I declare*,' said Mr. Adams, '*how these feathers do fly about!*'

"Mr. Whitney found both window and cushion nicely repaired on the next Sunday.

"AT an Ecclesiastical Council the Rev. Mr. H——, of S——, a man of small intellectual attainments, was present. The Council dined together, the principal dish being what was then called 'calf's head and pluck.' Rev. Mr. H—— remarked that every part, when eaten, strengthened a corresponding part.

"'If that is the case,' said Mr. Adams, '*do give Brother H—— a large plateful of the brains!*'

"MR. ADAMS went, at one time, to Milford to preach, and stopped at the house of a Miss M——, a friend of his. The day was cold, and when he arrived at night he was cold and tired; so he proposed to have prayers at once, and then after supper he could retire. The supper was to consist of—what he was very fond of—Indian cakes, which were baking on platters set up in front of the fire.

"The family were called together, Mr. Adams's seat being directly opposite the kitchen door and fire. The services commenced, but Mr. Adams soon perceived that one of the cakes had fallen down, and was burning. Stopping in his prayer, he said to the lady: 'Miss M——, we are told to watch as well as pray, and I see that one of the cakes is burning. I will thank you to see to it.' Which being done, he resumed his prayer.

"THE wife of a parishioner had died. The day of the funeral was a bright and beautiful one in the autumn, and a large company had assembled at the house. In the pause and stillness before the services commenced, the bereaved husband felt himself called upon to say something to his minister; so crossing the room, he said to him, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all present,

"'Ah! good-afternoon, Sir! *We have got a fine day for our business!*'

"SOME years ago there was a man in New Orleans who on week-days was a cotton-broker—on Sundays he was a preacher. There had been a week of unusual excitement in the cotton market, and on the following Sunday our friend commenced the services with a hymn, which he announced as follows: 'We will sing to the praise of the Lord the 427th hymn—*long staple!*'"

"WE have a little girl who, when between two and three years old, perpetrated the following small speeches:

"One day a water-melon was brought on the table, and the children began to guess whether it was ripe or green. Etta said, 'I bet it's green.'

"When cut it was found to be very ripe.

"'Now, Etta,' we said, 'you said it was green.'

* This insinuation that the Drawer's stories are not all true is indignantly repelled by the editor thereof.

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"'Well,' she answered, 'so it is green—*on the outside!*'

"Another time she was going round the room saying whom she thought pretty. One person she omitted.

"'Why, Etta,' said the slighted one, 'don't you think me pretty?'

"'I think you are *pretty ugly!*'"

A LOUISVILLE correspondent sends a new anecdote of Judge Bibb:

"The Judge was one day asking about one of his sons and the son's children. 'His youngest,' said his informant, 'is named for you and for one of the Biblical characters, George Nehemiah.'

"'That's right,' said the Judge; 'the *law* and the *prophets* should always go together.'"

JUDGE M——, late of Mississippi, who has been noticed in the Drawer heretofore as a gentleman remarkable for a proclivity to exaggerate and tell hard stories, on one occasion was seated in front of the principal hotel in Clinton, amusing a group of gentlemen with his *peculiar* narratives, when he delivered himself as follows:

"Gentlemen, in East Tennessee, where I was raised, I knew a man who had the most astonishing strength in his jaws and teeth of any man that ever lived. I saw him once, standing on the sunny side of a barn, with his old wool hat under his arms, filled with black walnuts, and he just put them in his mouth and cracked them as easily as one of you could crack a chestnut."

The auditors exchanged looks of incredulity. A quizzical and facetious blade, known as Kentuck Shackelford, was present, and heard the Judge's story, and remarked:

"No doubt, Judge, of the truth of all you have said. Some men *are* remarkably strong! Now in North Carolina, where I lived, one of my neighbors was noted for the extraordinary muscular strength in his arm. I remember to have seen him take a hard pine knot, place it in the hollow of his arm at the elbow, and, by suddenly bringing his fore arm upward, he split the knot into splinters and pressed out all the turpentine in a stream."

The narrative of Kentuck was received with peals of laughter. Judge M—— became indignant, and, springing to his feet with clenched fist and flaming eyes, exclaimed:

"*Kentuck!* THAT'S *an enormous lie!*"

SHORTLY after the invention of repeating rifles, a company of surveyors in Texas, having occasion to survey a tract of prairie country, availed themselves of this great improvement in fire-arms by furnishing each of the company with one of the repeaters as a protection against the savage and thieving Camanche Indians. Thus armed, they commenced their labors. Very soon, in gazing across the vast prairie, a numerous band of Camanches, mounted on their fleet chargers, were descried, evidently approaching for hostile purposes. The leader of the surveying party formed his men, twenty in number, in a "hollow square," on a slight elevation or mound, and awaited the movements of the enemy. The Camanches, as is their custom, dashed around the party at a safe distance, galloping in a circle, and gradually reducing the circle, with the view of drawing the fire of the whites, intending afterward to rush forward and scalp and rob the whole force. The surveyors preserved a "masterly inactivity," but watched their adversaries narrowly. Finally the Camanches, numbering two hundred warriors, approached within the range of the repeaters. The men were hastily formed into a single line fronting the savages. The order to "fire" was given. A blaze of fire and a volume of smoke immediately followed. The Camanches spurred forward, supposing that their victory was sure; but a second volley followed immediately, and arrested their headlong rush. A third discharge followed, which brought the red skins to a stand. A fourth discharge created a terrible slaughter, and the chief of the gang uttered an expressive "*Ugh!*" and the whole of the survivors swept off in precipitate retreat, continuing their flight for ten miles, when they encountered a white hunter, who inquired the cause of their wild alarm.

"Why," said the chief, "over yonder in the prairie we found twenty devils looking just like men, who can shoot all day without loading their rifles!"

THE Rev. Dr. R——, pastor of one of the churches in Albany, has a little boy, about six years old, who is very fond of the narratives of the Bible. He is particularly interested in the story of Joseph, especially at that point where his brethren cast him into the pit. This always makes a deep impression on little Clifford's mind, and seems to be the particular event in the history around which his deepest interest gathers. It happened one day that a young lad of the Doctor's congregation, who had been absent from home and was unknown to the children of the family, returned, and made a call at the parsonage. His name is Joseph R——l. Clifford, observing a strange lad in the midst of the group of children, asked an elder sister what that boy's name was. She replied, "Joseph." An expression of eager surprise and excited interest was at once visible on little Clifford's face, and breaking into the merry group, and running up to the stranger, he asked, with the utmost seriousness,

"*When did you get out of the pit?*"

"What pit?" said Joe, entirely unconscious of the child's meaning.

"*Why, the pit your brothers put you in!*"

It was some time before the child could be persuaded that this was not the identical hero of his favorite Bible narrative.

IN olden time, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter, waiting for the next customer; while Fish was lounging before the fire, with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the south, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said, "Can you tell me, Sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" says the ready landlord, jumping up; "yes, Sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," says the stranger; "I asked how far it was to *Brandon*."

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing.

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"Will you take sugar with it?" reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy-stick.

The despairing traveler turned to Fish.

"The landlord," said he, "seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish; "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated, and fled.

THE distinguished jurist, Judge G——, of North Carolina, so justly estimated for his abilities and estimable characteristics, displayed an amiable trait in the incidents and anecdotes which it was usual with him to detail to his admiring associates. The point of their wit was not unfrequently directed against himself. Upon an occasion of the kind he remarked:

"When I was first admitted to the bar, I was one day riding the wearisome circuit through the piney woods; and as chance favored me, to break the monotony, I came upon an old field log school-house. It was the hour of recreation, no doubt, for the children were scattered through the woods, frolicksome and merry, and the school-room was deserted, except in one instance, where a lazy, lolling, tallow-faced, cotton-headed, lack-lustre-eyed boy, hung half-way out of the single window—the personification of stupidity itself. Upon the spur of the moment I determined to amuse myself at his expense. So, as I walked my horse past him, I, with the true school-boy whine, commenced spelling aloud,

"'B-a-k-e-r, *Baker*.'

"Cotton-head gazed at me full in the face an instant, without change of expression or feature; and then his mouth slowly opened, and, with an undisguised snarl, he shouted, in return,

"'F-o-o-l, *Fool!*'

"I left instantly," said Judge G——; "or rather, as soon as I could recover my senses."

THERE is no significance to the sobriquet of "*Old Nick*," as applied to the great millionaire of Cincinnati, unless it be that, like the fabulous *St. Nicholas* of old, he is the *dispenser* of "*good things*." Suffice it to say, for the present purpose, that he is a man universally beloved by the *poor* for his kindness and humanity, and by every body for his sterling integrity and practical good sense; and that his native wine and his rent-roll are sufficient to make any man's mouth water in these dry times. One of the "good things" which he still enjoys the recital of as well as any body, happened a few years ago, as follows:

"An *Irish laborer*, with a family of wife and six children, had occupied a small frame cottage for a long time as tenant, and was greatly in arrears for rent. 'Old Nick' urged his house-agent to hurry-up the delinquent tenant, and get what payment he could, and move him out of the house. The agent, accordingly, made repeated efforts to 'realize' without success, and could get no promise to 'vacate;' until 'Old Nick,' losing all patience, took the matter in hand himself; and after many promises, and as many disappointments, Paddy made the humiliating confession that he had no money to pay the expenses of removing, much less to pay the rent in arrears; and proposed to 'Old Nick' that if he would give him a receipt in full, and five dollars in cash to pay his moving expenses, he would surely go out of the house; to which 'Old Nick' readily assented, and gave him the *receipt in full, and five dollars in specie;* after which Paddy starts out (with his cash and his evidence of payment in his pocket), to the tune of 'Widow Machree,' to look for new quarters. Meeting 'Old Nick's' house-agent in a different part of the city, he expressed great satisfaction in renewing his acquaintance, and proceeded at once to surprise him with the intelligence that he had at last received the long-expected fortune from the estate of his deceased uncle in Ireland, had paid up 'Old Nick' (showing his receipt), and had 'plinty' left (gingling his specie), and wanted to find a better house to take his family into, 'as the ould shanty was niver a dacent place for a gintleman of manes.' The wide-awake agent, eager to secure a cash tenant, immediately put Paddy in possession of a *good two-story brick house*, of more 'illigent pretentions,' and hastened to 'Old Nick' to report his great success!"

"I WILL give you a naval yarn," says a friend; "one about the old navy now passed away. Many years since, in the days of the old Benbows, Commodore C—— commanded the New York Navy Yard. Among other regulations of his, characteristic of the old school of tyranny, was one requiring all the officers, their wives, children, etc., to attend divine worship every Sunday in the old loft over the store-house. Here the old Commodore—gouty, savage, and domineering—took his seat every Sunday exactly at four bells [10 A.M.], and, casting his eagle eye around to note the absentees, the proper rig of men and women (for in those days the old captains used to lord it over every body, women and all), and when satisfied nodded his august head to the attending chaplain to 'go on with the service, Sir.' On one occasion, during the reading of the service, and before the sermon began, the chaplain read from a paper in his hymn-book the following: '*There will* be divine service in this chapel next Thursday evening, at seven o'clock.' A dead silence followed; the old Commodore, who had been dozing, awoke to the fact that something out of the usual routine had taken place. With flashing eyes and inflamed face he demanded,

"'What's that, Sir; what's that?'

"The chaplain, with trembling accents, repeated the notice, 'That divine service,' etc.

"With a look of blank astonishment, Benbow demanded, in a voice choking with rage, 'By whose authority, Sir? By whose authority will there be divine service in this chapel next Thursday evening?'

"Here was a tight fit between the Commodore and the chaplain. The latter, mustering up his courage, replied,

"'By the authority of the Bishop of the diocese.'

"'Hah!' shouted old Salt, every muscle quivering with rage, and glaring around for mutineers, 'Hah! I'll let you know that *I am* the Bishop of this diocese, and that there will be no service in this chapel next Thursday evening! Dismiss the congregation, Sir!' And the old tar stumped out in a towering rage, followed by his flock and the crest-fallen chaplain."

UNCLE HENRY writes: "I suppose the Drawer is designed to be a sort of literary picnic, to which every guest is expected to contribute his share; and as I have long feasted on its dainties, it is time for me to offer my mite.

"A friend of mine, Mr. T——, riding one day into Norwich, Connecticut, overtook a little fellow, about ten years old, trudging along on foot.

"'Give us a ride?' said he, as the carriage came up.

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"'Yes,' said friend T——; 'jump in.'

"The words were hardly uttered when the youngster was seated at his side. Thinking to enjoy a little sport by playing upon the boy's credulity, T—— began to tell of a most wonderful animal that had recently been caught and brought to Norwich. 'His body was blue as indigo, and his eyes as red as beets. He had a mane like a horse, but as yellow as a yellow-bird. He had six legs, and could run backward or sideways as well as forward; and, moreover, six wings, with which he could fly like an eagle. Did you ever see such an animal as that?' said T——, turning to the boy, and expecting to see him all agape with wonder.

"'*Pooh! yes*,' said the boy, with a tone expressive of the deepest commiseration for T——'s greenness; '*we've got a dozen of them down to Stonington!*'

"I HAVE two little pets, three and five years old. They sleep in a small room adjoining mine. A few mornings since I heard the elder trying to induce the younger to get up. The lever she employed was the following logical process.

"'Minnie, will you get up if I'll give you a piece of my candy?'

"'Yes,' answered Minnie, with emphasis.

"'Won't you get up if I don't?'

"'No,' quoth Minnie, quite as decidedly.

"'Well, then, I won't give you any.'

"'Oh yes, then, I will,' said Minnie, more intent upon the candy than upon the logical conclusion.

"'*Well, then, get up*,' said Nelly."

"DEAR DRAWER," says an Alabama correspondent, "you multiply your good stories of the legal profession, rich in humor. You have some anecdotes of Bench and Bar in our good State of Alabama. Our judges, as a class, are practical, intelligent, well-informed, and common-sensed, having no aristocratic notions, fearing no harm to their ermine from contact with Kentucky jeans or butternut homespun, full and running over with fun, which will often break through all restraint. Old Judge —— presided at the last term of court in —— County. Stern in appearance, kind in heart, strict in discipline, punctual as the clock, he gives the lawyers no liberty, spares not the fines, laying them thick and heavy upon jury and witnesses, lawyers and spectators. In a recent case, one of murder I think, all of the drafted jury but one were challenged. He, poor man, a shoemaker by trade, anxious to return to his work, listened breathlessly for some one to challenge him, but no one did. He gazed wildly about and above him. While the lawyers were discussing a point and endeavoring to have the case postponed till Monday (this being Saturday), the juror feeling thirsty, and supposing himself not wanted just then, stepped out unnoticed to *smile*. The Judge happening to look up saw a vacant seat where, a moment before, the solitary juror sat.

"'Mr. Sheriff, where is that juror, Sir?' he roared.

"'I will see, your honor,' replied the sheriff.

"'Go, Sir, and bring in that juror!'

"The sheriff put out, and soon returned with the culprit. Without a question, but with a frown wrinkling his face, he thundered,

"'The juror will pay the clerk five dollars!'

"With a frightened air the juror put his hand into his pocket and drew from thence a plug of tobacco and a waxed end, which, with a confused air, he laid upon the clerk's bench and turned for his seat, unaware of his mistake. The loud roar of laughter, in which Bench and Bar participated, informed him something was wrong and embarrassed him still more. That fine was remitted. But the Judge ordered the sheriff to take charge of that juror till Monday.

"ON the same term, one day, the Judge sitting with his back to the Bar and seemingly intent on studying out the formation of a cobweb in the corner, a lawyer was examining a witness with regard to the character of the prisoner at the bar.

"'Isn't the prisoner called pretty sharp? He would give a bad horse for a good one, any time, wouldn't he?'

"'What fool wouldn't?' came in deep tones from his Honor on the bench, still intently studying the abstruse cobweb in the corner. Imagine the effect!

"MY friend ——, the artist, has a luxuriant growth of gray hair on his face, completely concealing his eating apparatus. 'Once on a time' he was at the residence of one of our princely planters, painting the family. Among the guests was a little girl, a four-year-old, very bright, and somewhat spoiled. As our friend was coming from breakfast the little one, who had been romping on the piazza, planted herself in the door-way, blocking it up, and with wonder and determination to satisfy it on her face, gazed steadily at him. Finally she burst out: 'Mr. ——, have you got any *mouf*?'

"The roar that followed must have answered her question satisfactorily, for she fled aghast at its capacity."

THE Boston people are good at *descrip.*: here is one of the real estate advertisements from which we omit the names, as its insertion is not paid for here:

"PEREMPTORY AUCTION SALE.

"Splendid Suburban Residence, with an arena of 17 acres of ground, surrounded by splendid gardens, fragrant with the breath of flowers, and grounds studded with Nature's noblest products, and magnificent structures, erected at great cost, that it would seem the fingers of Art might have exhausted all their ingenuity and cunning in attempting to vie with Nature's majestic and picturesque display. Some of our most prominent merchants, artisans, and professional gentlemen have been fascinated with this spot, 'by the leaf tongues of the forest and the flower lips of the sod.' The mansion house and rooms are spacious, and, with the outbuildings, are in pretty good repair; abundance of translucent water, unceasing in its flow. Upon the grounds is a splendid orchard of rare and choice fruit. The site, for extent, beauty, and richness of scenery o'er land and sea, is unequaled. Boston, with its beautiful bay, cities, towns, and villages, near and more remote, the Wachusett and Monadnock lifting their heads toward heaven, as though they would bathe their brows in a richer sunlight. The Newtons, with their princely homes, churches, and schools. The romantic Charles, coursing its serpentine way through its carpet of green to the sea. If this matchless exhibition of the loveliness of Nature and Art fail to move the soul, there can be no music in it. The above sale is made by virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate to the Executor of the estate, and only surviving heir of the property, making a complete title.—For extended information, terms, etc., apply to the auctioneer."

A YOUNG lady three years old, being told by her mother to pick up her handkerchief, replied,

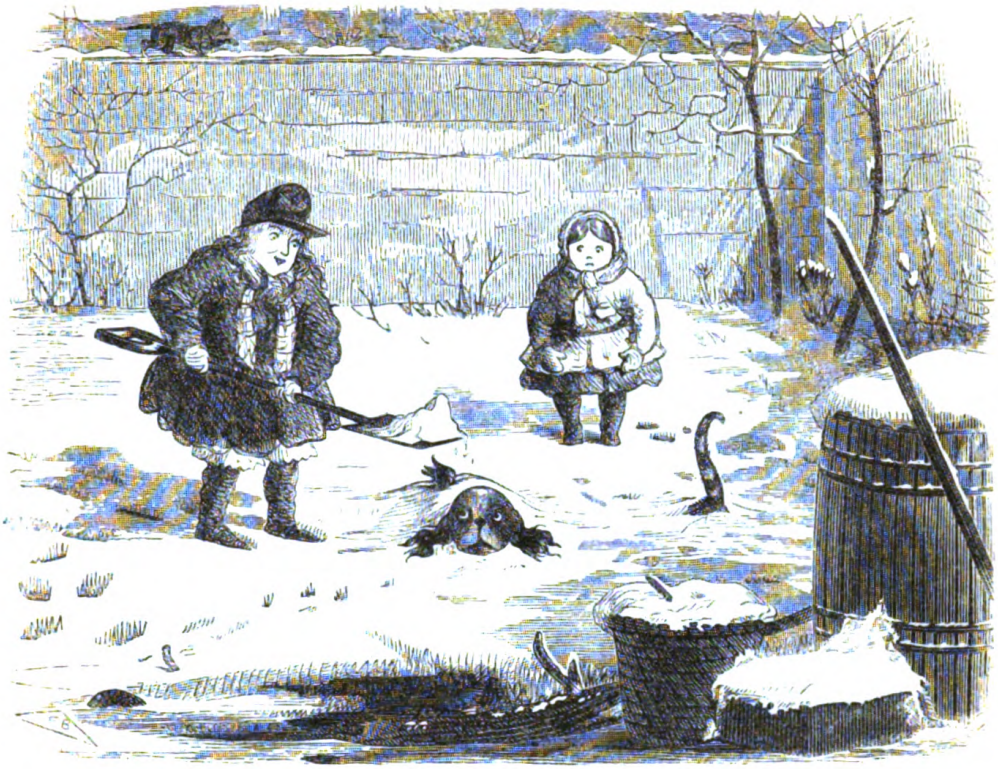
"Indeed I won't! just do it yourself!"

"Mollie," says the mother, "who are you talking to?"

"I was just making believe," replied our little miss, "you was Aunty Brown."

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Master Charley in the Snow.



Experiments on the Cat and the Dog.



Invites a few Friends into the Back Yard.

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His Sister has no more Idea who put Snow in the Doctor's Hat, than Master Charley has who hit the Old Man in the Street.



Finishes the Day with a Snow-ball Party in the Parlor.

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Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Home or Promenade Dress.

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THE costume illustrated on the previous page is singularly useful, as well as elegant, since, by a slight change in the accessory pieces, it is equally adapted for a promenade dress or a *demi-toilette* for home. The style, moreover, is calculated for almost any material, and looks well both in plain and figured fabrics.

Our illustration is taken from one of those beautiful *mousseline de laine* fabrics which are such universal favorites this season. It has broad stripes of a purplish crimson, with a wave similar to that of watered silk, alternated with stripes of green, in which are sprays of roses in natural colors, with leaves *feuille à mort*. The stripes are perpendicular, not *à la bayadère*.

As an in-door toilet, it is worn as represented in the illustration. The Corsage *à la Pompadour*, the waist having the slightest approach to a peak. The skirt is set on in minute plaits. The sleeves are narrow at the top, rapidly widening toward the bottom, funnel-wise; they then fall open in broad folds. They are lined with taffeta, creased so as to resemble quilting. The UNDER-SLEEVES and neck-piece are of medallion lace. The FICHU is striped with very narrow velvet ribbon, a medallion design being wrought into each compartment. The under-sleeves are *en suite*, the medallions occupying the lower *bouillonnée*.

When designed to be worn as a dress for the open air the neck-piece is made as shown in Figure 3, and of the same material as the dress itself, and may be plaited. The sleeves (Figure 2) are also made of the stuff, buttoned on or simply kept in place by an elastic band. A small collar and cuffs of lace complete the dress. The ornaments consist of a neat *passamenterie* and tassel-drops.



FIGURE 2.—CLOSED SLEEVE.

The DRESS CAP is made of white taffeta ribbons, one striped with apple-green narrow velvet lines and *applique* lace. The white ribbons have tassel-drops of green, matching the velvet lines on the striped ribbons.

The UNDER-SLEEVE is of Brussels net. The cuff has a small puffing followed by reversed plaits, a narrow ribbon being drawn through each alternate one—red or black is generally preferred. A similar ribbon runs through the next *ruche;* this is followed by another puffing; then quillings and puffs—the last being the larger one—complete the ornament.

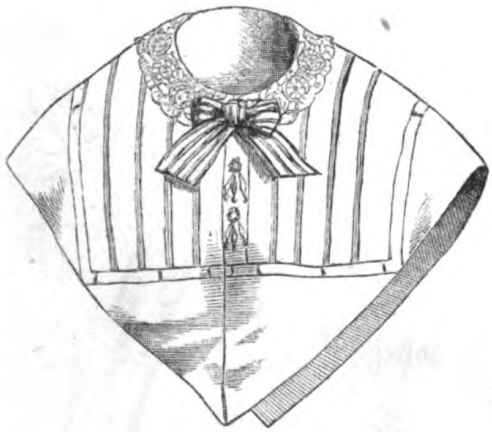


FIGURE 3.—FICHU.

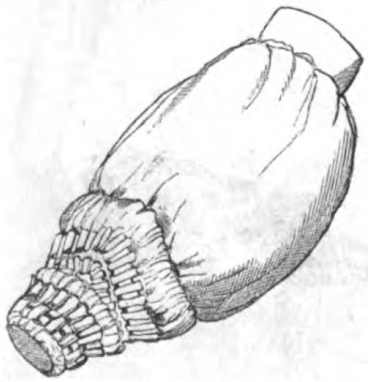


FIGURE 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE.



FIGURE 5.—COLLAR.

FIG. 6.—DRESS CAP.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXVIII.—MARCH, 1860.—Vol. XX.



The Ballad of Valley Forge.

IT was a night in winter,
Some seventy years ago;
The bleak and barren landscape
Was blurred with driving snow.

You caught a glimpse of uplands,
And guessed where valleys lay:
The trees were broken shadows,
A house was something gray.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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Only the western forests
Stood sharply, black and bare;
For there the blood-red sunset
Still shot a sullen glare!

In an old New England farm-house,
That snowy winter night,
In the spacious chimney corner,
Where the logs were blazing bright,

An aged man was sitting
In the cheery light and heat,
With his head upon his bosom,
And the watch-dog at his feet.

Beside him sat his grandson,
In a high-backed oaken chair,
And the glow of ten sweet summers
Was golden in his hair.

The man was Nathan Baldwin,
And many a tale is told
Of how he marched, and suffered
With hunger, and with cold.

Of brave old Gran'ther Baldwin
Shall be the song I sing,
Who fought for Independence
When George the Third was King.

Before him hung two muskets,
With clumsy, dinted stocks;
The bayonets were mounted,
The flints were in the locks:

Two rusty Queen Anne's muskets,
Whose pans were smoky still,
The spoil of British soldiers
Who charged at Bunker's Hill.

They fell by Nathan's rifle,
He snatched their dropping guns,
And sent them to the farm-house
To arm his stalwart sons.

They hung against the chimney
That windy winter night,
Unseen by Nathan Baldwin,
Who saw another sight.

He sat there in his settle
Before the dancing flame,
And on the wall behind him
His shadow went and came.

He dozed beside his grandson,
Whose thoughts were on the snow,
While his eyes were on the muskets,
And the powder-horns below.

"Tell me a story, Gran'ther,"
The little dreamer said:
But Nathan did not answer,
Though he smoothed his curly head.

He heard the shrill winds whistle,
He saw the embers glow,
And dropping down the chimney
The ragged flakes of snow.

The sap in the back log spluttered,
And through the puffs of smoke,
Like a sharp discharge of rifles,
A crackling volley broke!

"Tell me a story, Gran'ther;
Not that of Riding Hood,
Nor how the robins buried
The children in the wood;

"But how you fought the Indians
So many years ago:
Or Valley Forge in winter,
And all about the snow."

"In the fall of seventy-seven
(My little Abner, hear),
In the middle of November
Of that unhappy year,

"I marched with Morgan's Rifles,
A corps of gallant men,
To join our wretched army
In the Quaker State of Penn.

"By forced and rapid marches
(We took the shortest way,
A crow-flight through the Jerseys,
And added night to day)—

"By long and weary marches
We crossed the dreary plain:
The winds were wild with winter,
And the sky was dark with rain.

"There was no sun in the day-time,
At night there was no moon:
So Morgan told the fifer
To blow a merry tune.

"Our poor old regimentals
Were more like rags than clothes:
Just fit to flap in corn-fields
And scare away the crows.

"You knew our halting places
By the tatters lying round.
When we came in sight of White Marsh
Our feet were on the ground!

"We scarcely saw the army,
That cheered as we drew nigh:
But we marched with flying colors,
And our powder, boy, was dry!

"One morning in December
The British came in sight:
Said Morgan, 'Load your rifles,
For here's a chance to fight.'

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"Six hundred stout militia,
With Irvine at their head,
Sneaked out to take a volley—
Of course the cowards fled!

"Howe changed his ground at midnight,
For at the break of day
We saw that he was nearer,
Though still a mile away.

"All day he lay and watched us,
But changed again at night.
When morning came ('twas Sunday)
We saw he meant to fight.

"'Be ready, boys,' said Morgan,
'And let your aim be true!'
At noon the word was, '*Forward!*'
And then the bullets flew!"

"I guess," said Abner, warming,
"You showed 'em how to fight."
"At dusk they lighted watch-fires,
And vanished in the night.

"The General called a council
To meet him in his tent,
And choose our winter-quarters,
And all the generals went.

"They sat with maps before them,
And knit their brows awhile:
Some thought of York and Reading,
And others of Carlisle.

"But Washington decided,
When all had spoken round,
That Valley Forge, in Chester,
Should be our winter ground.

"We heard the news at supper,
And said 'twas time to go,
For winter was upon us,
And the sky was full of snow.

"So when the dead were buried
(Some ninety men in all),
We took the road to Chester
As the snows began to fall.

"It was a sight to see us
That dreary winter day,
As we broke up our encampment,
And stretched for miles away!

"The files that came and vanished:
The banners on the wind:
The gallant van of light-horse:
The rifles close behind:

"Then Poor's brigade, and Glover's:
The heavy guns of Knox:
The train of baggage-wagons,
And the teamsters in their frocks:

"Climbing the whitened hill-tops,
And swarming on the plain:
And Washington on horseback,
With Harry Lee and Wayne.

"We crossed a wasted country,
With a farm-house here and there:
No smoke-wreaths from the chimneys
Went curling up the air.

"No face at door, or window,
Looked out as we passed by:
But through the battered sashes
We saw the blank of sky.

"We pushed ahead till nightfall
Closed round our straggling lives,
Then halted in the shelter
Of a ragged belt of pines.

"We lighted fires of brushwood,
And stacked our muskets round:
The teamsters lent us fodder,
And we spread it on the ground.

"Twas bitter, bitter, Abner,
On the frozen ground to lie,
No pillow but a knapsack,
No blanket but the sky!

"We took the road at daybreak,
In the blinding snow and wind:
The wounded went in wagons,
We left the dead behind.

"The fifers screamed their loudest,
But the winds alone were heard:
The drums in snow were muffled,
And no man spake a word.

"We marched in gloomy silence—
A sort of grim despair,
That nerved the weak to suffer,
And fired the strong to dare.

"You might have tracked us, Abner,
By the trail of blood we shed:
We bled at every footstep—
The snow for miles was red!"

"Oh, Gran'ther!" Abner whispered,
But Gran'ther did not speak:
For the tears of eighty winters
Were trickling down his cheek!

The tender child was troubled,
He knew not what to say:
So he clambered up and kissed him,
And wiped the tears away.

"On the seventeenth of December
(The day was still and bright)
We crossed the swollen Schuylkill,
With Valley Forge in sight.

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"We saw the smoke of the forges,
We heard the anvils ring:
You should have seen us, Abner,
And heard us shout, and sing!

"We pitched our tents by the river,
In a row along the street,
Built fires, and cooked our dinners,
And dressed our bleeding feet.

"Some sat apart with their muskets,
Rubbing the rusty stains;
The teamsters stood by their horses,
And combed the snow from their manes:

"One chopped a stack of brushwood;
Another blew a brand:
I fell asleep at dinner,
With my ration in my hand!

"The next day was Thanksgiving,
And the valley bells were rung:
The farmers drove to meeting,
And a goodly psalm was sung.

"The drummers beat the roll-call,
We gathered in the air:
The chaplain preached a sermon,
And made a touching prayer.

"Next morning we were stirring,
As the cocks began to crow,
With our shovels on our shoulders
To clear away the snow.

"You know what snow is, Abner;
You've seen the farmers near
Clearing a path to their barn-yards—
But we had miles to clear!

"It was a dreary prospect,
For the winds were sharp and cold,
And we were nearly naked,
And some, alas, were old!

"The General planned our village.
The streets were east and west.
We dug the snow in trenches,
A dozen men abreast.

"By night the white embankments
Were piled above our heads.
The roads were black with soldiers,
And blocked with carts and sleds:

"With ox carts of provisions,
With sleds of wood and hay,
And officers on horseback
That slowly cleared the way.

"And in the windy forest,
Whose moan was like the sea's,
We heard the stroke of axes,
And the crash of falling trees:

"The lowing of the oxen,
That hauled the timber down:
The noise of saws, and hammers,
And the forges in the town!

"Our huts were built by Christmas;
Rough logs: a slab the door:
The cracks with clay were plastered:
The frozen ground the floor.

"All through the happy valley
The Christmas cheer was spread;
The farmers ate their turkeys,
And we our mouldy bread!

"Well, there we were all winter,
Ten thousand men, or more.
Ah! how can I remember,
Or speak of what we bore!

"The stupor that benumbed us;
The pains that drove us wild:
The hunger, and the sickness:
The—all but death, my child!

"We huddled in our barracks,
For days and days together;
Too weak to stand, too naked
To brave the bitter weather.

"We made us shoes of raw hide,
That stung our tender feet:
We limped about on crutches,
We stumbled in the street.

"I had a burning fever:
I had a freezing chill:
I dreamed of killing Indians:
I dreamed of Bunker's Hill.

"The General came to see me
(They told me, when I rose),
And your father sat and watched me,
And patched my tattered clothes!

"One night when I was better,
The guard was ordered out,
In front of Varnum's quarters,
Before the Star redoubt.

"I thought I heard them call me
(It was my turn to go),
So I snatched a hat and musket,
And hobbled through the snow;

"Along the grim abbatis,
That faced the windy street:
To where the gloomy forest
And swollen river meet:

"Along the roaring river,
Beyond the narrow ford,
Till near the outer picket—
When all at once I heard

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"The General's voice.—I hearkened,
And through the darkness broke
His tall, commanding figure,
Wrapt in a martial cloak!

"'Good-evening, Nathan Baldwin;
I'm glad to see you out.'
'It is my night on guard, Sir,
Before the Star redoubt.'

"And he: 'Did Morgan send you?
The snow is drifted there.'
I felt he saw my tatters,
And pitied my gray hair.

"'I'll do my duty, General.'"
"What did the General say?"
"He threw his cloak about me,
And slowly walked away!

"'God bless you, Sir!' I shouted,
And, as I strode along,
I laughed and cried together,
And hummed a battle song.

"I felt my way before me,
It was too dark to see:
I floundered in a snow-drift,
I ran against a tree.

"The March winds, sharp and cruel,
Their stormy trumpets blew,
Came charging down the hill-sides,
And stabbed me through and through.

"I heard the drums in the distance;
I heard the river roar:
I heard the wolves in the forests,
I heard—I heard no more.

"I woke in your father's barrack,
I was lying in his bed:
He stood beside me crying,
Because he thought me dead.

"But hark! I hear him coming,
And mother's drawing the tea:
His step is on the scraper,
Run to the door, and see."

The outside latch was lifted,
A draught blew in the room:
They heard him calling, "Mother,"
And "Abner, fetch a broom."

He stamped his feet in the entry,
And brushed his homespun clothes.
"Well, boys." "Good-evening, Reuben,
What news to-night?" "It snows!"

The dog barked: Abner tittered,
But Gran'ther shook his head.
Now mother brought the candles,
And the table soon was spread:

With the dishes on the dresser,
The loaf of wheat and rye,
The baked beans from the oven,
And a royal pumpkin pie.

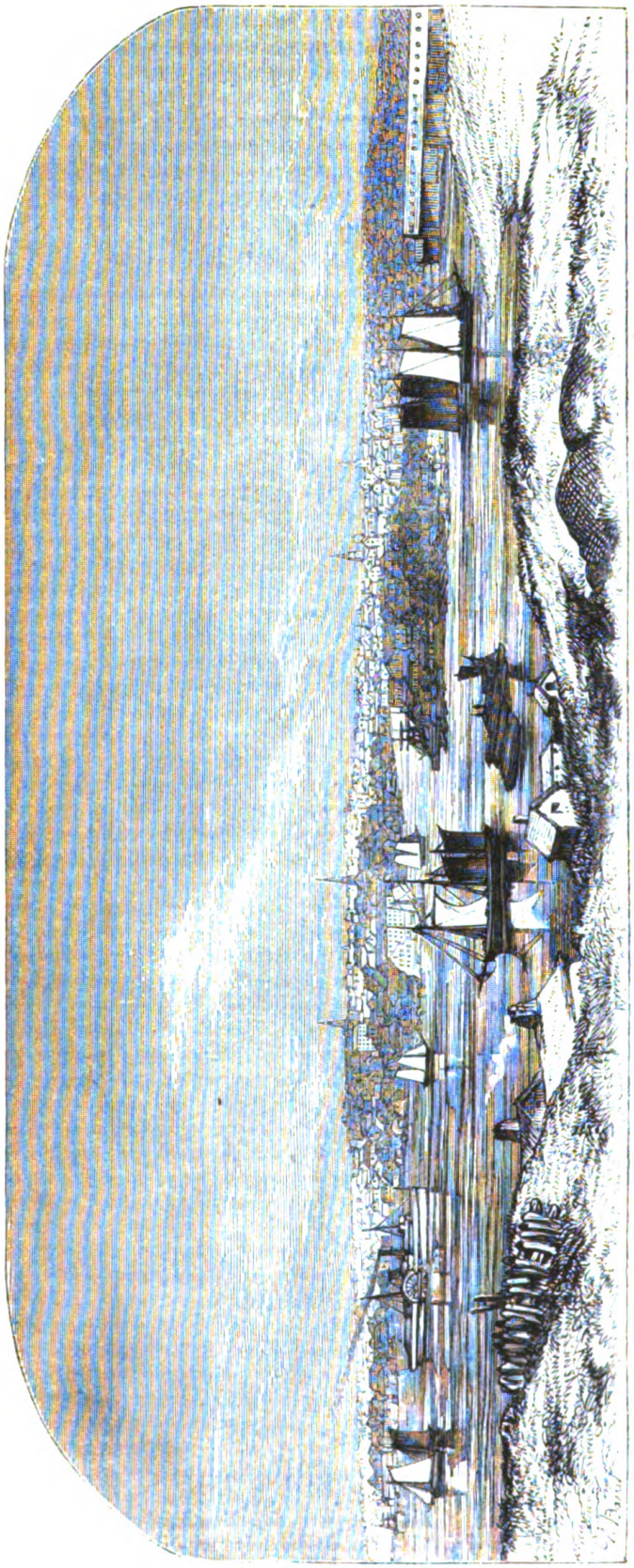
"Draw up: we're ready, Reuben."
"But where did Abner go?"
With Gran'ther's crutch for a musket,
He was marching sad and slow,
In Valley Forge at midnight,
Freezing to death in the snow!



LIFE AMONG THE LOGGERS.

MAINE was the Paradise of lumbermen when the stately pine-tree, the conceded "monarch of the forest," held sway throughout her broad domain. Then her dark crests of

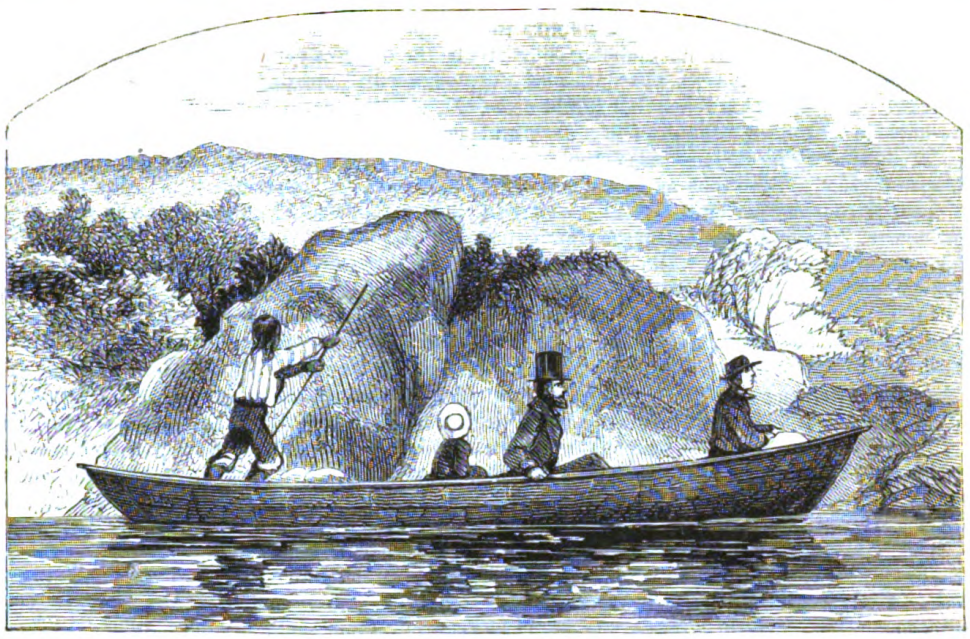
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BANGOR, MAINE.

evergreen crowned each vast forest-wave, wove Persian tapestry over every graceful intervale, and climbed the distant mountains in shadows like those of passing clouds. Where the calm broad lakes glistened in the sheen of the sunbeams, or the turbulent rivers tumbled in white foam through rocky channels, there her temples were grandest, and giant columns of a century's growth vied in symmetry and height that caused the speculative eye of the timber-hunter to dilate with joy. It seemed as though Nature had purposely planted her best gifts convenient to his hand, or led up these arterial channels into the wilderness, to facilitate the transportation of the wealth his toil had accumulated. Bangor, the great lumber port, was then in the heart of the forest—not as now a brick-laid city of fair proportions, fettered by municipal and conventional codes, as all cities must needs be, but simply a Cyclopic consumer of lignin, devouring forests by the acre, and ever receiving into her insatiate maw, and crunching with iron teeth, the huge limbs and trunks that lay at her very jaws, and which she had only to shovel in with "chop-sticks," *à la Chinoise*. So also a wealth of pines then environed the great dépôts that enterprise had located thus early on the Kennebec, the Saco, Machias, Sebois, and Schoodic rivers. But since the first mighty crash in the stillness of the forest proclaimed the presence of the invader, the realms of the pine have been ravaged by fire and axe until that noble tree has at last been driven far back into the strongholds of the wilderness. There she still reigns in her primitive majesty, though her final doom seems as inevitable as the fate that pursues the aborigines of the glebe.

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UP THE PENOBSCOT.

Far more arduous now than then is the toil of the lumberman, yet the flight of the eagle or the bound of the deer is not more free than the life he leads. He is no ascetic, shriveled by selfishness and bilious from misanthropy, looking out from his hermitage with a cynical eye upon the beautiful imagery of Nature, and despising a life that has become irksome from habitual idleness. On the contrary, your lumberman is generally a true worshiper in the temple of the forest, and acquires a feeling of attachment for the wilderness solitudes something akin to that which we may imagine was possessed by that copper-faced type of mankind—the Indian. The uncontaminated beauties of the ever-varying landscape, the gloomy arches and tangled undergrowth, the familiar presence of the denizens of the forest, the autumnal hues and winter snows, delightful in themselves, are rendered more appreciable by the rugged character of his daily toil. Even the rigorous vicissitudes of the logging camp have an inexplicable charm which the pampered dwellers in cities can never rightly comprehend. The ringing echo of the axe, or the merry "wo-ha" of the teamsters, is exhilarating music, while the crash of the falling pine, or the tumult of the logs borne on the spring freshet, thrills every nerve. Wherever the massive turrets and spires of evergreen are conspicuous above the surrounding forest, there the intrepid logger has left his mark—away up to the northward, where the Aroostook, the Allagash, and the Walloostook mingle their tumbling waters with those of the noble St. John; on the broad picturesque lakes of Moosehead, Chepetnacook and Chesuncook; high up the cloud-swept sides of the Sugar Loaf or Mount Katahdin; to the head-waters of the lovely Androscoggin, or the island-gemmed Penobscot; or,

"Where the crystal Ambijej's
Stretches broad and clear,
And Millnoket's pine-black ridges
Hide the browsing deer."

When October frosts have changed to sober brown the bright-hued leaves of beech and maple, and the moss sounds crisp under the footfall; when naught disturbs the stillness of the woods save the squirrel's dropping shell, the tap of the woodpecker, or the harsh voice of the blue jay; the timber-hunter starts upon that tour of exploration, which is indispensable to the complete success of the winter campaign. Out from the abodes of men, beyond the last new clearing of the pioneer settler, deep into the recesses of the forest, where feet of white men are unwont to tread; now shooting up the channel of some still river with measured stroke of paddles, then stemming an impetuous tide, or leaping foaming rapids with dexterous use of setting poles; next trudging over some toilsome portage or "carry," bending under the weight of the camp furniture, he seeks with practiced eye the dark veins and clumps of evergreen that seam the forests, traversing the woody labyrinth in all directions, and not infrequently startling the wild beasts from their secluded haunts. This is the holiday of his lifetime. No business or domestic cares, no petty jealousies, no constraints, no social formulas, no unhappy episodes, intrude upon his seclusion; but the little gushing stream beside his rude camp, or the streamlet murmuring before his door, whispers continually of *peace*—that strange anomaly in this world of troubles. Yet it can be found here if the conscience is clear. And this is freedom, pure and unadulterated—such as even the slave can always attain to and possess.

Here, *tête-à-tête*, over steeping tea and longi-

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tudinal strips of pork frizzling, old Bannac the Canuck, Long John Boardman, and Jenks the "Blue-nose"—they three hob-nobbing — recall old reminiscences or discuss the duties of the morrow. Appetite adds relish that would make the unclean flesh acceptable even to a Jew, and tea or coffee never furnish grounds for complaint. Supper over, pipe devotions and burnt-offerings of tobacco that are never neglected, succeed in due course. Long John stirs up the slumbering ashes of the camp fire, and, while deliberately replenishing his pipe, breaks the momentary silence.

"If I haven't missed my blaze, it was hereabouts that I was prospecting three years ago. Dan Smith was along, and a smarter chap at logging never swung axe."

"Dan Smeet!" interrupts Bannac. "You say Smeet? He vas certainement un beau swamper. Pauvre garçon—mais he no log encore, parceque he est mort."

"Dead?"

"Oui; he vas no been long dis one, two year. Maybe he drown down river."

"Did you ever hear about it, Jenks? It's news to me."

"Oh, pshaw! the Frenchman be dogged. Dan got his bob-sled and 'tackle and fall' alongside of a woman, and went and married a she Norwegian down on Sinnamahone, in Pennsylvany. That's two years ago come January. His was the 'rival load' *that* winter."

"Vel, I bees ver glad zat he no mort. Mais, j'ne suis pas sûr zat he die in noder year, by-and-by. Ze load maybe too heavy for him."

"Bannac, you are a true woman-hater. You'd better keep clear of the sex though, or they may be the death of you. 'Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.' Well, as I was saying, Dan and I just over here found as handsome a clump of pine as you ever set eyes on. It's right handy to the river, and easy for swamping. If we can get a permit, it will pay better than this here. Shall we go over in the morning?"

"Agreed."

Like the "look-out" from the mast-head of a whaler, the lumberman scans the vast sea of forest—now ascending high elevations that overlook the country, or, when the land is low, climbing the tallest pines for observation. This duty completed, he returns and reports upon his success. The locality having been determined upon, the timber tract is either purchased or a rate of stumpage agreed upon, which is generally from $2 50 to $3 per thousand feet for all timber cut. After these necessary preliminaries, arrangements are at once made for locating and building the winter camps. Supplies of provisions have to be taken up river for the winter consumption; suitable buildings erected for the men and animals; the stream must be cleared of obstructions for the "drive" in the spring; the "main" must be cut, with its principal branch roads extending to the largest clumps and veins of pine embraced in the permit. All these are but the preparatory duties of the "logging swamp," to be completed before the actual business of the winter commences.

It has been fortunately so ordained by the



LUMBERMEN.

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Divine economy that labor is lightened by the novelty or excitement which it often affords, not less than by the interest which we take in watching its results; else would the daily occupation of some be not less tolerable than a life in the galleys. There are few descriptions of labor that tax one's physical abilities and powers of endurance more than lumbering in its various features; and yet, supplies and camp accoutrements are now carried over roads far into wilderness regions which were once attainable only by long and laborious voyages by water. The enterprising youth who once worked his passage upon a canal boat, leading the horse, could have no better appreciation of the fatigue of such a voyage than his own experience would suggest, while the much-expatiated perils of the "raging canawl" are not to be mentioned in the same category with those of the river. What skill, what physical strength, what intrepidity, what self-possession, are requisite in transporting a bateau, loaded to the gunwale, scores of miles, over foaming rapids, through dangerous rocks and intricate channels, at a season when the fingers grow numb with cold, and the poles and paddles become slippery with sleet—now crossing broad sheets of water, where a sudden flaw of wind would be fatal to the craft, and anon carrying by falls and portages, where both boat and cargo must be borne through thickets and over rocks and fallen trunks of trees! Profound and refreshing is sleep at the end of the day's journey, and more grateful to the limbs than beds of down is their couch of hemlock boughs.

No puny impersonations of men are those who compose this pioneer party. Maine does not produce pigmies. There is Long John Boardman aforesaid (proper name for a lumberman), who stands six feet six in his stockings; and shoulder to shoulder with him stands Jenks, the "Blue-nose," with scarcely the difference of a half inch in height between them. Then there is Tom Harris, who is tall for his inches, and two or three others who never look up to six feet two. Captain Hinch, a "boss" of many years' service, makes up in breadth what he lacks in height, and though time has dappled his head with gray, can hold his own with the best. Last of all, and certainly not least in his own estimation, is Louis Bannac, the French Canadian. These are the advance-guard. The rest of the crew have yet to come, when the full operations of the winter campaign shall demand an extra force. In full panoply of red flannel shirts, good boot moccasins, and hats of felt, their visages browned by exposure, and hands hardened to toil, they stand ready to do battle with the giants of the forest. But even as with trees, the roughest exterior often conceals a sound and goodly heart, so we must by no means judge the rude forester by outward appearances. Though he voluntarily exiles himself to a six months' hibernation in the wilderness, where voice or smile of woman is seldom or never heard or seen, there are pulsations beneath his shirt that beat responsive to other hearts at home, and the anticipation of the welcome that he shall receive upon his return, cheers many a lonely hour, and lightens many a duty. He has, too, a tear of sympathy and a ready hand to aid, when misfortunes or accident befall his associates; and it is not seldom that he is called to close the eyes of some poor unfortunate who has lost his life from the perils of his hazardous calling. Mayhap some one of these brave fellows may this winter meet his death, struck by a falling tree or stray glance of an axe, or hurled with fatal plunge into the boiling stream. What wonder, then, that jolly Tom Harris recalls, with sober look, the lingering gaze of his fair Annette, the bride of one short month, or that *she* is apprehensive! She threw her arms around his brawny neck as they parted, and imprinting a kiss upon his sunburned cheek, said, hopefully,

"God bless you, Tom, and speed the day of the coming spring, when you shall have hauled your last load!"

Arrived at the camp-site, soon all is bustle and activity. Right merrily swings the axe, and crash after crash of falling trees resounds through the echoing woods. With "mirth to lighten duty," and ready arms to execute, a vast amount of labor is quickly performed. Logs for building the house are cut of the proper length, the site is speedily cleared of leaves and turf, and soon, as if by magic, the structure is completed and garnished. It is quite a humble affair. The roof of an ordinary log-house bisected lengthwise, and raised a foot or two from the ground at the eaves, would make two of them in shape and fashion. A door and a window *vis-à-vis*, at the ends, and a square hole in the roof, afford exit and entrance for smoke, air, light, and the body corporate. Moss packed tightly between the logs, and a layer of hemlock boughs upon the long split shingles that tile the roof, together with the huge drift of snow that the first winter-storm piles above, insure a warmth within and a protection from the biting cold that Bruin himself might envy for his hibernacle. Within, the centre of the apartment is appropriated for the camp-fire, while next to the walls, on every side, hemlock boughs are spread upon the earth for beds, or rude berths, arranged in tiers, furnish ample accommodations for the sleepers. Stables for the oxen and horses are constructed in similar style, and with not less regard to comfort, for no equerry is more careful of his stud than the lumberman of his team.

These labors completed, but one preparation remains for the operations of the winter—the cutting of the main road with its numerous ramifications. No turnpike or highway is more perfectly graded than these. High knolls are leveled, hollows are filled up, and the brooks and little streams bridged with poles evenly laid; and when the snow covers all the little inequalities of surface, and the road is worn to polished hardness by the frequent passage of the teams, it can not be excelled.

Now let us forbear labor, and devote to recre-

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ation the short interval of leisure between the present and future duties.

It is yet the early gray of the morning, and the air is still and frosty. The doleful voice of the loon sounds clear and full; the bellow of the bull moose is heard in the woods; the swine-like grunt of the black bear rooting for mast, and the sharp snort of the red deer as he starts with sudden alarm; the skulking partridge rises with windy whirr, and the gray goose high overhead is speeding to southern climes; the hawk whistles above the pines, and the eagle is sailing leisurely over the lake. What an Arcadia for the hunter!

"Come, Bannac! ho, Tom! and you, John, fetch out your new shooter, and let's try our luck in the woods. Bar sign is plenty and fresh as paint, and the morning is the time for calling moose. Where's Tige and the other dogs?"

"Agreed! Tige, Tige—here Tige! Where are you? Come here, you scoundrel—don't you smell bar meat a-running? Salt pork is good, boys, but fresh meat is better; so hooray for bar steaks, and three dollars bounty for noses, and seven for pelts!"

"Well, bar is bar," says Long John, "but they can't shine when moose is around. Tom, can you call moose?"

"*Well*, I can, fust chop, and no mistake. Larnt the music from the best Injun hunter in the country."

"Come on, then, and leave small game to Bannac and the dogs."

Plunging into the forest with rapid strides, they twain are quickly lost to sight, and after a little their foot-fall upon the dry leaves is heard no more. Stripping a sheet of bark from a birch-tree, Jenks quickly fashions a "call," and when a short half mile has been traversed, they reach the edge of a small open glade, and halting just in the edge of the forest, concealed behind a clump of spruce, proceed to business. Now Jenks raises the bark to his lips, and its wild notes sound full and clear through the surrounding woods. The last echo dies away in the distance, and all is still. Not a whisper is heard in the calm air; only the low breathing of the eager hunters and the regular pulsations of their hearts. Even the woodpecker has stopped his tapping to listen to the unwonted sounds. A moment passes in exciting suspense.

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

"Let him have it again, Jenks!"

Again that wild peculiar call rends the calm air, louder and more diffusive than before. Breathlessly, and with heads averted, they listen with anxious expectation. Ha! away from over the hills at last comes the answer, indistinct yet unmistakable. That token seals the amorous old veteran's doom. The fate of him who is lured by siren's voice is not more sure. Once more Jenks places the bark to his mouth. The reply is prompter this time, and the bellow of the big bull-moose comes full and booming through the fir-trees, and you hear the distant crashing of branches, or perchance the rattling of his massive antlers against the wood. Long John's rifle is at his shoulder, and steady. Jenks retreats quickly a hundred yards behind his comrade, and calls again. Deceived by the apparent distance of his imaginary consort, the doomed moose rushes furiously and heedlessly on to death, and presently emerges from the woods, bellowing and snorting with passion.

"'Ware there, John. Steady!"

The rifle cracks sharply, and the whizzing lead is true to its aim. The huge fellow gives one fearful plunge and falls. It is a fatal shot, but the wounded moose is a terrible foe, and wonderfully tenacious of life. A close encounter must not be risked. The hunter reloads with all haste; but the movement catches the eye of the moose, and while he is yet ramming the ball the huge brute charges upon him with desperate force, and, striking fiercely with his hoofs, would have crushed him to the earth had he not, with watchful eye, jumped aside and seized him by his antlers. At the instant Jenks is at his side, and drawing his ready knife across the animal's throat, ends the unequal conflict. That is the noblest quarry the forest affords; and the anticipation of a supper from the juicy steaks makes John oblivious of his own trifling wounds. But had he been alone he might have perished there, and attained a Nimrod's immortality at the cost of his own mortality.

Meanwhile the dogs have brought a large she-bear to bay, and Tige's deep voice is heard high above the rest. There they are! and, my faith, Bruin is having his own sport with the hounds! What an uncouth, clumsy fellow! But he spars well, and knocks the dogs about in the most scientific style. Ha! Tige has him by the throat now, and the rest of the pack are pulling the hair out of him by mouthfuls. The fight grows interesting, and would be laughable but that the lives of the dogs are actually in danger. What a pandemonium of growls, cries, and yells! what biting and tumbling, and what a display of ivory! Now Brave receives a blow from the brute's paw that hurls him, somersaulting, a rod away; but he is up in an instant, and returns savagely to the fray. Lion gets a side hit that sends him off limping and disabled, and Tige fares even worse; for the bear is on his hind feet now, and hugging with an embrace by no means tender. But the men are at hand, and come to the rescue most opportunely for the brave hound, who is about receiving his *coup de grace*.

The battle now assumes a novel aspect. The bear, perceiving new and more formidable foes, releases his victim and springs to meet them. A bullet from Bannac's rifle redoubles his rage, and charging upon the hunter, with a growl, he rises on his haunches and strikes an attitude. The Frenchman meets him with ready hatchet, but Bruin hits out beautifully "with his left," and the tool flies off into the brush; yet a dexterous use of the long blade, now quickly drawn from his belt, places the bear quite *hors de combat*, and the dogs are satisfying their revenge by tearing his haunches with their fangs.

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"That was well done, Bannac, my boy. You and the dogs have all the glory to yourselves; but that was an ugly clip you got on the shoulder from his fore-paw."

"Faux pas, est'ce! Zat no faux pas, pe gar! Zat vas un beau coup—un *beaucoup* beau coup. Enfant de garce, mais, I tink she be vat you call la reine—ze queen of ze She-bars!"

"Or perhaps a Hug-or-not," suggests Tom.

"Oh oui. Tres bien. Vel, ze bar is mine."

"No, the pelt is yours; the bar is ours."

"Tres bien—ze bar is *ours*."

The jovial little Frenchman had suffered severely, but, under the care of old Captain Hinch, was put in a fair way for recovery. One of the dogs was so badly hurt that he had to be killed, and one other was quite disabled for a time. Now facing homeward, the spoils of the hunt are conveyed in triumph to the camp, where the hunters are met by little Peter, who displays a long string of fine fish just taken from the river.

Is the palate ever insensible to its native proclivities, especially when excited by a long-kept fast or sympathetic yearnings of the bowels? How grateful to the hungry hunters was the aromatic savor of roasting meat and broiling fish as it ascended to the nostrils! And when all was ready none needed a second invitation to eat. Long and diligently did they ply their knives, until the most ravenous declared himself satisfied, and leisurely returned his blade to its sheath. The luxury of the smoke that followed and the post-prandial siesta are beyond the conception of him who has had no similar experiences. The many little duties required to perfect the arrangements of the camp, calling for other active exertions on the part of the men during the afternoon, prepared them for further gastronomic exercise when the deepening gloom of the forest admonished them of the approach of evening. Then the embers of the camp-fire were quickened into a cheerful blaze, and pleasant hours were spent in simple pastime, until at length tired nature yielded to the embrace of the drowsy god, and the waning fire flickered and flashed upon a row of dark forms stretched out upon the hemlock boughs, and their deep regular breathing lapsed into a chorus of snores. Familiar scenes of home might have been recalled in dreams, or the events of the day lived over in fancy, or sleep might have dealt indulgently with them the livelong night, had not the howl of wolves, that had been attracted to the very door of the camp by the smell of the meat, suddenly startled them from their midnight slumbers, and roused every man to his feet. Then came a seizing of deadly weapons and snatching of fire-brands, a simultaneous rush for the door, a chorus of yells, a volley of shots from the guns, a brandishing of torches, and a hasty scampering of retreating prowlers into the shadows of the woods. The rest of the night, however, passed without further disturbance, and in the morning a dark clot of blood upon the dry leaves showed that one at least of the thieves had suffered; but half the meat was gone from the peg where it had hung. Thus, between pleasure and profit, pass the true halcyon days of the lumberman's life, until the freezing nights and occasional light falls of snow denote the time when the arrival of the teams and extra hands from the settlements may be expected. And with what eager anticipation are they awaited! for already has this simple life become somewhat monotonous; new faces are welcome, and especially tidings from home!

We may imagine the men grouped together, toasting their feet around the fire which they have built outside their cabin; for the atmosphere of a house is oppressive and detestable to those who live long in the open air. The sun is just poising upon the lance-like tips of the tall hemlocks across the river, and Nature has assumed that quiet which she always does at the sunset hour. Hardly a sound is heard, only the low murmur of the river flowing by, and the smoke curls lazily into the clear frosty air. Now old Hinch pauses in his conversation, and turns his head with attentive ear. All listen breathlessly, for they know the practiced sense of the veteran is never deceived. There are sounds scarcely audible, yet the distant clank of the ox-chains and the creak of the laden sleds can not be mistaken. Presently they become more distinct, and the voice of the teamster is heard guiding the oxen. There is no longer any doubt.

"Hurrah, boys—the teams are coming!"

Instantly all spring to their feet, and hardly have the echoes of their three lusty cheers died away before they are answered roundly from the depths of the forest, and again repeated from the camp. Now all is bustle and excitement.

"Here you, John and little Peter, stir your pegs, and put some of that venison on to broil; Jenks, see if them beans are baked; and, Tom, jerk the innards outen them pike; for you must know the boys have tramped to-day, and a good supper won't come amiss. And mind you, don't forget the tea."

"All right, Cap'n. It shall all be done in a jiffy."

And now while the comestibles are steaming and sputtering, the long and sinuous train drags wearily out of the deepening shadows. There are sleds well laden with provisions for the camp and provender for the cattle, with such tools and implements as are necessary for carrying on the business, each drawn by four or six oxen. Beside them, or struggling through the woods, singly, or by twos and threes, trudge the stalwart lumbermen. As they emerge from the woods mutual shouts of recognition are exchanged, and then come welcome greetings. The pioneers gather eagerly around the new-comers; there are endless questionings, and many a mysterious package or paper is drawn from its hiding-place in the bosom of a red shirt, or from some privy nook upon a sled, and quickly seized by its happy recipient, to be examined and devoured privately, *ad libitum*. Letters and newspapers are distributed and perused with avidity. The Frenchman

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receives with delight an installment of buckwheat bread and garlics from some friend appreciative of his tastes. Long John has a present of a fine revolver, which is more acceptable to him than gold and silver; and the little tokens of friendship or affection that come to others are numerous and various. But who so esteems his gifts as poor Tom Harris? He has a little packet from his own Annette, containing a comforter, a pair of heavy mittens, and several thick woolen socks, knit by her own hands; and, most highly prized of all, *a letter*, in which she begs him to accept these little gifts, hoping that he may find them useful during the long cold winter. And "dear Tom," she continues, in that affectionate strain peculiar to all young loving wives, "you can't imagine how lonely I am since you are gone. The old house seems quite as dreary as when I was single, and, indeed, for my part, I can hardly see the use of being married at all. Only to think but one short month of real happiness, and then you are taken away! But, Tom, I know it's all for the best, and it's no use a-crying—though I often do that, I can tell you. Be sure you get the 'crack load' this winter, and let me have it to say that I've got the smartest chopper in the crew." (What an incentive to a logger's ambition!) Then with that solicitude that every true wife feels for the absent one, she concludes, "And now, Tom, for Heaven's sake, do be careful, and not venture too much. There are dangers enough in the wilderness that you can't foresee, without running your head into those you can. So good-by, until the next chance to send you another letter. In the spring we shall be happy again, sha'n't we?"

Tom draws his sleeve across his eye, and solaces himself with an extra piece of Virginia twist. Soon after his sorrows are temporarily forgotten in the excitements of the camp.

An early bed prepares the tired foresters for the arduous duties of the morrow—the initiative of the winter campaign. That it may be the more methodically and effectively conducted, a division of labor is made. A "crew" consists of from twenty to thirty men, in charge of the "boss," of whom two are experienced choppers, two barkers and sled-tenders, eight swampers, to clear the roads through the forest for the sleds, two landing sawyers, to saw the trunks into logs of suitable length and mark them, teamsters, etc. Lastly, but perhaps the most important personage of all, is the cook. Ah, the awful responsibility of the cook! To titillate the palate, to humor the stomach, to propitiate the appetite and diverse tastes, to be ready promptly at stated hours for meals, or to extemporize a supper at times not stated; these acquire the ingenuity of a Yankee, the skill of a Soyer, and the patience of Job. Formerly, in the days of simple manners and simple diet, the cooking was done by rotation, each man holding the fat office for a week, and the food then was confined principally to bread, pork and beans, and an occasional fresh steak from the forest. The table furniture, too, was primitive, and the cutlery for the most part of that kind which, some obliterated genius has truly said, was invented before forks. Now the *chef de cuisine* must be superlative in his craft, and the *table d'hôte* supplied with fresh beef, and all descriptions of game, vegetables, French rolls, and preserved dainties, though even these have by no means superseded the old standard dish of pork and beans (*bene merito*). Wouldst know how to cook beans in true backwoods style? Place them in a pot, and the pot in a hole in the ground. Cover it well with live coals, and the whole with a layer of earth, and leave it for twenty-four hours. Then will the vetches have acquired a perfection of flavor not to be equaled by any other process. In like manner the loggers bake their bread.

Lumbermen are often employed "by the route," to continue at the business through all its successive stages. To others, who are hired to perform a particular part of the labor, different wages are paid, according to the character of their work and their several ability. French *habitans* are common among the crews, though their labor commands smaller wages than are paid to others.

And now, with the men and teams on the ground, and a favorable depth of snow, the work begins in real earnest. The trees to be cut are selected with a practiced eye, and many huge and symmetrical trunks are disregarded, which to the uninitiated appear to be perfect in all respects, but exhibit to the lumberman the mark of the insidious "konkus," which is infallible. Skids are then laid to receive the falling giants, and the swampers busily cut their way to the selected points. And now the reverberating strokes of the axes ring incessantly through the high arches; crash after crash thunders forth the knell of the doomed ones; and the wild shouting of the teamsters, the clank of the log-chains, and the unearthly shrieks of the bob-sleds as they groan beneath their ponderous burdens, combine to thrill the senses with an excitement as pleasurable as it is novel. A Chinese executioner, who severs the necks of his victims with that peculiar "cheep, cheep" of the cleaver, which so plainly speaks the value of human life in that Celestial Elysium, could not perform his labor (or pastime) more nicely or expeditiously than the lumberman amputates the limbs and branches from the long trunks. The barker dexterously strips off the bark, and the sled-tender is ready with team, tackle and fall, to raise the huge bodies of the fallen upon his sled, and transport them to the landing-places at the river, where they are cut into suitable lengths for driving to the booms in the spring. These are the times that are trying to the oxen, and often the utmost exertions of four yokes are required to move the massive burdens. But by dint of volleys of encouragement and abuse, and a proper application of the mechanical forces and the whip, perseverance at length triumphs over gravity, and the huge load moves slowly and reluctantly forward to its destination. This is the regular routine

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HAULING LOGS.

work through the long winter, yet diversified daily with that variety which is the spice of life and the nutmeg of existence. Sunday alone brings a cessation of labor; for the lumberman is always respectful of that clause of the Divine command which forbids all *work* on that sacred day. To "fell, clear, and haul," continually for four or five long months, one might suppose would be monotonously irksome; but there is a pleasure in the ceaseless tramp from the swamp to the landing, and the landing to the swamp, in the companionship of the patient oxen, and the comfort of the never-absent pipe; a music in the jingling chains, the creaking sleds, and the echo of one's own song and whistle; a variety in the little vexations and difficulties of the way; and exciting episodes occasioned by sudden accidents, the unwelcome presence of wolves dodging among the brush along the route, or the chance encounters with bears or other noble game that unexpectedly cross the path. But especially exciting is the work of the chopper, and by no means altogether free from danger. When the towering top of the giant pine trembles and oscillates with the finishing strokes of the axe; when it makes the fearful plunge, crushing and shivering every thing within its range; when the wrenched branches of other trees, rendered brittle by frost, fly in every direction like the rocky fragments from an exploding blast; when huge limbs, broken from the falling trees, hang suspended in the branches above, poised and swaying, and ready to drop at the first sharp gust of wind; or when the butt of the falling trunk flies back like a recoiling gun, then there is imminent danger to life, and often the most experienced loggers fail to make good their retreat. Neither is the occupation of the teamster free from accident. A sluing log, knocking him from his feet, or driving down a steep declivity upon the team, may cut his existence short in a moment's time.

We need not visit in imagination the three hundred lumber camps of Maine to seek diversity. They are all the counterparts of this—the sturdy workmen are the same, and their occupation differs in nowise; only at times may be found among the crews a cinnamon-colored Micmac or Penobscot Indian, who has been forced from barbarism into earning his daily salt, wielding the axe as their forefathers did the tomahawk, and making the chips fly as they did brains—or perchance, some stray son of Erin, or a "chiel from the Land o' Cakes." Whether storming the shelving terraces of the mountains, and hurling the forest monarchs from their dizzy heights, swamping in the lowlands, or cutting the stately pines from the borders of placid lakes into which they have looked and watched their growth for centuries, the labor is only diversified by the change of locality. Yet there are many seasons of mirth and festivity during the winter, many a pleasing adventure, and many an exciting chase. Now following the moose on snow-shoes over the sparkling snow crust, or examining snares set ingeniously across the paths he frequents, setting traps for bears, or smoking them out from their brumal quarters—these are the sports *par excellence* of the winter time.

In the long evenings, after the toils of the day

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are over, and the grumblings of empty stomachs have been propitiated by ample feasts and generous libations of tea and coffee, huge logs are rolled upon the camp-fire, and the already fervent flames, seizing the dry moss and tinder-like bark, shoot up in lurid sheets of blaze, casting fantastic shadows upon the blackened walls, lighting up the bearded faces of the lounging lumbermen, and diffusing a genial warmth throughout the long apartment. Black-stemmed pipes are drawn from private crannies, and dense clouds of smoke from their capacious bowls float in sluggish wreaths among the rafters, and genuine content rests blandly on every brow. What recks it, then, whether the storm rages without, or the driving sleet pelts mercilessly upon the roof, or the piercing blasts shriek and moan through the forest? Let old Boreas pile the snow-drifts high. Far above the tumult of the elements rises a full chorus from a score of throats, and those old logging songs which the lumbermen love so well are sung with stress, and oft repeated. Peals of laughter shake the building, while jest after jest goes round. And now, by special request, Long John clears his throat for some simple ditty—a plaintive song of love and home—and while the tune comes clear and full, no sound disturbs the melody save the snapping of the burning wood and the musical hissing of the hickory sap. Then, if the passing hour has not already made the eyelids heavy, stories of personal experience and hair-breadth escapes pass from mouth to mouth, feelingly recited and attentively heard, and uninterrupted except by the fitful gusts whisking around the corners of the cabin, or the howl of the starveling wolves outside. At length, after a long and marvelous recital,

"Come, Tom," says Harry, "let out a hole in your belt, and roll out some of your doings this last ten years; for this child feels tiresome like, and needs a whopper to keep his eye open."

"Pshaw! what's June-grass to a horse that's fed on oats all his days! My yarns couldn't shine alongside of yourn, nohow. Go ahead yourself, and tell us about that scrape you and Hiram Goud had with the she catamount."

"Oh, that's of no account. But here's Captain Hinch. He's knocked around some in his day."

"After you is manners for me."

"No, no. Don't back out, Cap," cry a dozen voices together. "Let us have one."

Thus appealed to, the old veteran taps his pipe upon the heel of his boot to clear it of ashes, and having hemmed twice for effect, begins:

"'Twas about 'rutting time,' maybe— But you won't believe me; so it's no use telling it."

"Oh, go on! Of course we'll believe you. Can't we take an honest man's word?"

"Go on, go on!" urged all.

Thus assured, the old logger once more parts his lips, and proceeds in this wise:

"Well, as I was saying, Owen Smith and I was cutting timber on the Eau Galle, out on the Fox River Improvement, in Wisconsin. Painter and buffler was thick in them diggings about that time, and—"

"What, Cap'n! Buffalo in the woods!"

"Sartain, you numbskull! Hain't I seen 'em lumbering over the prairie more than once, and who wouldn't take to the pines for timber, I should like to know? Well, as I was saying, there was a heap of cats in them forests, and, besides, the Chippewas and Winnebagoes used to send their war parties in there—for you must know this was debatable ground—and many a red Injun have I found in the brush, stuck as full of arrows as there is quills in a porkypine. Lumbering ain't nothing now to what it was then. Then we had to carry our rifles, ready cocked, in our left hand, and chop with the right. Some of them trees took's a couple of days to get through the bark, and some of 'em had hollows in 'em big enough for a team to stand in. One of this kind fell across the 'main' one day, just as Owen got his log onto the sled, and was ready to start up; so what does he do but drive right through it, and no rubbing hair. It was about that same log that I was going to speak; and if ever your humble servant was just rightly scared, 'twas about that time.

"It was the next year after that log was felled that Owen and I went up the river, timber-hunting, and of course we stopped at the old camping-ground on the way; but instead of going up to the shanty, we just took lodgings for the night in the big stick, as being more handy to the stream — which saved us a two-mile tramp. It was nigh onto nightfall, and Owen was stirring the coals around the tea-pot, to get it a-simmering; when all at once we heard a whimpering in the timber hard by. One minute it seemed to be talking low, the next chuckling, and the next crying; and such a mixing up of queer noises you never heard.

"'Injuns!' says Owen, quite scared.

"'*Cats!*' says I, more positive. 'That's cats, or I'm a nigger!'

"'Cats or Injuns,' says Owen, now gathering pluck, and taking his gun, 'I'm jest going to find out!'

"But hardly had he gone three steps from the fire when, with such a screech as you never heard, down came a big catamount out of the tree plump on to his back. Owen gave one awful yell; and hardly knowing what I was about, I grabbed the pot of boiling tea, and chucked it plump into the varmint's eyes and face. Well, you never see a cat more confused in all your born days, after that. She was regularly obfuscated, was that cat, and the way the har commenced to slake off from his forepiece was a caution. Leaving Owen lay, she began pitching and jumping this way and that, butting her head against the trees, and tearing about promiscously; and it was easy enough to see she was blinded; only when she'd hear *me* dodging about she didn't come far amiss; and finally, just as I was near to the end of the log, she put

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her claw right into the seat of my corduroys, and a little farther. But I slipped my cable, as the sailors say, got her down, and had just got her legs tied (for I'd made up my mind to keep the varmint alive), when all at once came a ear-splitting yell, and looking up, I saw six Chippewa red-skins streaking it through the timber. At the same time poor Owen sings out, 'Injuns!' and manages to crawl into the log just time enough to dodge a couple of bullets that came flying after him. It was plain the rascals hadn't noticed me; and so, catching an idea all to onct, I backed into the log, dragging the cat by the hind legs, and waited for what was coming. Directly, after a little palaver, one of the Injuns takes a stand so as to cover the end of the log where Owen lay, and the other five ran around to the other end to drive Owen out.

"'Hist, Owen!' says I, 'keep your eye on your hind sights, and don't stir!'

"Then taking a bunch of dry grass, I tied it to the cat's tail, set her face straight for the opening, held a match in my hand, and the minute I see them five heads forenent the log I just cut the strings that tied the cat's feet, touched her off with the match; and away she streaked it outen that log like a shooting star, plump into them Injuns. Down went one of 'em, chawed into mince-meat, and the others, they was just a *leetle* surprised, I reckon. *Pre*haps they didn't make themselves scarce as soon as they come to! But two of 'em dropped, with a chunk of cold lead in 'em, before they got into the brush. Wagh! we wern't afeared of seeing any of *that* party again—and we didn't. The next morning we went up the river, with our faces done up in a poultice."

Having thus delivered himself, the old lumberman began leisurely filling his pipe.

"Is that all, Cap'n?"

"Well, it is."

"But what became of the cat?"

"As to that, I couldn't exactly say; but the fire got into the timber, and burned over a thousand acre; and there's been no Injuns seen in them woods since."

More than one of the auditors are ignorant of the sequel of the Captain's yarn, for heads are nodding here and there,

"Come, boys, let's turn in!"

Now a fresh log is thrown upon the fire, the simple bed and coverings are hastily adjusted, and soon the tired lumbermen are wrapped in external obliviousness—methodically bestowed beneath one long blanket that covers all, like a layer of herrings packed for shipment—and sonorous snores respond to snores responsive. Naught disturbs their heavy slumbers throughout the livelong night, unless, perchance, a startling cry of "Fire!" and insidious flames darting through the dry hemlock shives, and leaping among the rafters, and heat and suffocating smoke, wake them with sudden alarm. Then it is a struggle for life, and often escape is found only through the roof, burst from its fastenings, and sometimes not at all. There are sad records of miserable deaths from burning camps among the forest archives; yet such calamities are rare.

Sunday also comes to relieve the daily routine of camp life, always welcome for the rest it brings, and if not observed with Sabbatarian strictness, nevertheless received with some degree of respect due to its sacred character.

> "But the sound of the church-going bell
> These valleys and rocks never heard,"

and the rude worshiper in the temple of the forest must needs worship without priest or spiritual adviser. Hence secular concerns predominate. Sundry general duties receive attention: old books and papers are perused, letters are written to absent friends, garments washed and mended, boots greased, and tools repaired; or visits are made to neighboring camps, bear-trees routed of their tenants, and traps inspected; while a few, perhaps, in meditative mood, devote the hours to sober thought and somnolency. Yet inclination, or early education, may sometimes dispose to a more becoming observance of the day; and welcome are the golden opportunities, so rarely afforded, when some rusticating or adventure-seeking preacher chances to stray to their wilderness-home. There are not a few who will ever remember the name, if not the teachings of the Rev. Dr. Bethune—a gentleman of equal fame as a trout-fisher and a "fisher of men;" who can cast a line as well as write one; handle and apply the rod piscatorial and the rod ministerial with equal effect; and whose occasional visits to the lumber camp are hailed with joy even by the hardest sinners in the crew. In garb as rough as that of his red-shirted auditors, and in simple language to answer theirs, he has chained them slaves to his silvery words, and never wanted a more attentive audience. Once only did he fail to receive that respectful attention to which he was wont, and every effort availed not to quell the irrepressible mirth, until casually removing his hat, an inadvertent glance at its broad rim studded with choice flies and hackles, and hung with dangling hooks and leaders, that jerked and twitched with every earnest gesture, revealed the mysterious cause of the unusual rudeness. He quietly doffed the offending "tile," and the most perfect decorum quickly followed. There is now still circulating among the community of lumbermen a sermon that he gave to one of them years ago—yellow and thumb-worn, and scarcely legible from frequent perusals. The Doctor need wish no better proof of the high estimation in which he is held by his backwoods friends. The world needs no better proof that the lumbermen, though rough, reckless, and unpolished, are not therefore necessarily vicious, or, as a class, unprincipled.

Slowly passes the long winter, with its many vicissitudes; until the flowing sap in the trees, the occasional warm rains and thawing days that characterize the budding spring, admonish of the close of life in camp. No serious accident has occurred, thus far, to sadden the uniform happi-

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ness and good-fortune that have smiled so benignantly upon them all; though there have been many narrow escapes, and numerous encounters with Bruin, from which the assailants have not come off scathless, and a few ugly axe wounds or painful bruises. All are well, and happy in the joyful anticipation of a speedy release from the arduous duties of the logging swamp; and even though the labor of "river driving" be more hazardous and severe, the change of occupation is welcomed and impatiently awaited. At length the final day arrives! All day long the active axe swings with redoubled vigor; the giant pines quake and crash; the teamster urges his panting oxen with constant goad and voice; and log after log is quickly hauled to the landing at the river, until the sun sinks low in the west, and calls from labor to repose.

"Well, boys, there's my last chip!" cries stout John Boardman, as, panting, he withdraws his axe from a swaying tree, that trembles for an instant, and falls to the earth with a noise like thunder. With surprising speed the trunk is prepared for the sled and firmly secured; and brave Tom Harris starts up his straining team, contemplating the huge log with great satisfaction, and shouts, as he tramps over the winding road for the hundredth time, "And this, boys, is *my last load!*"

With three lusty cheers his comrades return to camp, and Tom pursues his solitary way to the river, singing cheerily as he goes.

Once more the grateful supper is prepared for the hungry lumbermen. Long and diligently applying themselves to the task, they feasted until the day had faded into twilight, when Long John suddenly dropped his knife, and a shade of pallor was quite perceptible on his cheek. "Boys!" said he, "*where's Tom Harris?*" Instantly every eye scanned eagerly the little group. His familiar face was absent. "Tom? why, wasn't he down to the river with his team?" "Yes; but he should have been back an hour ago. I could swear there's something happened to him." "Was any one with him?" "No." "Well now, men, don't get frightened too quick; he'll be back in five minutes, I'll bet. There's his team coming now. Don't you hear the chains?" Every ear listened intently, but without reward. There was no sound on the clear frosty air. The twilight soon deepened into darkness, but he came not. Again and again did some one of the crew step out to listen for some indication of his approach, until, with anxious solicitude and sad forebodings, Long John called for company, and started with a lantern for the landing. Rapidly they strided over the ground, momentarily expecting some token of his approach, until they reached the river. There stood the oxen quietly chewing their cud; the log was properly rolled from the sled, but the missing teamster was not to be seen. Each man uttered an exclamation of surprise; then shouted, but no voice replied. But a sad discovery soon came to light.

Carefully searching the ground, the glare of the lantern presently flashed upon a sickening spectacle. There, crushed out of all semblance of humanity, lay the body of poor Tom under the weight of the ponderous log! A simultaneous cry of horror burst from every lip, and for a moment not one had power to move, but, awe-struck, gazed abstractedly at the shapeless mass. Then, recovering their self-command, they quickly set to work to remove the log and extricate the body. Silently they toiled at their mournful task; but the tears that coursed down each weather-beaten cheek spoke plainly of the kindly feelings that dwelt in some small corner of the heart. Poor Tom! that was indeed his "*last load.*" And poor Annette! how will *she* bear the burden of the sad intelligence? How different then will be her feelings than when she penned the letter which was found so snugly folded in his pocket! how bitter her disappointment! "How glad I am, dear Tom," she wrote, "that you have obtained a substitute to 'drive' the river, instead of going down yourself; you will be home so much sooner, and escape the many dangers of the river! You don't know how happy I am, and how much anxiety is off my mind. I feel sure that you are safe, and that I shall see you very soon."

> "Alas! for life's all-changeful scene;
> How soon must perish that fond dream
> For him on whom her thought doth pore!"

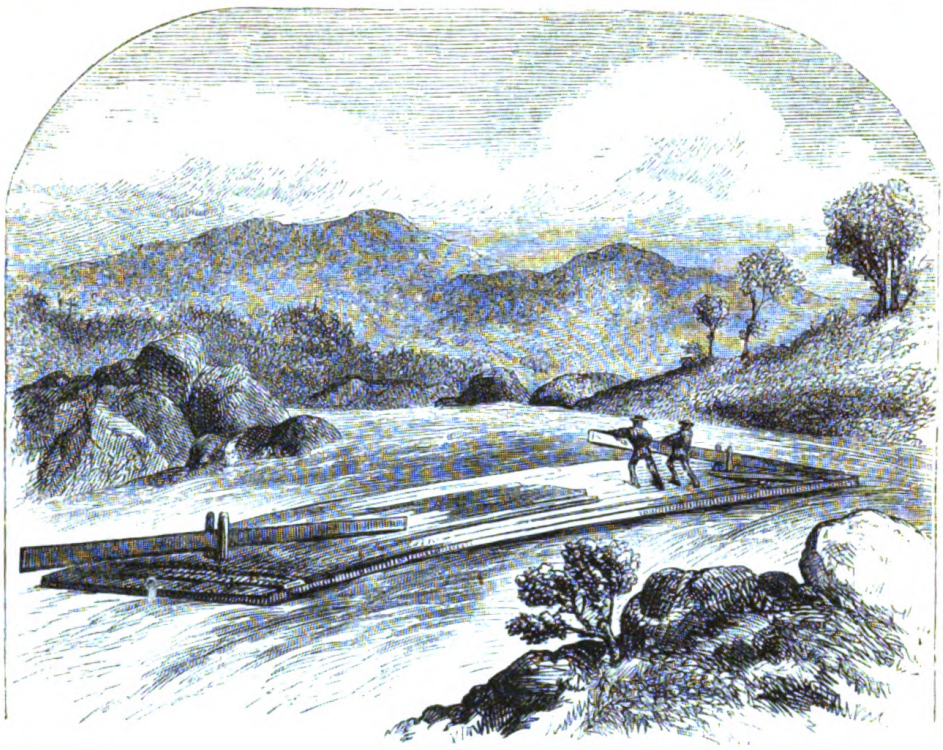
Raising the body carefully upon a litter of boughs they laid it upon the sled—the same he had driven himself but two short hours before—and sadly returned to camp, where all were anxiously awaiting their return. The melancholy affliction fell heavily upon them, for Tom was a favorite among the crew.

In the morning the remains of the unfortunate teamster were consigned to their last resting-place, at the foot of a noble pine by the river's bank; for even though the distance to the nearest settlement were short, they could not consent to shock his friends with a spectacle so dreadful—and, least of all, *Annette*. A couple of barrels strapped together was his coffin, and his own clothes his winding-sheet. Placing these into the hastily-dug grave, they trampled down the earth and left him, without prayer or funeral-service. A half-suppressed sigh or unbidden tear, hastily brushed aside, were the only tributes to his memory; but the sighing pine will whisper his mournful elegy, and the great horned owl hoot out his requiem at midnight.

* * * * * *

The hilarity that always attends the breaking-up of a camp was considerably modified by the sad event of the previous day, and the natural buoyancy of feeling which the occasion ever creates received a sensible depression. The customary jokes were wanting, and the various duties of the day were performed with unwonted reserve; and when the time arrived for the departure of the homeward-bound teams, parting salutes were exchanged with the usual cordiality, but with sober face and quiet demeanor.

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TIMBER RAFT.

When these little civilities were performed the team struck into the woods, heading for home; but the "river drivers" remained to follow their longer and more circuitous route to the same destination.

Who shall describe the wild grandeur of the mountain stream in the spring, when, swollen by the melting snows from the mountains and lowlands, and gathering strength from the sun and the clouds, it bursts its fetters of ice, and seizing them in its teeth, rushes on in resistless career to its ocean refuge, heaving, grinding, crushing, seething, roaring, impressing its legions from every brook and streamlet, and wreaking vengeance upon whatever opposes? Into the bosom of the torrent in such a mood the "driver" launches his wealth of logs, branding upon them the stamp of his own coinage in letters and fantastic marks; and following with untiring step, guards them with jealous care throughout their tortuous journey. Dexterously knocking out the chock that at the margin of the stream confines the incumbent mass of yellow, fresh-peeled logs, instantly the whole vast army is in motion, and gathering new impetus with its progress, rolls down the sloping "skids" with terrific force and a noise like rattling thunder, shaking the earth in its descent, and lashing the waves into a fearful commotion. Men are actively at work to keep the channel clear, and platoon after platoon of logs are shoved down stream until the entire surface is covered with the floating wood for a mile or more. Caught by the force of the rushing tide, on they speed, like a phalanx of Zouaves, through foaming rapids and impetuous chutes, leaping perpendicular falls, plunging down ledges, charging full tilt upon the banks, or sweeping in graceful curves around the bends of the shore; then, where the river widens into diminutive lakes or sets back in eddying pools, floating leisurely upon the tranquil surface, or betimes gliding under the half-submerged bushes along the shore. Again, passing on from deep water into the swift and shallow stream, they speed on their way, leaving many of their number behind high and dry upon the jagged rocks, or at times pausing *en masse* where the depth of water is insufficient to float them, or jammed in inextricable confusion in the narrow gorges of the river.

Throughout this long and exciting journey the driver is ever present, constantly hovering near his precious charge, and, like a ministering spirit, ever ready to assist and to smooth the difficulties of the way; now working for hours in the chilling water, in depth from the ankle to the hips, where the ice runs in masses or broken fragments, lifting with heavy pikes, hand-spikes, and cant-dogs, to keep the massive logs in the deepest channel; now leaping from log to log, slippery and ever rolling, with the agility of an acrobat, and not always escaping a luckless plunge beneath the flood, to be greeted with the never-failing jeers and laughter of his comrades upon emerging from the surface; again, where the logs become immovably fixed upon shoals or reefs, plying the ready hand-spike with lusty arm, and bending to his task to force the cumbrous weight inch by inch or rod by rod along

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THE JAM.

its unwilling course; then perchance with happy relief from toil, following his charge many a mile in the light bateau until another demand upon his aid compels him again reluctantly to display his amphibious qualities. Here the huge raft is at a dead stand in shallow water, and a rude dam is constructed to flow the water back until a sufficient depth is acquired to float it; or, if occasion requires, the dam is built above the stranded logs, and when the waters have sufficiently accumulated, the flood-gates are raised, and the hissing flood leaps forth like a wild beast upon its prey, and bears it swiftly down upon its impetuous tide.

But one of the grandest incidents of the drive is the passage of the numerous falls, where, through foaming waters that leap from crag to crag, or roll in one plunging sheet over giddy precipices of fearful height, the logs come dashing on in wild confusion, pitching, heaving, and plunging end over end into the deep abyss below. Such are the falls of the Kennebec, the Sebois, Neshourdnehunk, Androscoggin, and Aroostook rivers. But the grandest of all is the Grand Fall of the St. John, where, over a perpendicular precipice of seventy feet high, the cataract plunges in two great sheets of foam and spray into a terrific gorge, and then forces its way in a long succession of surging rapids through walls of rock two hundred feet in height. In the spring, when freshets above swell the impetuous volume of water, the fury of the torrent is wonderfully fearful. Pent up within the narrow rift, and unable to discharge itself through the natural passage, it is forced upward in immense billows, sometimes fifty feet above its usual level, now subsiding, now heaving again, rising, falling, rolling, and seething like a mighty caldron. Down this fall, when in its angriest mood, all the logs cut from the forests adjacent to the river must pass. It is a grand sight, and beyond the power of description, the plunging of the great pine trunks as they leap the brink. There is something strangely fearful and weird-like in the ever-shifting, rushing, pitching mass as it moves its thousand long black arms upward, hither and yon, in its headlong course. Now on they come in great battalions, charging in close phalanx as they leap the chasm—anon in straggling parties, singly, or two or three together. Now one huge log strikes its end upon some hidden ledge, and plunges into the abyss with a desperate somersault, followed by others in quick succession. After them comes speeding on a great pine veteran alone, and straight as an arrow—clears the verge at a bound, and with a perpendicular fall strikes the pool on end—is lost to sight for one long moment, then suddenly shoots up from the gulf like a rocket, forcing its entire length out of the water—then falls with a mighty splash, and dashes on after its fellows, that are tumbling and grinding in wild confusion.

Amidst scenes like these the river driver passes day after day. Such are the vicissitudes of life for him who "runs the wangun."

Camping at night wherever darkness overtakes him, his bed is not always the softest, nor his shelter the most complete; but the bright blaze of his camp-fire is ever cheerful, and habit

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and a crude philosophy make him ever content, even though the sky and the forest be his only canopy, and his couch a hydrostatic bed such as fickle April especially delights to bestow upon her outdoor tenants. Fortified with corrective noggins of brandy periodically administered, and toothsome viands from the ever-attendant "wangun," unless perchance that indispensable provender-boat has been swamped in quick water, reducing him to keeping Lent on soaked fare haply rescued from the stream, he passes the night agreeably, and is ready to resume his duties with the early dawn.

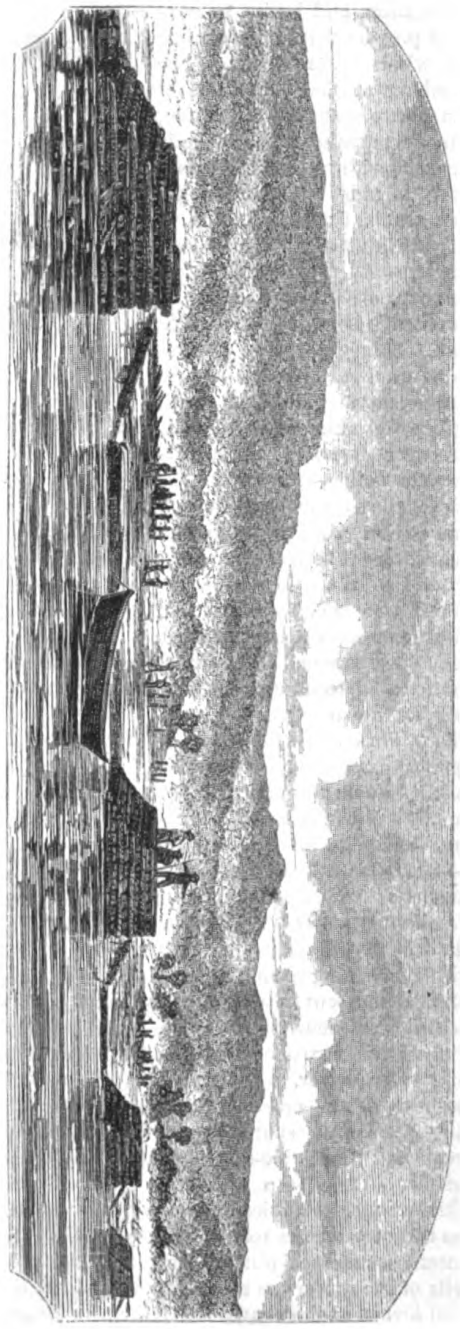
Were these the only hardships and contingencies of river life, that vocation would be to him one continuity of blissful experience; but life is often sacrificed to the dangers that constantly beset the path of the driver. Striking upon some hidden rock, or suddenly capsized by the angry waves, he is thrown from his frail craft into what proves to him, indeed, a river of death, and his companions watch in vain for his reappearance; or a chance misstep upon some unstable log, or the accidental snapping of a lever, hurling him headlong into the stream, may seal his fate. Days afterward, when the body, stark and bloated, has wandered far on its solitary voyage of unrest, some of the fraternity will discover it floating, and kindly give it a decent sepulture on the bank beside the river. Summer flowers will bloom and fade, and the grass grow green, and autumn leaves fall thickly upon the little mound, until the returning spring finds all trace of the unknown's grave effaced, and busy feet shall pass and repass the secluded spot, unconscious that human bones lie buried there. Thus, joyless and apart, along the banks of many a wilderness stream, and under the shade of the sombre pines, sleep hundreds of unfortunate lumbermen who have lost their lives in their precarious calling, far away from home and kindred and the abodes of man.

Near the margin of the stream that joins the Eastern Grand Lake with the Chepetnacook, just where the underbrush grows thickest, and therein concealed, is a simple cedar slab, bearing on its face the brief inscription:

EDWIN TUPPER,
DIED APRIL 20, 1826.
AGED 25 YEARS.

The graving is as legible as if newly cut. There, within a stone's-throw of the ruthless flood that claimed his life, the unhappy lumberman has slept his lonely sleep for thirty-three long years, and the river has never ceased its mournful murmur, nor the tall pines their elegiac whisperings, since the fatal day. The church-yard, with its cold companionship of tombs, is ever cheerless and depressive, but the lone grave in the solitude of the forest is painfully silent—a Cimmeria of melancholy. It is pitiable to watch the gradual lapsing of the spirit from its tenement, when those who have nurtured him and followed him through life are present to attend its mournful exit—to see him helpless upon the chill verge, tossing his arms entreatingly back to earth and friends, and fearing to take the unfathomed plunge; but there is something peculiarly sad in the going out of the soul upon its illimitable flight when forbidden one lingering glance behind, the consolation of a parting kiss, or a last pressure from the hand of friendship—leaving the body unhonored and unwept in its wilderness desolation.

Yet, of all the exciting episodes of the logger's life, and fraught with unusual dangers, none can compare with the breaking of a "jam." Where the channel of the river is contracted by encroaching cliffs, or obstructed by broken masses of rock,



THE BOOM.

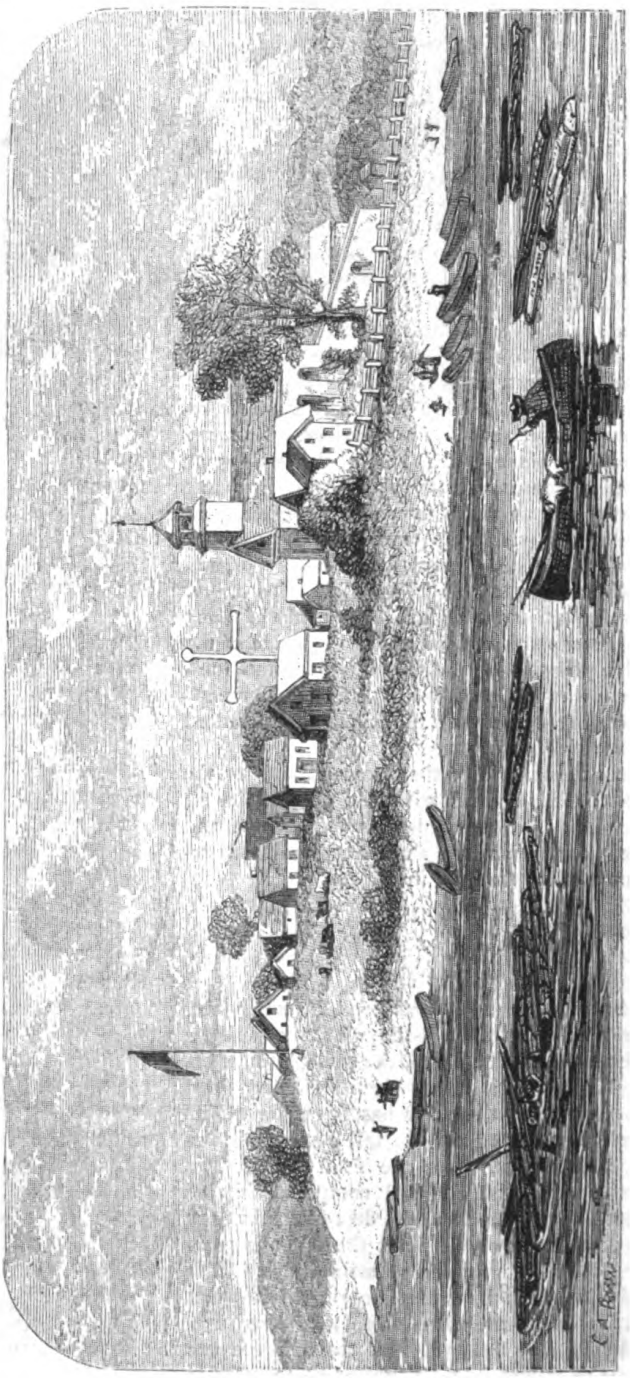
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some obstinate log often swings across the narrow chasm, and sticking fast, defies all efforts to remove it. Other logs, driving down upon it, are effectually debarred from further progress, until at length the whole vast army above has accumulated there, piled up in inextricable confusion, densely packed, cross-piled, and interwoven, and as intricate as the Gordian knot. Frequently has the baffled lumberman to follow the precedent of Alexander the Great, and resort to the never-failing axe. Here the river, pent up and vexed by the immovable barrier, rushes upon it with terrific force, boiling, foaming, and threatening to tear the very rocks from their foundation, and by its tremendous pressure serving to confine the whole more closely. The breaking of that jam involves the failure or success of the long winter campaign, and hence is invested with no ordinary interest. It must be done quickly too, ere the freshet subsides, or else the labor of the year is lost. And now all the physical force, activity, skill, and courage of the men is brought into requisition. Sometimes the logs have to be removed singly, and days and weeks are often expended before the channel is cleared. In other cases, the most vulnerable point—the "key log" of the jam—is sought. To start this is like firing the train of a magazine. The result is equally fatal to him who has not attained a place of security. To insure the safety of the operator, he is often suspended by a rope from an adjacent cliff or tree, and let down upon the jam, where, with axe and lever, he applies himself to his dangerous task. Should the jam start, or manifest any indication of starting, he is instantly drawn up—often with a haste quite detrimental to skin and raiment. Frequently a few well-directed blows suffice, the huge log snaps with a deafening report, and the whole incumbent mass, released from its confinement, rushes on with a terrific roar beneath the bold river driver, who is still dangling in air—crashing, tumbling, whirling, snapping the great logs like pipe-stems, or shivering them into splinters, while mingled with the noise of the tumult and the roar of the waters rise the wild hurrahs and yells of the drivers as they leap with joyous excitement.

Other methods are employed to break the jam—by hauling with ropes from below, or prying with huge levers from either shore; but in whatever manner, the operation is always attended with imminent danger, for, when man's feeble strength is employed against such overwhelming force, death is almost inevitable, should any accident occur.

The difficult points of all the rivers are well known to the drivers, and there trouble is always expected.

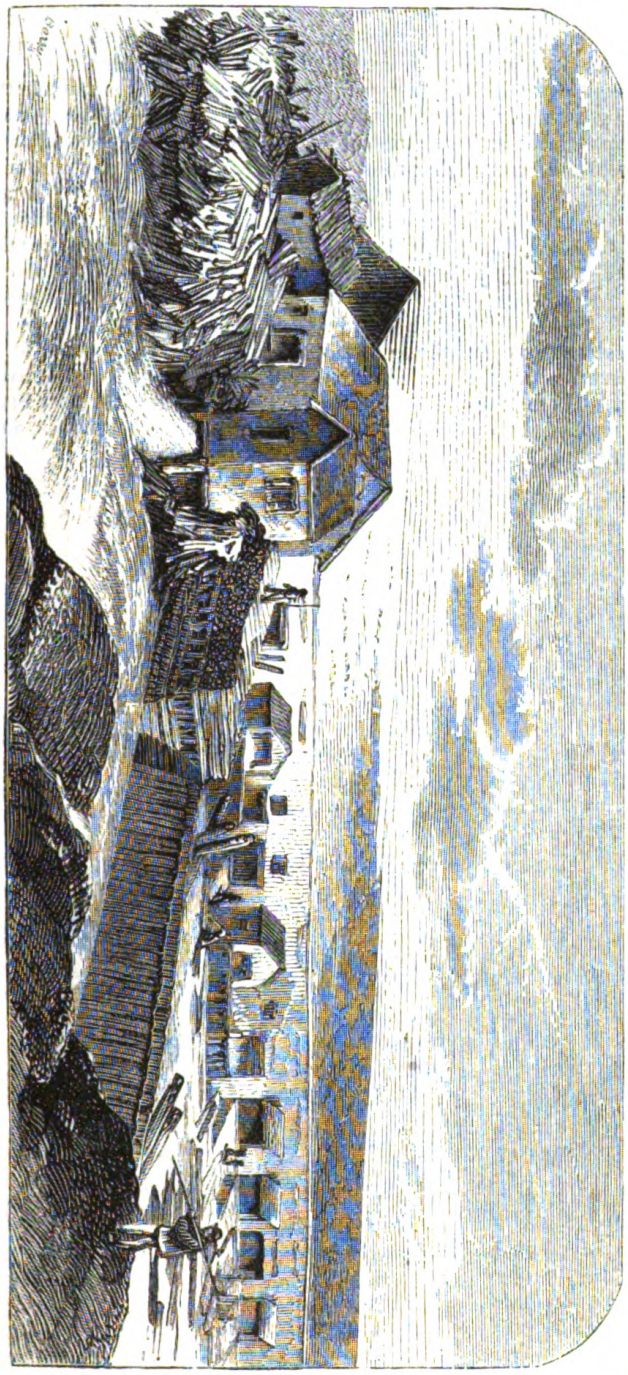
There are few of these that have not a sad



OLD TOWN, NEAR BANGOR.

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history connected with them, which, if extended into chapters, would fill their volume of waters. There are veteran lumbermen too, on whom propitious fate has smiled for many years, whose hair-breadth escapes and thrilling experiences would furnish material enough for another Thousand Nights' Entertainments. He who may hereafter write the life of Hiram Goud, the veteran logger of the Androscoggin, must needs embody in his biography a catalogue of annals strangely heroic. As familiarity with danger leads to reckless daring, and fearless exploits beget applause, so the river driver is often unnecessarily led to encounter perils which prudence would shun. "Reckless Tom" was known as well for his daring exploits as for his depravity. There was no person upon the river more boldly impious, or who, by his own confession, better merited a future punishment. Once, while breaking a jam just above a fall, it started unexpectedly, and before he could escape he was hurled over the ledge with the tumbling logs. There was not one chance of a thousand that he would ever come out alive, for, in addition to the danger of death by drowning, the peril was imminent of being crushed by the logs that filled the boiling gulf; but, to the astonishment of his comrades, his head soon appeared above the water, and as he struck out for shore he exclaimed, with a defiant voice, "Gallows, claim your rights!" But in another instant, as if in answer to his demand, he was swept under a raft of logs by the rapid current and carried down the stream. Yet again he rose to the surface, just below the raft, and this time succeeded in swimming safely to the shore, having sustained no injury whatever, and apparently alike unpurged of his recklessness and his sins.



SAW-MILLS, NEAR OLD TOWN.

As the "drive" approaches its destination it is often joined by others from the tributary streams, and the various crews, happy in the anticipation of a speedy termination of their labors, and relieved of all further anxiety respecting their charge (for they have now reached deep water, free from falls and rapids), give vent to mutual rejoicings and congratulations; and from now, henceforth, until their arrival at the boom, time passes lightly, and day and night are given up to boisterous mirth and wild festivities, the song, the story, and the dance. Then comes a hasty farewell, and the crews disperse: some to their homes and farms; some for a protracted carousal through the long summer months; some to work in the mills; and others to raft boards and lumber to the head of tide navigation, where fleets of vessels are in waiting to transport them to the numerous domestic and foreign ports.

The boom is the grand receptacle and depository for all

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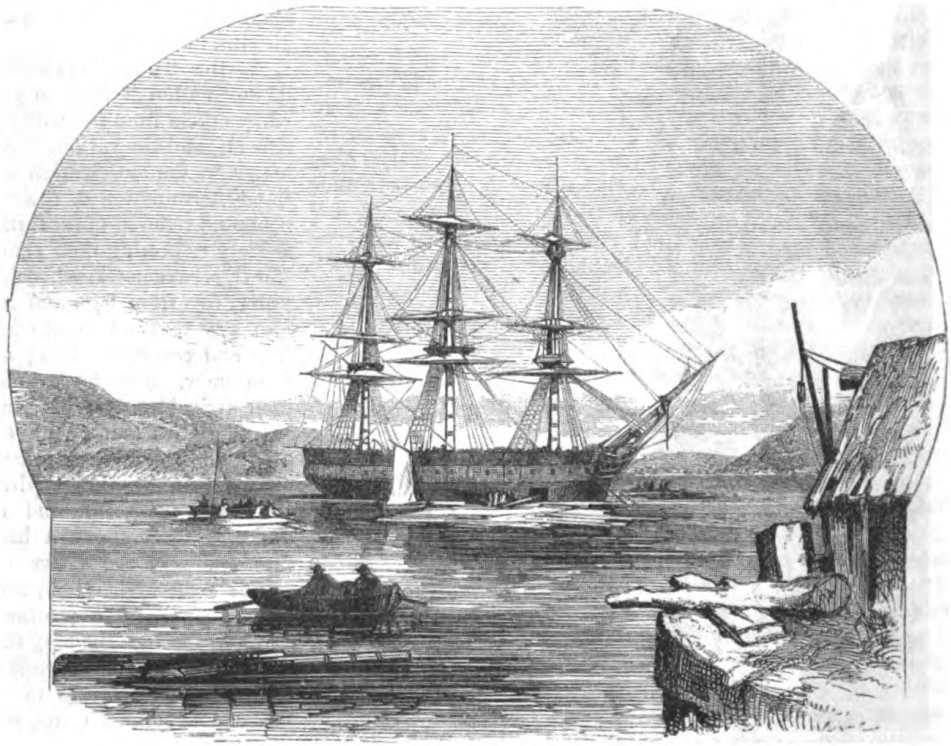
the wealth that is thus brought from the forests. It is so constructed—by means of long boom-sticks run from pier to pier—as to intercept all logs floating down the river. Some of these booms are immense, extending for miles in length, and capable of containing twenty or thirty thousand logs. Here all the logs, belonging to whatsoever parties, and bearing the private marks of their several owners, are kept until the time of their delivery at the mills below. These marks are of every conceivable shape and device, and for complication and peculiarity would have done credit to the ingenuity of the man who invented the Chinese alphabet. On the principal lumbering rivers of Maine the booms are in charge of a corporation regulated by Legislative enactments, whose duty it is to collect the logs of each individual into parcels by themselves, and keep a memorandum of their number and marks, for which service they receive a certain percentage on every thousand feet of lumber.



LOGGERS' PRIVATE MARKS.

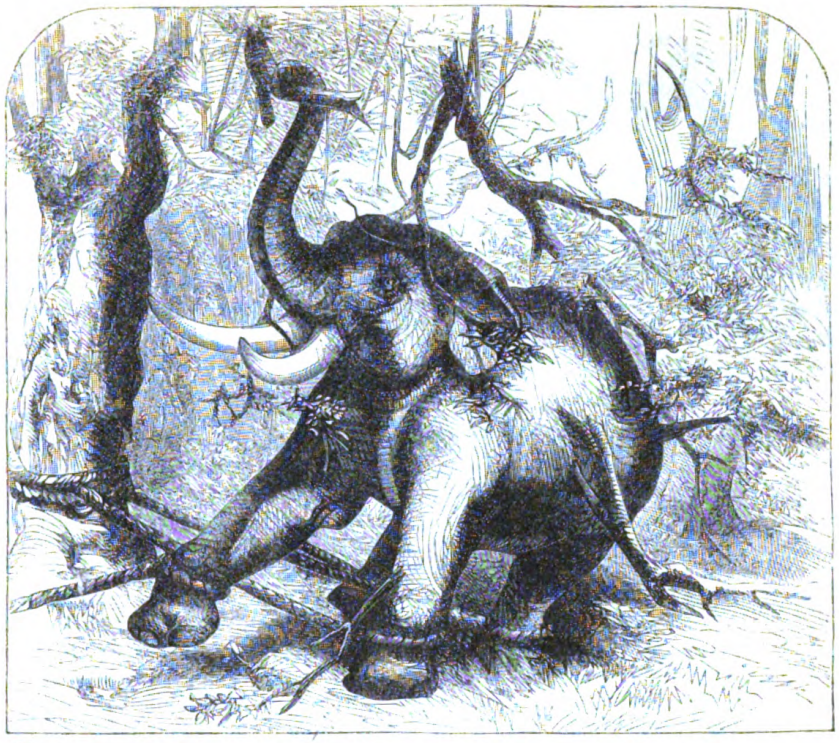
The visitor who approaches these booms upon a sunny day in spring will be surprised at the strange sight which meets his eye. There thousands upon thousands of logs, wedged into a compact mass, are rolling and grinding together. Upon this unstable flooring a small army of men, armed with pikes, are guiding the logs to their appropriate places. Every now and then the rolling of a log plunges one into the water, from which he scrambles out, caring, apparently, as little as an otter for his cold bath. When visiting the booms, it is worth the visitor's while to row up to the Indian village of Old Town, situated at the head of navigation, and inhabited by the remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Penobscots. The little village, with its chapel and the tall white cross which marks the site of the grave-yard, presents a picturesque appearance from a distance. The dwellings are hardly more than sheds, filthy and comfortless, surrounded with rank weeds and grass.

The mills at which the lumber is manufactured are proportionate in extent to the vast amount of saw-logs annually cut. In the season for sawing most of them are running day and night. Many of them run from fifty to one hundred saws each. At Old Town, on the Penobscot, a single mill extends entirely across the river. But to enter into statistics would be to forestall the State officials, or to repeat what is already furnished by the Reports. Suffice it to say, that the lumber interests of Maine are not to be estimated as much by figures as by their relative influence upon the State. The "Pine-tree State," like a Yankee clock with wooden works, would cease to run without its *main*-spring.



SHIPPING LUMBER.

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LOST HIS TEMPER.

A PEEP AT THE ELEPHANT.

WHEN I was in Trincomalee—it is now a good many years ago, and I have a mind to bore the reader with a long yarn of how I got there: having made my advent in a vessel of a somewhat extraordinary kind, namely, a cask labeled:

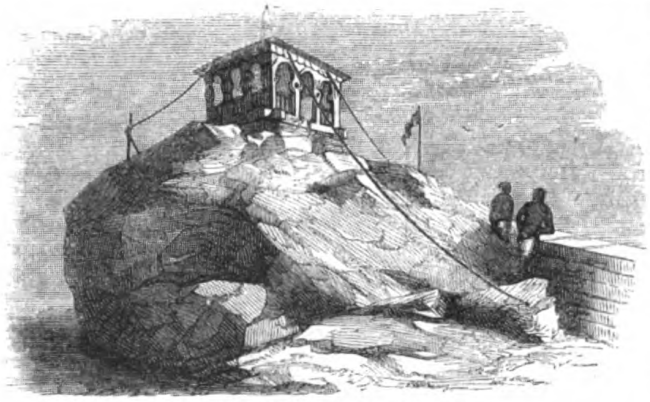
"ALSOP'S BEST EAST INDIA PALE ALE.
"*WITH CARE.*"

But the Editor of this Magazine, who is kind enough to give young writers good advice free of charge (I appreciate the kindness at its full value), warns me to stick to my text and not to exceed ten pages, and I am not going to squander this limited space in explanations—at least at present. So, as I was saying,

When I was in Trincomalee— But perhaps I should first state that Trincomalee is a sea-port on the northeastern coast of Ceylon, "the finest harbor in the world" the Cingalese call it, though it don't compare with Rio Janeiro; and is at present useful chiefly as a place whither the British soldier, when he has served his country faithfully for some years in healthier latitudes, is sent to die of the fever, which saves his Government a pension and him the trouble of collecting it. It is a nasty, dirty, dusty, sickly, hot, uncomfortable hole; a kind of purgatorial entrance to the garden of Eden beyond: for Ceylon proper was undoubtedly the first homestead of our first parents. To prove which you may still see there the tree whose fruit got Eve into such a peck of trouble. The "Eve's Apple," as it is called, is now rank poison, and I am told very bitter to the taste; but it bears on one of its round fair sides an indention showing plainly not only that here our unsuspicious grandmother took her fatal bite, but also that she had—at least at that period of her life, before she lost her teeth—a very pretty little mouth. Moreover, if you are not afraid of climbing, you may see, at the very top of "Adam's Peak," the place where Adam jumped off to the main land of India, when the angel came after him with a sharp sword. His foot-track still remains, and is visited and highly venerated by sinners and antiquarians of various religious denominations. From the size of the track—it is about five feet long—learned physiologists have found reason to believe that Adam was a gentleman of a very good understanding. But this is abominable digression—and, to resume—

When I was in Trincomalee, I boarded with an old Cingalee named Thomas Appoo—no relation, I beg to say, to Quimbo Appo, the celestial murderer of female Irishmen who is now patiently waiting for Governor Morgan to hang him. Thomas Appoo was not only a splendid cook, but also a brave fellow, and a good story-teller. His curries were beyond praise or criticism, and he compounded a chutnee of mangoes which would have made Soyer or Ude unhappy for life. And then he beguiled your dinner, and your after-dinner cheeroot with such stupendous yarns! For this Thomas Appoo had not always been a cook. In his youth, before his bones were set and his family cumbrous, he had been a *Panickea;* that is to say, a professional elephant catcher; a kind of man who unites all the

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FATHER ADAM'S JUMPING-OFF PLACE.

sagacity, cunning, and fine ear and eye of the North American Indian, with a cool courage and brilliant daring which our copper-colored Know Nothings have never yet equaled.

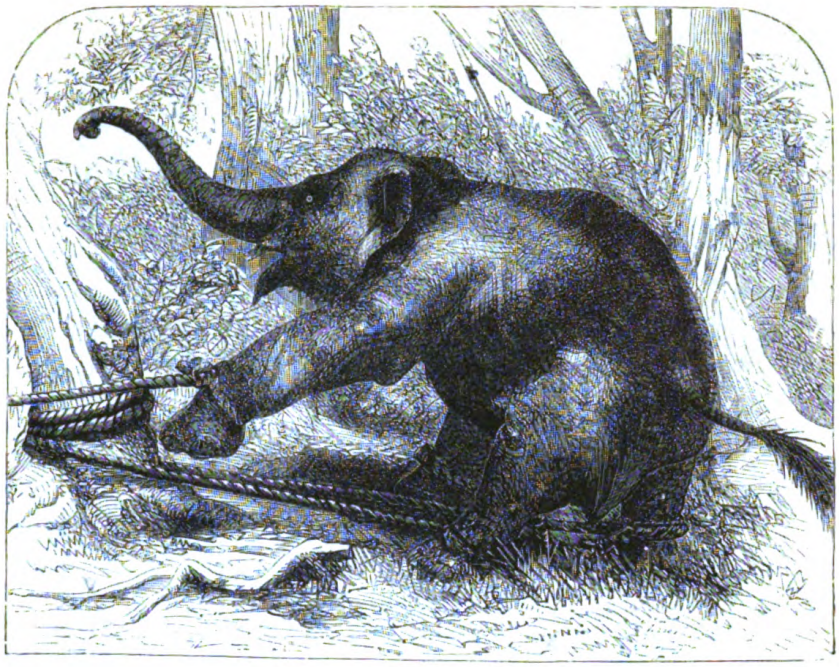
The Panickeas inhabit Moorish villages on the north and northeastern coast of Ceylon, and have been from time immemorial the catchers of elephants, which are afterward trained and sold to the native princes of Southern India, whose agents come over every year to select and purchase the finest specimens. Marvelous stories are told of the skill and audacity of these fellows; an audacity—it is well to remark—founded on a perfect knowledge of the character of the elephant. Major Skinner, an officer of roads in Ceylon, relates that, proceeding one night, between nine and ten, to his camp in the woods, his party was stopped by a large herd of elephants, who had taken possession of the only road by which they could pass. The elephants were both stubborn and angry. All efforts to intimidate them, and induce them to move, were vain. The Panickeas present knew the herd for a wicked one, and counseled extreme caution. At last, after some time had been spent in vain attempts to frighten them off, an aged Panickea came forward and requested of Major Skinner that the whole party retire to some distance. "He then," relates the Major, "took a couple of chules (flambeaux of dried wood, or cocoa-nut leaves), one in each hand, and waving them above his head till they flamed out fiercely, advanced at a deliberate pace to within a few yards of the elephant who was acting as leader of the party, and who was growling and trumpeting in his rage; and flourished the flaming torches in his face. The effect was instantaneous; the whole herd dashed away in a panic, bellowing, screaming, and crashing through the underwood, while we availed ourselves of the open path to make our way to our tents."

A Panickea, pursuing a herd, will tell you accurately, long before he sees it, its number and the size of every individual elephant. They knew long ago, what science has only determined within a few years in Europe, that the height of the elephant at the shoulder is as nearly as possible twice the circumference of the fore foot. They first pointed out the singular dread their great prize has of fences; so that while a herd of elephants will crash recklessly through a wood, bearing down small trees and brushwood before them, the same herd will be stopped short in mid-career by a line of surveyor's pegs sticking but a foot or two above the ground, nor pass the line before every peg is carefully extracted and carried away. So well is this singular caution known among the planters of Ceylon that they make their fences of the lightest material, and the natives inclose their little patches of rice, planted on the margins of the great tanks which are constantly frequented by elephants, with small sticks an inch in diameter and five or six feet in height. Passages of from ten to twenty feet wide are left between the fields to give the wild elephants, which abound in such vicinities, access to the water of the tank. Night after night immense herds pass through these avenues; but the tempting grain, for which their huge mouths must often water, is never touched, although the slightest movement of a trunk would demolish the fragile barrier. When the grain has been cut and carried away, the natives very considerately take away the fence, whereupon the elephants glean eagerly through the stubble fields.

The Panickeas are much employed by British hunters as guides and bearers; and here their courage shows itself. When advancing upon an elephant who stands at bay, they will often walk up to the huge beast and slap it on the quarter. In his rage the elephant turns on the nimble Moor, and thus presents a fair front to the hunter, who fires at his leisure while the native makes his escape.

Two Panickeas, without aid or attendants, and armed only with a flexible rope of elk's or buffalo's hide, go out, fearless and confident, to capture the largest elephant. Their object is to slip a noose over one of the monster's hind feet; and to do this they either approach him as he walks along, or steal upon him when standing at rest: in the latter case shrewdly availing themselves of a singular habit the great beast has of swinging one leg backward and forward when standing. So agile are they that, other devices failing, they do not hesitate to steal up and crawl under the elephant's belly, when, tickling his leg, he lifts it, they quickly slip the noose on, and make good their escape. Of course the prize now makes off, trailing the long rope after him. If he has been noosed in a treeless plain, his captors rush before him, and by enraging him, induce him to give chase. They run, of course, toward the nearest woods; and on arriving, it is the duty of one to coil the end of the long rope dexterously about some firm tree. Elephant, raging at the sudden stoppage, turns upon his enemy; but now comes catcher No. 2, and rushes up with irritating gesticula-

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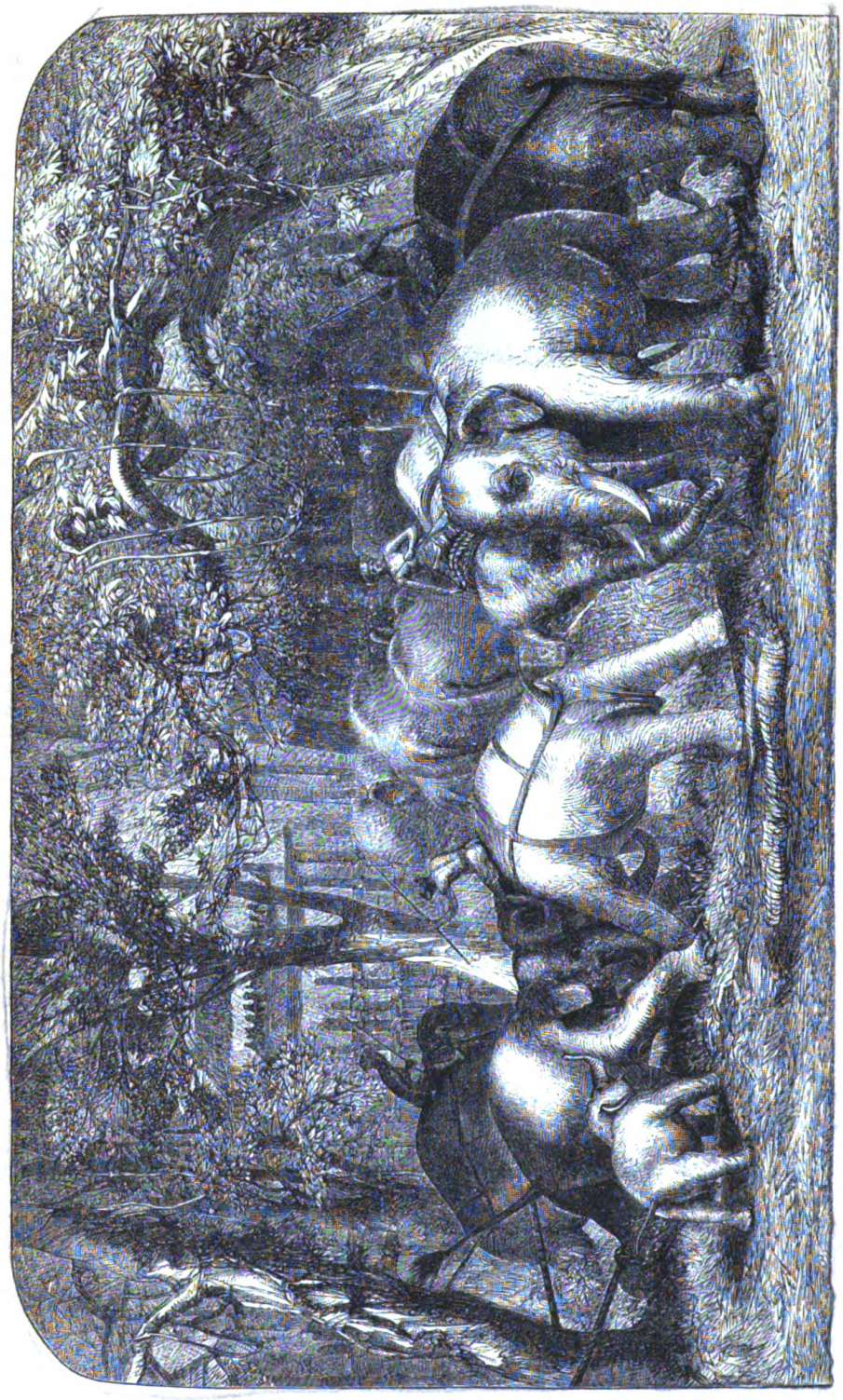
DON'T LIKE IT.

tions, shouting, "*Dah! dah!*" a monosyllable, the sound of which the elephant peculiarly dislikes. Of course he turns upon No. 2, and No. 1 takes advantage of the diversion to slip a noose upon one of the fore legs. When this is secured in front, the capture is completed without further trouble by securing the remaining legs.

The whole process calls to mind the dealings of His Majesty of Liliput with the unfortunate Gulliver; and the resemblance is increased by the proceedings which follow the capture. The two fortunate Panickeas run up a shelter of branches to protect their prize from the sun, which he can not bear; and then erect their own hut near him, and build a fire at a little distance from his head, where they leisurely cook their frugal meal of rice and fish. Here they remain from ten days to two weeks, until at last, what with the exhaustion following his impotent efforts at escape, the terror of fire, which he dreads, and the torture of smoke, which is ingeniously administered, and which he particularly detests, his spirit is finally subdued. He is now plentifully supplied with plantains and other fresh food, and permitted water enough to luxuriate in, and thus becomes gradually reconciled to his captors.

Near Manaar, on the western coast of the island, whence the elephants were mostly exported to India, in passing through the villages, one would formerly always see two or three huge prisoners, captured in the manner above detailed, fastened to stakes near the huts of the captors, awaiting the arrival of purchasers. Of late years the trade has fallen off, and the Panickeas now either chase buffalo on their own account, or act as guides and assistants to the English officers, who spend much of their time in elephant hunting. The immense numbers annually slain by these gentlemen (butchered seems a better term, when one considers that, while no use at all is made of the huge carcass, to destroy it requires the smallest possible skill of the marksman) will show how numerous the animals yet are. A reward of a few shillings per head, offered in the northern part of the island by Government, because there the herds proved troublesome to planters, was claimed, in less than three years, for 3500 destroyed; and between 1851 and 1856 a similar reward was paid for 2000 in the southern province. One officer, Major Rogers, now on the island, counts 1200 elephants killed by his own hand; but for him there is this excuse, that with the value of the ivory obtained from these encounters he bought his successive steps in the army, from the grade of a subaltern to that of Major—and could not have risen otherwise. But many others have destroyed nearly as many, with no object but the excitement of the chase, few of the elephants of Ceylon possessing tusks of marketable value. The amount of ivory brought to England and the United States gives some idea of the number of elephants annually slaughtered for this object in various parts of the world, though the fact that the Chinese and other nations use a considerable quantity, while the Buddhist priests make it a point to secure the finest tusks for ornaments to their temples and dwellings, makes any estimate based on the imports fall much short of the facts. To supply the British market, for the last few years, has required about 1,000,000 pounds annually; and this, averaging the tusks at 60 pounds each, would necessitate the slaughter of 8333 male elephants per annum. But of this quantity Ceylon furnishes only about 500 or 600

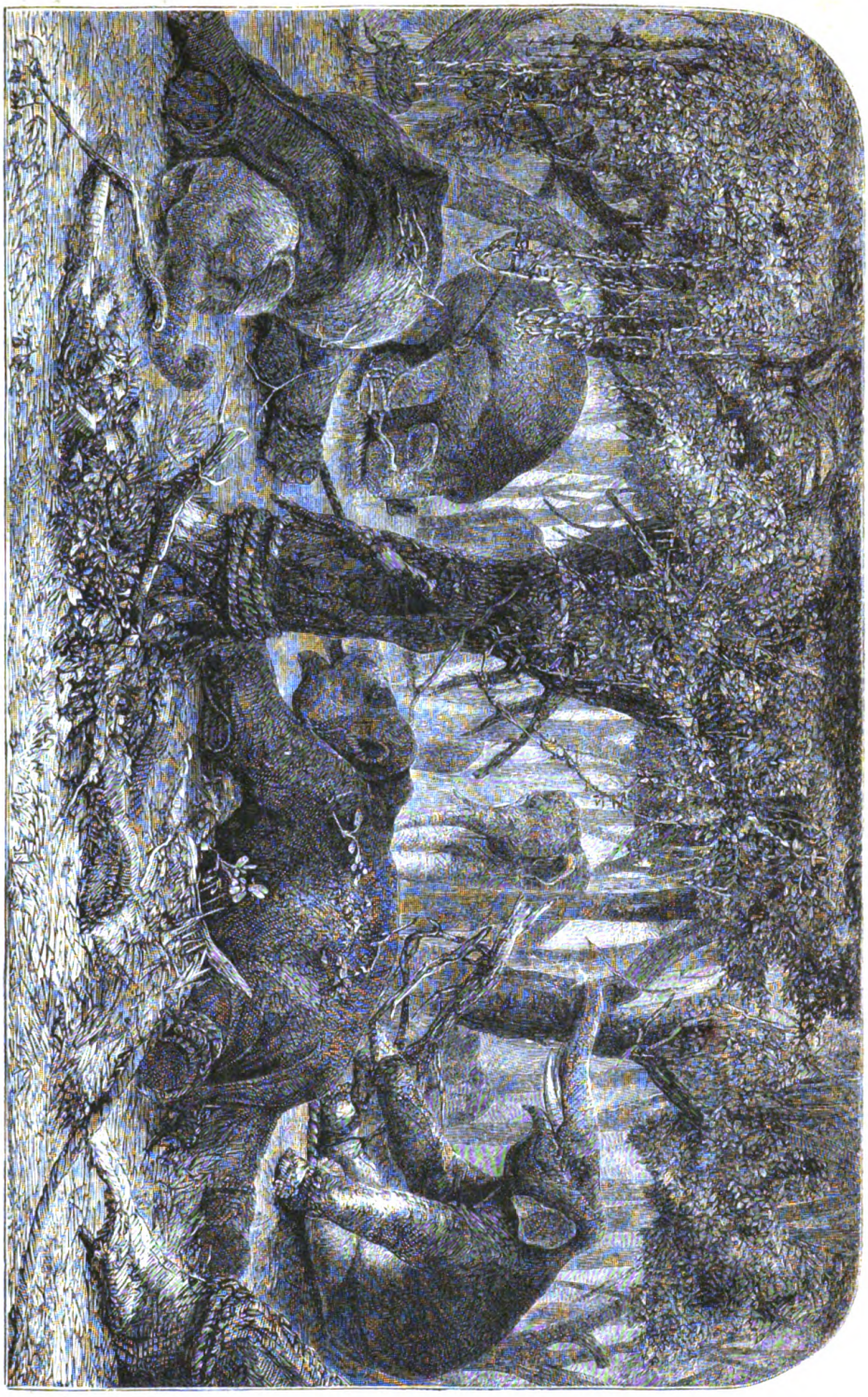
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IN THE CORRAL.

pounds per annum. Our chief supply, in the United States, comes from the African coast, where over 4000 tuskers suffer death every year to supply American citizens with knife-handles, chess-men, fans, and billiard balls. An average tusk measures from six to seven feet in length, and from five to six inches in diameter at the base; and tusks weighing 70 pounds and upward are counted as first-class by the ivory dealers. The largest on record was sold in Amsterdam, and weighed 350 pounds! And tusks are mentioned which measured nine, and even thirteen, feet in length! The tusks of the animal discovered in the ice, on the Siberian coast, in 1799, and now preserved with the skeleton in St. Petersburg, measured but nine feet six inches.

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FED UP.

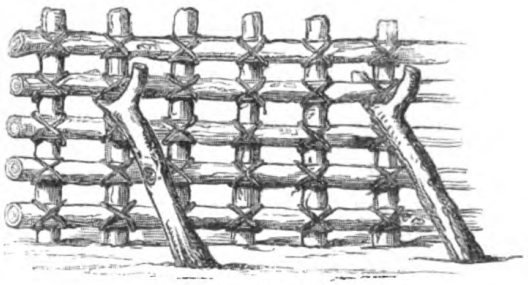
How long this gigantic remnant of a past age had been preserved in its inclosure of ice, geologists have failed to determine. But there he must have rested many centuries—probably since before the flood—perhaps since before the creation of man! Yet his meat was so fresh that the Siberian hunters fed their dogs upon it, and, had necessity prompted them, might themselves have dined on elephant-steak grown before Noah built his ark! The Siberian discoverer was content to cut off the tusks; but fortunately an English gentleman visited the remains in time to save the skeleton, and to actually see, though in an imperfect state, the shape and size of this

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strange relic. He found one ear well preserved, and tufted with hair. The skin was covered with short curled wool, of a reddish hue, and thinly scattered hairs or bristles, some of which were a foot and a half long. The neck was ornamented with a mane; and he was so fat that his portly belly hung down below his knees, sufficiently proving that his death must have been sudden. His size was not extraordinary, the skeleton measuring but nine feet four inches in height, or, for the live animal, a height of about eleven feet. The skin, when taken off, was a heavy load for ten men.

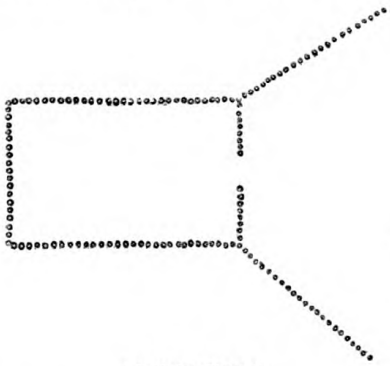
The marvelous stories told of the elephant's intellectual powers have been justified in the eyes of superficial observers by the shape of his head, which has the *appearance* of containing a large brain. But it is evident that if the great head were filled with brain, it would give a forty-man-power of reasoning imprisoned in a body nowise prepared for such powers. In fact, it is physically impossible that an elephant should be as wise as he looks; and when we come to comparisons, we find that while the human brain forms $\frac{1}{22}$ to $\frac{1}{33}$ of the whole body, and that of a mouse is $\frac{1}{43}$, and of a canary bird $\frac{1}{14}$ of the whole body, the elephant's brain forms but $\frac{1}{500}$ of his bulk. Neither is the head as heavy as it looks, the bony structure, except a small portion, being generally hollow and light; and even penetrable by a heavy rifle-ball. A single ball, planted fairly in the forehead, at the root of the trunk, will destroy his life, and skilled sportsmen, who take the thing coolly, face the enemy, and approach him within fifteen paces before firing, have been known to kill right and left, knocking down a brace of elephant with no more effort and a great deal less trouble than Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter, would waste on a brace of turkeys. Thus it will be seen how needless to a sensible hunter is such butcher-work as Mr. Gordon Cumming delights to tell of in his South African hunts; where there is a narrative of his pursuit of a wounded elephant which he had lamed by lodging a ball in its shoulder-blade. It limped slowly toward a tree, against which it leaned itself in helpless agony, while its pursuer seated himself in front of it, in safety, to *boil his coffee*, and observe its sufferings. The story is continued as follows: "Having admired him for a considerable time, *I resolved to make experiments on vulnerable points;* and approaching very near, I fired several bullets at different parts of his enormous skull. He only acknowledged the shots by a salam-like movement of his trunk, with the point of which he gently touched the wounds with a striking and peculiar action. Surprised and shocked at finding that I was only prolonging the sufferings of the noble beast, which bore its trials with such dignified composure, I resolved to finish the proceeding with all possible dispatch, and accordingly opened fire upon him from the left side, aiming at the shoulder. I first fired *six* shots with the two-grooved rifle, which must have eventually proved mortal. After which I fired *six* shots at the same part with the Dutch six-pounder. *Large tears now trickled from his eyes, which he slowly shut and opened, his colossal frame shivered convulsively, and falling on his side he expired.*"

I never read this atrocious story without a feeling of tears for the poor animal, and execrations on the miserable butcher who could both do such a deed and complacently tell of it. I am sure no American hunter would admit such a fellow to his acquaintance.



CORRAL FENCE.

Much less cruel than this is the manner of catching by "corral," practiced at this day in Ceylon, when elephants are wanted for the public service. The corral is simply a *pen*, constructed of heavy posts and interlacing saplings,



FORM OF CORRAL.

in the mode shown above, and of this general shape. The fence is from twelve to fifteen feet high, and the open spaces are sufficiently wide to permit a man to glide through. The space thus inclosed is generally about five hundred feet in length by half that width. At one end is an open entrance fitted with sliding bars, which can be quickly shut; and a fenced avenue, carefully concealed by trees and underbrush, leads the herd gradually to the fatal *culde-sac*.

Two or three months are spent in the preliminary operation of surrounding several herds, and driving them gradually and without awakening their suspicions, toward the corral. The circle, formed at first by parties of men stationed at considerable distances apart, is finally so narrowed that fires are kindled ten feet apart; and now the prey is considered safe. When all is ready, the last contraction of the circle takes

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place. With loud shouts, discordant noises of musical instruments, and flaming torches, the watchers move simultaneously upon the frightened beasts, who are glad to take refuge in the only direction left open. They rush impetuously forward, with angry trumpetings, the earth trembling beneath their tread. Sometimes they stop in mid-career, and stubbornly endeavor to break through the line of fire, but the audacious drivers rush before them with torches, and even strike their huge legs with the burning wood till they are turned back. Finally an impetuous rush propels a dozen of the foremost beasts through the narrow opening, and the nimble natives at once close up the bars. The balance of the herd is now permitted to stray out toward the wood, under careful watching; and regains somewhat its huge composure.

Meantime within the corral there is no peace. No sooner have the animals entered than the entire circuit of the fence is illuminated as if by magic with a thousand torches; every hunter, the moment the bars were put up, rushing to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest camp-fire. The elephants first dash to the lower extremity of the inclosure; and being there brought up by the powerful fence, start back to regain the gate, but find it closed. Their terror is sublime: they hurry round the corral at a rapid pace, but see it now girt by fire on every side; they attempt to force the stockade, but are driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approach they are repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off in another direction as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly return to their forlorn resting-place in the centre of the corral.

Large fires are kept up till morning, and the captives gradually worry themselves into quietness. With sunrise comes the arduous task of emptying the corral. Sir J. E. Tennent, who witnessed this operation, relates:

"The bars which secured the entrance to the corral were cautiously withdrawn, and two trained elephants passed stealthily in, each ridden by his mahout (or *ponnekella*, as he is termed in Ceylon) and one attendant, and carrying a strong collar, formed by coils of rope made from cocoa-nut fibre, from which hung on either side cords of elk's hide, prepared with a ready noose. Along with them, and concealed behind them, the headman of the '*cooroowe*,' or noosers, crept in, eager to secure the honor of taking the first elephant, a distinction which this class jealously contests with the mahouts of the chiefs and the temples. He was a wiry little man, nearly seventy years old, who had served in the same capacity under the Kandyan king, and wore two silver bangles, which had been conferred on him in testimony of his prowess. He was accompanied by his son, named Ranghanie, equally renowned for his courage and dexterity.

"On this occasion ten tame elephants were in attendance; one of which had been caught only the year before, yet was now ready to assist in capturing others. One was of prodigious age, having been in the service of the Dutch and English Governments in succession for upward of a century. The other, called by her keeper 'Siribeddi,' was about fifty years old, and distinguished for her gentleness and docility. The latter was a most accomplished decoy, and evinced the utmost relish for the sport. Having entered the corral noiselessly, she moved slowly along with a sly composure and an assumed air of easy indifference; sauntering leisurely in the direction of the captives, and halting now and then to pluck a bunch of grass or a few leaves as she passed. As she approached the herd they put themselves in motion to meet her, and the leader, having advanced in front and passed his trunk gently over her head, turned and paced slowly back to his dejected companions. Siribeddi followed with the same listless step, and drew herself up close behind him, thus affording the nooser an opportunity to stoop under her and slip the noose over the hind-foot of the wild one. The latter instantly perceived his danger, shook off the rope, and turned to attack the man. He would have suffered for his temerity, had not Siribeddi protected him by raising her trunk and driving the assailant into the midst of the herd, when the old man, being slightly wounded, was helped out of the corral, and his son, Ranghanie, took his place.

"The herd again collected in a circle, with their heads toward the centre. The largest male was singled out, and two tame ones pushed boldly in, one on either side of him, till the three stood nearly abreast. He made no resistance, but betrayed his uneasiness by shifting restlessly from foot to foot. Ranghanie now crept up, and, holding the rope open with both hands (its other extremity being made fast to Siribeddi's collar), and watching the instant when the wild elephant lifted its hind-foot, he succeeded in passing the noose over its leg, drew it close, and fled to the rear. The two tame elephants instantly fell back, Siribeddi stretched the rope to its full length, and, while she dragged out the captive, her companion placed himself between her and the herd to prevent any interference.

"In order to secure him to a tree he had to be drawn backward some twenty or thirty yards, making furious resistance, bellowing in terror, plunging on all sides, and crushing the smaller timber, which bent like reeds beneath his clumsy struggles. Siribeddi drew him steadily after her, and wound the rope round the proper tree, holding it all the time at its full tension, and stepping cautiously across it when, in order to give it a second turn, it was necessary to pass between the tree and the elephant."

Thus, notwithstanding their resistance, the herd were, one after another, secured; the operation of tying each, from the first cautious approaches of the decoys till the captive was left alone by the trees, occupying an average of about

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AN OBSTINATE BRUTE.

three quarters of an hour each. That there is no lack of efforts to escape, our illustrations of elephants thus tied up will show. They use not only all their ingenuity, but all their latent strength, and sometimes pull down trees in their frantic efforts.

It is singular that captive elephants in a corral have never been known to attack or dislodge the mahout, who rides in on a decoy elephant and superintends the dragging out. Some curious traits of elephant nature appear on such occasions. They sympathize with each other, and one captive being dragged to a tree, past one already tied, will stop and twine his trunk about the other's legs and neck, exhibiting a touching sorrow for his misfortunes. The trained elephants, meantime, look on without the slightest exhibition of feeling.

Sometimes the newly-captured animal lies down, refuses to move or to take food, and in a very short time dies without the agency of any known or perceptible disease. The natives call it dying of a broken heart; and it has been remarked that often the finest beast in a herd thus perishes. Not unfrequently an elephant has been tamed, and proves very docile, but lies down and dies the first time it is attempted to put him in harness!

Captain Yule, in his *Narrative of his Embassy to Ava in* 1855, records an illustration of this tendency of the elephant to sudden death; one newly-captured, the process of taming which was exhibited to the British Envoy, made vigorous resistance to the placing of a collar on its neck, and the people were proceeding to tighten it, when the elephant, which had lain down as if quite exhausted, reared suddenly on the hind quarters, and fell on its side—*dead!*

And Sir E. Tennent relates another case, that of the largest elephant that has been tamed in Ceylon; he measured upward of nine feet at the shoulders and belonged to the caste so highly prized by the temples. Though gentle after his first capture, his removal from the corral to the stables, though only a distance of six miles, was a matter of the extremest difficulty; his extraordinary strength rendering him more than a match for the attendant decoys. He, on one occasion, escaped, and was recaptured in the forest; but he afterward became so docile as to perform a variety of tricks. He was at length ordered to be removed to Colombo; but such was his terror on approaching the fort that, on coaxing him to enter the gate, he became paralyzed and *died on the spot.*

It has been long known to physiologists that the stomach of the elephant contains a water-reservoir, similar somewhat to the camel's. When first tied up, the poor captives constantly eject large quantities of water from this reservoir, and scatter it with their trunks over their bodies, making quite a bed of mud where they are lying. What is the precise use of this reserve water is still as great a mystery as the object of the tusks with which the male elephant of Africa and Continental Asia is always furnished, but which are found, in but a few cases, on the elephants of Ceylon. These be mysteries.

At the capture which Mr. Tennent witnessed, a *rogue* elephant, after exhibiting a most unamiable temper and struggling for freedom, almost without intermission for twelve hours, continually throwing dust over himself and moistening it with water from his internal reservoir, finally lay down and calmly gave up the ghost. And now was seen one of those sights which only the tropics afford. Life was barely extinct when the flies, of which not one was visible but a moment before, arrived in clouds and blackened the body by their multitude; scarcely an instant

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was allowed to elapse for the commencement of decomposition; no odor of putrefaction could be discerned by those who stood close by; yet some peculiar smell of mortality, simultaneously with parting breath, must have summoned them to the feast. Mr. Tennent remarks: "Ants exhibit an instinct equally surprising. I have sometimes covered up a particle of refined sugar with paper on the centre of a polished table; and counted the number of minutes which would elapse before it was fastened on by the small black ants of Ceylon, and a line formed to lower it safely to the floor. Here was a substance which, to our apprehension at least, is altogether inodorous, and yet the quick sense of smell must have been the only conductor of the ants. It has been observed of those fishes of Ceylon which travel overland on the evaporation of the ponds in which they live, that they invariably march in the direction of the nearest water, and even when captured, and placed on the floor of a room, their efforts to escape are always made toward the same point. Is the sense of smell sufficient to account for this display of instinct in them? or is it aided by special organs in the case of the others?"

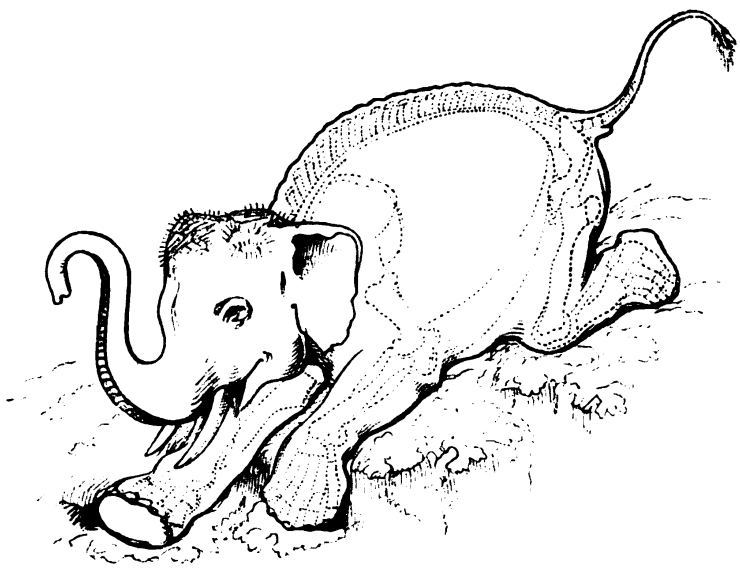
There is no such comical beast as a young elephant. Even a two-weeks pig, laughable as its antics are, is surpassed in ludicrous gravity by the young trunk-bearer, who most resembles that being pronounced non-existent by Sydney Smith—a young Quaker. Mr. Tennent relates that among the animals taken in the corral was a young elephant which was sent down to his house at Colombo, where he became a general favorite with the servants. He attached himself especially to the coachman, who had a little shed erected for him near his own quarters at the stables. But his favorite resort was the kitchen, where he received his daily allowance of milk and plantains, and picked up several other delicacies besides. He was innocent and playful in the extreme, and when walking in the grounds would trot up to his owner and twine his little trunk round his arm and coax him to take him to the fruit trees. In the evening the grass-cutters now and then indulged him by permitting him to carry home a load of fodder for the horses, on which occasions he assumed an air of gravity that was highly amusing, showing that he was deeply impressed with the importance of the service intrusted to him. Being sometimes permitted to enter the dining-room, and helped to fruit at dessert, he at last learned his way to the side-board; and on more than one occasion having stolen in in the absence of the servants, he made a clear sweep of the wine-glasses and china in his endeavors to reach a basket of oranges. For these and similar pranks he was at last forced to put him away. He was sent to the Government stud, where he was affectionately received and adopted by Siribeddi, and he now takes his turn of public duty in the department of the Commissioner of Roads.

The ancients believed, and some modern anatomists, Buffon among them, have tried to prove that the young elephant sucks with his trunk, but recent and accurate observations prove that the little animal uses his mouth, and can not use his trunk for that purpose. It no more sucks with its trunk than a child does with its hand. The mother bears her young between twenty and twenty-one months, and at birth it is from thirty-two to thirty-eight inches in height. It begins sucking shortly after birth; and it has been remarked that the mother never lies down to facilitate this operation, from which it happens that sometimes the young sucker is unable to reach the nipple, until the mother, perceiving the difficulty, bends down toward her child.

As to the longevity of the elephant, nothing is yet certainly determined. It is still believed in Ceylon, and among the rude tribes of Africa, that the great beast may live from three to four centuries. The ancients held that an elephant, well kept, would live four hundred years and more; and it is related that one, marked in a particular manner, was captured by a King of Lydia four centuries after a battle in which it had figured. That he may live over a century, however, is well established. Colonel Robertson, son to the historian of "Charles V.," who had a command in Ceylon in 1799, held proof that a decoy, then attached to the elephant establishment at Matura, had served under the Dutch during the entire period of their occupation of the island, which lasted for upward of one hundred and forty years, and was said to have been found by them in the stables on the expulsion of the Portuguese in A.D. 1656. And there are other instances on the record, of elephants in captivity attaining the age of one hundred and thirty years, and over. In a vegetable-feeding quadruped the duration of the teeth offers a fair criterion by which to judge of the probable extent of life, and Sir Everard Home has observed that the teeth of the deer and sheep are worn down in much less than fifteen years; those of the ox tribe in about twenty years; those of the horse in forty or fifty years; while those of the elephant will last for a century.

It is most remarkable that in Ceylon the carcass or skeleton of a dead wild elephant has never been seen—except, of course, where the animal fell by the rifle. Mr. Tennent, who made particular inquiries on this point, not only of natives, but of intelligent European hunters, found no one who could say he had found even the most solid bones in the jungle; and he gives the testimony of a European gentleman who had lived in the jungle for thirty-six years, and had made the habits of the elephant his particular study, yet admitted that, though he had seen many thousands of the animals roving about, and in all possible situations, he had never found a single skeleton of one that had died a natural death! It has been supposed that the bones, being porous and spongy, would disappear in course of decomposition, but this would not account for the teeth; and moreover, the skeletons

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SLIDING DOWN HILL.

of deer, whose bones are not more solid, are frequently met. The natives have a superstition —which, curiously enough, was also current among the ancient Greeks—that the herd bury those of their companions who happen to perish; and the following incident seems singularly to corroborate the native supposition: A corral organized in 1846 was constructed across one of the paths which the elephants frequent in their marches, and during the course of the proceedings two of the captured elephants died. Their carcasses were left, of course, within the inclosure, which was abandoned as soon as the capture was complete. The wild elephants resumed their path through it; and a few days afterward the headman reported to Mr. Morris that the bodies had been removed and carried outside the corral to a spot to which nothing but the elephants could have borne them.

The Cingalese have a farther superstition that, on feeling the approach of dissolution, the elephant hurries to a solitary valley, and there resigns himself to death—a circumstance not so entirely unlikely, when we remember that Darwin, the naturalist, reports that he found in various lonely valleys in South America spots where the bones of the llama so abounded that it seemed as though they must have come thither on purpose to die. On the Cape de Verds, too, he found similar places abounding in the remains of the wild goats, and for which no other account could be given than that hither they chose to come when death drew near. Mr. Tennent relates that "a native who accompanied Mr. Cripps, when hunting in the forests of Anarajapoora, intimated that he was then in the immediate vicinity of the spot '*to which the elephants came to die*,' but that it was so mysteriously concealed that, although every one believed in its existence, no one had ever succeeded in penetrating to it." At the corral at Kornegalle, in 1847, Dehigame, one of the Kandyan chiefs, assured him it was the universal belief of his countrymen that the elephants, when about to die, resorted to a valley in Saffragam, among the mountains to the east of Adam's Peak, which was reached by a narrow pass with walls of rock on either side, and that there, by the side of a lake of clear water, they took their last repose. It was not without interest that one recognizes this tradition in the story of 'Sindbad of the Sea,' who, in his seventh voyage, after conveying the presents of Haroun al Raschid to the King of Serendib, is wrecked on his return from Ceylon, and falls into the hands of a master who employs him to shoot elephants for the sake of their ivory; till one day the tree on which he was stationed having been uprooted by one of the herd, he fell senseless to the ground, and the great elephant approaching, wound his trunk around him and carried him away, ceasing not to proceed until he had taken him to a place where, his terror having subsided, *he found himself among the bones of elephants, and knew that this was their burial-place.*

"The biggest whales are never killed," is a Nantucket proverb; and so of elephants, whose height has always been exaggerated by travelers, whose eyes grew big with their fears, as they came near a herd. We read of elephants —whole troops of them—from seventeen to twenty-five feet high, and almost every traveler who has seen a herd in its native wilds speaks of some greater monster who "could not have measured less than" say fourteen feet, which is the most moderate guess. Accurate measurements, however, prove that the average height is less than ten feet, and it must be really a monster who measures eleven. Mr. Corse, who measured a great many of the largest elephants in India, found but one which exceeded ten feet six inches, and that—belonging to the Vizier of Oude—had the reputation, before he applied the rule, of standing from fifteen to eighteen feet—the bragging natives evidently thinking their ruler's dignity increased in proportion to the size of his pet elephant.

In fact, the great beast is a royal gift and a princely appendage in India, where his points are as fastidiously scanned almost as those of a favorite nautch-girl. The perfect elephant of Asia must have long, rounded ears, without ragged or indented edges. His eyes, free from specks, should be dark hazel. Neither black nor dark spots of any size ought to disfigure the

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roof of his mouth or his tongue. His trunk must be large and well developed. His tail should be long, and the terminal tuft of hair should nearly reach to the ground. On each of his fore-feet there ought to be five nails, and on each of his hind-feet four, making his full complement eighteen. His head should be well set on, and carried high and stately. The curve of his back ought to rise gradually from the shoulder to the middle, whence it should decline to the setting on of the tail. His limbs must be strong, and his joints firm and well knit.

In the "Hastisilpe," a Cingalese work which treats of their management, the marks of inferior breeding are said to be "eyes restless like those of a crow; the hair of the head of mixed shades; the face wrinkled and small; the tongue curved and black; the nails short and green; the ears small; the neck thin, the skin freckled; the tail without a tuft, and the fore-quarter lean and low;" while the perfection of form and beauty is supposed to consist in the "softness of the skin, the red color of the mouth and tongue, the forehead expanded and hollow, the ears large and rectangular, the trunk broad at the root and blotched with pink in front; the eyes bright and kindly, the cheeks large, the neck full, the back level, the chest square, the fore-legs short and convex in front, the hind-quarter plump, and five nails on each foot, all smooth, polished and round. An elephant with these perfections," says the author of the "Hastisilpe," "will impart glory and magnificence to the king; but he can not be discovered among thousands—yea, there shall never be found an elephant clothed at once with *all* the excellences herein described."

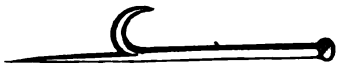
Such a beauty as this consumes about two hundred pounds' weight of food per diem. This was the daily allowance of each of Akbar's elephants, and he kept one hundred and one for his private use. But they had, besides, ten pounds of sugar and quantities of pepper and milk daily. The elephant kept by Louis XIV. consumed eighty pounds of bread, twelve pints of wine, an enormous mass of vegetable soup per diem, with plenty of rice and bread. Besides this, he picked up no small amount of gifts from the public.

The daily rations of Jack, the male elephant kept in the garden of the Zoological Society of London, are a truss and a half of hay, forty-two pounds of Swedish turnips, a mash consisting of three pounds of boiled rice, a bushel of chaff, and half a bushel of bran, ten pounds of sea-biscuit, a bundle of straw for his bed weighing about thirty-six pounds, which he usually eats by the morning, and thirty-six pails of water. In Ceylon, where elephants are now much used on the public works, an ordinary-sized beast engrosses the undivided attention of *three* men. One as his mahout or superintendent, and two as leaf-cutters, who bring him branches and grass for his daily supplies. One of larger growth requires a third leaf-cutter. The daily consumption is two cwt. of green food, with about half a bushel of grain. When in the vicinity of towns and villages the attendants have no difficulty in procuring an abundant supply of the branches of the trees to which they are partial; and in journeys through the forest and unopened country the leaf-cutters are sufficiently expert in the knowledge of those particular plants with which the elephant is satisfied. Those that would be likely to disagree with him he unerringly rejects. His favorites are the palms, especially the cluster of rich, unopened leaves, known as the "cabbage" of the cocoa-nut and areka; the young trunks of the palmyra and jaggery (*caryota urens*) are torn open in search of the farinaceous matter contained in the spongy pith. And cheap as labor is there and in India, the cost of each animal, for food, medicine, and attendance, is not less than from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter per day on the island, and about twenty-five rupees per month on the main land. At these rates, what with the diseases to which they are liable, the care with which they must be handled—their skin and feet being very tender and liable to abrasions which easily inflame—and the liability to sudden death, it is now doubted if the same amount of work is got from an elephant that would be performed by bullocks or horses at a like expense.

One ton and a half is the load of an able-bodied elephant. They display much intelligence in the manner in which various operations are performed, but will not work without constant watching. No sooner does the mahout, or overseer, turn his back than his before industrious charges drop every thing and stroll away lazily to browse or to take their favorite luxury of a dust bath. The principal sound by which the mahouts in Ceylon direct the motions of the elephants is a repetition, with various modulations, of the words *ur re! ur re!* They use also a goad, which seems to have remained unaltered in shape for nearly two thousand years, and with which they strike or pull the tenderer parts of the vast body to force obedience. The elephant



MACEDONIAN COIN, SHOWING ANCIENT GOAD.



MODERN GOAD.

obeys, however, in most cases, more from affection than fear, and there was but recently an exemplification of a very strong love in the Colombo stables. An animal of a singularly stubborn disposition occasioned some inconvenience after the death of his keeper by refusing to obey any other, until his attendants bethought them of a child about twelve years old, in a distant village, where he had been formerly picketed,

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A LITTLE HEAD-WORK.

and to whom he had manifested much attachment. The child was sent for; and on its arrival the elephant, as anticipated, evinced extreme satisfaction, and was managed with ease, till, by degrees, he became reconciled to the presence of a new superintendent. Between a good elephant and his attendants there seems to be the most perfect understanding. The man who walks by its side is talking to it all the time they are jogging on, and very often in a jargon which no one else can understand, but which is perfectly intelligible to the elephant. "My dove!" "Take care!" "Well done, my dear!" "My son!" "My wife!" If a fault is committed, "How could you do that?" if it is often repeated, "What can you be thinking of?" accompanied by a dig with the sharp iron hawkuss, or ankush, inflicted by the mahout.

It is not likely that the elephant will ever resume the importance he enjoyed among the ancients, where he figured in war, in royal processions, and in the fights of the gladiatorial arena—not unfrequently to the injury of his masters as much as to the fright and discomfiture of the enemy. "The King of India," says old Topsell, "was wont to go to war with thirty thousand elephants." Pompey was the first who actually harnessed elephants to his car, intending thus to mortify those whose jealousy envied him his triumph. But the mortification recoiled upon himself; for the gate was too narrow for his ambitious attempt, and the chagrined victor was compelled to content himself with horses. Brought into the arena, they were for a long time irresistible, till one of the fighters had presence of mind enough to creep between the legs of the victorious beasts, and darting his javelins into their bellies, thus slew all opposed to him. And in one of the pitched battles on the plains of India a shrewd general gave his soldiers orders to advance upon the opposing army of elephants, and hew away at their feet, by which means he gained a great victory; for the beasts, crazed with pain, not only turned and fled, but, in their flight, bore down and killed the troops of their own side.

To attack the feet is even with the Panickeas of Ceylon a favorite way to make an elephant retreat. For he will regard with indifference a spear directed at his head, but shrinks timidly from the same weapon pointed at his foot. It is even supposed that his antipathy to the dog arises from the fear of being attacked in this tender point. But dogs are suffered with complacency when a *fly* will drive him mad! For, owing to his tender hide, it may truly be said that his greatest enemy is the fly! It has been noticed that, in the woods, the elephant is more impatient of the presence of a white man than of a native—just as the sharks of the Bight of Benin are said to rush with greater ferocity upon a black swimmer than a white. Pliny relates that, in order to inculcate contempt for want of courage in the elephant, they were introduced into the circus during the triumph of Metellus, after the conquest of the Carthaginians in Sicily, and *driven round the area by workmen holding blunted spears.* And it is curious that at this day, in Ceylon, to turn a herd of elephants in a corral, the natives rush up to them pointing long wands at their trunks, and crying out, "*Whoop, whoop!*" a noise which, like the "*dah!*" of the drivers, he can not bear.

The sounds he himself produces are but few, but answer every purpose of expressing pain, pleasure, or alarm. When enraged, he trumpets shrilly through his trunk; pain elicits a deep groan from the throat; and the alarm signal is a singular low, suppressed sound made by the lips, somewhat resembling the twittering of a bird, and described by the hunters by the word "*prut.*" When much alarmed, another sound is heard, described by Major Macready as "a sort of banging noise, like a cooper hammering a cask," and believed to be produced by violent blows of the trunk against the vast body.

All hunters agree that not only is the elephant's ear very keen, but also that his march

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through the wood or jungle, when not excited, or his approach to a suspicious object, is as stealthy as that of a cat. So that very frequently the hunter, with every sense alive to the slightest indications of the presence of game, finds himself suddenly before an enraged rogue, who has stood almost within reach of him, silent as the tomb, for perhaps half an hour.

Then comes the attack, which is always made with the trunk. Even in their quarrels among themselves the trunk is the first weapon of offense; and a hunter once saw a fight between a tusker and a tuskless elephant, in which the latter, winding his trunk quickly about one of the tusks of his antagonist, by main force snapped off a piece, which afterward proved to weigh over sixty pounds. The huge feet, however, are the executioners, and speedily stamp an antagonist, be it tiger or man, into a shapeless and bloody lump. They have also a trick of killing by tossing the enemy back and forth between the hind and fore leg, each toss adding also a stamp; this being done, probably, to protect the tender feet from the sharp claws of the tiger, who would not fail to leave his mark were he simply retained beneath one foot. It occurred once to a British officer in Ceylon to be thus tossed by an infuriated wounded elephant. He was rescued, much hurt, but not mortally wounded, the blinded animal vainly attempting to trample him after each concussion. He describes the sensation as one by no means to be desired.

"That which we somewhat superciliously call instinct" is in the elephant a very wonderful faculty. Two elephants had been directed to knock down a wall by their cornacs, who had dismissed them to their task with their trunks guarded by leather, and with the usual promise of fruit and spirituous liquors if they performed it well. The elephants proceeded to their work, not singly, but, doubling up their guarded trunks, they combined their forces, and swaying themselves in equal and measured time, these huge living battering-rams propelled their broad fronts against the building. As it shook under the repetition of their overpowering and uniform shocks, they watched the vacillating equilibrium of the tottering wall; and having made at the precisely proper moment one grand, simultaneous effort, suddenly drew back to avoid the tumbling ruins.

The mahouts obtain a remarkable ascendency over their charges, and train them to such a degree that they obey unfailingly even the slightest signals. Bishop Heber mentions a horrible instance of this. Just before his arrival in India one of these mahouts had been executed for revenging himself on a woman, who had said something to offend him, by means which he thought would be undiscovered. He made a sign to his beast, which, in obedience, instantly killed her. When Tavernier traveled with the Mogul's Mohammedan army, he was at first lost in astonishment at seeing the elephants, as they marched along, seize upon the idols that stood before the pagodas and dash them to pieces, to the great distress and discomfiture of the Hindoos; but he soon found out the carefully-concealed truth. The mahouts made, as they passed, secret signals to their beasts to destroy the symbols of a mode of faith offensive to them.

Such is the elephant; about whom I have told, not all that is worth telling—for if all were written this would be truly an *elephant* number of *Harper's Magazine*—but all that my friend the editor will give me space to tell. And now—

You want to know about the cask? I'll tell you—but privately; for somebody may want to try the trick again. I got tired of a New Bedford whale-ship, cruising for sperm whales on the coast of Ceylon; and by the kindness of an old shipmate was taken secretly on board the good bark *Pauline Haughton*, of London, bound to Trincomalee. Now as I had no money to pay my passage, and the operation was not one which was likely to gain the unlimited approbation of Captain Smith, it was thought best not to call his attention to the fact of my presence on board. For which reason I was carefully stowed away in an empty cask, labeled as aforesaid, the former contents of which had solaced the worthy captain during the tropical heats of an India voyage; whereby he was relieved of a heavy responsibility, and I got safely to Trincomalee—not so brown as the *stout* whose place I took, but quite as lively.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

OH, my baby! my child! my darling!
Lost and gone in the forest wild!
Mad gray wolves on the prairie snarling—
Snarling for thee, my little child!

Lost! lost! gone forever!
Gay snakes rattled, and charmed, and stung!
On thy head the sun's fierce fever,
Dews of death on thy white lip hung!

Dead and pale in the moonlight's glory!
Cold and dead by the dark pine-tree!
Only a small shoe, stained and gory,
Blood-red, tattered, comes home to me!

Over the grass that rolls like ocean
On and on to the blue, bent sky,
Something comes with a hurried motion—
Something calls with a choking cry:

"Here! here! not dead, but living!"
God! Thy goodness!—what can I pray?
Blessed more in this second giving,
Laid in happier arms to-day.

Oh, my baby! my child! my darling!
Wolf, and snake, and the dark pine-tree,
Still are whispering, hissing, snarling—
Here's my baby, safe with me!

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FIGURE 1.—THE WASHINGTON HALF-DOLLAR.
(From the collection of F. A. Paddock, Esq.)

COIN IN AMERICA.

THE necessity of coin, as a medium of trade, was felt in America at an early period after the settlement of the country. The wampum of the Indians was used by the white settlers of Massachusetts to a considerable extent at first. Wampum seems to be a primitive form of money, unlike that of any other part of the world. The value of gold depends on its scarcity, and of silver as well. Sheep and cattle were worth more or less as they served the purposes of men for food or labor; but wampum is the result of labor only, and its value seems to be only the value of so many hours' work of a man's hands. It consisted of strings of white shell, a valueless article itself, except as it had cost time and labor to make it on the sea-shores of New England.

Is there not a lesson in this North American Indian medium of circulation to which, in a more civilized nation, and a later period, we may turn with some degree of respect? Are we not arriving at an age of the world when gold is becoming more plenty—when its proportionate value to other metals is vastly decreasing, and when some new standard of value will be necessary? Have we not already arrived at an age when the true standard of value is labor? It is worth thinking of, to say the least of it.

The earliest coin known to have been struck for American circulation was a piece of brass called now the Somers Islands piece. The Bermudas were discovered in the sixteenth century, but afterward named the Somers Islands from Sir George Somers, who was wrecked there in the early part of the seventeenth century. There is extant in England a specimen of a coin, with a hog on one side and a rude ship or vessel on the other. The legend is SOMERS ISLANDS XII. This coin has no date. Not more than three specimens are extant, none of which are in America. The coin is of little interest to us as a nation, not being continental.

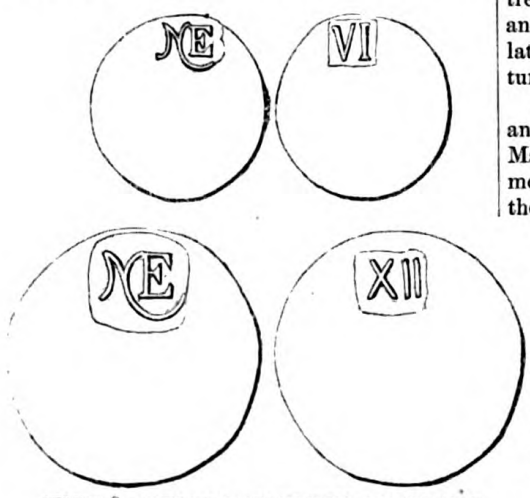


FIGURE 2.—NEW ENGLAND SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.
(First American coinage.)

The first coins strictly North American were the New England coinage of the Massachusetts mint, in 1652. First came the New England coins of one shilling and sixpence (Figure 2). They were rude silver pieces, characteristic of the early colonial settlements.



FIGURE 3.—PINE-TREE SHILLING.

They were followed by the well-known Pine-tree coins, which were issued in great quantities and variety, and formed the chief article of circulating medium in New England for nearly a century.

Doubtless some readers are familiar with an anecdote of John Hull, the contractor for the Massachusetts mint, who coined this Pine-tree money. This has appeared in various shapes, the most romantic being that, when his daughter was married to Samuel Sewall, he gave her, for dowry, the pine-tree shillings which equaled her own weight, she being placed in one side of the scales and the shillings poured in the other, the wedding-day being selected for the trial. If the girl was of modern mould we might think a hundred pounds a fair light weight, and the dowry would then not seem large, for a hundred pounds of silver were not then worth much more than $1600, and the girl was not worth much if that were all her value. A very different weight from the

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$150,000 which, in several articles and works on numismatics, has been placed as the weight of the dowry. The authors should have counted before "lumping" the young lady in such style, and making her weigh nearly ten thousand pounds!

Hull received one shilling out of every twenty he coined for his labor and expenses. It was a great grist that was brought to his mill, and this was a toll in silver which made him in time one of the richest men in the colony.

The New England coins (Figure 2) were easily counterfeited or clipped, and hence the immediate change to the pine or oak tree pattern.

Of these there were several dies. The trees were according to the fancy of the artist, and hence we have one known as the Shrub shilling, and others as before named. They differ also in size and in weight; the coinage was, in fact, very rude, and yet it served all the purposes of a young nation. This coinage was continued for thirty-three or four years, the date, 1652, being never changed on the coins. The two-penny piece was not issued till 1662, and always afterward bore that date.

There was as yet no copper coinage for America. In 1694 a token made its appearance in England bearing on one side an elephant, and on the other a legend, GOD PRESERVE LONDON. Where or by whom issued does not now appear, and it remains probable that it was a tradesman's issue to attract attention, or to serve for copper change. The device, however, attracted some one's eye who thought it the basis of a good colonial speculation, and two coins or tokens shortly after made their appearance on this continent, the one in New England, and the other in the Carolinas. These do not seem to have gone extensively into circulation, and certainly failed to supply the wants of the colonies which now began to be pressing for copper money. But their appeals to the home government were vain until 1749, when ten tons of copper money were exported to Massachusetts.

In the mean time the colony of Maryland had taken proceedings to supply its wants, and had ordered the coinage of silver as early as 1661. Lord Baltimore issued coins, bearing on the obverse the legend CÆCILIUS, DNS: TERRÆ: MARIÆ: & CT, around a bust of Lord Baltimore, and on the reverse his arms with the motto CRESCITE: ET MULTIPLICAMINI (Figure 4). Copper half-pennies were also issued at or about the same time, but it is probable that they never went into circulation. There is but one specimen of this copper coin now known. It was sold in England within the past year at auction, and brought $362.



FIGURE 4.—LORD BALTIMORE SHILLING.

The French Government were the first to issue a copper coinage for their American posses-



FIGURE 5.—LOUISIANA COPPER (FRENCH).

sions. In 1721 the Mint sent over a small copper coin for use in Louisiana, having for its obverse a double L, the initial of the monarch's name (Louis XV.), crowned, with the legend SIT NOMEN DOMINI BENEDICTUM (Figure 5). The same legend is found on a large portion of the coins of this monarch. The reverse was simply the legend COLONIES FRANÇOISES, 1721. The second issue of the same coin was made in 1722, after which it did not appear again until in 1767,



FIGURE 6.—WOOD HALF-PENNIES.

when it was enlarged and the metal reduced in quality, so that we have a larger coin at that period, of nearly perfect brass, with the same legends and reverse.

At almost the same period the "Wood money," as it has been called, was introduced into America (Figure 6).

The English Government issued, in 1722, to one William Wood, a patent for coining various copper pieces for the use of Ireland. The grant was made for a period of fourteen years, and the quantity limited to 360 tons of copper. The money issued by Wood was certainly more beautiful than had before appeared in English dominions; but its small size attracted attention, and a storm of rage in all of Ireland broke out against it. Dean Swift, then in Dublin, led on the at-

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tack with his celebrated anonymous letters known as "Drapier's Letters." The Government offered £300 reward for the discovery of the author of one of them—a reward that was laughed at in Dublin. The money failed in Ireland, and large quantities of it were sent on speculation to America, where it probably failed as well. Even at the present day these pieces are frequently to be found in circulation in our country.



FIGURE 7.—ROSA AMERICANA PENNY.

But other pieces were coined by Wood under a special patent for America, which were somewhat more successful. This was known as the *Rosa Americana* coinage, from the device on the face of the pieces (Figure 7). It did not secure favor at the North, but was more extensively used at the South, where it for some time served the purposes of the colonists. It was struck in a composition resembling brass. Pennies, half-pennies, and farthings were issued, the dies varying even in pieces of the same value.

The earliest copper coin which it can, with any degree of certainty, be affirmed was struck in America, was a private coinage in the little village of Granby, in Connecticut. This was the production of one Higley, or Highley. We prefer to call him Higley, since that is the sound commonly given to the name, and that is the true Connecticut orthography. He was an in-

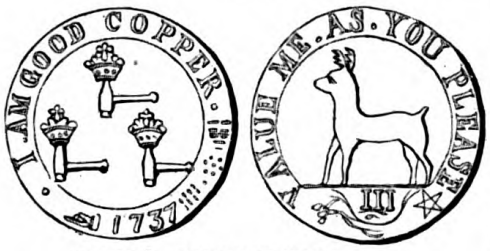


FIGURE 8.—GRANBY OR HIGLEY COPPER.

habitant of Granby, but his condition in life has been subject of dispute. By some he is called a blacksmith, by others a physician. On referring to the only book at hand—Mr. J. H. Trumbull's admirable volumes of Colonial Records of Connecticut—we find that in October, 1682, a John Higley suffered an execution against him for twenty-six gallons of rum; and after that we trace John Higley's trouble with his creditor, one Trueman, through the usual course of supplementary proceedings and appeals. Possibly he is the same Higley who, at a later period, undertook the task of making money to pay his own rum bill first, and to aid his fellow-countrymen in their small wants next.

In 1737 Mr. Higley of Granby made or procured a rude set of dies, and out of copper dug in Granby (where they dig it now) he coined various coppers, one of which we illustrate (Figure 8). These coppers circulated in Connecticut and New England; but being of excellent metal, soft and easily rubbed, they wore off and became smooth. They have almost entirely disappeared, and the few specimens now in cabinets are highly prized. Should any reader of this article possess a specimen of this coin he should send it at once, either to his State Historical Society or to some collection, where it can be preserved as a national relic; and in default of knowing where to send it, he may forward it to us, and we will see that it forms an ornament of a valuable and interesting cabinet.

There are three other varieties. One is like the illustration in the devices, but the legend around the deer is THE VALUE OF THREE PENCE, and around the hammers, CONNECTICUT, 1737. Another has, instead of the hammers, a broad axe, with the legend, I CUT MY WAY THROUGH.

We have recently seen counterfeits of the Granby copper, admirably executed, and well calculated to deceive the collector. There is a manufactory of counterfeits of rare coins now carried on in New York; and within the last winter great numbers of pieces, especially the Elephant pieces, the Granby, and the rare New York coppers, have been produced and sold at high prices as genuine. They are usually filled with silver, and the surface only is copper. They may be detected by a careful examination of the ring, which is not clear, and by a rough look on the surface, which resembles a casting.

In 1773 a copper coin was struck in England for use in Virginia, which was a very beautiful coin. It has been said that the issue of this coin had some reference to an interesting historical fact; namely, the invitation which had long before been extended to Charles II. by Virginia to come over and establish his throne in the Dominion—an invitation which the King did not forget, but subsequently honored by allowing Virginia to adopt his own arms. We do not know the authority for this statement, but the coin remains as one of the most beautiful of the early coins of America (Figure 9).



FIGURE 9.—VIRGINIA HALF-PENNY.

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FIGURE 10.—CHALMERS SHILLING.

The pine-tree shillings never circulated out of New England, and in time silver money became very scarce. One J. Chalmers, in 1788, struck at Annapolis, Maryland, a silver coin which appears to have obtained considerable circulation, and is known as the "Chalmers shilling" (Figure 10). Specimens are now rare and highly prized.

STATE COINAGE.

The Revolution brought with it the usual necessities of war, and the immense issues of paper money form part of the colonial history which it is no part of our present purpose to go into. With the peace came the instant demand for coin, and all the Northern States set to work at once to supply the demand.

Very many coins were issued at first from private sources. We illustrate in passing a token or medalet (Figure 11) which had appeared in revolutionary times, and is now known as the Pitt or No Stamps Token. It was probably of English origin, but is peculiarly interesting to American collectors. A fair specimen always commands a high price, and excellent specimens are now very rare.

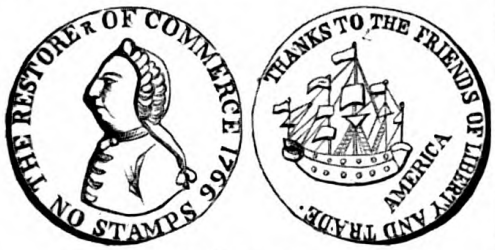


FIGURE 11.—PITT TOKEN.

A coin made its appearance after the close of the war which has since been variously called a Tory cent, a Georgia cent, and (by its proper name) the Georgius Triumpho (Figure 12). There is certainly no reason for imagining that this coin was designed by a Tory. It appears to be the work of an honest American, somewhat behindhand in his Latin. The head is not precisely a portrait of Washington, but Liberty on the reverse, standing behind a barrier of thirteen bars, shows the spirit of the coin.



FIGURE 12.—GEORGIUS TRIUMPHO COPPER.

In 1783 the Nova Constellatio coppers appeared in Boston in great numbers. We have five varieties in our collection, of which we illustrate two most marked in difference (Figure 13). These coppers must have been issued in great quantities. They are even now found occasionally in circulation. They came from England.



FIGURE 13.—NOVA CONSTELLATIO COPPERS.

The States now began to establish mints. Connecticut in 1785; other States as soon or immediately after. We can only glance rapidly at their issues.

Vermont soon issued many coins. The most common were those with the simple legend VERMON AUCTORI (By Authority of Vermont) on the obverse, around a laureated head (Figure 14), and on the reverse a seated figure with the words INDE. ET LIB. (Independence and Liberty). This form of legend was also adopted by Connecticut, as will appear hereafter.



FIGURE 14.—VERMONT COPPER.
(Reverse like Figure 16.)

Other Vermont coins had for a device the sun rising over the mountains, and the legend VERMONTENSIUM RES PUBLICA, with a reverse bearing



FIGURE 15.—VERMONT COPPER.

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the words QUARTA DECIMA STELLA (the fourteenth star). (Figure 15.) This coin is somewhat varied in other specimens, the legend being VERMONTS instead of VERMONTENSIUM, and the reverse being differently executed. The mint of Vermont seems to have been very active, and great quantities of coin were issued from it. Among others we have found coins with the head and name of King George, and the reverse INDE. ET LIB. A curious combination for a coin, but possibly resulting from the counterfeiting of English half-pennies which then passed current in the northern part of the country, or perhaps from the attempt to recoin half-pennies with the Vermont legends and devices. In one coin in our collection, however, the latter supposition is clearly impossible. Connecticut was industrious in coining as in all other departments of art. The number and variety of Connecticut cents or coppers, from 1785 to 1788, is absolutely beyond computation. Every day a new one is discovered. The variation is not always important, but quite sufficient to indicate the use of a separate and distinct die for each coin. Thus the dots, stars, or lines of the legends are different, the head faces to the right or to the left, or some equally distinct mark is found.

The uniform legend is like that of the Vermont coppers, AUCTORI. CONNEC., with the reverse, INDE. ET LIB. Occasionally an error was made in the lettering. Thus we find an AUCTOBI or an AUCTOPI, or an AUCIORI, or a CONNFC; and these errors make coins of special rarity for those collectors who prize coins for their oddity rather than their historic value.

We have about eighty varieties of the Con-



FIGURE 16.—CONNECTICUT COPPER.

necticut coppers in our own collection. Dr. Dickeson has pointed out several hundred. It is probable that vast numbers of counterfeits were issued by private parties, and to these many of the varieties are to be attributed.

New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts were in the field almost or quite as early as Connecticut or Vermont.

New York did not coin so largely as the other States, and many of the coins bearing the name of the State were struck in England. All the coins of this State are of a higher degree of rarity than those of the other States. The most common at present found, and that one of which it is probable the largest number was issued, was of English origin. It is that bearing the legend NOVA EBORAC around a head on the obverse, and VIRT. ET LIB. around a seated figure on the



FIGURE 17.—NEW YORK COPPER.

reverse; the date being 1787 (Figure 17). Of this there are two varieties, the seated figure in one facing to the right and in the other to the left. There is also a difference in the head-dress of this figure.

The rarest of the New York coins, and one of the rarest coins of the American copper series, is the George Clinton piece, of 1787, which we il-



FIGURE 18.—GEORGE CLINTON COPPER.

lustrate (Figure 18). This is the first time, we believe, that this coin has been illustrated, the copy in our own collection being the only one we have seen. We are informed that a copy was some time since in the possession of a gentleman in or near Boston, and, with this exception, we have never heard of another. It is an interesting numismatic memorial of the first governor of the State, as well as of the early coinage of the country. Our copy is in fine condition, struck, as the engraving indicates, over an IMMUNIS COLUMBIA. The remains of portions of the former coin are visible, and we have endeavored to make the engraving a fac-simile in all respects, that numismatists may see the coin precisely as it is.

The history of this rare and interesting coin is worthy of being related here, to illustrate the manner in which such memorials are sometimes found "lying around," and the risks to which a valuable coin may be exposed. The coin was taken in change at a grocery store by a gentleman in the southern part of Vermont. He was at first about to reject it as a bad copper, when, recollecting a friend who was a coin collector, he put it in his pocket, and afterward placed it on a shelf at home to await his friend's arrival on a visit. When the latter came he went to get it, and, in taking it up, dropped it on the floor, and could not find it again. He did not recollect the description, and neither he nor his friend thought it of sufficient importance to hunt for. Subsequently it was found when the carpet was taken up, and placed in a letter, and

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mailed to the collector for whom it was intended. When he received the letter (at Hartford) the coin was nearly half out of the envelope, so that he removed it at once with his fingers without opening the letter. After this series of fortunate escapes it formed for some time the ornament of his small but very choice collection at Hartford, and was purchased from him, with other coins, by the writer of this article. No specimen of the coin having ever been sold, its value as a curiosity is not determined in money. There is another New York coin (Figure 19), sometimes called the New York Washington piece from the supposed resemblance of the head on the obverse to that of the great patriot. This head is surrounded by the legend, NON VI VIRTUTE VICI (Not by force, by bravery I have conquered). It is probable that the author of the legend supposed the Latin word *virtus* to imply strictly virtue; an error not so great as that of an author who, in a work on coins, translates this legend into the astonishing English, "Virtue without Vice." The reverse of this coin has a seated figure of Liberty, and the legend "NEO EBORACENSIS, 1786."



FIGURE 19.—A NEW YORK COPPER.

A gold coin is known as the New York doubloon, having the legend NOVA EBORACA, COLUMBIA, EXCELSIOR around a landscape, the sun rising over the hills; on the reverse an eagle, and the legend "UNUM E PLURIBUS, 1787." This coin was never circulated, and we have heard of but two specimens in existence.

The IMMUNIS COLUMBIA token is ranked as a New York coin. On the obverse is a seated figure holding a flag and the scales of Justice, surrounded by the legend IMMUNIS COLUMBIA, and the date, 1787. The reverse is an eagle, with the legend E PLURIBUS UNUM (Figure 20).

Another New York coin had on the face an Indian chief, the legend LIBER NATUS LIBERTATEM DEFENDO; the reverse the arms of the State, on one variety; and on another the crest of those arms only, an eagle, with the legend NEO EBORACUS EXCELSIOR, 1787.



FIGURE 20.—IMMUNIS COLUMBIA.



FIGURE 21.—NEW JERSEY CENT.

New Jersey coined in great profusion. The coins of this State bear the uniform appearance indicated in the illustration (Figure 21). The varieties differ only in the shape of the shield, the punctuation, the occasional omission of a letter by mistake, as in one die (which is E PLURIBS UNUM), and in one instance the horse's head is turned to the left; the latter coin is very rare.

Massachusetts struck two State coins in 1787, and reissued them in 1788, a cent and a half-cent, of which large quantities were sent out. The half-cent is now rare, but the cents of both dates are common, that of 1788 being a little more rare than 1787. We illustrate the latter (Figure 22).

In 1794 a French company proposed a settlement, and did attempt it, in the northern part of New York, which they named Castorville. It was located where Carthage, in Jefferson County, now stands, and is said to have contained families of rank and respectability. A coin is extant known as the Castorland piece. This was probably struck in France for the use of this colony, and though it never passed into circulation, it is interesting as the only permanent memorial of an attempted colonization of this State which failed and has been forgotten. This coin illustrates admirably the value of numismatics as an aid to history. There is a coin known as the Kentucky cent, or copper (but so called without reason), which is a favorite with collectors, and which we illus-



FIGURE 22.—MASSACHUSETTS CENT.



FIGURE 23.—KENTUCKY COPPER (OBVERSE).

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FIGURE 24.—KENTUCKY COPPER (REVERSE).

trate (Figures 23 and 24). The ground for the name appears to be that, in the pyramid of States on the obverse, Kentucky happens to be uppermost. It was struck in England, is a fine specimen of coinage, and may be prized by any one who possesses it. There is extant a token of P. P. P. Myddelton, with the legend BRITISH SETTLEMENT, KENTUCKY, 1776. But whether it was ever used in America, or is only an English token, is very doubtful. Probably it was struck and circulated only in England for use there.

WASHINGTON TOKENS AND CENTS.

The head of the great patriot had, of course, formed the subject of more or less numismatic art in England and America. For it must be borne in mind that the American market was the constant spur to English labor, and that the necessities of this country, in the matter of coin, were thoroughly appreciated by ingenious artists on the other side.

In 1783 the "Washington and Independence" tokens made their appearance. These must not be confounded with the Washington cents of later issue (1791 and 1792), of which we shall presently speak. It does not appear that any of these tokens obtained extensive circulation, nor that they were used at all as money. They are interesting, however, as relics of the times in which they appeared, and as indicating the respect and veneration paid to the illustrious Washington by his contemporaries.

Of the tokens of 1783 there are four varieties,



FIGURE 25.—WASHINGTON AND INDEPENDENCE TOKENS OF 1783.

of which we illustrate two only (Figure 25). The four may be distinguished easily thus: the first is the Washington and Independence token, with a large head laureated, and the reverse a seated figure, the legend being the words UNITED STATES. The second has a similar obverse, but the reverse resembles the cent of later years, the legend being ONE CENT in a wreath and around the wreath UNITY STATES OF AMERICA. The third has a small head on the obverse, and in other respects resembles the first. The fourth has the small head on both sides, the legend on one side WASHINGTON, on the other side ONE CENT. The cuts show the two heads.



FIGURE 26.—WASHINGTON TOKEN.

A very beautiful little token in brass also appeared at or near this period, of which we give an illustration from the only specimen in our possession (Figure 26). There are two other sizes of this token extant, one smaller than the other, and both smaller than this. The legends and devices are the same on all.



FIGURE 27.—WASHINGTON CENT OF 1791.

Large Eagle, Reverse. Small Eagle, Reverse.

When a national coinage was devised, the European custom of placing the head of a king on the coin of the realm of course suggested the idea of placing the bust of Washington on the American coins. This idea led to the production of the Washington cents of 1791, which are now so highly prized as numismatic treasures. These (and not the tokens of 1783) are the Washington cents which command such high prices, and which are the ornaments of collections of American coins (Figure 27). Young collectors will do well to bear in mind that the tokens of 1783 are not to be confounded with these. It is not uncommon for an inexperienced collector to be induced to pay a large price for one of the tokens under the impression that he is purchasing a Washington cent. The most common error is made with the double-head token, which has the legend ONE CENT over the head, or with the UNITY STATES token, which also has the legend ONE CENT within the wreath on the reverse.

The cent of 1791 was made in England. This is evident from the character of the dies and the specimens of the coins extant. We have four in our own possession. The first is that commonly known as the large eagle. The second is closely

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like it on the obverse, though the head is not precisely the same, and the date is under a smaller and different eagle on the reverse. These are the large and small eagle cents of 1791. There are other varieties of the small eagle.

On one specimen of the large eagle cent in our cabinet the following legend appears around the edge of the coin, "BRADLEY, WILLEY, SNEDSHILL, BERSHAM" (the last letter is doubtful). The other specimens have on the edge "United States of America." We have heard of another specimen of the coin with this same legend.

A copper piece, bearing the date 1792, and commonly known as a Washington cent, is found in some collections and highly prized. It differs materially from the cent of 1791, bears another legend and a different head, and has no mark indicating that it was intended for a cent. This coin of 1792 has been claimed for Philadelphia as the work of one Peter Getz. The evidence is traditional, and can be considered at the best but doubtful.

In neither 1791 nor 1792 did these coins go into circulation. They were offered as patterns for the national coinage, then under discussion, and met the decided disapprobation of Washington. They were of course prized as specimens, and their value has since become very great.

This coin of 1792, we are of opinion, was originally designed as a pattern for silver money, and the copies existing in copper are to be regarded only as medals. It was struck in silver, and the few specimens in that metal now existing are the highly-prized Washington half-dollars, of which much has been said in many of the papers (Figure 1). The finest extant specimen of this splendid coin is that which was purchased at the Bogert sale in New York in the winter of 1858–9 by F. A. Paddock, Esq., of this city, and which now forms an ornament of his very elegant collection of American and Foreign medals and coins. By his permission we engrave this coin. It was struck over an English piece of silver: the engraving shows the remains of some letters of the old coin. This was a common course pursued with new dies for coins especially in new countries, where the machinery for rolling silver and cutting the plankets was imperfect, or perhaps as yet unknown. This coin brought a handsome price, no less than $57, and is well worth a much larger sum of money. Indeed the collector, once possessed of it, will hardly be induced by money offers to separate it from his collection. We have heard of another coin claiming the name of Washington half-dollar. We have not seen a specimen; but from an engraving in Dr. Dickeson's work we find that it resembles the genuine half-dollar on the obverse, while the reverse bears the mark of the engraver's chisel struck across the eagle. This would indicate that the die was disapproved and destroyed by the engraver himself, and that the coins struck with it must have been produced for the amusement of some person in his work-shop, who tried his hand with a rejected die. The only copper coin of 1792 which can with propriety be called a Washington cent, is a rare coin, of which we give the obverse (Figure 28). The reverse is not unlike the small eagle cent reverse of 1791, with the word CENT over the eagle.



FIGURE 28.—WASHINGTON CENT OF 1792.

Altogether there are some eight or ten distinct varieties of what are commonly called Washington cents of of 1791 and 1792. They are all highly prized by collectors, and all form interesting memorials of the great and good man whose name and portrait they bear.

These are but few of the coins that bear his name and head. Colonel James Ross Snowden, the well-known and able director of the United States mint at Philadelphia, has undertaken the laudable work of collecting two sets of these coins and medals, one for the mint and one for Mount Vernon. He designs to have in these collections specimens of every coin and medal, large and small, significant or insignificant, having any reference to Washington. We take this opportunity of recommending every one, who reads the present article, and who is possessed of any such specimen, to send it at once by mail to Colonel Snowden for this admirable design.

He has made a catalogue of more than sixty varieties of which he knows.

Other coins appeared at about this time, or a few years later, bearing the name of Washington; and although in order of date they were mostly preceded by the regular American copper coinage, it is as well that we mention them in this connection. They were of English origin, and struck, apparently, for circulation there. One resembled closely the Washington cent of 1791, on the obverse, so closely that we have no doubt the same artist produced it. The legend around the bust is the same, and on the reverse is a ship, with the legend "Half-penny," and the date 1793. The edge has the words, "Payable in Anglesey, London, or Liverpool." This coin would seem to be conclusive in establishing the foreign origin of the Washington cent of 1791. The obverse of the specimen in our cabinet is identical with the obverse of the small eagle cent of 1791, and is without doubt the same die.

Another variety of the same coin has no date on the reverse, but two branches of leaves under the ship.

Another English token was issued with a head of Washington and on the reverse a grate. This is called the Washington Grate cent or token, and was issued by Clark and Harris, a firm whose name it bears. The die is doubtless still preserved in England, as fine proof specimens are furnished to order in any quantity. It is a coin of little interest or value, and only to be noted as a compliment paid to the American pa-

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FIGURE 29.—FUGIO OR FRANKLIN COPPER.

triot by an English house of tradesmen. The legend around the bust is "*G. Washington, the firm friend to peace and humanity.*"

NATIONAL COINAGE.

In 1786 the Congress of the United States established a mint. Its first and only issue for many years was the Fugio or Franklin cent, so called, which was extensively circulated (Figure 29). A pewter or lead coin had made its appearance in 1776 (Figure 30), specimens of

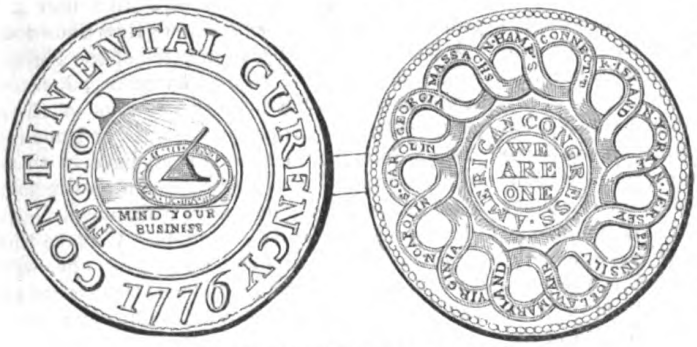


FIGURE 30.—CONTINENTAL PEWTER MONEY.



FIGURE 31.—U.S.A. OR BAR CENT.

which are extant now, and it seems that the Fugio cent was, in some respects, modeled on this coin.

The name of Franklin cent seems to be given this coin because of the pithy advice in the legend, which sounds like the philosopher. And he did suggest, in one of his letters (which will be found in the collected works of Franklin), that such sentences should be adopted on our coinage. But there is no evidence that he had any thing to do with the Fugio copper, or its devices and legends.

This copper was coined in vast quantities. Only a year ago a keg filled with them was found in the vault of one of our New York banks, where they had reposed quietly for half a century.

It is probable that at about this time the Bar Cent, as it is called, was produced as a pattern. It never went into circulation, and specimens are now very highly prized (Figure 31).

There had been a few coins, known as the *half-disme*, struck at the mint prior to the commencement of the regular coinage, but they never went into circulation. It has been stated that they were coined exclusively for Washington himself, and by him distributed to friends, but of this we have doubts. Other pattern pieces were also made at the mint, but it was not till 1793 that the first coin of the regular American series made its appearance. This was the copper cent of 1793, of which there are several varieties. The thirteen links around the words ONE CENT did not give universal satisfaction (Figure 32). Alexander Hamilton was at this



FIGURE 32.—U. S. CENT OF 1793, COMMONLY CALLED THE LINK CENT.





FIGURE 33.—FIRST UNITED STATES DOLLAR.

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time Secretary of the Treasury, and the new coin met with such criticisms as this from the *Argus*, a Boston paper, of March 26, 1793: "The chain on the reverse is but a bad omen for liberty, and Liberty herself appears to be in a fright. May she not justly cry out, in the words of the Apostle, 'Alexander the coppersmith has done me much harm; the Lord reward him according to his works.'"

No other coin was issued by the mint this year. In 1794 a dollar, a half-dollar, and a half-dime were struck (Figure 33). These were the first silver coins of the American series. The first quarter-dollar and the first dime were issued in 1796. The devices on these coins were original, and certainly more beautiful than have since been adopted. They changed the devices in later years. The cent of 1793, before the close of the year, was issued with the Liberty cap on the pole, over the shoulder of Liberty; and this device was continued till the latter part of 1796, when a beautiful head was adopted, with the flowing hair gathered in a fillet. This same head was on the dollar of 1795, in the latter part of that year, and remained on the dollar till 1804, after which it was never seen. On the cent the fillet head continued till 1808, when a new head facing to the left was adopted, and in 1816 this was again materially changed, and the form adopted which lasted till 1857, when the nickel coin was introduced. The silver coins have undergone other and more serious changes, affecting their value; but it should be known that no change has been made in the quality of the metal. The silver coins of 1859 are as good silver as those of any prior year, and the reason for the diminished value of the coin is that the weight was reduced in 1853. The common notion that the modern silver is less pure than the old is without foundation, and in one coin no change has taken place, either in quality or weight.

The silver dollar has not been changed in weight. It is therefore now wholly unknown as a piece for circulation, since its weight is of the old standard, and its actual value is about 6 per cent. above par, or 106 cents. The change in the weight of the silver coins was by Act of Congress, passed March 3, 1853. A previous slight reduction in all the coins had been made in 1837. By the act of that year the dollar was to weigh 412½ grains, and the other coins in proportion. By the act of 1853 the half-dollar was reduced to 192 grains, and the other coins in the same ratio, while the dollar remained unchanged.

The American series has been occasionally interrupted, as will appear by the annexed table. We have prepared it as a manual for the use of collectors who are seeking to make up full sets of American coins, and the degrees of rarity are marked with reference to our own experience in the collection of coins among the brokers and elsewhere in New York City. We have handled many hundred thousand coins of silver and copper during the past year in this investigation, and we believe the result shown may be relied on as tolerably accurate.

TABLE SHOWING THE COMPARATIVE RARITY OF UNITED STATES SILVER AND COPPER COINS.—[N. C., none coined. Greatest rarity, 6.]

Years.	Dollars.	Half-Dollars.	Quarter-Dollars.	Dimes.	Half-Dimes.	Three Cents	Cents.	Half-Cents.
1793....	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	5	6
1794....	6	3	N. C.	N. C.	5	N. C.	2	3
1795....	2	2	N. C.	N. C.	3	N. C.	2	4
1796....	2	5	5	4	3	N. C.	2	5
1797....	2	5	N. C.	5	3	N. C.	3	4
1798....	1	N. C.	N. C.	4	N. C.	N. C.	2	N. C.
1799....	1	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	6	N. C.
1800....	2	N. C.	N. C.	3	3	N. C.	3	3
1801....	2	2	N. C.	3	3	N. C.	3	N. C.
1802....	2	2	N. C.	4	4	N. C.	2	5
1803....	1	1	N. C.	3	4	N. C.	1	4
1804....	6	5	3	3	N. C.	N. C.	5	1
1805....	N. C.	1	2	2	4	N. C.	2	3
1806....	N. C.	1	2	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	2	2
1807....	N. C.	1	2	2	N. C.	N. C.	2	2
1808....	N. C.	3	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	3	1
1809....	N. C.	3	N. C.	3	N. C.	N. C.	3	1
1810....	N. C.	2	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	3	1
1811....	N. C.	2	N. C.	3	N. C.	N. C.	3	5
1812....	N. C.	2	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C	3	N. C.
1813....	N. C.	2	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	3	N. C.
1814....	N. C.	2	N. C.	2	N. C.	N. C	2	N. C.
1815....	N. C.	4	3	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.*	N. C.
1816....	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	2	N. C.
1817....	N. C.	2	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	1	N. C.
1818....	N. C.	2	3	N. C.	N. C.	N. C	1	N. C.
1819....	N. C.	2	2	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	1	N. C.
1820....	N. C.	2	2	2	N. C.	N. C.	2	N. C.
1821....	N. C.	2	2	2	N. C.	N. C.	2	N. C
1822....	N. C.	2	2	5	N. C.	N. C.	2	N. C.
1823....	N. C.	2	5	2	N. C.	N. C.	3	N. C.
1824....	N. C.	2	2	2	N. C.	N. C.	2	N. C.
1825....	N. C.	2	2	2	N. C.	N. C.	2	2
1826....	N. C.	2	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C	2	2
1827....	N. C.	2	5	2	N. C.	N. C.	1	N. C.
1828....	N. C.	1	3	2	N. C.	N. C.	1	1
1829....	N. C.	1	N. C.	2	3	N. C.	1	1
1830....	N. C.	1	N. C.	2	2	N. C.	2	N. C.
1831....	N. C.	1	1	2	1	N. C.	1	6
1832....	N. C.	1	1	2	1	N. C.	1	1
1833....	N. C.	1	1	2	1	N. C.	1	1
1834....	N. C.	1	1	2	1	N. C.	1	1
1835....	N. C.	1	1	2	1	N. C	1	1
1836....	6†	2	2	2	1	N. C.	1	4
1837....	N. C.	2	2	2	1	N. C.	1	N. C.
1838....	6†	2	2	2	1	N. C.	1	N. C.
1839....	N. C.	2	2	2	1	N. C.	1	N. C.
1840....	3	2	2	2	1	N. C.	2	6
1841....	2	1	2	2	1	N. C.	2	6
1842....	2	1	2	2	1	N. C.	2	6
1843....	2	1	2	2	1	N. C.	2	6
1844....	2	2	1	4	3	N. C.	1	6
1845....	2	1	1	1	2	N. C.	1	6
1846....	2	1	1	5	5	N. C.	1	6
1847....	2	1	1	1	2	N. C.	1	6
1848....	2	1	1	1	1	N. C.	1	6
1849....	2	1	1	1	1	N. C.	1	2
1850....	2	1	1	1	1	N. C.	1	2
1851....	5	3	1	1	1	1	1	2
1852....	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	6
1853....	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1854....	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	2
1855....	2	1	1	1	1	4	1	2
1856....	2	1	1	1	1	1	5‡	1
1857....	1	1	1	1	1	1	3‡	2
1858....	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	N. C.
1859....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	N. C.

* In 1815 no cent was coined. This is much disputed, but the evidence is satisfactory. The Mint records show no coinage of cents, but this is also true of other years. We have, however, seen many cents bearing the date 1815, and every one a manifest counterfeit, usually changed from 1813. We have never met a collector or person familiar with coins who has seen a genuine cent of 1815.

† The dollars of 1836 and 1838 were only patterns, with a flying eagle on the reverse.

‡ In 1856 the nickel cent was introduced. The nickel cent of 1856 and the copper cent of 1857 are indicated respectively as 5 and 3. The copper cent of 1856 and the nickel cent of 1857 are common.

All the references in this table are to coins in first-rate preservation.

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The coins of 1853, which are of the old standard, have no arrow-heads on the sides of the date. Those of the reduced weight are marked with arrow-heads. The silver coins changed in device frequently. The dollar in 1795, the half-dollar in 1796, and again in 1807, in 1836, and finally in 1839. The quarter changed in 1815, and again in 1838. The dimes in 1809 and 1837, and the half-dimes in 1796, 1829, and 1837.

COLLECTIONS OF COINS.

We have thus endeavored, in the brief space allowed to two magazine articles, to give a general idea of the history of coins and coinage. During the last four years the vein of collecting rare and valuable coins has increased in this country until it has become almost a mania. But a short time has elapsed since a few collections, a dozen or thereabouts, comprised all in America that were worthy of note. There are now ten times that number, and hundreds of small collections in the hands of young persons, to whom this subject should be especially commended by parents and teachers. We know of no more pardonable mania than the coin mania; and although no manias are to be encouraged, we recommend the pursuit of coin collecting, within limits, to all young persons. It will aid in the study of history; will help to fix dates, events, and names in the memory; and will tend vastly to interest the student of the past in his subject.

The collecting of coins has been a favorite employment of antiquarians for many centuries. It is probable that in Greek and Roman times there were numismatic collectors as plenty as in these later ages; and it is not improbable that some of the fine specimens of ancient coins now in modern collections have formed the ornaments of similar collections in Egypt, Greece, or Rome more than a thousand years ago. These, and similar reflections, add vastly to the interest with which the collector views his cabinet.

But at the same time the young collector should avoid the extravagance into which such pursuits are too apt to lead. The recent mania for coin collecting has led to the demand and payment of enormous prices for some pieces of copper which will, in a few years' time, be regarded as worthless. Of this class are all coins whose value depends on errors in the dies, such as the *E Pluribs Unum* of New Jersey, or an Auctobi of Connecticut. It is advisable for the collector to confine his efforts to one class of coins. Thus, it is sufficient for a young person to devote himself to the series of American copper coins, and endeavor, as opportunity serves, to make a complete set of these in good condition. He should not be satisfied with the ordinary rubbed coins of common circulation, but search for clear and handsome impressions, old coins that have been laid away in corners, and thus make his set a fine-looking as well as a valuable set. Having found the cents of 1793, 1799, and 1804, which are the rarest, and completed the series of cents, he may turn to the half-cents and the colonial pieces, extending his views to the whole American series. When he has finished the collection of all the coins referred to in this article he will have a splendid numismatic cabinet. Nor is the idea absolutely impossible of execution, except in reference to a few unique or very rare coins.



FIGURE 34.—TALBOT ALLUM & LEE TOKEN.

Every young collector should be furnished with some books of reference. Dr. Dickeson's "Manual of American Numismatics"—to which we have before referred—is a very splendid work, and, although not perfect, should be possessed by every collector. Future editions will doubtless correct the errors of the first. The illustrations alone will prove of indispensable importance to any collector. Humphrey's "Coin Collector's Manual"—which can be procured of any bookseller by ordering it from Bohn's Library—will give the young collector all the information he needs about ancient and European coinage.

We have said nothing in this article about the vast number of tokens and medalets which the country has produced. Mr. Bushnell's "Arrangements of Tradesmen's Cards, Political Tokens," etc., is an excellent work as far as it goes, and, with the Supplement which the editor is now preparing, will be a complete guide to this department of the science in this country.

The want of copper coin induced the issue of tradesmen's cards in copper at as early a period as 1789, when Mott & Co., jewelers in New York, had a coin struck of smaller size than a cent, with a clock on one side and an eagle on the other. In 1794 Talbot Allum & Lee had a token struck (Figure 34), and another variety in 1795. We have heard our venerable friend, Dr. Francis of New York, say that he has frequently, when a boy, gone to the store of Talbot Allum & Lee with silver and purchased this copper by the quantity to be used in making small change. These were the precursors of the tradesmen's tokens, which have been increased so enormously that we have in our own collection over three hundred varieties.

Many readers of the Magazine, who do not care to make collections themselves, are possessed of coins which are mentioned in this article, or of others not referred to here, which ought to form specimens in collections where their historical value will be appreciated, and be of public benefit. Every reader hereof who has in his or her drawer or purse a curious coin prized only as a pocket-piece, should remember that this very coin might be of interest

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and historical value if it formed part of a collection. It may be the very link wanting to an interesting chain of evidence, or it may be the very specimen that will clear up all doubt on a question of history. Send such coins at once to some collector, or a public institution, and in default of knowing where to send them, forward them to us.

DISAPPEARED.

"READ us the news. Come, there's a darling!"

How fresh and unworn their faces looked, gathered into a cluster around Cora Ellis, the favorite of the work-room, whose brother or cousin had sent her a paper from New York. The date was by no means recent, but its intelligence was fresh to us—to me as well as to my bevy of journeywomen and apprentices. I listened carelessly, though I bent over the satin and blonde I was shaping into a bridal bonnet.

"What shall I read? 'Horrible murder!'"

"Oh! don't; we have enough of these out West. Let's hear the dry-goods advertisements, and find out what they wear in New York."

"Hush!" said Cora, tantalizingly holding the *Herald* at arm's-length. "'*Married.*' Dear me! Moses Smith and Angeline Jones are married!"

"Nonsense! It will be one o'clock. Make her read to us, Mrs. Lewis."

I shook my head at the willful child, but she had made her selection.

"Just listen, girls! Here's something queer: '*Mysterious Disappearance—Five Hundred Dollars Reward.*' [Don't you wish we could get it?] '*Madeline Lenox, twenty-three years of age, tall, with dark hair and eyes. Had on when she left home a gray-and-white plaid shawl, with blue border; Tuscan straw-hat, trimmed with blue; black gaiter boots; diamond ring on her left hand. Last seen on the wharf at Baltimore. Any intelligence will meet with the above reward from her father, the Hon. J. Livingstone Seaton, or her husband, Lieutenant F. Lenox, Fort Tripler, as she is supposed to have been wandering in mind when she left home.*'"

How eagerly those girls listened; sympathy, curiosity, interest in their faces! I saw them, though my hands shook, and my scissors glided astray, ruining the work of the morning.

That shawl lay folded in my trunk, at my lodgings; that diamond ring inclosed in the little morocco case beside it!

So this was my father's conclusion? Naturally enough. I might have expected it. He never did understand me, though we had been separated too much all our lives to know each other well; and his own heart had lost too much of its freshness to enter into the wrongs of my life. His house, with my pretty, girlish stepmother for its mistress, was the last refuge I should have sought; though he never forgot that I was his child. This proved it.

"Poor lady! Wandered off, I suppose," said Cora, pityingly. "She was young, wasn't she? And what a lovely name! Do you think she will ever be found, Mrs. Lewis?"

"Never!"

And then I bethought myself: "People often disappear and never are heard of again. I have seen such things in the London *Times*."

"It is so hard for their friends, isn't it?" Here I wished she would leave me, but the work-bell had sounded, and she was in her own especial seat by my window. "If they are insane and die, or take their own lives, it is soon over; but how hard it must be for those who are left behind not to know where they are—to imagine them in want of food or nursing, and then expecting to hear all the time! I know how it was when my brother was lost at sea: every time a letter came, or a knock at the door, mother started and grew so pale—oh! for years. I pity her poor husband—don't you, Mrs. Lewis?—watching and looking, and hoping to hear from her every moment; and her dear little children, if she has any—"

"This room is stifling!" And I started up with such a horrible constriction in my throat, scattering the bright silks and ribbons on every side. For the first time I saw Frederick suffering this agony of suspense. I had no wish to torture him. And those little children—how did it fare with them?

That was no new thought. My life sickened for them in the long, desolate evenings, sitting upon a hassock by my solitary hearth, my face buried in the cushions of the chair before me, striving to shut out sight, and sound, and recollection, if that had been possible; waking in the hush of night, with my arms thrown out wildly, to find only vacancy; and when the sun streamed in on my pillow, and yearning thought brought morning dreams, I felt the clambering of those little feet, or the soft touch of those dimpled hands, and woke an exile and an alien.

"Or take their own lives!" How the words haunted me! But I had been saved in that temptation, when I was swept along with the turbulent tide of the Western river which separated me from all that I desired to bury. One plunge—and then forgetfulness. How easy it seemed—how enticing! What was life? What had it for me in the future? They would never find me there, washed up stiff and stark under the bare roots of those great sycamores on that gray, solitary island looming out before us. It was not cowardice that saved me; I was reckless enough even for that. But the vague awfulness of the mysterious world beyond, though then, like the material world, it was to me a "land of shadows and of thick darkness."

Thence to the work-room of Madame Myer—prosaic step! But I must feed and clothe the body I had elected to retain. I had little dread of discovery in the heart of that thronged Western city; and Madame Myer (she had emigrated from the East as Mrs. Myers, with as little taste as usually is dispensed to the dwellers in New

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England) had need of the services of "a competent forewoman."

Thus said a strip of paper wafered to the window of her flourishing establishment; and I bethought me of my success in eking out my straitened wardrobe, and the graceful fashions I had studied from the French *Magazins des Modes*, and applied to my own purposes. That was the secret of my success with my employer, into whose dull brain invention had never crept; though I wondered that she did not detect my ignorance of routine at first. Here that three months' old advertisement had tracked me—not to discovery, however. They would have looked for me in schools or seminaries, where my accomplishments fitted me to labor; but in a work-room, never.

Three months ago!—and my mind went back over the strange abyss that had opened between me and my home.

It was really a home, the first time I had possessed one since my married life began; for who can take root in the transient abiding places of a military life? I never had liked "living in garrison." In the first place, a lieutenant's family, if the post is at all crowded, have but two rooms allowed them; and if there are but one or two besides your own, and room is plenty, there is always a superabundance of unmarried men, lounging about with their time on their hands, forever intruding on your domestic arrangements, wanting you to play chess, or to practice a duet with their tiresome flutes, or else dragging your husband off just as you are comfortably settled for the morning, a well-filled basket of work before you, and a new book with which he has promised to beguile the monotony of seams.

That was my experience, at least. There is so much gossip at a post! It is worse than six villages. We have all the intimacy of a family, without the kindly charities of kinsfolk, that forbears to speak of failings, and covers errors. An officer's wife, if she is at all agreeable, is terribly exposed to this "camp fever"—between the idleness and the braggadocio of the men and the prying jealousy of their wives and sisters and the female community generally, who have little to occupy them, if they are not particularly domestic.

That was the way in which Frederick first became annoyed with Captain Bartlett's attentions. Miss Craige, the sister of Colonel Craige, who was our commanding officer at Fort Douglass, made such disagreeable remarks, when she found him quietly established in our sitting-room one afternoon. Frederick had just been called out to the hospital, and it would certainly have been very rude in me, when my husband left, to invite his visitor to follow him, if he had not chosen to. I saw Miss Craige picking her way across the parade-ground, for we had had a heavy shower—Captain Bartlett being driven in by stress of weather.

"Dear me, how comfortable you people look!" and she gave such an emphasis to what she said by her expression! "It's well Mr. Lenox is not a jealous man!" and with that Frederick came in again.

"I was just saying, Mr. Lenox, it's well you are not a jealous man; your wife and Captain Bartlett were seated so cosily when I came in."

We had not moved our positions, or exchanged six words, before her arrival; but the impertinence made my face flush, though I knew very well that it was only jealousy on her part. She had been coquetting with him ever since her arrival from Philadelphia. My face grew hot, the more so at Frederick's look of vexation. And then, too, I met a quick, eager glance from our visitor—Captain Bartlett, I mean—which I scarcely knew how to understand. It was certainly a very embarrassing position, for I felt how readily my husband's one weakness was aroused. It was not possible for me to return a bantering reply, and I sat quite silent, and left the conversation to them.

I knew perfectly well that Frederick would be moody and disagreeable after they had left. Our pleasant afternoon was spoiled, and a scene of bitterness and recrimination took place which was not entirely new in our family history. It ended as the same thing had done before—Frederick asking my pardon for unjust suspicions, confessing the demon that haunted his life, and promising never to wrong me so again.

He really meant to keep his promise, no doubt, and I believed then that he would. A very happy time passed after Miss Craige left, and Captain Bartlett escorted her, on leave. But the cloud returned again and again, on such slight provocation, and at such unexpected times, that I grew quite disheartened and careless, and gave back bitterness for bitterness. One thing only at all accounted for this perpetual injustice, and helped me to endure it. It seemed a retribution for the fault of my youth, and, in some sort, an expiation. I had been a coquette—fond of power and conquest from vanity only, and not from an evil heart. I liked to feel that my eyes were lures; the touch of my hand enchantment; that, when I willed it, whoever I desired to ensnare should acknowledge himself my captive. My wit, my voice, my very movements were perverted to this base use. How base I never knew until I became Frederick's wife, and loved him with my whole heart, and heard how men spoke of those who lead the same life to the same end! I told my husband all—my very lightest words and freest acts—and he knew my heart was pure and all his own; yet still the knowledge of what had been haunted him.

When we were ordered to Fort Tripler (of course I do not give the real names of our posts), it was such a comfort to have a home of our own once more! The foundations only were laid; so we had a neat little cottage, and settled down to home life, quite as happily and pleasantly as any *civilians* could have done. It is proverbial that constructing a fort is a life appointment; and as long as General Granger—into whose hands it had fallen—was satisfied with Frederick, there was little danger of his removal. So

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I made such a home as we had never had before; unpacked books and pictures and ornaments that had not seen the light since our wedding-day; and sent home for my piano, my own and my mother's portrait, and all the little possessions my step-mother had preserved for me.

Some people might have thought it lonely, for, save General Granger's family, we were quite cut off from society; a ferry-boat, touching once a day, our only method of communication with the city. But we were all the more satisfied with that, and I, especially, thought myself secure from our one danger. Surely Frederick's suspicions could find no food in this solitude!

So I read, and sewed, and frolicked with my children, and worked in our pretty garden. It was so pleasant to know that I should stay there long enough to see my seeds take root and my bulbs blossom. Our evenings were delightful. Sometimes we allowed ourselves to touch on the past dreariness, but not often, for I noticed that, though Frederick always held me passionately to his heart, and said, "That is all gone—no more miserable doubts and misunderstandings, my precious wife," that he would put me away oftentimes, and walk up and down the room in that restless, brooding way I knew only too well, and perhaps lie wakeful and restless half the night. So I came to say, when he turned toward the past, "We won't talk of that just now;" and he, "You are right, Madeline—better forget it altogether."

I could not define my uneasiness at a summons that called him to Washington, on business connected with our old Fort Douglass life. He laughed at my fears and my unwillingness to part with him. I had seen the time when I could have looked a two years' separation in the face more bravely. I went with him to the little landing-place, and strained my eyes after the boat, even when distance had hidden his dear face from me; for I loved him, God only knew how well! and I was weighed down by an undefined apprehension.

I came, only yesterday, upon an old discolored scrap of paper, bearing date of that first lonely week. I suppose it comforted me to give expression to the vague uneasiness. I fold, and smooth, and copy it, that you may see what my love was, before I tell you its sacrifice:

"A yearning which I seek not to repress
Has filled my heart through all the busy day;
A dim foreboding, prayerful tenderness,
Go out to meet thee on thy lonely way.

"Never hath absence seemed so mute as this,
So filled with fancies, shadows drawing near;
Through tears I felt that lingering, loving kiss,
And failed to give thee parting words of cheer.

"Not that my faith is less in thee or Heaven,
But I have leaned perhaps too much on thee;
And bonds of earthly love must needs be riven
To raise my heart and set my spirit free.

"Thy will, not mine, be done! Yet, Lord, thou knowest
How shrinks my life from such a bitter loss;
Humble me, prove me, even to the lowest,
But spare the burden of so sharp a cross!"

I prayed as vaguely as I grieved, for I knew little of the deep import of the words I used; but the prayer was heard and recorded, and answered, alas!

The children were great comforts—I turned to them so eagerly! I had two: a bright, active boy, three years old, with his father's brow and hair; and a little dark-eyed, dimpled, rosy, loving baby, who nestled close to my heart every night, and woke me patting my face with her soft hands when morning came, and holding her red lips close to my cheek, though she had not learned to kiss, cooing like any ring-dove. Then presently a flushed, bright face and tangled curls would rise above the crib rails, with the dear little salutation, "Mornin', mamma! Freddy is all wote up!" Precious children! When I looked on them and prattled to them of their absent father, I seemed to love him as I had never done before, and to feel more worthy of his love. They were *our* children.

I tried to conquer that miserable foreboding, and took many of Nannie's duties on myself to cheat the time. Nannie was a faithful soul, devoted to me and to them. She was in all respects a foster-mother, and I depended on her judgment and advice in all nursery emergencies.

We were all gathered in the nursery the morning the letter came. Freddy playing horse with the chairs, and an old sash of his papa's; and I sitting upon the carpet, holding my baby in her bath-tub, while she plashed and sparkled and made impotent dashes after the floating sponge, scattering a shower of drops over me at every movement.

"Letters? Oh! thank you, Nannie! Just throw them into my lap;" and I disengaged one hand to turn them over. "A letter from papa, Freddy—from our own dear papa!" and my boy nodded and smiled, and cried "Gee ang!" to his stiff-limbed coursers, while I kissed the superscription and the seal, and contented myself with the knowledge that he was well, for they were both his own.

"Now, Beauty, give mamma a sweet, clean kiss. Here, Nannie, here's your young lady. Freddy, go to walk with Nannie and little sister, and gather mamma some flowers?"

I wanted to be quite alone with my treasure before I opened it. I had received two letters before filled with "loving-kindness" and thoughtful praise of all that I had been to him.

I glanced up at the sky as I broke the seal, wondering if the children were properly clad for their walk—for it was a cool day, though so bright. "So bright, cloudless," I said to myself, and turned away contented. Yet if a jagged flash of lightning and a burst of rocking thunder had fallen at that moment—it is an old simile, but all that will express it—I should not have been left more speechless than by the letter I had welcomed so eagerly.

I can not recall a single line of it now, for I have charged my memory with utter forgetfulness of its cruelty. But I remember how I sat there stunned; and then lifted up my head, and

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looked around my little nursery, so bright before it came.

A baby's shoe, a paper cap and feather, the silver cups standing together on the round table, waiting for the children's lunch when they returned—traces of love and innocence all around me—traces of my pure wifely and motherly duty; yet to have the father of these children call it in question! I can not tell you how it stung me; or how my life grew black and withered as by a frost.

He did not charge me with infidelity; he did not dare that: but he told me to look into my own heart and see if it held no secret from him—to recall the day I have told you of, when our first discussion of Captain Bartlett took place, and another, soon after that, which had passed without notice at the time, but some conversation with our old acquaintance, Miss Craige—now flourishing as a bride in Washington—had recalled.

I had my secret. Perhaps I was wrong; but I never have felt that I was, in concealing, or rather forbearing to mention, what had passed that day. We were on an exploring expedition for Miss Craige's amusement, waited on by Captain Bartlett and my husband. She had never seen a "bomb proof," as we familiarly called the cavern of solid masonry under the ramparts, green with age and a constant dripping moisture, lighted in a dim, ghostly way by the narrowest slits that were capable of admitting light and air. I never could bear to go in to it, though it was the chief point of interest to all visitors; for my vivid imagination peopled it with a frightened crowd of women and children; and I thought of my own, breathing that mephitic dampness, raging with fever, pining for light and warmth and food, perhaps; the picture filled up by the wounded, with their stifled groans or agonized supplications; and ever the dull boom of shot or the crashing splintering of shell; to recall the gnawing anxiety forgotten for the moment, the lives dearer than our own that were periled for our sake. For this was the shelter provided in case of siege; and though the blessing of peace has so long hovered over us, who could tell, who can tell, when for our national sins, of greed and pride and God-forgetfulness, the horrors of war may sweep over us again?

Some of the passages leading to this chamber were quite dark, dark as the grave, which their stifling blackness could alone be compared to. Miss Craige shrieked with real or pretended terror, and urged us to hurry on. Frederick was our pilot, and being familiar with the way, I begged him to lead her as quickly as possible to the light. He took her hand to guide her, and they hurried on before. It was then that Captain Bartlett dared to follow their example. Nay more, he tried to pass his arm around my waist and draw me to him, saying I know not what—my anger deafened me. Do you know how I repulsed him? As any man would have resented insult. I struck him in the face; a blow that sent him back from me staggering blindly; and before he had recovered I was in the light and protected by my husband's presence.

I knew then how falsely he had construed my flushed face, and my silence at Miss Craige's bantering. Well, he was a man, and therefore vain, and without the gift of discerning purity in others, his own soul being sullied. Some day, when the world is come of age, men may be educated to know that the laws of virtue and purity were given without reference to sex, and the requisition at the sole tribunal in which just judgments are rendered will be made thus.

If we had been alone, outraged feeling would have found instant relief without a thought of consequence. But Miss Craige demanded attention with her pretty protests and feminine terrors; and Captain Bartlett responded to them with a ready unconcern and utter coolness that disconcerted me and made me wonder whether I had not dreamed it all. As I followed after them, I said, "Shall I tell my husband, who will never believe how innocent I am of any encouragement to this bad man — who will inevitably challenge him, and bring the sin of murder upon one of them, and public scandal upon myself?" I thought of my children, with their unsullied lives—of Frederick, wounded, dying, buried out of my sight; and I locked away the secret, which was not a guilty one, to save my own good name, but, above all, the crime of bloodshed, which would inevitably have followed the revelation. There is the point—was I wrong in having the secret? No, I asked unerring wisdom to direct me, little as I knew of God's willingness to hear us. Hot, impulsive, jealous as my husband's nature then was—amenable to the laws of honor before the law of God—I did well.

I met Captain Bartlett twice after that as quietly as if it had been Colonel Craige, or good-hearted young Mandeville, who was still homesick for his mother, notwithstanding a West Point separation. He had the effrontery to offer me his hand, when he called to take leave; but I did not see it, and he knew why. Frederick often wondered at his exchange, which took place before his leave expired; but I gave no sign that I comprehended it.

Frederick was not a rich man. In fact he had nothing but his pay, and I knew it when he asked me to marry him. A pittance, as one may see, to those who have known every indulgence from childhood. My school-bills at Madame Chegary's amounted to nearly as much, year after year; for you know she always desired her young ladies to make a good appearance, and our figures were never submitted to any but a French dress-maker.

The same week that Frederick asked me to marry him the son of my father's old friend, the best known banker in the southwest, placed a princely fortune before me, to outweigh the rival attentions of the poor Lieutenant. How often Frederick had spoken of it, after it came to his knowledge, as a proof that never could be gain-

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sayed of my devotedness to him! And I know that he did fully appreciate the sacrifice of position, and social advantages, and personal comfort that I was continually called on to make when I left my home to follow his fortunes. It was one great spring of the freshness of his lover-like devotion, whenever the mood was not upon him; and it exaggerated every thing when he did give way to it.

All rolled back upon me bitterly that morning. I looked down at my dress, dark and plain, suited to the household services I had through so much patience learned to render; through the open door, at the plain inelegance of my chamber, brightened only by skillful arrangement of our few possessions—when I loved all beauty and luxury by my birth-right. All my self-denial seemed wasted, my affection sent out in vain. Had I no claim upon his tenderness and forbearance for the children I had borne him, that he shamed me before their very faces? And if I bent to this renewed insult—from the hands of one who had sworn to love and cherish me—patiently, humbly, where was it to end? One day, when they were old enough to blush for their mother, she might be taunted in their presence.

"Where is it to end?" I said, aloud, as I stood up and wrung my hands together, not passionately, but with a dull heartache that no words can express.

I do not know what suggested it, but as I stood there, looking blankly around me, the thought of going away from him crossed my mind. "It will be ever recurring," I said to myself. "We shall always be miserable. Better a patient heart-break than these stormy outbursts, that rack my life."

My children! Yes, I thought of them, too; but in the mood of the moment they were more his than mine. They would soon forget me. He was a devoted father, and would never be separated from them. As for care, Nannie would do all that could be done. I thought only of their bodies, of their health and comfort, then. Who was to minister to their opening hearts and souls? Alas! I forgot that this duty would accept no delegate.

I drew out my watch—it was my father's gift. I could not have touched then the merest trinket Frederick had given me—not even my clothes; though I said to myself, "I have earned them; scanty enough the wages!" My writing-desk was open, and a letter half finished lay on the port-folio. I had not expected him home so soon. His letter had said that by the time it reached me he would be there "to receive my confession."

"My confession!" Was ever true wife thus outraged?

I sat down and finished the page.

"I have none to make, Frederick, save to God; not to the husband never wronged by word, or deed, or thought, since he first kissed my lips. I am going away from you; not in anger. I do not think it is anger, but I have a strange apathy toward you. My love is dead, I think. I am going because we make each other miserable, and you will be better without me. I leave you your children. They are a part of you; and in this soulless, frozen state it will cost me little pain. I shall put you and them away from my existence. Besides, I could not support them. I take nothing with me but my father's birthday remembrance. Poor father! He little thought the use it would be put to! You can tell him any thing you like. I shall never see him to undeceive him. Let the world think what it will; only you have children who will share any reproach that may be cast upon their mother. I hope you will be happy. I would not have a hair of your head harmed, but I do not love you; you have crushed the feeling out."

I tied on my bonnet as quietly as if I had been going for a walk, when I laid my pen down upon this farewell, and wrapped a large warm shawl about me. My traveling-bag, with its little dressing-case—one of my wedding gifts it had been—hung near the window; and with this upon my arm I left the house, letting the little gate clash to behind me without so much as the looking back that transfixed the fugitive of old. I hoped that I should miss the children as I hurried to the landing, for my watch warned me that it was time for the boat which would bring Frederick on its return trip. But no, there they were, set like angels in my pathway to bid me turn back; but the mute warning was unheeded. Nannie had brought them to the water-side to see the "pretty boat" go by, and looked at me in surprise as I came suddenly upon them.

"Are you going to town, Miss Madeline?"

"Yes, Nannie; I find I must. Take good care of the children."

Then such a pang as only the dying know in their farewells, for both their innocent faces were upraised to mine.

"Don't go, mamma!" And Freddy caught at my dress in his petted, tyrannical way; and my baby—my dear, dear baby—stretched out her little arms toward me, and drew up her rosy mouth as I had taught her to do, trying all those days to surprise her father with a real kiss of welcome.

Shame me, mothers who read this in your own happy homes, with your little ones playing about your feet! I turned from them both, and sprang to the deck, impatient of the momentary delay. There was a rocking, surging motion as the boat received the little freight piled upon the wharf; a dull roaring in my brain as I looked down upon the seething water. But above the stir and trample of feet I heard that sweet cooing note as the little one clapped her hands, held high in her nurse's arms to catch a last glimpse of mamma. I did not mean to look at them again, but that sound "drew my face up like a call."

Now as I lay my pen aside until this mist blurring the paper before me shall have passed away, I see that loving face, so full of life and

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eagerness, those arms stretched out to win me back. Oh, my child!

The beggar upon the sidewalk wondered at the unwonted alms the baby on her knee drew from my purse in that weary time; and more fortunate mothers questioned by look the eager wistfulness with which I watched "their leaping, dimpled treasures."

Dreary enough these two long years crept by. Strange blanks, seeing now and then the old familiar names—"Army Intelligence"—circulating through the public prints, a passing notice of my father's arrival or departure from Washington, or of my step-mother's triumphs at some fashionable watering-place; that was all to remind me that I had once been called Madeline Lenox. The work of my hands prospered; for even Madame Myer's dull brain recognized my influence in drawing the more fashionable people that had become her customers, and fearing to lose me she had offered a partnership. I had no wants; and twice Frederick's yearly pay accumulated to my name, or the name under which I had forgotten my own.

One other echo of my old life:

Among the new people drawn by the fame of our establishment were the ladies from Fort Braddock, the military post nearest to the town. A company of artillery was stationed there, but I had no fear of recognition. I had never met with any of them, and so hungry was my heart at times for the smallest crumbs of intelligence, that I waited upon them myself, and bore with their whims—often with their impertinence—to glean them.

For a time after I left my home I ceased to pray; even such prayers as the reverence of childhood and the blind instincts of motherhood and wifehood had taught me. I knew no other petitions. But these ceased. I could not turn that way for comfort. The creed of forgiveness repelled me when my outraged love and confidence rose up; and when I yearned to commend my children to God's keeping, a murmur of conscience that would have ended in reproach had I listened, drove me from my knees. The void in heaven and earth, the aching silence, ate into my life, and drove me after a time to the aid of outward devotion. I hung a crucifix about my neck; I fasted until my limbs trembled under me; I kept painful vigils and observed wearisome penances, seeking for rest that never came—for a peace that ever mocked me.

I rose from my knees one morning in the little church which I frequented—the only one kept open for daily service. The dim light, the stillness, the chanted psalms of penitence, filled my soul with a vague reverential emotion that soothed, if it did not relieve the aching heart. I had remained crouching down in my pew long after the peaceful benediction had dispersed the congregation. The future, of late, had begun to appall me; such a trackless, shoreless waste, now that my bodily necessities were all assured; and I had tried to pray for some hard duty to be given me in which I might find rest. When I stood up a bridal party was entering the chancel, and I could not retreat without forcing myself upon them; so I stood still, and looked and listened.

"Poor victim!" I said, as I saw the light figure enveloped in the lace of the flowing vail—"poor victim! crowned with flowers. What cares, what thralldom, what heartaches you are pledging yourself to bear!"

Yet when her sweet, tremulous voice took up the vow, I was compelled to listen—"Till death us do part." And what before death signed the acquittal?—"To obey him, serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep only unto him!"

Ay, I answered the accusing spirit that confronted me in that stillness—not the messenger of peace that I had prayed for; but where is the human blindness that is "answered according to its asking?" "and if I have broken my vow, was it not rendered void long before by the unfaithful lips that put taunts for honor, and accusations for the promised comfort and watchfulness?" So I went upon my way, cherishing my "stony griefs" for that time.

The keen frosty air, the bright flush of autumn leaves along the shaded streets, recalled to me the day I had turned away from my home two years before. Oh, how my heart yearned toward my children! hungering for the sweet lips that never would be taught to say "Mamma!" for all the terror and the anguish that I had borne for her dear life! And for the first time I allowed myself to linger over that day—my husband's love and sympathy—his nights of watchfulness when my life was endangered—the cordials held to my lips, and the perfumes that brought back the life flickering out faintly—the rose laid upon my pillow when I slept—the amber and purple grapes that tempted me. Ah! and I drew a long, quivering breath as I came out of that unshadowed past—had I not cast away a gift that I might have made all my own by patient wifely endurance?

But it was not my duty to remain if I did not love him.

That was the answer; and I knew of no call that could break the seal set upon the death-slumber of a buried love.

"It will be a sad thing for poor Lenox!"

I had been waiting mechanically upon some strangers while these thoughts had been going through my mind; and the party from Fort Braddock had entered unnoticed. But now I turned sharply, and my heart beat to suffocation.

"Yes," lightly. "How lovely these fall ribbons are, the very crimson of the maples! Did you ever meet him, or his wife?"

"Never; that was so queer. Drowned, you know: stepped overboard by accident, and was not found for six weeks. Horrid! Could hardly be recognized— What a charming shade of green! Oh, here is Mrs. Lewis. Just reach me that chenille straw with the green velvet. You

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do have such lovely taste I really must compliment you."

"How do I look in this imperial blue, Mrs. Ritchie? Do you think it will prove any thing serious these charges?"

"I'm afraid so—Oh very becoming; it's just the thing with *your* complexion—court-martial, Joseph thinks; and if so, it's as bad as can be, Captain Bartlett told him. He saw quantities of the 3d Artillery at Governor's Island—very few Topogs—Captain Bartlett's as gay as ever."

"I dare say—horrid man, but very fascinating. Major Tighlman used to fidget because I would polka with him; but I always did like sinners, ha, ha!"

And both laughed gayly where true women should have kept reproving stillness.

But what was the danger that threatened Frederick? My mind scarcely left the questioning I dared not give voice to; and my vivid imagination supplied the suffering his sensitive nature would endure at even the suspicion of dishonor. And then the arrest, the trial, the public scandal; and if his cause was lost, what then? All was gone; for he had no resource but his profession. It would be utter ruin. So the month passed on, and one day the questioning was answered. Here again the public prints were busy with the name they had taken up two years before. A court-martial had been convened at Baltimore to try Lieutenant Lenox for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." I knew as well as if I had been told the specifications that they were all false, and who had alleged them. I knew that Captain Bartlett had instigated if he did not appear as the mover of the inquiry into my husband's conduct. Colonel Craige was summoned, and young Mandeville. The charges must have arisen out of our life at Fort Douglass, where Frederick had been Quarter-master before Captain Bartlett was ordered there.

I could have staked my life on Frederick's innocence. No one knew better than I how honorable, how high-minded he was in all things save one. It was this very straightforwardness and sincerity that wrought such abhorrence of the deception and trifling with which he had accused me. Unjust toward me he had been, but toward any other trust never.

I was ever governed by quick impulses, as you have seen. I remembered Colonel Craige, in his genial kind-heartedness and uprightness of life, with such a character as becomes a touch-stone for all treachery and deceit, when once upon its guard; and I thought only of suggesting the possibility of a snare for an innocent man, and beg him to watch for it. I was so convinced that I could do this at once, that it did not occur to me to analyze my motives or consider my own position until, after three days of rapid travel, without rest, and almost without food, I was shown into his presence.

No wonder that he started to his feet with a strange bewilderment when I came full into the light beneath which he was writing; for they thought I had been drowned, you know.

"Mrs. Lenox! — surely it is Mrs. Lenox! Have you come from the dead?"

"No, Colonel Craige, from exile—that is all. It *was* my name. I have parted with it, though I have come here only for his sake."

"For his sake!"

It was not a sneer, but spoken in a cold, incredulous tone; and then he sat down again, placing a chair for me; and a hard, prejudging look settled over his grave face.

"Yes, I mean it. He is falsely accused."

"That is what we desire to prove."

"But I know it; I know as well as if I saw the proof that it is Captain Bartlett's work."

I saw his face change, and light up eagerly, as if it were no new thought.

"I have heard him say often that he never forgot or forgave any one who had ever thwarted him, and so he has turned on Frederick."

"Mrs. Lenox, you forget, you must know as well as myself that it is not possible for me to see or listen to any private information that may bias my judgment. What you have to say would come with double weight, since you do not plead for 'love's sake.' You have wronged your husband far more deeply than it is in the power of an enemy to do. I will not ask you why you have made his life scarcely worth a defense. Poor girl"—and here his voice softened as he looked more kindly into my changed, worn face—"poor child, how bright and gay you were in your father's house! Who would have looked for this?"

"You were my father's friend, Colonel Craige," I said, catching eagerly at the recollection, "and you will not raise a hand to help his only child."

"To help you! Willingly, Madeline, so far as it is possible to do so. I would shield you as I would my own daughter from the very breath of the world; but I must know that you have never forfeited the reverence and protection all men owe to purity in woman."

I deserved it all for my rashness. I took the implied censure, patiently and humbly.

"Colonel Craige, if your daughter's offense had been resenting for herself an insult to her wifely purity, from the false friend of her husband, because she dared not cause the bloodshed demanded by a false code of honor, and then had to endure reproach as having allowed it—would you look upon her as an offender? I say it to you as I would to my own father. You know Captain Bartlett, and you know Frederick. Should I have made my husband a murderer? or signed his death-warrant myself?"

"It was a hard matter;" and he leaned his head down upon his hands, forgetful for the moment that I had forced the clew that I had desired him to follow into his hands. But I had accomplished my end, and it helped me to bear the womanly shame that this whole scene had humbled me with. "Yet you deserted your post in the face of duty," he added, presently, and conscience echoed the sentence.

The promise of shelter was well kept. But

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for his thoughtfulness I should have exposed myself to comment, and no doubt to censure; for I was tempted to turn reckless of the public opinion, that would have dealt hardly with me had I braved it. The town was filled with those who would have recognized me, but I kept to the seclusion my kind friend had provided for me, not even trusting myself to pass through the streets where I might have met my husband. The cold, stern inquiry of martial law went on with silent vigilance, turning against him the light of impartial justice, so far as men may judge; but so protracted, so harassing as it must have been to him, so burdened with anxious and distracting fears to me, as alone and powerless to help, since I had laid down my right to comfort, I watched and waited, and *prayed.*

Yes, prayed, without self-deception to come between me and the past, for I saw that the very root of all this bitterness lay far back in the vain, trifling, wicked girlhood that had thrown the evil shadow of lightness upon my pure wedded life. And this had drawn upon me the insult which had blasted it. What else had kindled the fire of jealousy in that large true heart but the remembrance of these things, and the taunting whisper of the tempter, "What hath been may be." Reproach ceased to go outward and justify my life, but turned toward the true centre and source of the evil in one long vigil of remorse.

When I opened the book of all consolation, I seemed only to find an echo of the voice that haunted me.

"They that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, shall reap the same."

My harvest was without scarceness.

It was so long before I came to know what was offered in the forgiveness of Heaven held out to every offender. Perfect oblivion of the past! This was what I so greatly longed for; and its only human condition, reparation so far as our ability may reach.

Restore the Eden my husband had delighted to picture in our early married life I could not, or even the happiness that watchful love might give in its daily ministrations. I could not hope that he would restore me to the place I had so rashly forfeited; but I could surround him and his children with unseen influences of good. I could share with them through some secret channel the fruit of my own industry, and thus relieve the necessities that were coming upon them.

I had an object in life once more, a motive for redoubled exertion; and such dreams of a possible future shortened those days of weary waiting.

The trial was ended now. There was no longer the feverish prompting or temptation to snatch some passing glimpse of my husband. He had gone back to his post, to await in solitary inaction the result, which rumor already pronounced unfavorable. Still I hoped against hope, looking ever into my old friend's face, when he came to say farewell, for some trace of assurance; though I knew he was sworn not to divulge the sentence I would have given so much to know.

"How long must I wait?" I said, despairingly. "This suspense will kill me. So much better to know the worst at once. I have so many friends in Washington; can I do nothing there?"

"Your father is doing all that could be done. He is using every effort. He believes in the innocence of Mr. Lenox as firmly as yourself."

How my heart went out toward my father for this unlooked-for interest, with more affection than I had ever felt for him before! But my new life colored all things.

"You shall have the earliest possible intelligence."

And with this promise I stayed the eager craving of the weary silence that followed. It came at last, before even the public announcement, and was all, and more, than I could have hoped. Above all was I comforted with the acknowledgment that the clew I had given had been unconsciously followed. Frederick's name was cleared from every shadow of offense, and the same sentence conveyed the censure of the court on the instigator of all its proceedings—a censure that developed into graver charges, and eventually in the shame and ruin Captain Bartlett had purposed to bring upon an innocent man. My oracle had not spoken falsely; for I had lived to see, "*They that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, shall reap the same.*"

I had not deserved to be made the messenger of the glad tidings; but when Colonel Craige said, "Go tell your husband, my child—for this will perhaps reach you before he hears of his acquittal—that he has come out unscathed, and that you were the successful advocate"—when my heart yearned so inexpressibly to comfort him—how could I deny myself longer? I did not even wait to realize the joyful truth fully, only to send upward "a song of thanksgiving," and then set my face toward the home I had abandoned.

It was a short, dreary December day, so cold that the river was filled with floating ice, and the regular journeys of the boat which I so well remembered were for the time suspended. But the barge from the fort would cross to the opposite bank of the river—twenty long miles from town—even in the face of such obstacles, though I could scarcely chance to meet it there. Still I set out at once; the more hope that the mail had been delayed, and I should be first with the good news.

The ground was furrowed by the frost, the wheels rattling noisily along an almost deserted country road, where not even the kine strayed abroad, and the gray fences, bleached by wind and rain, stretched along interminably. How forbidding the ashen sky, and the sickly sunlight struggling through! There was no comfort in the face of the heavens or the earth to the solitary, downcast man I was hastening toward. But I bore it to him!

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Faster—faster! Oh, how the horses lagged, and the driver resented my perpetual urging! Apathy and self-control had both left me. I could not have checked the rush of desire to see those dear faces again, had I been the veriest outcast upon earth. They rose up before me as the day darkened—not changed or faded; my husband's as he parted from me, looking down with a chiding tenderness for my strange fancies, and kissing my lips again and again as I clung to him; my boy's, flushed with health, and full of the resolute will that resisted Nannie's lax discipline; my baby—baby still—uttering her fondness only by inarticulate murmurs and by those shy, fond glances. I only asked to see them all once more before I turned back into the desert I had chosen to wander in.

It was quite dark before we reached the landing, and the river rolled black and turbid, full of floating ice, an impassable barrier, cutting off my goal. At any other moment it would have turned me back, full of cowardly fears; but now I begged and implored the fishermen, whose boats were drawn up from the fury of a threatening storm, to cross the low, angry swell, promising them food and shelter on the other side. I think I should have gone mad to have waited there until morning—so near, yet hopelessly separated. Entreaties were of no avail, nor promises; but gold tempted them, to the peril of their lives they said. I did not care; I knew that we should outlive the storm. It met us midway in the channel, floating for a time almost helplessly, threatened by every way, while masses of crashing ice rushed by, and the black waves whirled and boiled and covered us with driving spray. But they did not bury us—for the men toiled for their lives, while I cowered before the drenching surf, remembering whose will alone could give them power against us.

So dark, so silent—only the rushing of the water and the wailing of the wind among the willows that lined the shore. For a moment I lost all clew to where I stood, though it was a blessing to feel the firm land beneath me; and then a faint, distant light told me where to guide my steps.

Sadly dim and cheerless it was, instead of the warm hospitable blaze which once had shone from those very windows—cheerless as the hearth on which it flickered, sending up now and then a stronger flame, but dying down almost to darkness. I found the gate at last, and closed it noiselessly behind me. For the first time a sickening apprehension came—now that I was so near what lay before me. Sometimes I had dreamed that I stood close as this to my own threshold, but an inevitable fate had chained me there. The curtains were undrawn; there was no one to intrude. The fire flashed up as I drew near, and revealed the room, the round table, so bright of old with its crimson cloth, and books and work and household lamp, now empty, save for the crossed arms and the dear head they pillowed. Such hopeless despondency! The bowed form, once so manly and elastic—the covered face—I read it all. How weary and worn was that desolate heart, by that desolate hearth!

My footsteps did not startle Frederick. Had I not seen him thus I should have met him with the reserve that became my condition; but knowing only too well all the dejection and the dreariness that bowed him down, I thought only of comforting him, not once of myself, or how he would receive me. I bent over him, and drew his head upon my bosom. I smoothed those tangled and disordered locks with both my hands, and showered kisses upon them and tears, and murmured exclamations of pity and of soothing, as a mother comforts her child.

After the first wild start he lay there, without a word, only twining his arms about my waist, and sobbing in long convulsive throes, such as a man seldom gives way to, save by the coffin and the grave.

I knew then that I was forgiven and believed, and restored without the asking, quite as well as when he tried to comfort me, long after midnight, long after we had told each other all; for my punishment had overtaken me—I had gone to my children, and *my baby's cot was empty.*

I can write, but not speak of it even now; for to a mother's natural grief there was a bitter reproach added that no words could give voice to—a silent wailing that steals in at times upon my brightest hours, that is not hushed to-day though my sons and my daughters have grown up around me. I still see that loving, eager face—those little arms stretched out before me—and I know that when I turned away from them, for a time, my guardian angel left me.

A FISH STORY.

MY friend Jones is a naturalist; that is to say, he has made the fish, the birds, the trees, and, in fact, all of Nature's handiwork his especial study, and can tell you tales of the forest and the field that would not only surprise my fellow-townsmen, as they have often surprised me, but more especially the dwellers among these unheeded wonders themselves.

As for myself, I am what is called "a promising young merchant," and, having been born and bred in the country, I have found it difficult to bring my mind to like the amusements of the metropolis. My tastes, notwithstanding a residence of some five years in the city, still remain decidedly rural; so that, whenever I can snatch a day from my store life, I "fly on the wings of" a rail-car or steamboat to some rural district where my earlier days were spent, and, armed with either a gun or a fishing-rod, I proceed to punish the feathered or finny tribes that fall in my way. Thus, for a day at least, I am oblivious of dollars and cents, and wash out the city dust with country air. On some of these excursions I have persuaded Jones to accompany me; and I like to have him with me, for, though he knows very little about handling a fowling-piece or a fishing-rod, I always find his talk amusing

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when we are quietly resting after a day's tramp in the sun.

Often, when thus resting in the shade of some "spreading chestnut-tree," after a sunny walk in search of game, I have turned to Jones and said, "Now, Jones, old boy, for some of your scientific stories!" and he has taken his text from either the bird I had just bagged or the tree that sheltered us, and told me of the wonders hidden, to all but the eye of the naturalist, within the feathers of the one or the branches of the other; and I have answered, that the study of natural history is a truly noble pursuit, and "none are so blind as those that will not see." The book of nature is spread open before us all, and we have only to turn to its pages and read to comprehend, to wonder, and adore.

One day last summer I sent for Jones to know if he would accompany me on one of my usual trips along the banks of the pleasant little stream surnamed the Bronx—that beautiful brook (it can not be called a river in this land of the Mississippi) which the poet has sung in his charmed verses, and by whose side so many of us have spent "hours of idleness;" and even now we murmur, with poor Drake,

"Yet I will look upon thy face again,
My own romantic Bronx, and it will be
A face more pleasant than the face of men.
Thy waves are old companions—I shall see
A well-remembered form in each old tree,
And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy."

After making a few necessary preparations we proceeded to our destination. How we got there, and how many fish I caught, I do not intend to relate, my business being with a conversation that took place "under the shade of melancholy boughs," at about two o'clock in the afternoon. I will mention, *en passant*, that Jones did not succeed in securing one solitary fish, as he had sadly neglected to attend to his line, but had followed his usual propensity of wandering about, searching for and picking up any object of natural history that attracted his attention.

At two o'clock, as I have before mentioned, we rested under a large tree, and throwing ourselves at length along the grass, began to talk, or rather Jones talked and I listened. His discourse was to the following effect:

"That was a fine sun-fish you caught by the bridge, Smith, and when you have taken it home you will have it cooked, and, eating it, will think no more of it; and yet the sun-fish, or 'pumpkin-seed,' as that ragged urchin called it, has an interest attached to it in my eyes that any cooking can not heighten. All fresh-water fish are poor in flavor, in my opinion, and the sun-fish is no more savory than the other carp, to which family it belongs. Look at his graceful form, his brilliant scales, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow as he glides slowly and majestically by, his varied tints heightened by the spot on his gills, which is black edged with scarlet. He is a ferocious fish, and one I kept for some months once, in an aquarium, would let my poor gold-fish have no peace, snapping at their tails whenever he had a chance, so that I was compelled to form a sort of harbor for them of stones and plants, into which they could retire from the fury of their ruthless tormentor, leaving him 'monarch of all he surveyed.' I would often present my finger to him, and I can tell you that his bites were by no means insignificant. Sun-fish are not very easy to keep in confinement, however, for, though I have always given mine plenty of food, they 'withered, sank, and died,' from some disease, I suspect, which a large space to move about in would prevent the appearance of.

"The sun-fish builds a nest, in which to deposit its eggs, in the gravel, which it watches continually with extreme vigilance, and can not be persuaded to leave it, even for food. It is sometimes called the 'American carp,' and has, for a scientific name, that of *Pomotis vulgaris*. Our cousins in Massachusetts call this fish 'bream,' but it is totally distinct from the European fish which bears that name. A still more beautiful fish, perhaps, is the other New York species of sun-fish, called the 'black-eared,' or *Pomotis apendix*. It is much smaller, and semi-transparent. It is destitute of the scarlet gill spot, and is to be found associated with the larger species in ponds, streams, and mill-dams."

I am astonished to learn that a fish builds a nest, and am anxious to know what it looks like. He proceeds to enlighten me on that subject.

"Did you ever, when you were a boy, catch a little fish that goes by the names of Stickleback, Prickleback, Robins, Banstickle, Sharplin, Tittleback, and a few others?"

"I have done so."

"Well, he builds a nest as well as the sun-fish, and one more perfect in form; for that of the sun-fish is merely an excavation in the gravel, while that of the stickleback is built of sticks and weeds interlaced. I say *he* builds a nest advisedly, for it is the male that is the worker, not only constructing the habitation but taking charge of the eggs also."

I open my eyes and utter an ejaculation which sounds very much like "Do tell!" Jones looks pleased.

"The mode of building the nest is extremely interesting, and, as almost every one who has kept these little creatures in an aquarium has seen the operation, I can describe it to you with ease and certainty. The male fish begins by collecting portions of weed, sticks, and such like matters, in his mouth, and carries them to some secluded corner, where he proceeds to arrange them in the form of a short tube open at both ends. When he has fashioned it to his taste he looks about for his mate and allures her to the new abode. Here she spawns, and, her portion of the business being completed, retires. The gentleman now takes charge of the eggs and drives all intruders away; for the eggs as well as the young are dainty bits, and are immensely enjoyed by other fish when they are lucky enough to secure them. When the young appear the father still takes charge of them, often attended

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by the mother. It has been said that the stickleback will devour its own young; but I doubt it, as they seem to be very fond of them, not as food but as offspring, from the care with which the nest is watched and the young protected until they are able to take care of themselves. A much larger fish than the stickleback will often dash into a crowd of young ones and carry off many of them; but the parents, and more especially the father, with all his spines erect, will fight to the last, as long as one of the brood is left. If you wish to test the courage and tenacity of a stickleback, just tie a worm on to the end of a string and drop it into a shoal of them. When one of them seizes hold of the worm you may lift him out of the water without his leaving go of it. In fact, the stickleback is the bull-dog of a pond or aquarium, attacking fish several times its own size. We have four species of stickleback in New York State—they are the New York, the two, five, and many-spined stickleback.

"As the antipodes of the stickleback, both in appearance and demeanor, look at those little pigmy dace that are so plentiful in many of our streams and brooks. The dace is a sleek, smooth little creature, having the back light olive-green and the belly white, with a stripe of dark brown running down the side and over the nose, which gives it a comical appearance. These fish are extremely docile and easily tamed. I once had four of them that would come to the side of the tank when I tapped on the glass, and when I fed them from my hand seemed rather to like being gently stroked. They died, poor fellows, all except one, of the slime—a disease which often attacks gold-fish, and for which I know of no cure.

"I have made pets of many kinds of fish, and have generally found them very docile. The fierce sun-fish is the only one of our small species that I have not succeeded in taming. I had a minnow once who had been christened by some friend 'Minny,' and an intelligent animal 'Minny' was. He would come to the surface of the water at my call, and always received his food of worms or meat from my hand; but he went the way of all fish at last, and I mourned over him in silence.

"By-the-way, our minnow—or, as it is called around New York, killie-fish—is not the same as the English fish which goes by that name, but belongs to an entirely different family. They are both small, and used as bait for larger fish. I have noticed a curious fact connected with our common killie-fish, and that is, that when it is frightened it loses a considerable part of its dark-gray color, and becomes of a silvery tint, but again acquiring the darker color if allowed to remain at rest for some time. I know of no other fish that 'pales' with fright."

Jones asks me if I have ever kept gold-fish confined in a glass globe? I acknowledge that I have done so.

"And do you, O Smith," Jones says, "know that by so doing you were torturing the poor creatures, and slowly but surely killing them?"

At this I feel, am sure I look, alarmed, and want to know the reason why.

"Then I will tell you," proceeds Jones. "All fish, as perhaps you are aware, breathe air as well as other living creatures. But they have no lungs, as have land animals, in which to revivify the blood by exposing it to the action of the oxygen in the atmosphere, or dissolved in the water. In the place of lungs they have gills. The water containing the air passes into the gills, and there is brought into contact with the blood, to which it imparts new life, by removing its carbon combined with the oxygen of the air. These go off in the form of carbonic acid gas—an extremely poisonous compound, which, if allowed to accumulate in the water, will, after a time, destroy all animal life therein."

I am afraid I look rather puzzled by this scientific mode of putting the case, and also alarmed at the appalling knowledge that I am doing the same thing as the fish, and aiding and abetting in the slow poisoning of my fellow-creatures. I therefore want to know why there is not a stop put to this wholesale slaughter. He heeds me not, and proceeds with his discourse:

"Now when you confine half a dozen or more gold-fish in a globe of water scarcely large enough to turn around in, you compel them to become their own prisoners, and, though you give them fresh water every day, having been exposed to the action of the dread carbonic acid gas, for even one half hour, their health has been attacked. The debility increases, and they eventually die before the proper period. Gold-fish never breed in globes, therefore they are not in a proper state of existence."

I look inquisitive, and for a while Jones yields to my supplicating look. I want to know how it is that there are any fish living; or, if he comes to that, how there happens to be any animals living—how he lives himself? He proceeds to explain:

"All animals take into their lungs the gas oxygen, which exists mixed — not combined, mind you, but mixed—with the gas nitrogen in the atmosphere. This oxygen is used as a carrier of a useless substance from the body, for when it enters the lungs it unites with the carbon presented to it in the blood, and, forming therewith carbonic acid gas, escapes at the mouth again. As this operation is continually going on, after a while all the oxygen would be converted into carbonic acid, and animals would die of suffocation. The Almighty has, however, provided for any such want, and plants have been created. Plants take up the carbonic acid, and appropriating the carbon to build up their tissues, give off the oxygen in a free state to be again breathed by animals. The carbon again makes its way back into the bodies of animals through the agency of plants; for though we should abjure all vegetable food and live entirely on beef and mutton, we shall still owe our food to plants; for the ox, the sheep, or, in fact, all animals we use as food, live on vegetable diet."

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I remark that all flesh is grass.

"See! there goes an eel by; what a big fellow he is! Most likely he is a denizen of New York bay, and has traveled all the way up here into this fresh-water stream, though he is naturally an inhabitant of salt water. Eels are, I believe, the toughest of fish. They will not only bear passing from salt to fresh water, but will travel overland if the pond or stream in which they have lived be dried up. They have been met in some numbers, in warm weather, traveling in this manner, like snakes, for a considerable distance. Buckland tells an amusing story about some eels, which is worth repeating. He says that 'some four years ago I bought in Hungerford Market a quantity of small eels, and, taking them home, placed them in a large tub; but they did not thrive, so I tied them up in a handkerchief, and transferred them to the Charing Cross basins. I heard no more of them till a friend told me of a paragraph he had seen in a newspaper, stating that some good-sized eels had been found in the basins at Charing Cross, and that the newspaper correspondent accounted for their presence by supposing "that they had escaped from the fishmongers' shops at Hungerford Market, and had gone to the nearest water by instinct." Now, in the first place, this is not the nearest water—the Thames is nearer to the market than Charing Cross. Next, imagine an eel escaping from a fishmonger's, crossing over the crowded Strand, and climbing up the sides of the stone basins to get into the water! I know that eels will travel from place to place; but I much doubt their ever taking such a journey as attributed to them by the newspaper correspondent, who needed not to have resorted to such an ingenious but impossible theory had he seen me put the eels into the basins some months before.'

"Eels are a favorite food among the Jews, and these people are said to be the best judges and cooks of fish in the world. They generally fry them in boiling sweet-oil. I have kept young eels as pets often, and have been much amused by their mode of eating. If you should ever have an aquarium let me recommend you not to attempt to keep eels in it, for I have found that even such small ones as are not more than two inches in length have an unpleasant habit of making away with the fresh-water snails. They exhibit a curious mode of tearing off a piece from the mollusks, which shows that they can not have very sharp teeth, or perhaps their young gums are tender. They will seize on a portion of the foot, for instance, which is projecting beyond the shell, and, making themselves perfectly rigid and perpendicular to the bottom of the tank, spin around with about the velocity of one hundred revolutions per minute, until they have wedged the snail between two stones, when the portion is torn off, and the eel—like his near relation of the land, the boa-constrictor—will lay himself at length at the bottom of the tank until the morsel has passed into his capacious stomach, when he will again attack the snail—although he will rather choose another living specimen; thus seeming to destroy them from pure spite, and in revenge for his confinement, leaving their carcasses to decay and upset the economy of our well-balanced collection. It is for this reason I assert that they are unfit for the fresh-water aquarium.

"This characteristic of eels reminds me of a curious performance peculiar to the pipe-fish, and of which Mr. Hibberd gives an excellent description. As most likely you have not met with it, I will relate it to you. He says, 'I am very partial to pipe-fishes—not for their activity, for they are lazy, dreaming creatures, but for their queer performances; they are the antipodean acrobats of the aquarium. They sink slowly down to the bottom, and there poise themselves in perpendicular attitudes, remaining motionless for several minutes, either on the tail or on the head, after the fashion of an "India-rubber brother." Indeed they assume every possible attitude except the horizontal one; and, like the buffoons on the human stage, get laughed at for their pains. The other day I was amused to see a fine specimen of *Syngnathus acus* proceed slowly and solemnly, fluttering as he went his useless dorsal fin, and dropping his head beside a waving frond of *Rhodymenia*, left his tail to swing over till he brought himself to an angle of about forty degrees, where he remained for several minutes immovable, like one of the brothers Seigrist thrusting himself out from *la perche*. Will M. Seigrist stand head downward on the floor of Drury Lane, and poise himself unsupported at forty degrees, and then, swinging his body to and fro, bring himself head upward to a similar angle? I commend the pipe-fish's performance to the whole tribe of mountebanks as a great hit, if they can accomplish it!'

"The mention of these 'hideous pipe-fishes,' as Mr. Gosse terms them, reminds me of a near relation of theirs, and that is the Hudson River sea-horse; or, to speak scientifically, the *Hippocampus Hudsonius*. It resembles our little friends the sticklebacks, in having no scales on its body; but, instead, a hard case formed of plates, constituting a safe defensive armor. It is not, however, I believe, as pugnacious as the stickleback, and is unarmed—unlike those little creatures, whose spines are by no means weapons to be despised, as you will find, to your cost, if you attempt to catch one in your hand. The sea-horse is small, about three inches long, and is not uncommon in the Hudson River, especially in such places as Fishkill Creek, where it is found among the water-grasses, which it seizes with its prehensile tail, and, thus fixed, darts at its prey, which it seldom fails to catch. It has a head somewhat of the form of that of a horse—hence its name.

"Mr. Pell, in his interesting discourse on fish, read last year before the Farmers' Club, in this city, says that he has known eels to live five days in a grass meadow, and, when returned to the water, swim with their usual rapidity. He also says that he has placed them one hundred yards from the pond, and found they would invariably

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turn toward the water, and make their way to the nearest point, evincing a strong migratory instinct. He mentions eels weighing thirteen pounds as having been caught in New York harbor.

"Speaking of eels, did you ever see an electrical eel?"

"I never did."

"But you have heard of it, of course, and will not object to my making a few remarks on it. It is scientifically called the *Gymnotus*, and the venerable Humboldt gives an interesting account of it. He found these creatures in the Rio Colorado, and several other streams which cross the missions of the Chayma Indians. The natives frequently feel the electrical shocks when bathing in the waters, and every amphibious animal seems to have an intuitive fear in approaching the pools which they inhabit. The alligator is stunned before he can wound them; and it was even necessary to change the direction of a road near Urituca, because these electrical eels were so numerous in one river that they every year killed a great number of mules of burden as they forded the water. The manner in which the Baron procured specimens for examination is a curious instance of their power. It was necessary to procure them without injury; and, after resorting to different expedients, 'the Indians told us they would fish with horses. We found it difficult to form an idea of this extraordinary manner of fishing; but we soon saw our guides return from the savanna, which they had been scouring for wild horses and mules. They brought about thirty with them, which they forced to enter the pool. The extraordinary noise caused by the horses' hoofs makes the fish issue from the sand, and excites them to combat. These yellowish and livid eels, resembling large aquatic serpents, swim on the surface of the water, and crowd under the bellies of the horses and mules. A contest between animals of so different organization furnishes a very striking spectacle. The Indians, provided with harpoons and long slender reeds, surround the pool closely, and some climb upon the trees, the branches of which extend horizontally over the surface of the water. By their wild cries and length of their reeds they prevent the horses from running away and reaching the bank of the pool. The eels, stunned by the noise, defend themselves by repeated discharges of their electric batteries. During a long time they seem to prove victorious. Several horses sink beneath the violence of their invisible strokes, which they receive on all sides, in organs the most essential to life; and, stunned by the force and frequency of the blows, disappear under the water. Others, panting, with mane erect, and haggard eyes expressing anguish, rouse themselves, and endeavor to flee from the storm by which they are overtaken. They are driven back by the Indians into the middle of the water; but a small number succeed in eluding the active vigilance of the fishermen. These regain the shore, stumbling at every step, and stretch themselves on the sand, exhausted with fatigue, and their limbs benumbed by the electric strokes of the Gymnoti.

"'In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. The eel being five feet long, and pressing itself against the belly of the horses, makes a discharge along the whole extent of its electric organ. It attacks at once the heart, the intestines, and the plexus of abdominal nerves. We had little doubt the fishing would terminate by killing successively all the animals engaged; but, by degrees, the impetuosity of this unequal contest diminished, and the wearied Gymnoti dispersed.'

"Eels were supposed to have no scales on their bodies; but Dr. Buckland discovered that they are very minute, and have diffused over them a slimy mucus, and, being concealed, they are admirably adapted for the mode of life of these creatures, which consists of imbedding themselves in mud, or penetrating under stones and rock.

"Nearly related to the eels is the Mud-fish of the River Gambia.

"Never heard of him? Well, I'll tell you something of him. A certain Captain Chamberlain took over with him to England three balls of hard mud, which he presented to the Crystal Palace Company at Sydenham. When these mud balls were put into water they broke up, and inside were seen membraneous sacs which opened to let out three curious animals, which at first sight appeared to be water-lizards, only having instead of legs four curious members more like tails, but by means of which they propelled themselves through the water after the manner of fish. They had lain inclosed in their mud prisons for eight months, so that when they were liberated you may suppose that they were hungry, and did full justice to the meal of worms and insects that was placed before them. The longest was sixteen inches in length; and for a long time they were supposed not to be fish in spite of their mode of progression. Professor Owen, however, decided that they were fish from certain peculiarities, and called them by the name of *Lepidosirca annectans*. This creature is of a rather graceful form and a mud color, having its greenish chocolate sides well set off by numerous elegantly-arranged lines, and some well-defined leopard-like spots and—"

Jones is here interrupted by a strange noise coming apparently from near by, and, on turning, finds I am asleep!

LITTLE BROTHER.

IN THREE PARTS.—II. A BOY TOO LITTLE.

THE next morning, at nine o'clock, Mr. Jones—having finished his omelet, rolls, and coffee, kissed his wife and daughter, and entered his Raglan like a brave man investing a small town all by himself—stood on his front-door steps waiting for a stage. A ruddy glow suffused his wholesome, energetic face; the morning was cheerful and warm all around him; the

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fine stone pavement, every where fresh from its morning libation at the hands of hose-holding footmen of opulent families; the air was clear, and all the purer for being mingled with pleasant suspicions of Liverpool coal smoke; instead of the morning birds which warbled far up in country woods, the stronger-voiced, but none less sweet, melodious sweeps poured their matin lay along the street as far as ear could hear, echoed back by portly free-stone fronts that, in lieu of hills and crags, stood bathed in the golden flush of the early sun-glory. Now and then a person with Hebrew features trudged by, with a narrow slat-box strapped upon his back, uttering a single mournful dove-note, which might be variously construed as meaning that, by his aid, there could be "glass put in," or that he carried some choice comestible called "glass pudding," and pleasantly toning with this pensive cry the joyous music of the morning. All was calculated to inspire a man who had just had his breakfast with the most benevolent emotions. Such city mornings confirm cockneyism. I do not wonder that it is hard for gentlemen to get out of town, when there is such an air of civilization and nature mingled before his very face—that birds and rivulets and dewy meads seem mere fanciful superfluities of life—and the country means littler rooms, damper sheets, vulgarer people, and coarser fare than he has at home. When the country means Potter County, Pennsylvania, or White Lake, in Sullivan, a deer coming down the runway before the mouthing dogs, and yourself lying at the bottom with a trusty rifle; when it means a yacht on the Hudson, off Fire Island, or on the waters around Cape Cod; when it means John Brown's Tract, or the Adirondacks, or the Green Mountains, with one of Crook's best rods, two spare limber tips, a book of flies, and, better yet—with an apology to the shade of Herbert—a tin box with cullender lid full of active groundworms — then the country is something to be sighed for, set store by, and traveled toward, *via* the very first lumber-wagon that can be obtained at the wildest point of tangency which Man's railroads make with Heaven's woods. But between New York and any country which means something short of these there is no choice worth a toss-up—except in favor of Gotham. And, alas! who can get to these with a fashionable family? Who can persuade his wife and daughters to camp out with him? Nobody—since the old Hebrew times, when, with all their wives and their little ones, Israel's gentlemen bade adieu to the brick of the city, and went out for a day's merry-making that stretched through a season of forty years.

By this time the stage is within a block of Mr. Jones's kerb. He is getting ready to point his finger at it when the door opens behind him, and Master Augustus—just risen, red and triumphant, from his morning bed of martyrdom, the bath-tub; his morning crown of martyrdom, the comb — leaps out and grasps him by the skirts.

"Where are you going, my dear papa?"

With a heart mellowed by the golden suffusion of the morning, the immense Raglan clasped its little son in its arms; and the good-humored, rosy mouth of the broker above exclaimed, with a hurried kiss on little Mischief's Spitzenberg cheeks,

"*I am going to make bread for my dear little boy!* Whist! Hello, stage!" And Mr. Jones the next moment was climbing into the writhing mass of morning-paper-reading business-men who, through much tribulation to ribs and toes, were jolting down town.

"Going to make bread for his dear little boy?" Master Augustus stood on the door-step until the stage went out of sight around the St. Germain, pondering these paternal words. In spite of what Mr. W. Cowper has seen fit to remark in derogation of

> "The child who knows no better
> Than to interpret by the letter
> The story of a Cock and Bull,"

I must stick up for the opinion that childhood is an age of literal interpretation. Cream-tarts, at seven years old, mean nothing more nor less than cream-tarts—just so much flour, sugar, vanilla, and whip—and not an allegory of any kind whatsoever. So that the more Master Augustus reflected, the more did the image suggest itself to him of the burly, fatherly figure, denuded of the Raglan, standing—with sleeves rolled up, a white smirch on each cheek, and whiskers well powdered—over a gigantic bread-trough, kneading with pugilistic earnestness a glutinous mass of the veritable staff of life for the beloved family. On little Mischief's mind the first idea of what his father did down town was now dawning. He made bread for his little boy.

Augustus shut the door and went into the house. A greater antipathy than usual to words of three syllables came over him; he threw the spelling-book under the bed; yet there was a restless craving in his soul which was not satisfied by nine-pins, and the young voluptuary found only an aching void in his box of builders'-blocks. He had caught a glimpse of more elevated happiness than was ever dreamed of before, and that portion of the world which had hitherto satisfied him was now hollow and unreal.

He descended to the kitchen. He marched up to his former terror, the cook, a fierce Welshwoman, whose habitual aspect toward a fiery range had given her cheeks a permanent rouge, sanguinary to look upon; and who had, at an early period of her engagement with the family, relieved herself of Master Augustus's onerous acquaintance by informing him that the reason of her leaving her last place was the dissatisfaction of the lady at having her bad little boy chopped up into a hash one day. But emboldened by the consciousness of a high aim, Master Augustus advanced three steps into this formidable person's domain, and in a meek but firm voice requested to be allowed to make bread. This praiseworthy demand being met by no more encouraging reciprocation than the frenzied charge upon him of the red-faced woman with a large rolling-pin, the

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boy retreated discomfited, and sought his mother in the sitting-room.

"Mamma," said he, eagerly, "don't you want me to be like papa?"

"Yes, my son. If you grow up and become such a man as he is I shall be very happy."

"Well, I want to be like him too. He's gone down town to make bread for his little boy; and that nasty cook won't let me do it in the kitchen. Can I do it up here?"

Mrs. Jones laughed. But she had an inventive genius, and was pleased with any direction which Augustus's inquiries took, diverging from that broad road so much dreaded of mothers—mischief. So, in a few moments she improvised a baker's apparatus for her son, giving him an old valise for his kneading-trough, two or three pillows for dough, an empty sand-box for a dredger, and a couple of unoccupied shelves in a clothes-press for his oven. Seeing him sedately arrayed for work with one of her white aprons pinned around his neck, and his little blouse-sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, she returned to her writing-desk, secure, as she thought, of at least ten minutes' undisturbed attention to the letter she was busy with.

Master Augustus had worked away at his trade with such laudable assiduity as would have raised him to the side of Ephraim Treadwell—had made a dozen batches of pillow-bread and baked them, and made them over and baked them again, when he began to feel that something was wanting to his happiness. There was a lack of verisimilitude about pillows—they did not brown nicely—and he felt he was *playing* bake after all. Still he was a good boy, and did not trouble his mother with requests for any new suggestions.

In fact, Augustus was so quiet that, after the quarter of an hour which Mrs. Jones had counted on had flown by—and another quarter after that—she looked up from her writing-desk of her own accord, to see what miracle had caused this unparalleled peacefulness. To her surprise Augustus was gone. The last batch lay in the valise unkneaded, the sand-box dredger was on the floor, her white apron hung on the back of the chair, and baking-day was evidently over. The mother went to the top of the stairs and called, "Augustus! Au-*gus*-tus!" No answer was returned. She looked down at the hat-stand—the little wide-awake, like the Panjandrum "with the little round button at the top," was not on any of the pegs. Perhaps the child was on the front balcony, engaged in his favorite amusement of letting miners down a shaft—performed with two cats, a basket, a piece of string, and the front area. She looked out of the window—no Augustus visible. And then the thought struck her that the naughty little boy had gone out to play in the street with other naughty little boys, contrary to her express command, and to the manifest violation of the fifth commandment and his clean trowsers. His having stolen away so quietly from the sitting-room certainly looked like it. Mrs. Jones rang the bell, and Johnson appeared. "Go out," said his mistress, "and look up and down the street for Master Augustus. When you find him say that I want to see him directly." Johnson obeyed; and Mrs. Jones sat down at her writing-desk again, with a sad maternal sigh.

She had finished and was sealing another letter when Johnson knocked again at the sitting-room door.

"Come in! Well, have you only just found Master Augustus?"

"No, mistress; hi 'aven't honly just found 'im; hi honly just 'aven't found him hat all, ma'am. Hi've been hup hand down street hin hevery direction, hand looked hevery where with hall my heyes, hand hi've hasked hevery body hif nobody 'ain't seen nothink of no such young gentleman nowheres, and nobody 'ain't. Hif there vos somebody with a bell 'ere has there his in the hold country, somethink might be done, but—"

Here, at the end of the catalogue of familiar means, Johnson, like most routine-trained Englishmen, came to a dead halt, invention being in its embryo stages with him; and at the same moment Mrs. Jones's heart stopped also, and the blood forsook her face.

"Oh, Johnson! you don't mean to say you think Master Augustus is *lost!*"

"Hi can't say, ma'am. 'E might be; then 'e mightn't. Children his different: sometimes they his; sometimes they hisn't. Shall I call the perlice, ma'am?"

"The perlice"—which, to be nationally bigoted again, is the British sovereign remedy and veritable Morrison's pill for every social distress, from the hissing of a Puseyite intoner down to the settlement of canine difference of opinion in an alley—did not strike Mrs. Jones favorably. She did not like to appear arresting the poor little fellow—which was the only use she knew for those estimable citizens in blue, now led to victory by Mr. Pillsbury. She had the idea that it would make him feel like a rascal, which she eccentrically considered the front door to being one. So she asked—

"Is Miss Jones in, do you know, Johnson?"

"No, ma'am; she went out 'arf 'n hour ago, ma'am."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Jones; "very likely Master Augustus may have persuaded her to take him with her. Nothing more for the present, Johnson; only wait in the kitchen—don't go out; I may ring for you again."

Mrs. Jones knew she was deceiving herself. It was *not* very likely that any amount of persuasion from the lips of the most honey-mouthed orator could have induced Kate to take Master Augustus down town with her under the most favorable circumstances of resplendent bib, tucker, and behavior; and nothing short of an Arabian Nights imagination could have pictured that event taking place under the conditions of the play-day suit and style of manners in which he had been invested when his mother last saw him. Still, all that was most motherly in the mother

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clung to the hypothesis as the sole alternative to wringing of hands, utter dying down of heart, and that dreadful dissyllable in a city's vocabulary—"*Child Lost!*"

Probably Kate would be at home in an hour or two. Within that time Augustus might return of his own accord—at the end of it Kate might bring him back. The mother would wait an hour longer before she let herself be alarmed. So she said. Yet how could she keep her promise? She resumed her seat to write another letter. She set the "New York" down mechanically at the top of the page; and before the date could follow it her mind was wandering through painful, misty mazes of speculation, her ear was listening to every roll of wheels or ring of footsteps in the street. Then her eye grew faithless to the work before her; it was drawn by a resistless magnetism to the deserted bread-tray; it was fixed there; and a cruel, motionless fog appeared to rise before it, out of which sometimes the child's image peered for a moment, kneading away quietly at the batch of pillows; and then, in its place, the dreadful absence of the child seemed taking a visible shape in the question, "Will he ever stand there again?" She shut her desk, walked restlessly across the room, opened a closet door as if he might be hidden *there*, the little Mischief! then came back to the window, lifted the sash and peered longsightedly up and down the street, with a wistful hope of being surprised by his far-off voice or figure. Then she sat down again, resolutely saying to herself, "I will *not* be alarmed!" The very earnestness of the resolution alarmed her all the more. She left her room, mounted to the garret, searched its crannies, descended to the basement and the cellar, with all the servants following her, and carrying out their peculiar ideas of being helpful by holding candles where there was plenty of light, and saying, "Oh dear!" and "Bless my soul!" like responses in a service. She sought behind barrels and boxes and bins for the boy who was not there. Then the back yard was ransacked, as if it had been a very Titanic labyrinth, instead of a small, frank-faced open space, without a hole where an errant cat could hide itself; then every room and closet in the first and second stories was invaded, to its very wainscot crevices. And thus the mother spent the hour in which she would not be alarmed until Kate got home.

At last that young lady came back. She had been to Stewart's and to Thompson's. I write that last word with a tear trickling from my nib tributary to departed worth. Thompson's, the extinct but not the forgotten! And of course Augustus had not been with her. She calmed her mother, assured her that it was only another of that boy's pranks, and without manifesting a heartless *insouciance*, still took his absence so coolly, and was so sure that he would be back presently, that Mrs. Jones began to distrust her own fears and, for a time, was composed and hopeful.

Let us see what has befallen the little brother. Growing dissatisfied with his pillow-bread, this young baker became irresistibly fascinated with the idea of going to see how his father made it. Watching his opportunity, when his mother was most absorbed in her letter, he slipped out of the sitting-room, down stairs, out of the house. Almost all the way to the St. Germain he ran or skipped as fast as his little feet could carry him. He took this direction because it was that which he saw the paternal broker follow every morning—this gait, because, as I have noticed, it seems to jolt the conscience and keep it from crying "Stop!"—at least in little boys running away—with whom that organ bears the proportion to specimens taken from the mature individual of 10 : 1. Perhaps even this little brother may grow up, under kindly fostering influences, to be a brisk Bear-Papa, making time sales of Michigan Southern, 600 shares more than there can be in any possible market, seller 30 days, and a very amiable man in his family and the church of which he's a pew-holder.

When Augustus came to the St. Germain, he stopped for a moment and looked up toward Worth's monument, then down toward the steeple of Grace. For a moment he felt inclined to turn in the direction of the former—it was mightily like a big granite chimney of some uncouth shop under ground—but just then one of the stages which his papa patronized came around the corner and took its way down town. This settled him, and he joined the great tide that sets to the bottom of the island. He was a sturdy little boy and walking did not easily tire him. After several alarms of voices calling behind him, which his fancy, always assisted by the organ we have before mentioned, kept shaping into "Augustus, come back!" or something of the same reproachful import—after numerous distant visions of black whiskers and big Raglans of the paternal cut, but sadly disappointing him as they drew nearer—after sundry hustlings from ill-humored urchins, hurrying men, spacious lounging ladies, and busy workmen whose white overalls suggested to him the supposed trade of his father and fired anew his young ambition—he reached the lower end of Union Square. Here he made a natural mistake—followed the straight line, and thus losing the Broadway trail, kept on down University Place. In the quiet of that street he first saw people disengaged enough, as he thought, to answer questions. A rosy-cheeked servant-maid was on her knees at the door of one of the houses, diversifying her labor at scrubbing the freestone steps with occasional remarks of an animated character to a person who was shooting coal through the sidewalk and letting the dust scatter to counteract her soap.

"Do you know where Mr. Jones lives?"

The maid stopped scrubbing and leaned upon her brush; likewise the coal-heaver, putting his shovel in rest, and propping himself as deliberately on its handle as if he had selected that attitude for the day, and both of them surveyed the little estray from head to foot.

"What do you want of Jones, sonny?" finally spoke the man of coal.

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"He ain't Jones! he's *Mister* Jones; he's my father. And I ain't sonny; I wish you wouldn't call me it. I'm Mr. Jones's little boy, and I want to find him. Say now! do you know where he is?"

"What does he do?" said the maid, in a brisk manner, and fixing her black eyes resolutely on the child as if he would like to deceive her if he dared, but she wouldn't have any of it. "What does he do, now? does he take in washing?"

"Washing!" ejaculated Augustus, with a smile of supreme scorn. "We've got a girl like you who does our washing—I guess *he don't* do that! He does something an awful lot better than that—and I'm going to see him and ask if I can't do it, too."

"What is it he does do, then?" said the coal man, and both he and the maid regarded the child with increased curiosity, mingled with somewhat of respect.

Master Augustus drew himself up to his full height of three and a half feet, and replied, in a dignified manner,

"He makes bread; that's what Mr. Jones does!"

"Oh," said the coal man, visibly relieved from the strain on his bump of reverence, "he makes bread, does he?" And simultaneously both he and the maid broke into a loud laugh very disagreeable to Master Augustus, and uttered the words "Jones the baker," as if it were the richest joke of the season.

"He don't put no alum nor sody in his bread, does he, sonny?" suggested the coal man, pleasantly. "He, he, he, he!" said the housemaid. To all of which Master Augustus replied, sullenly, "None of your business!" and continued on his unassisted journey down the street. For a long time his wounded pride prevented him from asking any further questions. He passed the Parade Ground, and University Place was University Place no more, but Wooster Street—a thoroughfare unlike any thing he had ever seen before, and growing stranger and stranger with every step. Smells intensified, and his childish nose waxed more and more *retroussé* as it grew acquainted with adjacent stables and cabbage nearly as old as himself. He had seen dirty little boys before, and played with them, to the utter horror of his sister and her renunciation of his acquaintance till he was new scrubbed and clothed. He had even wished he could be like them in their emancipation from soap and combs; but he had never seen *such* dirty little boys as he met now, and he was cured of all pining after their inheritance. In the country, in summer, he had loved pigs—had, on one occasion, captured and brought a very little one into the parlor; but his heart went not out to *these* pigs—the pigs of Wooster Street—foul, dissipated beasts, with blear, besotted eyes, who ever and anon issued from yards where they seemed to have been getting intoxicated for the last twenty-four hours on fermented potato peelings, and staggered in a half-vicious, half-imbecile manner toward the gutter, attempting to force a passage on the way between the little legs of Mr. Jones's little boy. There were truculent, cowardly dogs that ran off a little way with a snarl and then turned to see if there wasn't a chance of getting a nab at his plump little calves before they betook themselves utterly into the dirty, open entries of their owners; there were women with gin-reddened eyes pressing dirty torn shirts on boards behind broken windows, who seemed to be considering the question of throwing their irons at him; and a one-eyed man, who sat on the rickety steps of an old crows-nesty, mouldy, tumble-down tenement house, smoking a black pipe, two inches short, looked so remarkably like the ogre in one of his picture-books that Master Augustus dodged around him into the middle of the street, and when he cried after him in a hoarse voice, "Where'er ye goin', bub?" took to his heels and ran, with his heart beating like a baby trip-hammer, for at least two blocks before he dared to stop and look around.

What with fright and the natural emptiness of interior which periodically attacks the species at an age when the affinity for pie and bread and butter is still dominant, Master Augustus was now reasonably enough in somewhat low spirits. Add to these influences the fact that he was now doing the longest distance in the shortest time that he had ever performed in his life, and we can excuse him for feeling the bricks move up to meet his feet as he went, for wanting to sit down somewhere and take something solid. Still he did not give way to tears. The idea of New York in all its wild, labyrinthic bigness had not yet broken upon his mind, and he consoled himself by believing that his father must be very near, and that that bread-making individual would doubtless, like the parent of the other prodigal son, "have bread enough and to spare," with very likely a cream-tart or two to compensate for the absence of butter. Moreover, he was a child of sturdy pluck, without much water that he ever cared to throw away, except that which he had to be washed in; and when his heart billowed up toward his eyes, the grand notion of seeing how his father made bread, and learning to do it himself, choked the refractory organ down, and cheered on his tired feet.

But at last he must rest. A hospitable-looking door-step, with no Wooster Street pigs, adjacent stables, cross dogs, or children with dirt on their faces of more than three days' antiquity, allured him, and he sat down. A good, motherly-looking Irish woman saw him from the window, opened it, and said, compassionately,

"An' where is it ye're sthraying, me poor little bye?"

Augustus took courage and answered that he was going to look for his father.

"An' who's that, thin?" continued his kind interlocutor.

"His name is Mr. Jones—and—and" Augustus hesitated, remembering the coalman's impudent disregard for the profession; but the affectionate, interested face, in its white frill cap, won his confidence.

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"And he makes bread, that's what Mister Jones does."

"An' what's his first name, darlint? There's a dale of Joneses hereabouts, and some of thim has a way of bein' called John—faith, most of thim, indade; is your father John Jones?"

"No ma'am, his name's Augustus, and I'm called after him; and I'm going to see him make bread, and to learn how myself. And if you'll tell me where he is—oh, I'll be so much obliged to you!"

"Poor little darlint; and are ye a great way from home, sure? Ye're a very dacent little gintleman, and it ain't from these parts ye are, I'll go bail."

"I guess I am a good way from home. I came through an awful lot of streets; but I must be pretty near papa now, and when I find him, oh, Jiminy! won't it be jolly though!"

As his heart warmed toward the good woman Master Augustus became more and more at ease, and inspirited to a degree which quite made him forget his hunger and fatigue. It did not have that effect, however, upon the kind soul who talked to him. She saw the dinnerless look in his eye, and asked him to come in for a little while—an invitation which he willingly accepted. Then she brought out the "cold pork and praties," and the hard, sweet home-made loaf which a good woman will always make good, and which every body not utterly demented would rather have than the best of baker's bread, and Master Augustus made a kingly meal. This over, he thanked the kind woman, and in spite of her utmost persuasions started anew in search of his father.

It would take too long to trace through all his wanderings this poor little journeyman baker—mentioning every street that successively and progressively he got more and more lost in. It is enough to say that twilight came on and found him in that dreary kennel known as Thomas Street. Broadway, with all its splendor and its publicity, is close at hand—Thomas Street, with its filth and its secret dens, where all sorts of corruption of soul and body lurk and fester, in spite of its magnificent neighborhood to the king of streets, is as grim and pestilential as any alley or morass miles away. I believe its very nearness to Broadway makes it worse: it is a sort of gutter just over the fence of Splendor's and Decency's back-yard—a sort of rubbish heap, where Christian Respectability throws all its outcast parings of Humanity that are too foul to be beheld in front and in daylight. I have seen such beautiful women and children, nevertheless, in Thomas Street, looking out of black, filthy entries; the boards of the threshold rotten under their feet, the dews of corruption trickling down on them from the slimy eaves above, as in a charnel-house, and they themselves having such a look of fierce despair on lips and foreheads which a gallant may once have kissed reverently, passionately! What strange, wonderful jewels, thrown out of their setting to the swine for one small flaw, sometimes get cast into Respectability's rubbish heap! When I have gone from Broadway, where I have seen beautiful women walking or riding in glory, into Thomas Street, where I have seen those other beautiful ones, and have thought my thoughts about Thomas Street and its suggestions, it has become the hatefulest street in all New York to me.

As I said, in this horrible street poor Augustus found himself at nightfall, with his little feet a couple of the sorest burning blisters, his whole body exhausted by fatigue and the recurrence of hunger, his heart sunk to zero, and his mind a perfect chaos of bewilderment. He had asked questions about "Mr. Jones who made bread" of so many men, women, and children within the last two hours, and in such a broken-hearted carelessness as to whether the answers were impudent or not, and had received so much varied information upon the subject of different members of the Jones family, that he began to feel himself going crazy in a great wilderness of Joneses, in which every separate tree, as in a vast forest, is like every other, yet different also, and none of them familiar, homelike, or in any way reliable as a guide. If he had been older and metaphysical the poor child would have described himself as losing his identity. In this horrible Thomas Street, among the huddled negresses and white women painted and blowsy—the hustling, drunken white men and strapping buck-negroes—the vicious, shrieking children, the universal array of horrible sights and sounds, animate and inanimate in this horrible Thomas Street—Augustus came to a stand-still, and for the first, long-menacing despair now ascended the throne. Tears of fear, contrition, bodily distress began to flow without measure. He thought of the mother whom he had left to go after his father, and his tears became still bitterer. As he realized the agony she must be in, and the impossibility of his ever finding his way back to her over the great distance he had come, the *bigness* of New York, the cruel, hopeless *bigness*, for the first time in life broke upon him, and he sat down in abject misery on the sidewalk as any dirtiest of the little boys in Thomas Street would have done. No longer did he hope to find his father; he knew that good man was at home long ago, sharing the family distraction; but still to every ruder or kinder soul that questioned him as he sat with his feet in the gutter weeping, he replied, mechanically,

"My papa is Mr. Jones, and he makes bread."

We leave the poor child to the tender mercies of Thomas Street, while we return to the distressed household who are mourning for him.

Gradually even Kate became alarmed when an hour had elapsed after her return from down town and no signs were visible of Augustus. She accordingly advised her mother to adopt the following plan, and helped her carry it out: Johnson was to take a certain list of their acquaintance—she and her mother a certain other—and they were to call and inquire if any thing had been seen, at the several houses, of the lit-

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tle brother. This idea was accomplished, but, of course, with no success.

Kate then thought she had better become hysterical; but upon her mother's representing to her how much more useful she could be by retaining her self-possession, and how very much she would be in the way if she didn't, the young lady denied herself the pleasure, and came out in such character—such admirably womanly strength and helpfulness—that her mother was perfectly astonished, and couldn't sufficiently reverence her never before appreciated daughter.

The next thing they did was to dispatch Johnson in a carriage for Mr. Jones; and then Kate sat down on a sofa and laid her mother's head upon her breast.

"Darling, darling mother!" said the young girl, "perhaps this trouble is only to punish me for having been so often unkind to little Augustus, and to teach me that I ought to conquer my selfish heart and aid you a great deal more faithfully in taking care of him. I *will* learn the lesson; and then brother will be brought back to us, and we shall be a much happier, more loving family than we have ever been before. Don't despair, darling; the Lord will not take the dear child away from us, I am sure, if I try to profit by this trouble."

Such things, and many others as good and noble, did Kate say, in a broken, feverish voice, but with an attempt at being very cheerful—stroking her mother's fair, hot forehead, and kissing away the tears of unspeakable distress that kept welling up into her beautiful eyes, while she hurriedly wiped away and hid those that came into her own.

In about an hour—for the carriage had orders to drive as fast as possible—Mr. Jones got home. He had not been in his office, and Johnson had found it necessary to seek him at the Brokers' Board. He took his darling wife and daughter into the bosom of the vast Raglan, and kissed them again and again with the redoubled tenderness of great trouble, too choked to speak. When, at length, he found words, they came from his heart all wet—as if they had just struggled ashore, half-drowned, from the great sea within him, and were dripping with the brine that still heaved and shook his great, broad man's breast.

"Dearest wife—dearest Kate! don't you cry, my darlings," he uttered, in a trembling voice, falsifying his doctrine by his example. "We'll find that precious boy, if we have take all the detective police into pay, and get broke or die doing it. I'll go directly to the police-station of this precinct, and have the little fellow's description telegraphed all over the city, with offers of a reward of five hundred dollars to the officer that brings him home."

No sooner said than done. The carriage that had brought the father up from Wall Street was at the door, kept in waiting. He leaped into it, and was speedily at the elbow of the telegraph operator of the nearest station.

"Don't alarm yourself too much, my dear Sir," spoke that person, sympathizingly; "these things are happening every day, and they always turn out well in the end. This little brass jumper at the end of our wire saved forty children last month; and in all the time that the telegraph's been working we've only lost two out of several hundred children who got astray. Three of the forty we saved in April were gone a couple of days—one, a whole week. He got on a train going up the Hudson River Railroad. Mother went nearly crazy—not expected to live from day to day; but we found the little youngster, and brought him home safe and sound. Mother recovered in about ten minutes; then nearly died again for joy. First day she was able to be out, came up here, and wanted me to take a hundred dollars. Much obliged, but rather not. Duty was its own reward. Then *she* fell to kissing every thing—kissed the machine—kissed the policeman who brought the boy back—actually kissed *me!*" And the operator smacked his lips as if the taste of the grateful tribute still lingered. Then fell to work—went click-click-click-click-click-click-click-click for a few assiduous minutes—and lo! every police-station in New York was introduced to Master Augustus Jones, and bent its multiplied energies to the work of finding him.

Wonderful, beneficent, omnipotent telegraph! What marvel that mothers kiss thee? And though the graceless, ungrateful tribe of intellectual prigs, and the hair-splitters of the Supreme Court who back them, harass with endless patent cases the silver hairs of our noble, thrice-beloved Morse—though America leaves to foreign powers the graceful privilege of recompensing the last years of a life of unselfish genius, as fully as the mere money tribute of a hundred thousand francs can do it—does not every click of his offspring's electric tongue that brings home a wandering child throb a sweet note of reward in the great philosopher's loving heart—does not the whole nation of thankful mothers bless him and kiss him a thousand times a year?

Mr. Jones made an arrangement with the telegraph operator that the moment that any news came to the station of the child, or the likelihood of the child, it should be immediately sent to No. — West Twenty-third Street; and then went home to do what he could, poor man! for his broken-hearted wife and only less broken-hearted daughter. There was no resource left for them but to wait; and waiting, when a child is lost, is the bitterest mode of prolonging misery. To be sure all the resources of the great police system of the great city of New York were concentrated on that one little boy. The original use of the system—rascal-hunting—could not have so brought it to a focus; if Master Augustus had been a noted bank-defaulter, or a swindler of stockholders, he would have had less personal attention to boast of. Every thing that could be done was doing for him; and yet, as that father, mother, and sister sat still in their distress, they were full of the keenest self-re-

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proachings—of a sense of inertness which seemed to them, by a strange paradox, the more unfeeling in proportion as their feelings were more harassed by it.

Hour after hour dragged on, and still no word came from the station. The poor mother began wandering about in a frenzy. From room to room, wherever Augustus had played, she strayed with her eyes full of a dreamy, misty pain. When she came upon some little toy with which he had played she snatched it up, kissed it passionately, and her tears came pouring in torrents. Standing before a little pastel picture of the child, taken in his fourth year, she grew transfixed, and remained motionless, gazing at it in such an agonized silence that she could hear every beat of her own heart. And then she knelt at the little bureau where his tiny clothes were kept — drew out, one by one, the manikin suits which her motherly care had proudly embroidered for him — examined his small stockings, and as she saw the places where his little restless feet had called her needle into play, asked herself, with a fearful sinking of the heart, whether she should ever mend them for him any more; and again the passionate tears blinded her poor eyes.

Kate had thrown herself upon her bed. She could not cry, for her self-reprovings were too stern. She buried her hot face in her pillow, pressed one hand against her aching heart, and with the other ceaselessly pushed away her long dark hair from her forehead, as if it were hated evidence of the pride and accomplice of the selfishness which her bitter mentor now told her had so often done wrong to the poor little lost brother she might never see again.

The father paced all the rooms where his wife wandered, with a stern wretchedness in his once cheerful, buoyant face, hardly ever able to speak a word, and chiding himself when it had been spoken; for it always sounded so cold, so hard to his burdened heart, that it seemed a cruelty rather than a consolation to the suffering woman whom he loved.

At last they all came together at the side of the bed where Kate was lying. The husband and the wife both dropped on their knees, and the strong man poured forth his soul in this one prayer of agony,

"O God! save our child, and take away all our worldly prosperity if thou wilt!"

Clasping each other's hands the three bowed there in silence, each thinking the continuation of this prayer which they had no voice to speak. For several minutes they remained there, and then the mother arose:

"My husband," she said, "I shall die of this suspense. Let us go up to the station again."

Johnson once more called a carriage. Father, mother, and daughter got into it; the driver was ordered to hurry to the station-house at his utmost speed. When they reached there they ran up the narrow stairs to the telegraph room with a lightness like that of the strongest, most refreshed feet. As might have been expected, there was no encouragement there for them, except the repeated injunction of the operator not to despair, and his recital to the mother and sister of the statistics in favor of finding lost children, which he had given to the father three hours before.

"We have news of several boys and one girl, already this afternoon," said the operator; "the girl was lost last night, the boys this morning. It takes a good deal longer to find girls than it does boys, because a girl is more helpless when she's astray; so's more pitied, and often gets taken in somewhere and sheltered instead of being left for the policemen to bring to the station. That makes it a harder job to find her. You feel bad enough, mum, about your boy, I know; but it's a great deal better than if it was a girl. We'll find him for you any way. Lord bless me! there ain't a chance as big as that of his being lost permanently:" and the operator filliped away a piece of string that he had been toying with as he talked, to represent the very small chance indeed.

Then the distressed three returned home again. Six o'clock and dinner-time came, but nobody touched a mouthful. Bearing the agony of suspense as strongly as they were able they passed the hours of growing darkness till nine o'clock; and then, from sheer exhaustion, the mother and sister of the wanderer were compelled to lie down. The father sat and watched by their bedside, or paced the dreary rooms, whose emptiness of the one absent seemed to make them echo to his tread, "Lost! lost!"

To return to the kerb-stone where we left Master Augustus sitting. About ten o'clock there issued from the tenement in Thomas Street just behind him, a young man whose general appearance was strangely at variance with the surroundings of the place. He wore a black Kossuth hat, neat dark pantaloons, well-polished boots, and a light surtout; for the evening was cool, though toward the end of May. His face was refined, manly, and resolute; his eyes and hair black as jet, and his beard strong, curling, and abundant, and he seemed about twenty-six years old. A squalid woman, very much draggled and torn, lighted him, or perhaps smoked him would be more accurate, to the rotten threshold, with a malodorous, half-penny tallow candle, that stewed and dripped in its own ruins, like every thing else in Thomas Street. In a strong Milesian brogue she asked him as he was passing out,

"An' what may yer bill be, Docthor?"

"Nothing," said the young man, "except to promise me that if that baby lives—which I hope it is likely to do now—you won't get drunk again till it's over teething."

"Houly Mother bless ye, but ye're a dacent gintleman; and may ye niver want a friend in disthress! No more I won't, and that's thrue for me; an' if I does it, may the divil—"

"Never mind the devil, you've had enough to do with him already, Mrs. Murtagh—only remember not to drink."

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"Good-night, thin; angels bliss yer sleep, honey!"

"Good-night!"

He was about turning up toward the hospital, when the strange little object on the kerb-stone attracted him, and he stopped, bent down, and looked intently at Master Augustus. "It can't be possible, even in Thomas Street," soliloquized the young Doctor, "that a boy of that age is lying here drunk at this time of the evening." He shook the little fellow gently by the shoulder, and roused him from his sleep against the friendly hydrant, which had been his pillow for the hour and a half past. Augustus awaked and looked at him dreamily, not realizing where he was. The young man immediately saw that he hailed from none of the Thomas Street houses.

"What are you doing here, my little fellow? You'll be lost if you stay out so late; you had better go home to your mother; she's frightened about you now, I've no doubt."

Augustus stared in surprise. "Do you know my mother?"

"No, I don't, my boy."

"How do you know I've got one, then?" asked Augustus, triumphantly, in spite of his sleepiness, and true to his native fondness for always "putting in a clincher."

"I think you look as if you had one. She made that little pair of pantaloons which you've been getting so dirty on the pavement by sitting down and going to sleep here, instead of saying your prayers and climbing into your pretty little crib."

"Crib!" uttered Augustus, scornfully; "I guess I ain't a baby! I sleep in a *great big bed* —all alone by myself. Who are you, anyhow?"

"My name is Doctor Morris; and I'm a good friend to you and your mother, for I'm going to help you to get home. Where do you live?—what's your name?"

"Augustus Jones."

"Where do you live, Augustus?"

"I live at my papa's—he's Mr. Jones—and he lives up in Twenty-third Street."

"Do you know what the number is?"

"No, Sir."

"What does your papa do?"

"He makes bread."

"Oh! we'll find him very easily, then. Are you too tired to walk? You must be if you've come with those little legs all the way from home to-day. Let me carry you."

"No, I can walk."

"Well, come along, then. We'll go and get a Directory, and see the number where your papa lives, and then it will be all right in a very short time."

By his kind yet not too patronizing manner, he won Master Augustus's confidence to such a degree that the boy took his hand, and the two went slowly together into West Broadway, talking as they walked.

"Do you like oyster pie, Augustus?" They were just then passing a restaurant, and the Doctor noticed that the boy looked in eagerly and snuffed its savors with high appreciation.

"I *guess I do!*" responded Augustus, enthusiastically.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that; for I know a great many boys, and all the good ones are very fond of oyster-pie."

"Are they?" said Augustus, delightedly. "Mother says I'm a *very* good boy sometimes."

"Well, then, I'll try you, and see if she's right." The pair, still clasping hands, went into the shop, and the Doctor ordered as large a piece of oyster-pie as a boy of seven could eat; and when that amount had been ascertained by actual measurement, paid for it, and went out, leading his *protégé*. Master Augustus's confidence in his new friend rose several hundred per cent. He began to be communicative. Speech never flows freely when one is hungry, because the up-train of words is loth to move, knowing, as it does, that the right of way on that single track, the throat, belongs to a bread and butter train down.

"I want to ask you a question."

"Ask me as many as you please, Augustus; I like to show off what I know."

"Well, then, do you *really kill people?*"

"No, indeed. What in the world do you mean by that?"

"You're a doctor—that's what I mean. I've heard people say, a great many times, that all doctors kill people. There was Jimmy Stilton —he was a good boy, Kate says—and I heard her say, too, that the Doctor killed him with too much oil and such nasty things. But I guess he'd have died any way—he was awful good. Now tell me honest, *do* you kill people? I won't tell any body!"

"No, Augustus—honor bright!—I don't kill any body at all, except old Mr. Fever, and cross old Mrs. Stomach-ache that plagues little boys so, and ugly little Miss Cold-in-the-Head, and such naughty people as that. I shoot *them* with pills, and smother them under plasters, and drown 'em in drops; but I don't hurt good people at all."

"Then, by hokey, I'll like you very much indeed, old fellow! I didn't ask you if you killed people because I was afraid of you. I only wanted to see some of the people you killed, and see how they looked, and how you did it. I wish you'd like me."

"So I will, Augustus. I do like you now; and will have many a nice play together, I hope, after I get you home to your mother."

"I've got a sister, too—she's an *awful* pretty girl—don't you wish you knew her?"

"Yes, indeed, I'd like to know her very much. You'll introduce me to her, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. Her name's Kate. She's got great big eyes—almost as black as the ones you've got—and curls, too—jiminy, *such* curls! Won't you tell any body if I'll tell you something?"

"No; I'll keep as still as a mouse about it."

"Well, when I was a little boy—that's a great

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while ago, before I was big, like I am now—she was very nice to me, and never called me bad names, like monkey, and mischief, and plague. And when they used to ask me who was going to be my wife when I got to be a man, I always used to say Kate was going to be it. Wasn't it funny? I guess it was! I didn't know that little boys couldn't marry their sisters, you know. And now there's an awful mean Old Spindleshanks that comes to see Kate, and he thinks I don't know what he's up to; but I do. He wants to have her for his wife; and I hate him like poison. He calls me sonny, and he makes her not like me; and he ain't nice at all, like you are. I wish doctors did kill somebody sometimes! Couldn't you kill him, just once, without being caught, so that Kate won't marry him?"

"I'm afraid not. Isn't there any other way of stopping her?"

Augustus did not answer for some time; but walked along, biting his little nails, in deep thought. At last he brightened up, and gave the friendly finger he had hold of a violent joyful twitch which nearly dislocated it.

"Yes, Sir-*ee*, there's one way of stopping her without killing old Lilykid! Will you do it? Say, old fellow, will you do it?"

"What's your plan? Let's hear it, Augustus."

"*You go and marry her yourself!* Won't that be nice? You'll be my brother, then; and I'll never plague you when you come to see Kate, and you can have the parlor all to yourself! Say now, won't you? That's a nice old fellow! Say Yes. Come now, say Yes, won't you?"

Dr. Morris laughed heartily at this ingenuous proposal; then replied:

"But how do you know I ain't married now? And what if *she* shouldn't say Yes, too? Then I'd be 'up a tree,' as the boys say."

"I know you ain't married; you don't look married. You're so good to me I don't believe you've got any little boy of your own to be good to. And I know she'll say yes." Here Augustus lowered his voice to a tone of reverent piety, most laughably incongruous with his general naughty-boy bearing, and continued: "When I say my prayers I'll ask to have her say yes, and then she's got to, hain't she? *That*'ll fetch her!"

The Doctor, overwhelmed by the strength of the child's mountain-moving, or woman-moving faith (which misogynists assert to be the same thing), had to lean against an adjacent tree-box until he could sufficiently recover his gravity.

"Very well! you can try it," he replied; "and if I find out you aren't making believe when you say Kate's such a pretty, good girl—why, perhaps we'll see what we can do to kill Lilykid in a decent sort of a way. But here's the Girard House; let's just step in and look in the Directory to see where your father lives."

"What's that big word?" ejaculated Augustus.

"The *Directory*. It's a big word, and it means a big book that a good man wrote to help people to find out where little boys who get lost ought to be taken home to."

"And did the man know I was lost? And has he written all about it in the book? I think he's awful mean! He ain't a good man at all! I'll bet they've got the book in Sunday-school, and little Tommy Jenks, who reads all the big books he can get hold of, will find it, and make fun of me! How did they know about me?"

"Oh! it don't tell about *you;* it only tells about your father, so we can find his house and take you to it."

"Oh!" said Master Augustus, once more drawing a long breath, "that's all, heh? Well, you look into it, and read me how my father makes bread."

By this time the Doctor had opened the Directory, and was turning it over on the counter of the registry-clerk. He came to the Joneses, and began sailing over that illimitable sea, with no helm but the Christian name Augustus, and no chart but the general idea that that Augustus was a gentleman who devoted his energies to baking, and spent his leisure in Twenty-third Street somewhere.

No such combination of circumstances could be found. There were Joneses enough to erect themselves into a ward—Augustus Joneses enough to form a primary meeting in that ward—but bread-making Augustus Joneses, who lived in Twenty-third Street, were nowhere visible.

"You're sure his name is Augustus?" said the Doctor, perplexedly.

"Of course it is!" replied the stray youth, with marked emphasis. "If it isn't, what is it then?"

There was cogency in that argument. Doctor Morris did not dispute the question further.

"But aren't you mistaken about his making bread? Isn't he a tallow-chandler—or a broker—or a minister?"

"He *makes bread*, I say—that's what my papa does! He told me so this morning when he was going down town."

"Well, then, Augustus, I must say I'm puzzled what to do with you, my boy. Your papa's name is left out of the big book, and I must say *that* is very mean." The Doctor stopped, and thought for a moment. "Well, there's only one way left. We'll have to go to the station-house. That's the place where boys that get lost have to go when they can't get found in any other way." And, with his young charge, Doctor Morris took as straight a line as possible for the nearest rendezvous of our municipal protectors.

They reached the station, but found some difficulty, for a moment, in getting in, as a crowd of all the unsoaped sight-seers in the neighborhood obstructed the door, with shoulders and elbows in various stages of tatter, from ragged sleeves to no sleeves at all. That pleasant spectacle, an arrest, had just taken place, and its cheap frequency did not seem to derogate in the least from the zest with which it was attended by the congenial spectators. A policeman, like the circus elephant, kept going around "to make

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a ring," with his billy for a trunk, and prevented the patrons of the show from seeing more than they bargained for. He knew Doctor Morris as a benevolent *habitué* of the lower slums of the ward, nodded to him, and, upon his whispering to him that he had a lost boy in tow, opened a way for him among the throng, and let him into the sanctum of public protection.

Here the object of interest became apparent. A gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, evidently for a little evening party slightly different from the one to which he here found himself invited, stood between two other gentlemen in blue—like a bridegroom in charge of his groomsmen, except that they appeared rather more anxious than usual lest their principal should bolt before the ceremony was over. His whiskers and mustache were of the most *recherché* Young England cut; his gloves were as close a fit as if by some triumph of art kid hands had been grafted on a human stock—and his voice was subdued to the most mellifluous accents of the drawing-room as he gracefully debated the question with his attentive friends. *The* question, I say. A fragment of his little address will reveal what it was:

"Weally, my fwends, I hain't the least doubt in the wo-ah-ld of youah pwopah intentions; but you labah undah an errah of judgment—that is all. It is a devilish inconvenient thing for a gentleman having an appointment to meet to be detained in this way on such an absu-yd cha-a-ge as this! Weally! Obtaining funds on false pwetenses! Ha, ha, ha! Damned amusing, 'pon honah! I am so unfawtunate as to wesemble the weal man, I suppose. Dooced funny! Nevah knew I wesembled any body—if I had, I'd have made every endevaw to altah my puysonal appeah-ance! Good joke—'pon my soul it is!"

"You'll find it's something else than a joke before to-morrow morning!" said defender of our *American* interests No. 1, very grimly.

"I'll be dommed if ye aren't afther finding it's a divilish sarious matter!" corroboratorily added defender of our *American* interests No. 2.

"You may pe sure of dat, mit all yer kid kloves and de colt vatch-shain!" still further assisted defender of our *American* interests No. 3.

(All of these defenders, with others of still varying attainments in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, were selected for the office of policemen, on the ground of their acquaintance with the *American* interests they had in charge. One of them could not speak a word of English. I remember having seen him at a fire, where the sagacity of the municipal authority which selected him became particularly evident, in his being unable to converse with the outsiders, who might otherwise have hampered him in the discharge of his arduous duty.)

"I only ask a few moments' delay," continued the gentlemanly prisoner, with his former graceful composure. "I have sent for one of my fwends, who will not hesitate to go with me before the magistwate and become my su-wety to any amount for appeahance to answah to this most widiculous cha-a-ge; and I shall then be able to keep my imp-aw-tant appointment."

"What's the nature of the prisoner's accusation," said the Doctor, in an undertone, to the Hibernian defender of American interests.

"Shure and he's an embezzling rascal, that's what he is," answered the defender; "and he's arristed for swindling a poor divil of a bootmaker out of a hundred and fifty dollars. He's got about tin or a dozen names—now he's 'Lord Divil-knows-who' with a large property in Ireland—bad look to the black mouth that says he iver saw the light o' that blissed island!—now he's 'Mr. Pennyroyal Pike,' a rich Amirican from the South, and thin agin he's 'English Jimmy the Gintleman;' but Hivin knows one name is plinty good enough for the likes o' him, an' that's Andrew Redding, an' bad enough it is, too, the skoonk!"

All this time Augustus, hid behind half a dozen blue coats, the opacity of whose tails caused him the most lively indignation, was tugging to get a look at the object of interest, but with signal unsuccess. Unable to contain himself any longer, he pulled the Doctor's finger savagely, and exclaimed, "Lift me up, won't you? Don't you think a fellow wants to get a squint at him too, heh?"

Doctor Morris good-humoredly obeyed, and elevated the enfant terrible by the waistband to a position highly eligible for the squint desired.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed the youth, all symptoms of ten o'clock and sleep leaving his eyelids. "If that isn't the nasty old thing himself! It's *Spindleshanks*—that's what it is. How de do, Mr. Lilykid?"

The gentlemanly prisoner turned round with a start, but quick as thought the Doctor dropped the bad boy to his native level; and Mr. Lilykid failed to discover that member of the detective service who had played this ventriloquist trick on him.

"Hush!" said the Doctor, whispering sternly into Master Augustus's ear. "If you don't keep still I won't marry Kate! Is that the Lilykid you were talking about? Speak softly!"

"Yes, it is," said Augustus, half-offended and half-awed by the peremptory manner of his friend.

"Then don't you open your mouth to any body about it till I tell you, or he will run away and we can't kill him, don't you see. Will you promise me?"

"Yes, if you won't let him get my sister."

"Well, keep your promise, and he sha'n't have her. Good boys, who like oyster-pie, always keep their word; and I know *you* will."

"Yes, Sir," answered the little brother, in a low whisper, feeling confidence restored.

Just at this juncture Mr. Lilykid's friend, very much like him in personal appearance, and answering to the name of Buckingham, appeared, signified his readiness to go bail, and went away with Miss Jones's admirer and the groomsmen in blue, to visit the magistrate.

A quarter of an hour afterward the frantic

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family, in Twenty-third Street, received the following dispatch:

"*To Augustus Jones, Esq.*

"A boy has been found, and is now at this station, answering description of this A.M.'s telegraph from you. Says his name is Augustus Jones; but as he firmly asserts, with apparently perfect intelligence, that his father is a baker, we do not wish to hold out any strong hopes of his identity. Come down directly.

"BULLOCK, *Telegraph Operator.*"

Within thirty minutes longer, as may well be supposed, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Kate were at the door of the station-house where their terrible suspense was to be removed, or left to grow worse, to linger forever. So strongly did they realize this fact that they faltered on the threshold, hesitating to go in. "The boy is asleep now," said one of the policemen; "he seemed so fagged out that we laid him on a cot, and he was off in no time." He led the way, as he spoke, into a room furnished with comfortable but plain cot-beds, where all the sleeping took place that was ever performed in that centre of public vigilance; and turned on the gas more brightly to let them see the stray. Like a little cat, with his legs curled up against his stomach, and his head on his soft paws, lay the child sleeping. Yes, his hair was the true curly corn-silk! Turn the gas up a little higher! All the three rush around to the side of the bed and turn down the corner of the quilt from his face—it is *he!* It's that darling, darling, naughty little brother!

Had Augustus died from the effect of that rapturous meeting the policeman would have been able to testify on the inquest that it was murder, for the boy's little ribs cracked audibly. He was smothered in the Raglan, like a performance of "the Babes in the Tower," with one babe scant; his nose was flattened against the bones of Miss Kate's corsage; last of all his mother got him, not to let him go. He was hugged—he was deluged with kisses and tears—he was called several dozen epithets which the wildest system of moral philosophy would have failed to make consistent; an angel, and a little monkey; a darling, a naughty wretch, a beauty, a dear little dirty pig; a wicked, wicked boy to break their heart so; a cherub, and a rascal. All of which blandishments were equally ravishing to Master Augustus—aroused as he was out of a sleep of utter exhaustion — only enough awake to feel a general sentiment of vindictiveness toward the human race—and wondering, like Mr. Pickwick on the occasion of his celebrated one-horse act, whether it was not all "a horrid dream." When he came to sufficiently to realize his position, his first remark was directed to the large Raglan and Whiskers, who stood alternately laughing and crying at the foot of the bed.

"How *do* you make bread, anyhow? *Say!*"

But as the reality of things still further broke upon him—as he remembered all the mortification and the pain of his weary day's wandering, and felt what a heavenly thing it was for a poor little lost boy to have a mother's and father's and sister's loving hearts to come to when the dread and the danger were at their highest, he softened like a little tough snow-ball in April thaws. He wept on one bosom, and laughed on another—he hugged them all passionately as far as his small arms could reach around—he asked forgiveness in choked, inarticulate sobbings—and made innumerable promises, which, if kept, would have put him in the category of those boys who *want*, at least, to be an angel and with the angels stand.

Every thing having become ordinarily placid once more, Augustus looked all around him anxiously, and not seeming to find what he wanted, called out in a loud tone:

"Doctor! Doctor! Where are you, you good old fellow?"

The gentleman sought, with a proper delicacy had taken himself out of the way when the carriage arrived, and was now talking with some interesting specimen of character he had found among the policemen in the outer room. He never liked to be idle; and he knew that blue uniforms do not cover uniform natures—human nature being the same, that is to say, the same in no two cases, wherever you find it. Hearing Augustus's voice, he joined the party in the cot-room.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Augustus, triumphantly. "That's the man that knows what a good boy I am, and gave me a big piece of oyster-pie! Come here, old fellow! You found me, didn't you? *That's* my mother, and *that's* my father, and *that's* Kate! Isn't she an *awful* pretty girl—just as I said she was?"

"Oh, Augustus!" exclaimed the young lady, blushing and holding up her finger.

"This is a proud and grateful moment of my life. I'm honored by seeing you, Sir!" said the Raglan, with the warm heart inside of it, shaking the Doctor's hand warmly inside the privacy of a giant sleeve.

The mother clasped his other hand, and looked the eloquent thanks that mothers know, but on such occasions can seldom speak.

"I might have had a less eccentric introduction, but certainly not a more favorable one," said the Doctor, returning all his salutations with a frank smile. "You, who are so happy, can feel how happy I must be in the accident which connects me with this little fellow's recovery. Indeed, I wish all my patients were recovered as quickly."

The Doctor's manner was very manly, self-possessed, and polished; his smile showed a beautiful set of white, regular teeth, and the impression he made upon Miss Jones was altogether favorable. She looked at him with considerable interest while he spoke—and the quick eye of Master Jones did not let this fact go by unobserved.

"Look-a-here, old fellow, I want to whisper to you!"

"No whispering in company, you know, Augustus."

"But I *must*, just this *once!*"

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"Well," said his mamma, considerately, "just this once, then. I guess we must excuse him, Doctor." The Doctor bent his ear, and Augustus uttered eagerly:

"You can do it; she's a-going to like you; mayn't I just pitch into her about old Spindleshanks just one little *wee* time?"

"No, my dear boy; if you do, you won't be keeping your word, you know. And good boys always do that. Wait till I tell you you may, and then you can. I'll tell you why sometime—and till then be a little man: stand by your promise. You *will*, won't you?"

"Yes," said Master Augustus, with a deep sigh—feeling that one of the principal gratifications of life was inscrutably denied him.

"We shall hope to see you at our house whenever you can run away from your professional duties," uttered the Raglan, ardently.

"You will always be most welcome," said the mother.

And the daughter smiled a bewitching invitation, which was full as cordial as if it had not been silent.

The restored little brother was then lifted into the carriage—enthusiastic thanks and good-bys repeated to all who had been engaged in the good office of finding the lost sheep—and the wheels rattled away.

Between the station-house and Twenty-third Street Master Augustus had his inquisitiveness on the subject of the parental bread-making relieved; but, to his bitter disappointment, only by finding—as is the case with so many, alas! of our earlier roseate visions—that it was not literal, but figurative.

THE FIRST COLONISTS OF FLORIDA.

THE materials for history, like wine, increase in value by age. Passing events are the topics of conversation to-day, and drift off before the encroaching waves of to-morrow. A thousand years pass by, and those same events are carefully and painfully dug out from under the rubbish of centuries, and prized above diamonds by the historian. In former times it was not easy to preserve the materials necessary to the complete history of a nation. The books and manuscripts which furnish them for the present historian deal mostly with great events, which form only the skeleton of history; while the flesh and blood and life are wanting. The newspapers of the present age, while laboring only to give the important news of the day, are unconsciously treasuring up materials of incalculable value for the future historian. What a mine of wealth would the files of a paper be which should give as full and detailed an account of each action fought during the Revolutionary War as the papers of to-day furnish of every battle fought in every quarter of the globe! Still there is much matter intimately connected with the history of this country hidden away in old chronicles which has never yet been disentombed.

The colonization of New England, New York, and Virginia is pretty well understood; but the history of the discoveries and early colonization of the Southern coast is not so familiar. Yet it is full of romance. For bold adventure, hardships, suffering, and bravery, it stands unrivaled in the annals of any country. The boundless wealth of gold and jewels discovered in the West India islands and on the Isthmus of Panama filled the Gulf of Mexico with bands of explorers ready for any expedition, however hazardous. These were the discoverers of our Southern coast, and planted the first colonies there. Yet, with the exception of a few, how little of their history is familiarly known to us! The marvelous adventures of Father Hennepin and De Soto are read with thrilling interest; but who can give us a personal narrative of Cartier, Roberval, Cortereal, and others, who, in fact, stand in the portals of our history? A painting for the national capital is yet to be executed, composed of all the portraits of the early discoverers of different portions of this country, with Columbus for the central figure. This will be a history in itself.

Spain having discovered the New World, and taken possession of the largest of the West India islands, left the less tempting regions of the North to England and France. Still, expeditions from these countries to the regions of tropical verdure and exhaustless gold were occasionally made. Thus France, in exploring the mysterious waters of the Gulf of Mexico, which was the centre of attraction to the civilized world, discovered and took possession of Florida. The Cabots, it is said, discovered it in 1417; but they did not land—they only sailed along the coast. Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1512, landed in north latitude thirty degrees eight minutes, and named the country Florida. He, however, planted no colony.

Sixteen years after a Spaniard, Pamphilo de Narvaez, left some men on it, most of whom perished. A few, however, managed to subsist for a time on an adjacent island, which they called *Malhado*, from the miseries they endured while they remained upon it. They revolved various schemes by which they might escape, but before any could be put in execution a distemper broke out among the Indians in the country, which the latter attributed to the presence of the Spaniards. Having implicit faith in their power to cure the disease they had produced, the Indians compelled them to lay their hands upon the patient's stomach and exorcise the evil spirit. The poor Spaniards were in a terrible dilemma at this demand, but they were obliged to go through the prescribed ceremony. This they did in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, at the same time repeating the Lord's Prayer. Whether the faith of the poor Indian, like that of those afflicted with the king's evil whom the touch of the English monarch healed, effected his recovery or not, these Spaniards assert that they in almost every case relieved the patient.

In the mean time provisions became so scarce

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that the Indians had to separate in different directions to obtain food. In doing this they divided the Spaniards among them, who thus became separated, and had to abandon all attempts to get away. Some months after, however, they came together again, and found there were fourteen left of them. They then planned an escape, but were again separated, and thus remained six years. Their apparel soon wore out, and they lived entirely naked like the savages. They at length, however, late in autumn, effected their escape, and struck westward. Coming to a tribe of Indians who had heard of their wonderful power in curing disease, they were received by them with such demonstrations of joy and hospitality that they passed the winter with them. In the spring, however, they again set out on their unknown journey. The account of their adventures reads more like a romance than a narrative of actual experience. Now subsisting on nuts, and again nearly perished with famine, these naked fugitives passed from tribe to tribe, struggling to escape from the apparently endless wilderness, and reach some Spanish colony on the coast of the South Sea.

At length they came to a tribe that did not live on nuts and roots, but raised beans, pumpkins, and onions. The women and men were dressed in deer-skins, and seemed far in advance of the other tribes in civilization. Here the poor Spaniards having obtained deer-skin cloaks, once more struck into the pathless wilderness, and kept on for two months, one after another perishing by the way, till at last only four remained. These finally came to a tribe, one of whose number had a sword-belt and a horse-shoe hung round his neck by way of ornament. The Spaniards were startled at the sight of these familiar objects, and eagerly inquired of the Indian where he obtained them. He at first replied that the Great Spirit gave them to him; but on being more closely questioned, confessed that some Spaniards had been there and left them. Overjoyed at this unexpected good news they inquired in what direction they had gone, and having ascertained, eagerly pressed forward, believing that they must be in the neighborhood of some Spanish colony or company of explorers. A few days after they suddenly came upon four horsemen. The cavaliers were so astounded at the strange appearance of these men, who spoke the Spanish language, that for some time they could not reply to their eager questioning. When they did, they informed them that they were in New Galicia, and only thirty leagues from the town of St. Michael.

With them the last white man disappeared from Florida, and it lapsed again into its primeval savage solitude, and remained so for ten years. At the end of that time Ferdinand de Soto landed at Espiritu Santo, and commenced that wonderful march through the wilderness to the Mississippi, the termination of which he was doomed never to see.

In 1562—twenty-four years after—a colony was sent out from France under the guidance of Ribaud, who was commissioned by the king. Reaching Florida in safety, he landed at Port Royal on the 14th of August, and began to erect a fort. The little colony numbered three hundred, part of whom were soldiers to protect them from the Indians, and the others artisans and their wives, who were to plant the seeds of a future empire. The fort was not established at the mouth of the river, but some little distance inland.

That little colony presented one of those strange, picturesque, and absorbing scenes with which the early settlement of our country abounds. In the old world nations in masses drove out nations; and even in conquering Spanish America strong and well-disciplined armies, like those under Pizarro and Cortez, hewed their way with the sword through the hosts of barbarians that swarmed on their path. But in that portion of the American continent which forms this Republic, feeble colonies of men, women, and children set themselves down, mere specks on the edge of the boundless wilderness, and alone, and single-handed, fought and toiled their way up to empire. To one who could take in with a single glance this vast continent, those little gashes first made in the wilderness could scarcely be discerned; but they gradually widened and extended, till now they reach from ocean to ocean.

The colonists landed at Mary River, and at once set to work. The broad deep current swept on in silent majesty to the sea—great tropical trees stood in ranks along its margin, and cast their shadows over the frail vessels that swung at anchor on its bosom; while the shores rung with the sound of the axe and the delving spade as they surrounded themselves with the means of protection. Day after day passed away, during which the colonists worked cheerfully—the neighboring sea tempering the tropical heat—till at length their defenses began to assume a somewhat formidable appearance.

Nearly three weeks had thus passed quietly away—the Indians remaining friendly—and all was sunshine around the little colony, when, to their dismay, they saw one morning three Spanish ships sweep round the forest and drop anchor in front of their fort. The French commander immediately sent a messenger to demand the reason of this visit. The Spaniards haughtily replied that they came as enemies, for the whole country belonged to the Spanish crown. The French commander, suspecting no danger except from treachery on the part of the Indians, and the little colony needing all the help that could be afforded to finish the defenses, had sent on shore all but the sailors necessary to man the ships. Seeing the Spanish decks swarming with troops he endeavored to gain time by negotiation, for he knew that the first attempt to reembark his soldiers would be the signal of attack. He succeeded in this until night, when, under cover of the darkness, he noiselessly dropped down the river, and, hoisting sail, stood out to sea.

The Spaniard at daybreak discovered the trick that had been played him, and immediately gave

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chase. After cruising about for several days without finding the enemy he resolved to return to the fort. In the mean time the French commander, after sinking the land, made a wide sweep, and came back himself to the fort, which he reached first. Hastily re-embarking his soldiers, and indeed most of the men capable of bearing arms, he in turn became the pursuer, and set out in search of the Spaniards. He found them at the mouth of the river, where they had secretly landed a strong body of men to tamper with the Indians, and with their aid take the fort by stratagem. The next morning the two little fleets got ready for action. The fact that they were Christians of the same creed, the effect of the boundless solitude that surrounded them, and the imposing mysteries in which they were enveloped, could not subdue their lust of gold and of territory. But as the white sails of the diminutive squadrons were given to the breeze on the morning of the 11th of September a strange weird light fell upon sea and land, and heavy shadows crept over the moaning deep. The aspect of the heavens rapidly changed; the sun seemed suddenly blotted out, and an inky blackness spread itself over the sky. The combatants had already begun to approach each other when this threatening fearful appearance of nature arrested them. In a known sea, where dangerous storms were expected, this silent, solemn, rapid summoning of the elements to battle would have been appalling; yet here, on the borders of an unknown world, where they were ever surrounded by mysteries, it was to these superstitious men still more alarming. They looked at each other in dismay, and their faces wore a ghastly hue in the deep twilight that had succeeded the bright sunrise like a sudden eclipse. This state of frightful suspense soon gave way to terror; for the black vault above them suddenly gaped and shot forth flame. In a moment the whole heavens were on fire, as if the final conflagration had come, turning the very sea into flame, that shook and trembled under the heavy peals of thunder which incessantly rolled over it. Then came the deluge, beating down the waves that the hurricane strove in vain to lift. The ships could not see each other except when the sheets of fire shot from the sky into the water. Then each spar and rope stood out in bright lines against the heavens, to be swallowed up the next moment in the blackness of darkness. Hour after hour it thundered and lightened and stormed with a strength and terror to which they had hitherto been strangers. At length the thunder and lightning grew less violent and vivid, but the gale continued to blow, lasting twelve days, and scattering the hostile vessels, half wrecked, over the deep.

In the mean time the Spanish force which had landed did not remain idle. After the storm had ceased they began to bribe the Indians and make reconnoissances of the fort. Although but few remained to defend it except invalids, artisans, women, and children, Captain Laudonniere, who commanded, recommended vigilance, and declared that if each would do his duty they would be able to defeat all attempts of the enemy to enter the fort. But as day after day passed by and no attack was made they became less vigilant, and, wearied by their incessant watching, the men on guard snatched a short repose. The wily savage, constantly on the alert though himself unseen, immediately reported the absence of the guard to the Spaniards. They resolved at once to take advantage of this remissness, and, led on by the Indians, suddenly fell, with wild and savage shouts, upon the unsuspecting colonists. It was just before daybreak, and amidst the darkness and confusion and uproar no regular defense could be made, and after a short, hopeless resistance the fort was taken.

Then followed a scene which rivaled even savage ferocity and barbarity. As the Spaniards swarmed through the inclosure some succeeded in escaping in the darkness to one of the ships that lay in the river, some leaped the palisades and fled into the surrounding forest, among whom was the Captain; but the greater part were savagely butchered. No quarter was given—the well and sick—men, women, and children—were indiscriminately slaughtered, amidst the most piteous shrieks and cries for mercy; and when the September sun arose over the wilderness he looked on a sight sad enough to move the heart of a savage. The strong and the weak, the old and the young, lay scattered around, hewn into bleeding fragments, while the Indians pondered in amazement on this their first lesson in Christianity.

One of those who escaped into the forest said that he groped around in the darkness till daybreak, when he was startled by hearing two men crying for food and a third praying. Joining these, who proved to be fugitives like himself, they all continued to wander about they knew not whither, but picking up occasionally other stragglers until they formed a little company. After threading the mazes of the tropical wilderness all day and night without food, and without the faintest idea whither they were going, they came to a halt and deliberated on what they had better do.

One of the number, being utterly disheartened, proposed they should surrender themselves to the Spaniards.

"Brothers," said he, "we are in a sad extremity. Every thing is against us. Heaven, the elements (for the rain was now pouring down), the Spaniards, the forest—all are against us. Nothing is in our favor. What shall we do? If we surrender, perhaps we shall be slain. Well, suppose we are, we shall not suffer long. But maybe the Spaniards will not murder us—they are men, and it is possible their vengeance is satisfied, and they may grant us some terms and treat us as prisoners of war. At any rate, what else can we do? Is it not better to fall into the hands of men than into the claws of wild beasts, or die of famine in the woods?"

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To this proposal the majority assented. One, however, pluckier than the rest, remonstrated: "What!" he said, "trust to the cruelty and ferocity of the Spaniards! Never! Trust, rather, in God." He then went on to speak of Elias and Daniel and the other prophets whose trust was always rewarded—of Peter and Paul, saved in worse extremities—and said that the arm that rescued them was still strong and could deliver. "Don't forget the flight of the Israelites!" he exclaimed. "What chance of escape had they? Behind them was the foe; before them the sea; on each side the mountains. What then? The Lord opened the sea for them, and ingulfed their enemies in it. If he did such things for those who trusted in him, surely he can take care of us in these woods."

It was a strange spectacle, this little group of fugitives deliberating the question of life and death in the Florida wilderness, and it must be confessed there seemed nothing left them but faith. This appeal to the religious sentiment had its effect. Six, however, exhausted, wretched, and frightened at the sights and sounds that encountered them at every step in the dense forest, resolved to surrender themselves to the Spaniards. They soon found out, as their companion had predicted, that it would be better to trust to any thing rather than the mercy of the cruel and ferocious Spaniards, for it was afterward discovered that they gave them short shrift.

The parting of these companions in misfortune was a sad one, for all felt that they should never see each other again. Those who remained in the forest were certain that death would be the doom of their comrades who were about to surrender themselves to the Spaniards; while the latter felt equally certain that the same fate awaited those who staid behind, only prolonged and made ten-fold more bitter by famine and sufferings. Having embraced for the last time, and commended each to the mercy of God, they separated. The six turned their faces again toward the fort, and slowly marched forward, prepared for any fate that might be in store for them.

As they drew near the little clearing that surrounded the fort they heard the cries and shouts of the Spaniards, yet they pressed tremblingly on. As soon as they cleared the woods they were discovered by the Spaniards, who rushed fiercely toward them. The poor Frenchmen threw up their hands beseechingly, and falling on their knees, humbly begged for mercy. The appeal was met with taunts and derisive laughter. The Spaniards rushed on them with savage shouts, and seizing them by the hair and arms, dragged them into the fort. With fiendish cruelty they pulled them up to the mangled corpses of the men, women, and children that lay about in scattered fragments, and laughed at the expression of horror that stole over their faces. They then took them, one by one, and chopped them up as they had the others.

In the mean time Ribaud returned with a part of his ships, and anchored within a few hundred feet of the fort. The Spaniards immediately opened on him with his own guns, which had been mounted since he left. These, however, owing to the incompleteness of the works, had not yet been got in range, and hence could do but little damage. After firing a while, they sent a trumpeter to the shore, who summoned him to surrender. Ribaud sternly refused. They then sent a colonel with the proposition that if the French would surrender the ships they might have the batteaux lying in the river, and transport all their goods to them, and depart unmolested. Ribaud replied that France had no quarrel with Spain; that the two nations were at peace; that he had been sent six months ago, with a full commission from his king, to establish this colony; that he was specially instructed to make no descent on Spanish territory, or make exactions of any one, and not even to approach a Spanish colony for fear of giving offense. With these instructions he said he had strictly complied, and done nothing to offend the Spaniards, much less to provoke this cruel, barbarous massacre. "As to the ships which you demand," said he, "you can't have them unless you prove the strongest; for I shall employ all the means God has put in my power to keep them." The colonel then took leave, and reported on shore the result of his mission.

The rage of the Spaniards at this cool defiance burst over all bounds. They leaped about, brandishing their weapons, and rushed toward the shore uttering shouts of vengeance. Finding they could not reach their living foes, they again attacked the dead, and held up the mutilated fragments with derisive shouts and mocking language. Their ferocity, maddened by its own powerlessness, grew wilder; and gouging out the eyes from the trunkless heads, they took them and the dissevered feet and arms and plucked-out tongues in their hands, and rushing to the shore, hurled them, with bitter taunts and mad shouts, toward the ships. The bloody fragments fell in a shower into the water, leaving purple streaks where they sunk. The French, unable to look on the distressing, horrid spectacle, turned their faces the other way.

At length the Spaniards became tired of this useless display of ferocity, and returned, in baffled and disappointed rage, to the fort, and the shades of the September night shut out this strange scene with which the history of Florida commences.

In the mean time those in the woods, ignorant of the fate of their companions, continued to thread the labyrinths of the forest, endeavoring to find their way to the sea-shore. They made, as they supposed, a wide detour to escape the fort; but without guide or compass, they soon got hopelessly lost. They were totally ignorant which way they were going, for there was no sun or stars to guide them, while on every side the limited prospect was the same. Hungry, weary, and half-clad, they continued to toil on, upheld only by that firm trust in a merciful Heaven with which they had parted from their companions. At length they came to a high hill, from the top

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of which they could discern the sea, though it appeared to be a great distance off, while the country between presented a sad alternation of hills and streams and marshes that seemed almost impassable. They however took courage from the sight of the sea, as though its inhospitable bosom would furnish them protection and a home. Vain as this expectation seems, still there was *some* hope of succor if they could once reach the shore, while in the woods certain death awaited them. Without arms with which to supply themselves with food—exposed to hidden serpents and ferocious beasts, and savages still more to be dreaded—they thought if they could once stand by the open sea most of these dangers would be escaped, while they hoped to see some of their own ships passing by or waiting near to receive any fugitives that might have escaped.

Not daring to deviate from a straight line, as they had no compass, they took their course, and moved straight forward. As they began to descend the mountain, they found their path crossed by precipices and rocks rolled into confusion. Down and over these they swung themselves as they best could, and struggled on hour after hour, lacerated and torn and bleeding. Catching the branch of a tree, they would swing off the face of a precipice, and passing hand over hand to the trunk, descend to the base. Pushing each other up and easing each other down the huge rocks, they worked their way slowly forward. Often hanging in mid-air, they saved their lives only at the expense of gashed and bloody hands. At last they reached the bottom and paused to breathe. Alas! the sea was no longer visible, while a few rods in advance the deep tropical vegetation shut out the mountain—their only landmark—and even the overcast sky itself except in mere patches; for it was perpetual twilight there even in mid-day. Guessing at their course, they came at length to a ridge, over which they scrambled, impeded at every step by the thorns and briers, which soon tore away nearly all that was left of their scanty clothing, and left their bodies seamed and bloody. At the foot they found a broad marsh, through which they floundered, sinking deeper and deeper at every step. To increase their misery and complete their discouragement, a tropical thunder-storm just then burst upon them, so that they literally marched between two floods—one above and one below. At length, in utter discouragement, they stopped and looked at each other in mute interrogation; but inevitable death was behind them: there was nothing left them but to advance; and with bowed forms and in dead silence they staggered forward. But as they advanced the water continued to grow deeper, and there seemed no end to this fearful everglade. Hope now seemed blotted out, and almost simultaneously they began to groan and cry to God for help. Stopping, they embraced each other with streaming eyes, and, falling on their knees, sent up a piteous supplication to Heaven to be saved from the awful death that threatened them. Broken and humbled to the earth, they confessed their great wickedness, and concluded their prayer by imploring, if they must die there, to be enabled to die like Christians—calmly, and not in frenzy and defiance. "Spirit of Christ," said they, "cast out Satan; for if we must die, let us die in faith, so that we may live again amidst the saints in heaven!"

Prayer being ended, they arose, and, bending under the pitiless storm, with the water to their waists, waded slowly forward, though sinking deeper and deeper at every step. At length they came to a deep, broad river, rolling turbidly through the marsh, the overflow of which had made the shallow lake through which they had been so long wading. Here the poor fellows paused and gave up in despair, while tears, such as strong men shed only when overtasked nature can do and suffer no more, rolled down their cheeks. They dared not attempt to swim the stream, for the current, swollen by the recent storms, was wild and rapid. They stood for a while grouped together in the water, and asked in dismay what next was to be done. At length one of the number, recollecting the forest they had left far behind, told them to wait where they were, and keep up good courage, and put their trust in God. Leaving them lost in conjecture at his strange language and conduct, he waded back to the woods, and found a portion of a dead tree, which he floated back to the river. As he drew near he shouted, "See here, this log will help us over!" His plan was simple, and soon explained. Each one was to put his arm around the log and wade in as far as he could, carrying it along, and when they all got beyond their depth swim with it as a buoy. They did so, and soon found themselves launched on the turbulent flood. Now shooting rapidly down stream, and now completely submerged in the waves, they still held bravely on, and, though carried far down by the current, continued to approach slowly the farther side, and at length reached it in safety, though nearly overcome with the effort. The spot where they landed was a high bank, which proved to be dangerous as the river. In their exhausted state it was almost impossible to pull themselves by the roots to the top. They finally succeeded, however, and sat down, half dead, to breathe. After comparing notes, they took courage, and spoke cheerfully of final deliverance; for they all agreed that they were in an immense forest, which they had observed from the top of the mountain to stretch nearly to the sea.

Resuming their march they came to a smaller stream, which they passed in the same way as the other, and at evening, to their great joy, emerged from the woods upon a desert plain. They now believed themselves near the sea, and, worn and hungry, resolved to wait for the revelations of the morning. They dared not encamp, and so each selected a tree and leaned against it to snatch a little repose. Though completely worn out they could not sleep from fear; for the neighboring forest was alive with the strange and discordant sounds of wild beasts. Almost

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entirely naked, they stood crouching in the darkness against the wet trees, watching anxiously for the first gray streak of dawn.

Just before daybreak there suddenly flashed out in the darkness two flaming fire-balls. By the dim starlight the animal to which they belonged was magnified four-fold, and seemed to the terrified Frenchmen a monster of unearthly size. It was hump-backed, with a huge shaggy head, in the centre of which sparkled those two orbs of fire. Trembling in every limb, they stood still and gazed fixedly upon it, daring neither to speak nor run. The huge animal emitted no sound nor offered to approach, but stood for a long time steadily gazing on those forms that seemed a part of the trees, so moveless were they. At length, having satisfied its curiosity, it moved leisurely away into the forest, and the Frenchmen heaved a sigh of relief.

Soon after the welcome light of morning broke over the desolate scene, and, after kneeling and thanking Heaven for the preservation of the night, the hungry wretches pushed on in the direction they supposed the sea to lie. Though they had escaped the forests they had little cause for congratulation, for the country over which they now toiled was one vast marsh covered with water and reeds, and in some places so miry they could scarcely place one foot before another. Still sustained by the belief that they were approaching the sea they toiled hopefully forward, though with empty stomachs and aching bones. The sea offering the only way of escape to them, they had fixed their entire thought upon it. There had been no other topic of conversation, no other subject of meditation by day or night, till the sea had come to fill the whole horizon of their vision. They dreamed of the sea, strained their eyes constantly forward for the first gleam of its blue waters, just as if the sea could give them food and clothing and safety. When they should reach it, what would its heavy swell, as it crashed on the desolate strand, speak to them of hope and safety! What could they find in the broad and blue expanse, over which only the sea-gull was to be seen as he swung lazily after his prey, to inspire cheerful thoughts? Yet they had yearned toward it so long and intensely, as the last refuge of despair, that it had become, for the time being, the Ultima Thule of their expectations and desires.

Pressing on, they would ever and anon pause to listen if they could not hear the far-off roar of waves; but the same oppressive silence reigned over the barren waste—the same monotonous prospect met them at every step.

In the latter part of the afternoon they discovered in the distance human figures moving about among the reeds. They stopped and scrutinized them carefully, and finally concluded they were either Spaniards, or Indians sent by them, to stop their way. There was, however, now no retreat; they must meet whatever lay before them, and they resolved to continue their march. As they drew nearer they discovered, to their great surprise and joy, that those unclad forms were fugitives, like themselves, who had escaped from the fort in a different direction, and sought safety in the forest, and were also seeking the sea. Among them was the Captain of the fort, the chamber-maid, and many other men and women—twenty-six in all—entirely naked, and suffering the extremes of fatigue and hunger. It was a sad meeting, in a sad and desolate place. Yet it inspired new hope, and gave new courage.

After the first eager inquiries were over they deliberated together as to the course they should pursue. Seeing some high trees a little distance ahead, standing alone in the marsh, they resolved to proceed thither, and send some of the strongest to the top to scan the vast level. They did so, and two, climbing hastily the tall stems, were able to see, far away, the blue ocean, and nearer by, in a sort of bayou or creek, one of their own vessels, which, it afterward was ascertained, had come there on purpose to succor any stragglers that might endeavor to reach the sea-coast. Its commander kept a sharp look-out, and no sooner was a signal hoisted from the tree-tops than it was answered from the ship. A shout immediately fell from those on watch, answered with a will by the naked, famished group below. In a few minutes a boat was seen to put off and pull for the shore. As the men descended and reported this, the joy of the half-starved company broke forth in passionate exclamations; but when they reported also that between them and the boat was a vast marsh and two broad stretches of water, hope gave way again to despair.

On inquiry, however, it was ascertained that both parties had crossed the streams that barred their passage to the sea in the same manner; and fearing, as they left the forest, that they would be unable to pass other streams which they might encounter, they, though borne down with fatigue, had carried these sticks of timber with them. These they now proposed to lash together and make a light raft, with which to pass the water spaces between them and their friends. The distance to the first river was great, and the ground so impassable, that it seemed for a while as if their combined strength could not get the logs along. But some of the sailors who were among the fugitives took hold and bore the pieces to the water.

They at length reached the boat, and the demand for exertion having ceased, they threw themselves into the bottom, and were rowed, more dead than alive, to the ship. Here bread and water and clothing were furnished them, and gradually they came back to life and joyful consciousness of their deliverance. They then assembled together on deck, and publicly thanked Heaven that had saved them, against hope, through infinite dangers and death which had beset them on all sides so long. Though longing for repose, they could not sleep, for those on board kept them awake nearly all night recounting their marvelous adventures, sufferings, and perils.

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There is an additional account given by some of the old chronicles, which it is not easy to reconcile with that related by others. As we have stated before, after the fort was taken, and the tempest somewhat subsided, some of the French ships returned from their pursuit of the Spaniards. One vessel which perished in the storm was cast ashore some fifteen leagues from the fort. The entire crew, however, escaped, except one, and were soon exposed to all the horrors of famine on the desolate coast. After living on roots and herbs eight days, they, in their wanderings, according to one writer, came upon a little boat, in which they were determined to go to the fort, of whose fate they were ignorant. It was not large enough, however, to carry them all, and Jean Ribaud, in the extremity, called a council and addressed them, saying that it was impossible to live long where they were, and as the boat could carry but a small number, he advised that some should take it, and go to the fort for relief. He and fifteen others were selected to undertake the mission. Before they set sail, however, a Spanish bark arrived, the commander of which, perceiving their ignorance of what had occurred, spoke them fair, and persuaded Ribaud and thirty others to accompany him to the fort. When he had got them in his power he chained them two and two, and before they reached the fort butchered the whole. Ribaud pleaded the Spaniard's promise, but in vain. He was struck with a dagger from behind, and thrown down. Before he could rise the blows were repeated till he was dead. He was then dismembered, and his head cut into four parts, and stuck on the four corners of the fort.

This does not agree with the account given by others, who state that Ribaud returned in safety to France. Whether the discrepancy grows out of the fact that there were two Ribauds, Jean and Jacques, and one of them perished in this manner, it is impossible to say. It is probable that the deception and massacre occurred, as there could be no inducement to invent the story, as it does not in the least enhance the atrocity and cruelty of the Spaniards.

Having waited a sufficient time to receive all the fugitives that might have fled to the forest, the captain joined the only remaining ship that had survived the tempest, and called a conference to decide on their future course. The few that remained of those three hundred colonists presented a sad spectacle as they assembled on deck and talked over their prospects. A short distance up the river, that rolled its current tranquilly into the sea, as if in mockery of their woes, stood their captured fort, still reeking with the blood of their comrades. Near by, the beach was strewn with the shattered timbers of one of their vessels. Of the seven ships that started with such buoyant hearts from the shores of France these two only remained to carry back the shattered fortunes of the colony. The long stretch of wilderness that bounded the horizon looked gloomier than ever, and the vast sea to be traversed seemed almost boundless to their aching hearts. There was, however, no chance for divided opinion in that little council. The fort in the hands of their enemies, its inmates massacred, most of the munitions of war seized, and their fleet dispersed, it was hopeless to attempt to re-establish themselves on the coast. There remained but the sad alternative to retrace their way across the broad Atlantic. This being decided upon, the survivors were equally divided between the two ships, and on the 27th of September they turned their prows homeward.

Only about three weeks had transpired since they had arrived at that spot, full of visions of gold and future greatness; yet in that short period, as they looked back upon it, there seemed crowded the events of a lifetime. Then the glad shouts of Land ho! rang from ship to ship, and merry sounds broke the stillness of the solitary scene. Now, sorrow and gloomy forebodings sealed the lips in silence, and even the voices of the sailors, as they sheeted home the canvas, lacked the ordinary excitement of "homeward bound."

It seemed as if fate was determined to push this little band to despair, for scarcely had the land disappeared when a furious storm arose.

But as if the howling wind and the pitiless deep were not enough of themselves to cast down their hearts, a Spanish vessel hove in sight and bore steadily down upon them, and soon her guns boomed louder than the storm. The French, however, instead of being disheartened by this new danger, were filled with the thirst for vengeance. The sight of the enemy which had wrought them such foul wrong made them forget every thing else, and they closed with the Spaniards with a ferocity that astonished them. They made such deadly work on the deck that in a short time the blood was seen trickling from the scuppers. But for the tremendous sea running, they would have lashed themselves to the hostile vessel and massacred every man on board. The Spaniard, finding himself so roughly handled, hoisted sail and bore away. The French lost but one man, the cook. Without further mishaps they reached their native land in safety.

Thus began and ended the first and only French colony in Florida. Although, from this time, France abandoned forever all attempts at colonization, she determined on vengeance.

The story of the massacre, with its attendant atrocities, created an immense sensation in France, and it was expected that an expedition would immediately be fitted out to chastise the Spaniards and avenge the insulted honor of France. But between the negotiations that followed and fear of provoking a war nothing was done for three years.

At length a determined man, Captain Dominique de Gourges, resolved to avenge his countrymen and punish the insult to France on his own responsibility. He had acquired a reputation both for skill and bravery in Scotland and Piedmont, and was well fitted by nature and experience to be the leader of such an expedition.

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He declared to his intimate friends that he would avenge the cruelty of the Spaniards or die in the attempt. He had no means of his own, and would not ask the aid of Government, as he wished not to implicate it, and wished also the expedition to be a secret one; for he knew that any open preparation would send a Spanish fleet to the aid of the Spaniards. Appealing to his personal friends, Gourges borrowed sufficient money from them to buy and equip three vessels. Not daring to reveal his true object lest he might not be able to get volunteers for so hazardous an enterprise, and one which promised no booty, he gave out that he was going to the coast of Africa for slaves. He was thus enabled to collect a daring crew, and one well calculated to carry out the terrible revenge he had planned.

Having obtained 500 volunteers, and laying in provisions for a year, he set sail from Bordeaux on the 2d of August. A heavy storm, however, arose, which kept them from going to sea for eight days. This bold adventurer chafed under the long delay, and saw, with ill-concealed irritation, eight days' provisions consumed in port. He at length stood out to sea, but had not gone far beyond Rochelle when another storm drove him into port and imprisoned him eight days more. The crew looked on this as a bad omen, and began to show signs of discontent.

At last the heavens cleared up, and Captain Gourges once more hoisted sail and bore away for the coast of Spain; but when off Cape Finisterre he was met by another fearful storm. For days the crowded little vessels lay at the mercy of the waves—one was driven out of sight, and did not make her appearance again for nearly a week. The men, frantic with fear, gathered around the Captain, and begged him to return to France and give up the ill-starred expedition; but the bold man sternly refused. When the storm broke he went into a river of Barbary to recruit. Putting to sea again, he sailed to Cape Blanc, where, on landing, he was assailed by a host of barbarians, whom he repulsed with great loss. He proceeded thence to Cape Verd, when he took the open sea and stretched boldly across the Atlantic.

It was no ordinary determination that dared thus to carry out a deliberate deception on 500 men. Reaching Cuba, he assembled them on shore, and, for the first time, revealed his destination and the object of his expedition. At first the men were speechless with amazement and consternation. Instead of obtaining a rich prize on the African coast, they had crossed the Atlantic for the sole purpose of storming a Spanish fort.

But Captain Gourges was prepared for this critical emergency, and instead of endeavoring to pacify them with fair words and promises, he told them the story of the massacre. He described the colonists, spoke of their peaceable intentions and fair prospects until the arrival of the Spaniards. He then passed on to the fatal night of the assault. The terrific scene which, for two long years, had ever been present to his imagination, till his whole being was concentrated into one burning desire for vengeance, he portrayed before them. He made the air ring once more with the shrieks of the women, the cries of the children, and vain prayers of the sick. He dwelt on individual cases of cruelty; described with terrible minuteness the frightful spectacle the ground presented strewn with the bleeding fragments of the hewn and hacked bodies; and, finally, in language that chilled the blood in their veins, told them of the last insult, when the Spaniards with curses and taunts hurled feet and arms and heads toward the French ships. He melted them to pity one moment, and the next kindled into frightful intensity the thirst for vengeance. In their excitement the men forgot the deception that had been practiced on them, and when the Captain closed one feeling pervaded every heart, the same light blazed in every eye, and there passed through the crowd one deep oath of vengeance, and with loud shouts they swore they would follow him to the death.

Taking advantage of the full moon to navigate the Bahamas, he soon came in sight of Florida.

The Spaniards, in addition to the French fort which had been built some distance up the river, had erected two other forts at the mouth of the river on either bank. As the French hove in sight the Spaniards, thinking they were Spanish vessels, fired a salute. Gourges, to confirm the delusion, returned it, and kept on till night, when he changed his course and came back to within twenty or thirty miles of the forts, and entered a small river to escape observation. In the morning he found the shore lined with savages. He had expected this, and knowing with what cruelty the Spaniards invariably treated the natives, had calculated on making them his allies.

At Porto Rico he found a French trumpeter who was formerly with the French in Florida, well known by the Indians, and understood somewhat their language. This man he had taken along as an interpreter, and now sent him ashore to speak with the Indians. They immediately recognized him, and began to dance with joy. They asked about the ships, and what they had come for. He replied that they were French, and had come to renew their friendship with the chiefs and bring presents. One chief, named Santerina, sent a messenger to Captain Gourges to know if that was so. The Captain replied that it was, but said nothing about the enterprise till he could sound him on his feelings toward the Spaniards. They then danced again, and shouted to show their delight.

The Captain, after an interchange of civilities, dismissed Santerina with the request to bring next day all the chiefs who were his allies to see him. As soon as the Indians had departed he sent his pilot to sound the river farther up so as to conceal his ships more effectually. The next day the chief with a host of his allies presented himself. The Captain went ashore with his soldiers; but the Indians would not approach so long as they retained their arms, and to show their own

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peaceable intentions threw their bows and arrows and knives on the ground. The Captain ordered his men to lay aside every thing but their swords when the chief advanced to meet him. The Captain and Santerina sat down together on a moss-covered log while the Indians cleared a space around them by pulling up all the weeds and grass, and removing the rubbish. The Captain then began to sound the chief, but he was saved all diplomacy, for the latter interrupted him with a tirade against the Spaniards. He said the Indians had not had a good day since the French left Florida. The Spaniards had fought them all the time—driven them from their homes, and hunted them like wild beasts through the forest. They had seized and violated their wives, and ravished their daughters, in broad daylight, before their eyes, and heaped wrong and insult without measure upon their defenseless heads, and all because they had been friendly to the French. He said they had one French child among them saved from the massacre whom the Spaniards had tried to get possession of to kill him, but he prevented them.

The way was now clear to the Captain, and without any circumlocution he told him that he was about to punish the Spaniards and avenge the wrongs of the Indian. Santerina was beside himself with joy, and exclaimed, "How happy we shall be!" The Captain then remarked that he supposed the chiefs would like to volunteer their aid, and share the pleasure and honor of chastising the Spaniards. "Yes," exclaimed the chief, "we will, and will all die for you!"

The Captain, having obtained all he wanted, thanked and praised the chiefs, and bestowed presents upon them. Thinking it was best to strike while the iron was hot, he asked the chief how long it would take to assemble his warriors. "In three days," said he, "I'll be here again and ready." The Captain then bade him to depart at once, but be careful and keep his secret lest their plans should reach the Spaniards. The chief promised, saying: "We hate the Spaniards worse than you do." "Well," said the Captain, "then hurry, but leave me three of your best men to assist me in reconnoitring the forts while you are gone." He did so; and in a few minutes the last of the savages disappeared with long bounds into the surrounding forest, and the Captain returned to his ship.

In three days, at the same hour in the morning, Santerina, followed by his painted warriors, burst, with a war-shout, from the dark forest, and drew up on the bank of the river. No time was now to be lost; and the Captain, who had made his reconnoissance, appointed a place of rendezvous on a stream not far from the fort, and dismissed them.

When they were gone he assembled his men and harangued them. He told them it was a perilous undertaking in which they were embarked, for there were three forts garrisoned with 400 men, and defended by cannon, which they must carry sword in hand or die in the attempt. The men answered with enthusiastic shouts, and demanded to be led on. The Captain next addressed the sailors, whom he was to leave in charge of the ships, and gave them his last instructions, telling them if he did not return by a certain time they might know he was dead, and must make the best of their way back to France. The sailors wept, and embraced their friends as those whom they never should see again.

The Captain then embarked his men in launches and steered for the place of rendezvous. When he arrived there, he found his allies waiting for him. After the Indians should be carried across, he directed that the bark should make its way carefully to the River Mary, on which the forts stood, and lie concealed until the first fort was taken, and then hasten up to transport his troops across to the second fort. While the savages were being brought over, the Captain, though he had eaten nothing for nearly twenty-four hours, hastened forward with a small party to reconnoitre. Coming to a small river running parrallel to the one on which the forts stood, and near them, he found to his chagrin that, owing to the high tide, it could not be forded. One of the chiefs then took him farther up stream, where he thought it could be passed; but there had been a strong wind the day before, which had made the tide higher than usual, and he could not get over. He noticed, however, that the water was falling. Returning to his men, he directed them to remain where they were till morning. Soon after dark a heavy rain set in, drenching them to the skin and flooding the ground with water. The Captain's chief anxiety, however, was for the ammunition and arms of his followers.

The hours dragged slowly on, but at length the morning broke clear and bright. The brisk west wind that swayed the tree-tops overhead revived the drooping spirits of the men, and they were once more eager to be led on. The Captain again reconnoitred, and found the stream so shallow that it could be easily passed. The Spaniards had cleared the ground to a great extent between them and the stream that ran near, but had in one place left a clump of trees running from the fort to the bank. The Captain immediately resolved to cross under cover of this. He did so—the soldiers lifting their arms, and the Indians their bows, above their heads as they waded over the sharp oyster-beds to the farther side. As soon as all were across the Captain arranged his little band behind the woods, and made known his plan of attack, which, however, was frustrated by the unforeseen conduct of the Spaniards.

When all was ready he addressed them, saying they had now reached the object for which they had toiled so long, and the hour of vengeance was come. He expressed his confidence in their bravery, and said that their faces assured him that they would prove worthy of their king and country, and waving his hand toward the fort, exclaimed: "Behold the thieves, the traitors, the murderers!"—"*Allons! allons!*" ran in low but determined accents through the ranks, and the order to advance was given.

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When they emerged from the woods they were about seventy yards from the fort. It so happened that a cannonier was arranging at the time a cannon on a platform, and discovered them the moment they broke cover, and immediately shouted, "To arms! to arms!" and touched off the gun. The loud echo, as it rolled away through the forest, filled the Spaniards with consternation, and all was confusion and terror. The soldiers leaped to the ramparts, and when they saw the French flag waving in the morning breeze knew that the hour of retribution had come. The French, the moment they found they were discovered, quickened their pace, and at the charge step, with heads down, advanced straight on the fort. The cannonier discharged his piece the second time, but without damage, as he had no time to get the range. As he was loading it the third time a chief sprung, with the agility of a panther, to the platform, and drove his tomahawk through the head of the cannonier. The Spaniards, panic-stricken, now swarmed out of the fort, and endeavored to fall back on the large fort farther up the river. Then came the turn of the savages. They swarmed like bees through the forest, and getting in advance, drove the Spaniards back on the French. Hemmed in and paralyzed with terror, they could offer no resistance, and were slaughtered like sheep. Savage shouts and yells mingled in with cries for mercy and sounds of fire-arms, while at intervals came the booming of cannon which had opened from the fort on the opposite side of the river.

Not one escaped, and Gourges had great difficulty in rescuing a few prisoners from the hands of the infuriated French and not less excited savages, to be reserved for a more terrible example.

The French found three pieces of artillery in the fort with the French mark on them, which exasperated them still more. With these they returned the fire of the fort opposite, until the bark, which had arrived in the river below, could come up and transport the troops across. As soon as it did they were embarked. The Indians, who were to follow, would not wait to be rowed over, but dashing into the stream, and holding their bows and tomahawks over their heads, boldly swam across. The Spaniards, seeing the bark crowded with troops and the river swarming with swimmers, whom they took to be French, fled in dismay to the woods. Most of them would have escaped the vengeance of the French but for Gourges's swarthy allies. The Spaniards were no match for them in the woods, and they were soon completely surrounded, when the work of butchery commenced. As in the taking of the other fort, Gourges had hard work to save a few for the rope.

After the work of destruction was finished the Captain returned to the other fort, so as to be on the same side of the stream with the large fort. He immediately began to fortify it, as he was uncertain how much time might be consumed in capturing the large fort. Here he rested Sunday and Monday, and, in the mean time, closely interrogated the prisoners he had spared respecting its condition and means of defense. Having obtained all the information he desired, he resolved next day to attack it, and hastily making his preparations, set out at daybreak. To prevent any surprise he left a guard at the fort, and stationed another at the mouth of the river.

As soon as he came in sight of the fort the cannon, which had been trained to range down the river, opened upon him. Finding this better practice than he had met at the other forts, he turned into the woods, and seeing a small hill covered with trees near the fort, ordered his followers to run and take shelter there. By holding this hill as a screen he found he could get near enough to the fort to reconnoitre it without being seen. Having finished his examinations he resolved to make the attack next day. On one side he found the fosse was not flanked, and here he resolved to escalade it, while marksmen in ambush should keep the ramparts clear. In the mean time the Spaniards, ignorant of all these movements, sent sixteen of their bravest men out to reconnoitre. These, creeping along the fosse, made their way toward the French encampment. Their movements were discovered, however, and reported to the Captain, who sent out men to lie in ambush and cut off their retreat, when he should attack them in front. He gave strict orders not to fire, but trust solely to the sword. As the Spaniards, suspecting nothing, emerged from the fosse, Gourges fell suddenly upon them. Taken by surprise, they turned to flee, when they were met by the party in ambush, and thus attacked on both sides, fell every man of them under the sword. The garrison, utterly disheartened at the loss of their best soldiers, conferred together to determine what it was best to do. They finally resolved to hide in the woods till the French should depart. Gourges, in anticipation of this, had filled the forest around the fort with Indians. The moment, therefore, the Spaniards appeared outside of the gates they were surrounded and tomahawked. Some, however, as before, were saved to die as thieves.

Five cannon and a magazine of powder were found in the fort. The guns the Captain put aboard his bark, and the next day set fire to the magazine. When the smoke and dust that followed the explosion had cleared away the fort was a mass of ruins.

Assembling the prisoners he addressed them on the wickedness of their conduct. He told them they had acted contrary to all the usages of war among civilized nations, and that too when Spain and France were at peace. That the soldiers of a Catholic Christian king should massacre in cold blood the subjects of another Christian king, when the two were at peace with each other, was unheard of among civilized nations. Having read them a sound moral lecture on the enormity of their offense, he gave them no time to make an improvement of it, but triced them up incontinently to the surrounding trees,

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and left them to swing and blacken on the desolate shore. He then returned to the first fort, and served the thirty prisoners he had left there in the same way.

The last Spaniard now being disposed of, Gourges prepared to depart. First, however, he addressed the chiefs—congratulated them on their deliverance from the Spaniards, and advised them not to leave those two remaining forts standing. They immediately took the hint, and soon not one stone was left upon another.

Returning to his ships Captain Gourges took an affectionate leave of his Indian allies, and then assembled his followers and publicly returned thanks to God for saving them from tempests and all other dangers, and especially for the signal success that had attended their arms in inflicting just punishment on the Spaniards.

On the 3d of May he weighed anchor and stood out to sea. On his way home he got out of provisions, and after many days of suffering providentially came across a ship which supplied him. On another occasion he lost a boat with eight soldiers in it. At last, on the 6th of June, having passed safely through all his perils, he entered the port of Rochelle. The report of the summary vengeance he had inflicted on the Spaniards became the topic of universal conversation, and Captain Gourges was the lion of the day.

There is something sublime in the high courage and unfaltering resolution with which this man carried out a great purpose. He never swerves, never desponds, but moves right on over every difficulty, through every peril, to its accomplishment. France's leave-taking of Florida was written in bloody characters.

Countless tragedies like this, as well as stirring poems, have been acted on our coast, only a few of which will ever be written out or known.

OUR CHRISTMAS-TREE.

OH, Madam Millionaire,
So wealthy and so fair,
I know how rich and rare
Is your Christmas-tree.

There the ruddy apples swing,
And the gilded bonbons cling,
And 'tis gaudy as a king
In some Indian sea.

A hundred tapers shine
In the foliage of the pine,
And gifts of rare design
Make the branches gay.

And in the outer room,
Decked with satin and with plume,
Like roses in their bloom,
Sweet children play.

But this very Christmas night,
When your home's so warm and bright,
And your children's hearts are light
As the thistle's down,

I am sitting by my hearth,
With not a ray of mirth,
But a feeling as of dearth,
And I fear a frown.

For I'm very, very poor,
And the wolf is at my door,
And a shadow's on my floor
That will not pass by;

But I do not envy you,
For my heart at least is true,
And, thank God, there are so few
As poor as I!

The weary mother sits
On a little stool and knits,
While across her face there flits
Look sad to see.

Our eldest gravely sighs
With a face of sad surmise,
And our youngest darling cries
For "her Christmas-tree."

So I hush the little one,
And talk cheerly to my son,
And try to make some fun
Out of Christmas-trees;

And I tell them how I've planned
A tree more fine and grand
Than ever grew on land
Or by distant seas.

My tree is very high,
In fact reaches to the sky,
And sweet birds passing by
There fold their wings.

Its leaves are ever green,
With a wondrous glossy sheen,
And the summer wind serene
Around it sings.

And I've hung upon my tree
A myriad gifts you see,
And all the world is free
To come and take.

There is love and gentle mirth,
There's a happy home and hearth,
And "Peace to all on Earth,"
For the Christ-child's sake.

There are sweet and soothing words
Melodious as the birds,
There is charity that herds
With the poor forlorn.

There are pardons for all wrongs,
And cheerful peasant songs,
And the virtue that belongs
To the country born.

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There are merry marriage bells,
There's the noble heart that swells
When first young nature tells
Of great manly hopes.

And underneath, alas!
A tiny wreath we pass,
That once withered on the grass
Of Greenwood's slopes.

So, Madam Millionaire,
Your tree, I know, is fair,
But it can not quite compare
With this I see.

For Heaven has blessed the shoots,
And Fancy riped the fruits,
And my heart is round the roots
Of our Christmas-tree.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

A NIGHT IN A SNOW-STORM.

I HAVE sometimes thought, in looking back to the beginning of the whole matter, that much of the trouble which came upon me those first years after our marriage was brought about by my own indiscretion. I never could see it at the right time; for I was young and proud, and had a temper that took fire sooner than it should have done. But I have often felt since that if I had been more forbearing with Mark Hildreth, and less bitter against him, things might possibly have turned out differently in the end.

I liked him very much at one time—so much, that I might have married him, if I had not discovered a certain thing about him just in time to save myself. No matter how I found it out: I never told *him;* and it was that which angered him as much as any thing else, for he always believed that Robert Arlington told me. That was not the truth, for Robert Arlington never even knew it until I told him myself; but I found out, nevertheless, from information that could not be doubted, that Mark Hildreth gambled—not occasionally, and for small stakes, but deeply and desperately and constantly.

He had kept his secret so well that very few people dreamed of it. He had always borne a high character in the county as a young man of good habits and good principles; and there were few farms any where to be seen in better condition than his, and few men who were supposed to be more generally prosperous in every respect. Yet, when I was first told the truth, it came out that every acre of his farm was mortgaged to its full value; that even the negroes and stock were no longer his; and that, instead of being the steady and well-to-do man that every one believed him, he was a gambler and a spendthrift, doubly ruined.

I can not rightly describe, even at this distance of time, the shock I endured in learning this. It flashed over me in an instant why he was so eager to marry me. My father's farm—mine now—and the various other property which he had left me, would set him up in the world again, and save him from the public exposure and ruin which would otherwise come soon and inevitably. I was merely the owner of this convenient resource; and, in spite of all his protestations, I felt in my heart that I had only been valued as such. Any woman can understand my wounded pride and mortification. It would have been a light thing if I had cared nothing for *him;* but my liking was just strong enough to add a sting to the anger I felt in finding out that I had been so shamefully deceived, and my face burned with hot shame and self-contempt as I remembered how I had almost consented to marry, almost suffered myself *to love*, a man so false and unprincipled.

I had promised him an interview for this very day, as it happened; knowing well, when he asked for it, what he was coming to say, and having very little doubt in my own mind as to the answer I should give him. So he came—proud and self-assured, as usual—not doubting his final success, and never dreaming what I had heard in the mean time, or what a reception I was preparing for him. But he knew it all soon enough, for I was never one to conceal any thing I felt; and coming, as he did, while my anger was at its heat, the full vial of it was poured out upon his head.

If it had not been just then—if I had had time to think about it quietly—I might have been gentle with him from very pity: but I could not forget how differently I had felt toward him; how I had looked forward to this hour and his coming with a flutter of pleasure and anticipation which I could only recall now with self-disgust; how nearly I had become the dupe of his artful and selfish design; and the keen remembrance made me more bitter in my language than I ever should have been. His attempt to deny the charge at first enraged me still more; and afterward, when he began to extenuate his fault—pleading his temptations, and promising to reform if I would but forgive him, and grant him a trial—I could not help the scorn and contempt for his unmanliness, which grew stronger and stronger upon me as I listened. And so it burst out into words at last—such bitter and stinging words, that he never forgot or forgave them to his dying day. *I* never shall forget, I am sure, the dark look which crept over his face as I poured out my passionate scorn before him. Disappointment, rage, hatred, and revenge were all blended into one expression so malignant that it would have terrified me if I had not been too hot and excited for any emotion of fear. He rose up to leave me at last.

"You will not tell me who gave you this information?" he said, as he stood up before my chair, and bent his fierce black brows down upon me.

"That I will not!" I answered, promptly. "I have but one answer to that question, as I have told you before, Mr. Hildreth."

"There is no need to tell me; I know already," he said, bitterly. "I appreciate Mr.

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Robert Arlington's honorable motives in turning spy and tale-bearer; and I wish you joy of your future husband, Miss Knox! He is a gentleman, in every sense of the word!"

"He is not *a gambler*, at least!" I retorted; "and whoever or whatever my future husband may be, Mr. Hildreth, he will not be *that*, let me promise you."

"I hope not, sincerely," he said, with a sneer; "but I advise you not to be too sure of Mr. Arlington's principles. They might fail him in this particular, as his sense of honor has in another."

"His sense of honor has never failed him toward *you*, in any particular!" I returned, warmly. "And certainly it has never failed him toward *me*, or any other woman that I have heard of, so far as to make him pretend honorable love, and live a lie all the while, for the sake of gaining a little paltry property!"

"Oh no! he only plays spy and informer for that end. The safest and easiest way to get rid of a rival who was likely to prove successful!" he said, with a sarcastic emphasis that set my face on fire. I would not have cared for the insolent assertion if I had not felt its truth so keenly; but I *had* cared for him, and he knew it, and dared to taunt me with it. I answered, scornfully and indignantly, if not very truthfully,

"You need not flatter yourself, Sir. Mr. Arlington has as much to fear from you now as he ever had; and the meanest man in Somerset would not find you a *very* formidable rival, as far as *I* am concerned, at least. The honor of being your wife is not one that I have ever coveted, whatever your vanity may lead you to imagine."

His lip curved with a sneering smile at my defiant speech, and he made me a bow of mock deference.

"I must really beg your pardon for misunderstanding you so completely," he replied, coolly. "When you did me the honor to accept this interview, I certainly imagined—but no matter! It is all over now, of course; and since you assure me of your indifference, my mind is quite easy. Good-morning, Miss Knox! I hope your peace will never be disturbed in future by *a gambler*."

And he mounted his horse, bowing to me as he rode away with an air of easy insolence that made my cheeks tingle afresh, though I knew well that it was only a cover for his real and keen mortification.

I married Robert Arlington not long after this; accepting him, I am afraid, more from pique, at first, than because I really loved him. But I could not let Mark Hildreth imagine that I was fretting for him at all; and after all I felt as much for Robert, and more, perhaps, than many women feel for the men they marry, even without such a motive to urge them on. I had never thought, however, in my girlish dreams and anticipations of the great event, that I should be the one to marry in such a way; and I doubt not that I should have been a very miserable wife if Robert's truly lovable qualities had not won upon me after marriage with more power than before.

There never could have been a kinder husband than he was, or one more loving, tender, considerate, and unselfish—even when I was most cold and indifferent. I was fairly shamed out of my coldness at last by his unwearying, yet never obtrusive, devotion; and when I had once opened my heart to the genial influence of his true and manly love, I wondered how I ever could have cared for Mark Hildreth—proud, cynical, selfish, as I felt him now to be, with so little faith in or respect for woman, *as* woman; so little reverence for any thing simply pure and good; so little real strength of character, in spite of all his pride and self-esteem. Robert was *such* a contrast to him, with his sunny, buoyant nature, his cheerful good-temper, his genuine kind-heartedness, his thorough veneration for old age, for women and little children, for things good or great or beautiful, wherever he happened to meet them!

Day by day I felt the difference more fully; and day by day, as I did so, I leaned with more perfect dependence, more entire satisfaction, upon my husband's love; until I almost forgot, in my growing pride and fondness, that I had ever cared more for any body else than for him.

II.

We had been married six months before there came any cloud over my happiness. The trouble began in this way. One court day Robert went up to Telford, the shire town of our county, on some little business. He was gone all day, for Telford was fifteen miles from our farm, and I grew very lonesome and impatient for his return before evening came. It had not been a very comfortable day with me from the beginning. I was half sick, and half cross, and altogether lonesome; and as the afternoon wore on, and the time for his coming drew nearer, I could do nothing in the world but run between the door and window and keep a look-out for the first sight of his gig.

At last I put a shawl round me and ran down to the half-way gate to wait for him there. There were woods between this gate and the county road, so I was never afraid of being seen by any passers-by; and it was quite a habit of mine to walk down here and open the gate for Robert myself, so as to be the first to meet him as he came home after a day's absence.

To-night I had to wait much longer than usual. The woods in front grew very dark and dreary to look into, and in the corn-field behind me twilight was deepening fast to dusk—so fast that I began to grow restless and uncomfortable, as well as impatient, and a thousand vague fears stole like shadows through my mind. At last, to my great relief, I heard the roll of wheels, and presently saw the outline of a horse and gig looming up in the darkness of the wood-road. I jumped down from the log-fence where I had been sitting, and opened the gate quickly, eager to see Robert draw up and spring out, as he al-

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ways did, to give me his kiss of greeting. Instead of that, he only called to me, as the gig approached,

"Is that you, Rachel? Stand out of the way, dear;" and to my great vexation I saw, as I stood aside to let them pass through, that he was not alone—there was another man in the gig with him.

I hardly know what gave me such a choking sensation in the throat as I shut the gate again behind them. It was too dark for me to see who Robert's companion was, and it was a common thing enough for him to bring home a friend with him. I never minded it usually, but to-night I was in no mood to see company—I wanted my husband all to myself. It hurt me, too, that he had kept his seat, and never even come to shut the gate for me, after I had waited in the dark so long for him. But I was too proud to say a word, and I turned round to meet him as usual, for I thought I had heard him jump down when the gig stopped. A man was standing before me, certainly, but it was not Robert; neither was it Robert's voice that said,

"I am sorry you had the gate to shut, Mrs. Arlington. I jumped out as soon as I could make 'Hornet' stop—but you were too quick for me. Will you allow me to help you into the gig now?"

It was many a day since I had heard that voice; but how well I knew it! And how well I knew, through all the darkness, Mark Hildreth's swarthy face and glittering dark eyes! I don't know what I answered him, or whether I answered at all; the conviction that some accident had happened flashed over me, leaving no room for any other feeling, and I sprang to the side of the gig, panting with terror as I cried out to know what was the matter.

Mark Hildreth followed me, and began begging me not to be frightened; but Robert interrupted him with a cheerful "Jump up, Rachel; there's nothing to be scared about. Get in here, and I'll tell you about it. Hildreth, you may ride behind or lead the horse, just as you like. It's your own establishment, you know, and you've a right to choose."

His merry laugh convinced me that there was really no cause for alarm, and I climbed into the gig hastily, avoiding Mark Hildreth's proffered assistance as much as possible, and already regaining the sense of vexation as I lost that of fear. Of all men in the world Mark Hildreth was the last one I should have chosen to do me a kindness, and it especially irritated me to think that my husband should have to be indebted to him for one. I saw by this time that it was his horse and gig, not Robert's; and Robert was telling me how, when he was about five miles from home—just beyond Middleton—he had been run into by a party of half-tipsy young fellows who were racing on the road, never caring whether they broke their own necks or any body's else. His gig was knocked over into the ditch, his horse lamed, and he sprained his ankle in jumping out as the gig toppled backward. The young men who had done the mischief were none of them in a condition to mend matters much; "and if it hadn't been for Hildreth," Robert declared, "I should have been in a pretty pickle, sure enough!

"You see, Rachel," he went on, "they were all too drunk even to get my horse out of the ditch; and there the poor fellow was tearing every thing to pieces trying to get loose, and I so lame that I couldn't stand up myself, let alone helping him. So Hildreth was just in the nick of time. He helped me up into his own gig, got my horse out of the harness, and sent him off to Middleton, and then brought me home, like a clever fellow as he is. I say, Hildreth!" he called out, in his frank, hearty way, "you've got to stay with us to-night, you know. Hornet has had enough of the road for one day, and Rachel has a prime supper, all ready and waiting, I'll be bound!"

What could I do but second the invitation with as good a grace as I might? I ground my teeth with inward vexation, and almost wished that Robert and his horse were in the ditch still rather than that I should have been obliged to receive Mark Hildreth as a guest at my table, and keep him for a night under my own roof. I *never* had forgiven him for his falsehood to me—never had spoken to him since our last stormy interview; and his impertinent insinuations then with regard to myself, as well as his insulting speeches about Robert, still rankled in my memory, and made my cheek burn with anger whenever any thing recalled them. Yet here I was now, obliged to accept a kindness at his hands, to offer at least a semblance of gratitude in return, and to make him hospitably welcome at my house, not only for this once, but as often afterward as he chose to come.

For I knew Robert too well to suppose that the thing was going to end here. He was never one to bear malice; and in spite of all Mark Hildreth had said against him he had never felt any ill-will toward him—never any thing, indeed, but pity and regret. When the truth about his gambling all came out, and his farm was taken from him, nearly every body turned the cold shoulder upon him, but Robert still had a kind thought and a word of excuse always ready. He even took me to task for the ill feeling I had and never tried to get rid of; saying, half-laughingly, half-seriously, that he always thought better of a woman who could keep old lovers for friends still. I verily believe that he was more than half glad of his accident for the opportunity it gave him to take notice of Mark Hildreth, and lend a helping hand to win him back to respectability; and I knew then, just as well as I did afterward, that he would invite him to our house, and make him welcome there on all occasions in the future.

If I had shared my husband's generous feeling, and sympathized with his honest effort to do good—if I had cherished a gentler spirit, a more forgiving, less vindictive disposition—if more of "the mind which was in Christ Jesus"

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had been in *me*, I might have prevented very much of what happened afterward. Whether Mark Hildreth ever loved me or not I can't tell. If he did, I turned it all to hatred by my scornful treatment of him, and made him a cruel enemy, when I *might*—God knows if I ever could, but I am none the less to blame that I never *tried*—have made him a friend, and perhaps been able to win him, and save others, from the misery and despair which followed.

But it was all in vain that Robert reasoned with me, and tried to persuade me into treating Mark Hildreth with more cordiality. I was civil to him in my own house: common courtesy would not let me be less than that. But it was such a cold and unwilling civility, that if he had not had a motive for enduring it he never would have subjected himself to such humiliation. I did not understand his motive then, and I often wondered how his pride could stoop so low as to let him accept hospitality at the hands of a woman who showed, by her every look and tone, that she despised him. For I did despise him in those days even more than I hated him, believing him a pitiful, mean-spirited creature, without even manliness enough to know when he was insulted. Ah me! how mad and blind I was!

Robert, of course, had to be doubly kind when I was so churlish, and day after day I saw an intimacy growing up between them, which I, by my own indiscretion, had lost the power to weaken. Mark Hildreth had a keen, subtle intellect, entirely beyond the scope of Robert's comprehension. He had a deep-laid purpose to accomplish, and a strong, unscrupulous will which hesitated at nothing that would further its execution. Robert's kindly and impressible nature was just the material for him to work upon, and my persistent, uncompromising hostility lent him just the assistance that he needed to perfect his object.

Little by little my husband was drawn away from me. His home was no longer the same place to him; for I wearied him with my continual complaints, and fretful, passionate reproaches, and stung him to anger with my sharp, bitter speeches. I accused him of preferring Mark Hildreth's company to mine; of taking every opportunity to bring him to the house, when he knew how I hated to have him there; of leaving me alone when I was sick and unhappy, to go off with him; and so on, with a thousand more jealous and unreasonable charges, until I created at last the very evil of which I complained.

He began to give me sharp answers, after a while, that almost broke my heart, and to leave me by myself whole days, whole evenings, sometimes even whole nights. It was not long before my child was expected, and I was not able either to walk or ride much; though many a time when I might have gone out with him I was proud and sullen, and refused to do it. So he used to go without me; for where was the comfort in staying with a wife who was determined to be miserable whether he went or staid?—when, too, there was always a friend on hand ready to bear him willing and pleasant company? And I would stand at the door, perhaps, to see him ride off with Mark Hildreth, keeping all the while such a look of proud indifference that he never guessed the passion that was swelling and surging beneath.

Nobody ever saw it or guessed it; only the blank walls of my lonely chamber looked down upon my unvailed wretchedness, and witnessed the stormy bursts of grief that would have broken my heart if I had kept them pent up longer. Only a woman and a mother can understand how keenly I suffered, and she not fully unless in connection with the vague uneasiness, the causeless terrors, the unaccountable depressions, the sad, dreary yearnings and forebodings, as well as the actual pain and weakness of this our solemn mystery of maternity, she has had to bear the neglect and indifference, real or fancied, of the one from whom she has most right to expect unbounded sympathy and tenderness. It is no matter that I rejected sympathy proudly and passionately; I felt the need of it no less bitterly for that.

Things went on in this way for a month or two—I growing all the while more miserable, body and mind; so that Robert rarely got any thing but sullen looks and angry complaints from me, and naturally enough put himself out of my way as much as possible. There are few men who would not have done the same; and not many, I imagine, who would have been able to resist any more successfully the temptations to which he was exposed in consequence of such a state of things at home. It was a strange blindness that never suffered me to think of these temptations and their probable result. One would have thought that, knowing and abhorring Mark Hildreth's peculiar vice as I did, my first and greatest fear would have been lest Robert should be drawn into it. But I can truly say that the idea never entered my mind. I had such confidence in his upright character and strong moral principle, that I had no fear of his yielding for a moment to any such temptation; and if any one had suggested the thought to me, I should have treated it with scorn.

It made the terrible truth doubly bitter when it was brought home to me at last, so suddenly and without warning. A mere accident—the dropping of a note out of Robert's pocket—revealed the whole story; and it found me so unprepared, so unsuspecting, that the shock almost drove me wild. I had no physical strength to bear up under it, and body and mind broke down together. My poor little baby was born sooner than she should have been—a tiny, shriveled, pitiful-looking object, with hardly life enough to cry—while I lay for days in delirious unconsciousness, knowing nobody, but living over all the time, as Robert knew by my incoherent ravings, which no one but himself understood, the first agony of that dreadful discovery.

Poor Robert! it was a terrible punishment for

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him; and if I had died then he would have been a miserable, remorseful man all the rest of his life. But it was God's will to bring me back from the very gate of death, and Robert's joy and thankfulness knew no bounds. He scarcely lived any where but in my sick room, and every wish and desire that I could possibly express was anticipated by his watchful and eager devotion. He could never do enough to prove his penitence, or make amends for the suffering he had caused me; and all this love and tenderness were so delicious to me after the weary months of coldness and estrangement that had gone before, that I could not but trust his promises and assurances, and believe in a future of happiness and peace once more.

III.

It was late in October when I came down stairs again; and although little Katie was six weeks old, Robert had to carry me in his arms even then. It was very pleasant to get back again to our dear little sitting-room, and to make it once more the bright and cheerful place that it used to be. Katie's pretty cradle, with her little white face peeping out from the red curtains, added a charm that had never been felt before; and Robert appreciated it almost as fully as I did, at least for a time. She was a lovely little thing, delicately pretty, and so sweet and winsome that every body admired her. *We* thought there never had been so perfect a baby, and were like children in our wonder and delight at every little new development of her marvelous being. Even her diminutive size, at which every body exclaimed, was a satisfaction to me. I would not have had her like those big, fat, commonplace babies that one could see any day and any where. She was my little fairy, as unique as she was beautiful, and no change could possibly improve her in my estimation.

Of course Robert, being a man, could not share all my raptures; but I was quite satisfied, nevertheless, with his appreciation of the baby, and more than satisfied with his devotion to myself. Never since the first days of our marriage had he been so tender, so thoughtful, so full of loving consideration; and my heart swelled high with joy and pride as I felt that I was once more all in all to him, and able to make his home the happiest place in the world.

The only drawback was that Mark Hildreth still contrived to keep up a certain intimacy with him. During my illness he had of course kept away from the house, but as soon as he decently could he began to renew his visits; and though I had every reason to believe that Robert was now as unwilling as myself to receive him, still there seemed no way of getting rid of him. I felt a delicacy about saying any thing, for that would seem to imply some lingering doubt or suspicion of Robert; and I would not for the world have given him any reason to doubt my entire confidence in him. So I treated Mark Hildreth, unwelcome as he was, far more civilly than I had ever done before on that very account; and Robert of course had no choice but to make him welcome whenever he pleased to come.

At first it made no very great difference. He used to come in and spend long evenings with us, or sometimes drop in to dinner, and have a cigar on the piazza afterward, or maybe take a stroll down through the fields with Robert. I did not mind this, so long as I knew that he was not enticing my husband away from his home. But after a while, when they began to ride out together once more, and spend whole afternoons and evenings at Middleton again, I began to grow anxious and afraid. There was always some special and very good reason for these excursions, which was duly set forth to me by both Robert and Hildreth; but they never satisfied me, and though I could not feel free to make objections, for the reason I have given, still I could not help many an anxious foreboding whenever they set off together. Not that I ever doubted my husband's sincerity. Indeed I had no reason to; for whatever happened in his absence from me, I know he never started with any different intention from that which he expressed to me. He never *meant* to deceive me, never *meant* to break his promise to me, and yet he did both under the influence of a temptation whose power and strength I, as a woman, can not rightly estimate, I know.

The truth came out by degrees. Robert would come home from these trips with a worn and haggard look upon his face that contrasted strangely with Mark Hildreth's triumphant expression; and though they both tried to conceal it from me, my eyes were too quick not to see and understand. I asked Robert the plain question at last, and he had to acknowledge that he had been forced by Hildreth's persecutions to play with him again in spite of his own unwillingness and his solemn promises to me. He was so much in his debt—for it was always a losing game, not a winning one with Robert—that he was completely in his power; and to save his good reputation (which Hildreth could destroy in a moment) he had to continue his connection with him until he could raise the money to pay his debt.

How humiliating this confession was for him to make, and for me to hear, let any proud, trusting wife imagine. But it did not crush me as the first revelation had done, bitterly mortifying as it was. It was no longer *new*, and I had been in a measure prepared to expect it. Besides, I knew now that there was something for me to do. I had it in my power, as I remembered instantly, to release Robert from this bondage of debt, and the consciousness of it went farther than any thing else to make me bear up under the shame and trouble. When I was a baby my father had put a certain sum of money in bank to my credit, and had secured it so that it could not be withdrawn until I was twenty-one years old. I had not yet reached this age, and of course the money lay there still; but I remembered, with a sudden rush of hope and re-

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lief, that in two weeks more I should have the legal power to draw it out, and I knew that by this time it had accumulated to an amount more than equal to Robert's debts.

Of course it was my first impulse to place the whole sum at his disposal, and he could do nothing but accept it, for he had no other means of effecting a speedy release. But he was sorely ashamed and unwilling, for he knew that I had wished to let the money lie and accumulate still, as a dowry for little Katie some day, and his keen sense of mortification and regret made him exaggerate the sacrifice on my part. I could not make him believe that it was *no* sacrifice to me, that I would gladly and cheerfully have renounced a thousand such plans for the sake of relieving him from Mark Hildreth's persecutions. He brooded over it continually, as I could see, and the more I tried to comfort and encourage him, the more heavily the burden seemed to weigh upon him. I did not wonder at it, either, for I could understand how his manly pride and self-respect would wince under such a necessity, and the ever-present consciousness that his own weakness had brought it about. But I could not foresee how this feeling, rendered morbid by a continual dwelling upon it, and increased by my very forbearance and sympathy, would lay him open to the most subtle temptation that had yet befallen him.

"Just one more trial!" said the haunting spirit. "You may win back all, save yourself, and render unnecessary such a sacrifice from your wife." And he listened to the tempter, my poor Robert! urged on by his very love for me; while I, all unconscious of the struggle going on with him, comforted myself with the thought that every day brought his release nearer, and made a thousand plans for the future in which *my* influence and my watchful, loving care should shield him from any farther temptation from that bad, revengeful man.

Winter set in early that year for a climate usually so mild. We rarely had snow before Christmas, and often through a whole winter there were nothing more than light flurries that barely covered the ground, and melted with the next day's sunshine. Many a time in the middle of January I have gathered posies for my sitting-room of fragile white bells and sweet-scented violets, and even purple crocuses, that never knew a hot-house, but grew and blossomed unsheltered in the open garden. But this year winter began with December. Fierce winds, sharp frosts, flurrying snow-squalls, foretelling keen, stinging weather to follow, came in quick succession; and there were some days, even before Christmas, that equaled, in their intensely rarefied atmosphere, any thing I have ever felt in a Northern climate since.

The weather grew milder after the holidays, and it was in the first week in January—the week after I came of age—that Robert and I went to make a visit at Robert's father's. We had been promising to go for a good while, but I had been afraid to take Katie out while it was so very cold; so we improved the first opportunity of better weather. Even then I wrapped her up until she was like a little mummy, and Vic, her little black maid, could hardly clasp her arms round the bundle of cloaks and shawls. Robert laughed at me for my overanxiety, but I had reason to be thankful for it all, afterward.

My money had come from Richmond the day before. Robert had it in a stout roll of bank-notes, carefully hidden in an inside pocket, and he was to go up to Middleton the next day and pay it over to Mark Hildreth. The fact that he had the money, and was so soon to be free, made me feel lighter hearted than I had felt for weeks before; and I can hardly remember a merrier evening than we all spent together at the old homestead. A brother of Robert's was there, too, with his wife and two children; and father and mother were in high spirits at having us all together at last.

The parlor where we sat was a big, barn-like room, full of windows and doors, as the fashion was in those days. But the huge open fire-place, piled up to its highest capacity with tremendous oak logs, filled it with such a glow of light and heat that there was no possibility of feeling the whistling draughts outside, and the "myrtle-wax" candles in the tall brass candlesticks on the mantle were mere supernumeraries. The supper-table was laid there, and burdened in a style only attempted by Virginia housekeepers, with game and poultry and oysters, corn muffins, hot waffles, wafers and light-bread, cake and sweetmeats of bewildering varieties—and, of course, in honor of the season, sausages, tripe, and mince-pies!

Apples and cracked walnuts and cider, with some of Mrs. Arlington's famous cherry-bounce, were brought out before bedtime; and we ate and drank, and laughed and talked, and made merry together until the old clock in the corner rang out midnight. And then there was a general scattering to the different bedrooms, where glowing fires and the deepest and downiest of feather-beds awaited our coming. Katie was fast asleep in the midst of ours, a high wall of pillows on either side of her to prevent the impossible possibility of her falling out; and Vic, who had been set there to keep guard, doubled up in a knot upon the hearth, her shining face reflecting the full blaze of the light-wood as she slept on serenely. It was not long before I was ready to follow their example. I can just remember Robert's saying, as I laid my head down upon the pillow, "It's snowing again, Rachel; we're going to have a storm;" and my answering, sleepily, "Is it?" without at all comprehending what he said; and after that I can remember nothing until I waked up next morning and saw the flying snow-flakes hurrying past the uncurtained windows.

Robert had been a true prophet, for the storm had come; no mere snow-fall, either, but a shrill, whistling blast that drove the white cloud fiercely before it, and promised sharp welcome to unsheltered travelers. He grumbled a little at the

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prospect of his drive to Middleton in the face of such a storm, and was half inclined to linger over the fire after breakfast, and put it off till another day. But I was eager to have him go, that the whole matter might be ended, and my mind set at rest. So I gave him no peace until he ordered his horse and started off. Middleton was only three miles from his father's house, and I knew he could come and go easily in an hour; and for such a little while the storm might well be borne, for the sake of accomplishing so important an object.

I was quite contented after I had seen him drive away, and seated myself beside one of the windows to finish a little sacque for Katie; looking up now and then to watch the snow as it fell thicker and faster, now in a steady, blinding, feathery cloud, now whirled hither and thither by a sudden gust, but always coming thicker and faster, piling up higher and higher the white hillocks on the window-ledge, and deepening steadily on the ground below. Harriet, my sister-in-law, sat sewing near me, and her little boys were playing about the room, greatly to Katie's delight, who sat in Vic's lap and laughed and crowed at their frolic. Mother Arlington bustled in and out, for she never could stay many minutes in one place; but whenever she came in she had something pleasant to say, and so the morning slipped by rapidly and cheerfully for us all.

Two hours passed before I knew it. I was astonished when I heard the clock strike eleven, and began to wonder that Robert had not got back. But then I remembered how heavy the roads were with so much untrodden snow on them, and that he would have to drive very slowly; perhaps, too, he might have had to wait for Hildreth, or some one else had met him and detained him. At any rate there was nothing to fret about, I said to myself, even if he did stay a little later than I expected. So I made myself easy for another half hour.

But after that had passed, and he still did not come, I grew restless and anxious. I could not sit still at my sewing, or even content myself with Katie; but began to wander about from room to room, stopping by every window that overlooked the carriage-drive and peering through the thickening snow-flakes with an eager endeavor to descry his gig in the distance. Twelve o'clock struck, but still there was no sign of him.

"What's keeping Robert so late, Rachel?" father asked, as he came in from the yard and stamped the snow off his heavy boots in the hall. "I thought he was coming back right away, and now it's most dinner-time."

"I don't know, I'm sure, father," I answered, anxiously; "I've expected him an hour or more, but I suppose he was detained some way, and then the roads must be so heavy, you know."

"Yes, but he put his horse into my light sulky, and he might have gone to Middleton and back twice over with that, heavy as the road is."

"He must be here before long," I said, for I would not acknowledge to any one else how miserably anxious I felt. A terrible fear was stealing over me: I tried to fight it off, but it would return in spite of all my arguments against it. No one else must know it, however, for no one else knew what cause there was for fear; and so I went back to the parlor and tried to look unconcerned, and to talk as before, though every minute that passed made the task harder and harder.

It was dinner-time, too, and father was getting impatient, and mother declaring that the turkey would be "all dried up," and the chine cold, and the fruit-pudding "boiled to rags," if Robert did not come soon. I would not let them wait any longer at last, and we sat down to dinner without him. But every morsel that I tried to eat seemed as if it would choke me, and I had to stand, in addition, a continual small joking from Harriet because I could not eat my dinner without Robert, as she said. "*She* never lost her appetite for Tom's being away," she declared, laughingly, and I could very readily believe her. At the same time, I could not help wishing that she would pay more attention to her own husband and her own dinner and less to mine. I was glad when it was over, and I could get off by myself under pretense of carrying Katie up stairs to put her to sleep.

Once alone, I did not feel like going down again, even after Katie had fallen asleep. So I seated myself at the front window, keeping the child in my arms by way of a little comfort, but wrapping my shawl all round her to protect her from the draughts that came through the loose windows and drifted little heaps of snow on the sill and the floor. It kept on snowing outside faster than ever, and the air was so dark with it that it was impossible to see any thing but the flying storm a yard beyond the window. There was nothing but twilight in the room; a twilight so cold and gray and dreary that it chilled me through with a sense of unspeakable loneliness and desolation, a vague prophecy of the woe that was coming upon me. I could not keep back the tears that began to fall at last; indeed, I did not try, for I felt as if I had nothing in the world to live for any longer. My own heavy, hopeless heart told me the truth as plainly then as words did afterward.

Some one came up by-and-by. It was Robert's mother, and there was a worried look on her face. "What in the world can he be about?" she asked, half impatiently. "What do you s'pose is the reason, Rachel, he don't get back?"

I only shook my head in answer, and she saw I was crying.

"Now don't do that," she exclaimed, hastily. "There's nothing in the world to cry for. I reckon Robert's big enough and old enough to know how to take care of himself, storm or no storm. So don't you fret, child."

"How late is it?" I asked.

"Three o'clock and after," she said, poking into the fire, which was nothing now but a heap of embers and white ashes. "You may depend

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upon it he's met with somebody or other that's persuaded him to stay to dinner. He'll be along presently, I'm pretty sure, and if I was you I'd scold him well when he did come. Do come down stairs, now. This fire's all out, and you'll freeze."

"No, I don't want to; I'd rather stay here," I answered, drawing the baby closer to my breast, though *she* was warm enough, poor little thing! "I'm not cold, mother."

"If you haven't got Katie there, I do declare!" she exclaimed, catching sight of her for the first time. "Right by that window, and the snow blowing in like every thing! Why, Rachel, what ails you? You'll have the child catching her death of cold." And with a sort of rough kindliness she forced the baby out of my arms and laid her down, still sleeping, in the middle of the great feather-bed.

"Now I'm going to send Ibby to build up this fire," she continued, "and Vic can stay with Katie till she wakes. You've just got to come down to the parlor, Rachel. I ain't going to have you crying yourself sick up here. You hear it?"

I saw she was determined, so I did not resist her. It made little difference, after all, where I sat now. We went down stairs together, and I took my station at another window without speaking to any body, though I saw how the same gloom and anxiety seemed hanging over us all. Father moved about restlessly, and kept opening the outside door, letting in cold blasts of wind and snow that made Harriet shiver and draw closer to the fire, while he stood there straining his eyes through the mist and darkness for something that still did not appear. Harriet and her husband exchanged ominous glances and looked over at me, but neither of them spoke. Mother was the only one that had any thing to say. She kept up a sort of running talk, now scolding Robert for staying so late, now me for fretting about him; but I never answered her either way. Four o'clock sounded, every stroke distinct and loud in the silent room; five minutes more ticked out audibly: still no sign of my husband. Five minutes after, and my eyes caught a glimpse of a dark mass moving through the white cloud.

"Robert is coming," I said, quietly. "I see the sulky!" And instantly there was a general start and rush to the windows, every one acknowledging by this eagerness the anxiety that had not been confessed in words. The dark object moved on, growing more distinct, until it was plainly recognized by all. Before long we could see Robert himself, sitting back in the sulky, and a few minutes more brought him up to the house.

"I declare if I were you, Rachel, I'd give him an up and down scolding," Harriet began, suddenly recovering her volubility now that the only fear *she* had entertained was removed. "I wouldn't go out to meet him, either—but you're such a little goose!"

Her husband whispered, "Hush, Harriet!" and I pushed by her without answering. Robert stood in the door-way already, his clothes, his hair, his beard, all white with the clinging, half-frozen flakes of snow—and such a look on his face! I felt as if I was turning to stone when I saw it, so haggard was it, so desperate, so utterly unlike any expression I had ever beheld there before.

"I am going home, Rachel!" was the first thing he said. "Get yourself ready if you want to go with me. There's no time to lose."

"Going home! You must be crazy, Robert, or drunk!" his father exclaimed angrily, before I could answer; and a chorus of voices took up the cry vehemently.

"Talk of going home in such a storm as this—and taking a woman and a baby! Rachel sha'n't stir a foot out o' the house this night, whatever *you're* a mind to do. You hear it now?" his father continued, indignantly.

"I'm going home," Robert reiterated. "Rachel can do as she likes."

"I shall go with you, Robert," I cried, hastily. "I'll be ready in a minute. Bring the carriage up, and I'll not keep you waiting."

And I hurried away to wrap up my baby and put on my things, for I was eager and glad to go. Any thing—any where—out into the darkness—out into the storm—no matter if we all perished so I could hide my husband's shame yet a little while longer.

Mother and Harriet followed me up stairs, complaining loudly and angrily of Robert, and insisting that I should not go with him. But I paid no heed to them. I had gathered my things together in a few minutes, and with the baby warmly wrapped in my arms, and Vic behind me, was down stairs waiting for my husband before he had brought the carriage to the door. They saw soon how useless their opposition was; for I was too absorbed in my own purpose even to listen to it. So mother hurried off to collect blankets and hot bricks, "to keep us from freezing;" and father, who had been equally unsuccessful in his attempts to dissuade Robert, pushed aside the slow-moving negro who was helping him change the harness, and lent his own assistance, angrily and unwillingly enough, in getting the rockaway ready.

"If you *will* go on a fool's errand, there's no time to lose," he said. "It's a'most night now, and you'll have to walk every step of the way to boot—if you don't get stuck in the snow, which is mor'n likely. I hope you mayn't all freeze before you get home, that's all."

"I shouldn't care if I did," I heard Robert mutter under his breath. "Come, Rachel, I'm ready," he said, aloud, and I hastened to climb into the carriage. Another minute, and the wheels were plowing through the deep tracks, and our brave little horse breasting the storm manfully—no easy thing to do by this time, for in addition to the heavy pulling through the snow, a strong wind, full of icy particles, was blowing straight into our faces. It cut mine so sharply that I was fain to draw my hood as far

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over my eyes as possible, while I buried Katie more and more deeply under the blankets. Robert sat full front to the blast, and never even turned his head aside. We had worked on so for nearly a mile before he spoke to me. Then he said, suddenly and passionately:

"If it wasn't for you, Rachel, I'd jump out into that snow-bank and let the first drift bury me! I'd rather be dead than alive this minute."

I made no answer. What could I say? At the moment I wished we were all dead. He went on, fiercely, quite heedless of poor little Vic, who was crouching at my feet:

"You might as well know it all, first as last. I've played all day with that devil in human shape, and lost every thing I had in the world. He led me on, Rachel—tempted me with the hope of winning back your money—and then cheated me till he drove me mad and ruined me. The farm's gone, and there's more than enough besides to cover yours. The whole of it is, we're just as good as beggars; and, as I said before, if it wasn't for you, I'd kill myself sooner than live another day to know it."

"I wish we were all of us dead!" I cried out, passionately. "Katie, and I, and you too! It's a pity you didn't die before you ever married me to make me the miserable woman I shall be all my life."

"I wish I had, God knows!" Robert retorted, bitterly. "But you might have left that for me to say, Rachel; and I don't think I could ever have said it of *you*, whatever you had done."

"I don't care!" I said, vehemently. "I wouldn't marry Mark Hildreth because he was a gambler, but I little thought I should have to marry one after all, and have a child to be dragged down to poverty and disgrace by its own father!" and I hugged little Katie to my breast and burst into stormy weeping, sobbing out wild, wicked wishes that I could not forget or unsay afterward, for all my keen shame and remorse.

God forgive me! I did not mean the bitter words I spoke, but they were wrung from me by a sharper agony than the mere loss of houses and lands could have caused. The misery and despair was that I could no longer have faith or hope in my husband; that the future must tell over and over again the same wretched story of temptation and weakness, of repenting and sinning again, until it ended in the utter downfall and degradation that I did not dare to picture to myself. My own anguish was too extreme to admit of any pity for him at that time. I looked at his face, grown old and haggard in a day, and drawn into sharp lines that told the intensity of his suffering, without one yearning to try to comfort him, one impulse to speak a word of forgiveness or encouragement. God forgive me! I say again, but let no man judge me until he can comprehend the utter wretchedness and recklessness which overpowered every softer, tenderer feeling.

There was nothing more said between us for another mile. It would have been impossible, even if we had felt any inclination to talk; for the gale increased so that it required all Robert's voice and strength to urge the struggling horse through the heavy drifts that continually obstructed the way. It was entirely dark by this time, and there was no possibility of choosing the better portions of the road, if there had possibly been any better to choose from. Every step was taken in blindness; for if there had even been a ray of daylight left, the whirling cloud of snow and sleet prevented all vision. In spite of it all, the poor beast struggled on until we were within two miles of home. Then his strength failed entirely. He had plunged into the midst of a huge drift, and stopped there, spent and breathless, utterly unable to extricate himself, or to stir the clogged wheels of the rockaway a single step further.

Robert got out and tried vainly to pull him through. The tired creature plunged and floundered in a last desperate effort, then fell back hopelessly. It was plainly no use to depend any longer upon his exhausted strength; and for a minute or two the death I had wished for so madly seemed staring us in the face. Two miles from home, in this blind, black night and raging tempest!

Robert was the first to think of an alternative. He knew, although he could not see, that we had stopped very near a road which led up through the corn-field to a neighbor's house; and he determined, after a moment's deliberation, to take the horse and go there for help. "You will have to stay here till I come back, Rachel," he said, as he began to loosen the traces. "I'll go up to Tom Selby's and see if I can borrow a fresh horse. There's nothing else to be done."

That was evident enough; so I made no objection, and Robert started off, leading the horse, for Mr. Selby's house. He called out presently that he had found the gate and forced it open sufficiently to let them pass through; and after that I heard no more. I drew myself back into the farthest corner of the carriage, sheltering Vic and the child as well as I could, and tried to wait patiently for his return; for I knew it would be a long time before he could possibly accomplish his object and get back to us. The road through the field was over half a mile in length, and of course choked up in the same way that the public road was, so that half an hour at least, perhaps an hour, would have to be spent in this dreary waiting.

How utterly dreary it was can only be realized by one who has lived through a similar experience. The darkness and wildness of the night were terrible enough by themselves, and the bitter cold in addition made my situation seem almost insupportable. My feet and hands ached and tingled until I could have cried for pain, while my face was sore from the sharp, sleety wind. Worse than all, Katie began to cry with hunger, and I had nothing to give her. I never had been able to nurse her, and the bottle of milk that I brought from her grandmother's was frozen and useless long ago. So I had to listen to her pitiful wails, and know myself powerless to relieve

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her; while she, poor little thing! unable to comprehend why her wants were not supplied, screamed with vain passion, struggling with her feet and throwing out her hands, until, in spite of all I could do to prevent it, she got herself partly free from her warm wrappings. Then the cold stung her, and she cried more bitterly still, until it made me almost wild to hear her.

I could not bear it any longer at last. It seemed an age already since her father went away, and there was an age yet to come. I thought I should lose my senses if I had to sit still with that crying in my ears until he returned; and, in the frenzied impulse of the moment, I took a sudden desperate resolution to go up to the farm-house myself. Poor little Vic began to cry and beg me not to leave her when I told her I was going. But I made her lie down between the seats and pull the cushions down over her for further protection, comforting her by saying that I was going for her master, and we would soon be back. So she obeyed patiently, and being really well sheltered, soon forgot her troubles in sleep; while I started off, alone with my baby, on my wild journey.

How wild a one it was I found out by-and-by. I groped along until I reached the gate, and then, for a little while, made tolerable progress; for the drifts were not very deep near the gate, and I could wade through them without much difficulty. The renewed motion quieted Katie somewhat, too; and though she still fretted a little, she did not scream so terribly as she had done before. So I took courage, and pushed on bravely, though the driving wind rushed against me, and almost whirled me off my feet at times. I was sure I should soon meet Robert coming to my help, or, at least, that I should see the lights gleaming out from the farm-house, which would guide me on to a place of shelter and safety. But I toiled on and on, farther and farther, and no Robert came, and no lights appeared. My strength flagged until I was fain to sit down in the snow more than once to rest my weary feet; then I would get up and struggle on once more, sure that the next minute would bring the welcome gleam to my eyes. The farm-house *must* be so near now!

It was a long time before I could understand that I had lost my way. The thought flashed into my mind at last, but I scouted it with scorn. How *could* I—in a road so straight, a road that I knew so well! But the truth became terribly apparent in a little while. Instead of fireside lights twinkling in the distance, there suddenly loomed up before me a great wall of darkness—darker than the night or the ceaseless flying storm—and I knew I was on the verge of the pine-woods, hopelessly out of reach of any house or any help!

What I did in my first despair I can hardly tell. I found myself in the woods by-and-by, stumbling over logs and striking against the trees continually, moved on by some blind impulse to continue my journey. The strange fury of the storm—raging here with far more violence than in the open road—is the first thing that I distinctly remember; and in my first appalled consciousness of this, I forgot every thing else for the moment. The wind was a fierce, howling tempest, tearing through the woods with fearful noises of crashing boughs and falling trees; the largest of these, very giants of the forest, were uprooted like weeds before its tremendous sweep. My ears were deafened with the thunder of their overthrow, while even in the darkness I could see the rent limbs and branches whirled like leaves through the open spaces.

But there are no words to describe the magnificent terror of the scene. It overwhelmed and stupefied me so for the first few minutes that I cowered down like a dumb animal waiting the death-stroke, and almost believed myself already annihilated.

Katie's screaming roused me from this stupor of fear, and filled me with a renewed sense of present and actual suffering. Her shrill cries—poor, frightened, famished baby!—rang above the howling of the wind, and pierced through heart and brain, until I was fairly maddened by them. I think I began to scream myself. I remember long, wild, unearthly shrieks following one another in strange concert with Katie's feeble wails; and though I was scarcely conscious of my own voice at the time, I know they must have been the utterance of my frenzy and despair, no longer under the control of reason.

The child's crying grew fainter and fainter by degrees as her strength failed, until finally it ceased altogether. My own had ceased, too, from pure exhaustion, and there came over me a dull conviction that we were both dying. Some impulse, undefinable now, made me put her out of my arms for the first time, and lay her down gently in the yielding snow. She made no sound or movement as I left her there; and I thought, vacantly, "She is dead. I shall die, too, presently."

A large tree had been blown down at a little distance from us, and another as tall and stately was bending and swaying above it; its great spreading branches writhing in the blast, and its sturdy stem bowing like a young sapling before the mighty force. "It will be the next to fall," I thought; and with a vague feeling that I would rather be crushed at once by the same blow than linger on through slower death-agonies, I went and sat down directly beneath it. I could distinguish the little dark bundle in the snow, lying still as I had left it, and can remember vividly the feeling of satisfaction which possessed my mind as I thought she was dead, and that I, too, should soon be with her. I know that I grew more and more impatient as time passed and the tree still did not fall, until finally every other emotion was merged into this one—an absorbing desire and eagerness for death in this peculiar form. The tempest raged on as furiously as ever: all around me went on the same creaking, straining, snapping, tearing noises, as deeply-bedded roots were upwrenched from the soil, and tree after tree dismembered

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and overthrown; but still the one for which I waited resisted every shock. It bowed down before each succeeding gust, until the long, sharp leaves struck against my face, but sprang up erect and strong once more as soon as the wind passed over; battling in this way all night for its life, while I waited and longed, now with frenzied impatience, now with hopeless and passionless despair, for its death, which would insure mine!

IV.

My recollections of the latter part of the night are vague and imperfect. I must have had many merciful intervals of entire unconsciousness, and there were others in which I seemed to be looking on from a distance at the sufferings of another person rather than enduring them in my own. Even that insane desire for a terrible, torturing death seemed separate from my own individuality. It was more like an intense sympathy with another's agony than an actual realization of it as present with myself.

If it had been otherwise, and personal consciousness had been alive and active all the while, I must have died or gone mad. As it was, there was little of either life or reason left when they found me at last, after the storm had ceased, and the slow-coming daylight revealed my refuge to those who had so vainly sought for me through all the dreary hours of that fearful night.

Robert told me afterward that he found me sitting bolt-upright against the great pine, with staring, wide-open eyes looking blankly forward, but brightening with no recognition even at sight of him. He tried to rouse me to intelligence, but I gave only vacant, meaningless answers to all his questions about myself and the child. Of the child, in particular, he could not induce me to give any information. "I don't know: dead, I reckon," was the only reply he could obtain to all his agonized entreaties that I would tell him where she was. The little dark bundle that I had laid in the snow was nowhere to be seen, for the drifts were blown and heaped above it until it was no way distinguishable from any of the white mounds and hillocks that surrounded it. Old logs and stumps and broken branches of trees made hills and hollows over the ground, according as the snow had piled itself above them, and many of these were searched to their centre in a vain hope of finding the child.

Robert carried me home at last, giving up the baby for lost, and not daring to leave me uncared-for any longer. But the brave, kind-hearted men who had toiled with him all the night long in his search for me toiled on still for his sake, turning over every log and stump, and diving deep into every bank of snow, laboring, each one, with as earnest a zeal as if the lost child had been his own, until at last their efforts were crowned with success. Deep down, in the very heart of a mountainous drift, they found the blanket, crusted with sleet, and wrapped in close folds round and round *something*—whether dead or alive they could not tell, and did not dare to guess, in the first moments of eager excitement and suspense. But the blanket-covered bundle stirred in their hands as they lifted it out, and when they tore away the close folds—hardly daring to believe the joyful truth—there lay a little face just startled from slumber, its warm rosy lips, its bright wondering eyes, as full of life and health as if it had just been taken from its mother's breast!

Hours after this I waked up from the long, death-like slumber into which I had fallen as soon as they brought me into a place of warmth and rest. My brain was confused at first with a thousand strange images, but they all faded gradually, until I saw with rational eyes, and a quiet apprehension of his presence, my husband sitting beside me. A bright fire-light glowed through the room; Vic was warming a porringer of milk on the hearth, and Katie was purring with kitten-like content in her father's arms. There was nothing to remind me of the terrible night I had passed, but I remembered it with all the vividness of contrast as soon as the first bewilderment of my waking was over.

"Rachel!" Robert bent over me eagerly as he saw my eyes open and fixed upon him. "Do you know me, Rachel?"

I answered him, quietly, "Yes, I know you; you are my husband. I went to meet you last night, and I got into the woods someway. I was there all night, and I thought Katie was dead."

"Look if she is dead now!" he exclaimed, joyfully, holding her up before me. "Selby found her, buried in the snow at the foot of a tree, fast asleep, and just as warm as if she had been in a feather-bed!"

"I thought she was dead. That was why I put her down," I said, calmly; for I was too weak yet to show any strong emotion.

Tears came into Robert's eyes—they did not seem the first he had shed that day—and his lips trembled as he said,

"God spared her to me, and you too, in spite of my sin. If you had died last night, Rachel, I never could have held up my head again."

"I wanted to die," I answered, as calmly as before. "I went under the big pine because I thought it would fall presently and kill me."

"Do you wish it had, Rachel?"

"No, not now. Put your arms round me, Robert. Kiss me! I do love you. I am glad I did not die last night, for your sake."

The sad, yearning look, the wistful, almost pleading tone stirred something very deep in my heart, and the strong, tender love rushed in like a flood once more. We clung together with tears and kisses, forgetting all past bitterness in the great joy and thankfulness of being still alive; still spared to each other for mutual strength and comfort; still able to love and to hope, whatever the future might have in store. By-and-by I was strong enough to sit up by the fire and hold Katie in my lap; and then no place would do

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for Robert but the rug at my feet, where he sat petting Katie and me by turns, as he told me all the history of his adventures in search of me, and listened to what I could remember of mine. We did not allude to the day at Middleton, or any thing that was to result from it. I was determined to put Mark Hildreth out of my mind for one hour at least, and not let the baleful shadow which he had cast over our lives intrude upon this time of deep peace and thanksgiving.

Before the day closed, however—short space as there was between my waking and the gray winter twilight that settled down, still and cold, once more, upon the snow-covered fields—he was brought to my remembrance in a fearful way. Robert had gone down stairs to see the animals fed and sheltered, for he always attended to it himself, to be sure that all the dumb creatures were well cared for; and I sat alone, with Katie asleep on my lap. My eyes were full of tears; I could not keep them from dropping down on her curly head, as I thought how I might have been crying at this time over her little dead, frozen body, only for God's goodness in making the snow a warm covering to save her life. But they were very glad and thankful tears, and all my heart was full of grateful love, and earnest purposes to live a better life in future than I had ever done before. I was praying silently for strength to keep these resolutions and help my husband to keep his, when the door opened suddenly, and Robert came in with such a ghastly face that I almost screamed at sight of him.

"Rachel! Mark Hildreth is dead!" he gasped out; and I did not wonder then at his wild look.

"Selby has been over to tell me," he went on. "He had his negroes at work on the road breaking a way for his teams, and they found Hildreth in the ditch—snowed over and frozen to death—half-way between this and Middleton!"

He sunk down into a chair, trembling all over with such agitation as I had never seen him exhibit, and his face like that of a corpse. As for myself, I was stunned with the sudden shock, and could not speak a word.

"Oh! Rachel," he said, presently, in a low, frightened voice, "I was tempted to kill that man yesterday. If I had found him in a lonely place, God knows what I might not have done! And now—only see!" If he never prayed before, I know Robert prayed then; and I believe with all my heart that his fervent prayer was heard and accepted by Him whose pardon has never yet been withheld from a penitent soul.

There is little more to be told now. It may well be believed that the terrible events of that terrible night were not easily erased from my husband's memory, and that they gave him a strength against temptation which was not easily overcome. Mark Hildreth's strange and unlooked-for death removed his greatest danger, and it also spared him from the public ruin which he had every reason to anticipate. No one but themselves knew of Robert's heavy losses; and as no written pledges had as yet been rendered, he was saved from the necessity of making payment to the heirs. He had no scruples of conscience with regard to this reservation, for he knew almost to a certainty that Hildreth had never played fairly with him, and half his loss had resulted from the cheating of his antagonist.

But he could only accept this deliverance as a great and undeserved mercy still; and his whole life since, as I can bear most proud and loving record, has testified his earnest and humble appreciation of it. God grant that this simple history may speak "a word in season" to only one tempted spirit, and that, like my husband, he may escape—even "so as by fire"—from a vice which, beyond all others, drags body and soul down to destruction.

LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH MISS PRIOR IS KEPT AT THE DOOR.

OF course we all know who she was, the Miss Prior of Shrublands, whom papa and grandmamma called to the unruly children. Years had passed since I had shaken the Beak Street dust off my feet. The brass plate of "Prior" was removed from the once familiar door, and screwed, for what I can tell, on to the late reprobate owner's coffin. A little eruption of mushroom-formed brass knobs I saw on the door-post when I passed by it last week, and CAFE DES AMBASSADEURS with three fly-blown blue teacups, four egg ditto, a couple of clouded coffeepots of the well-known Britannia metal, and two freckled copies of the *Indépendance Belge* hanging over the window blind. Were those their Excellencies the Embassadors at the door smoking cheroots? Pool and Billiards were written on their countenances, their hats, their elbows. They may have been embassadors down on their luck, as the phrase is. They were in disgrace, no doubt, at the court of her imperial majesty Queen Fortune. Men as shabby have retrieved their disgraces ere now, washed their cloudy faces, strapped their dingy waistcoats with cordons, and stepped into fine carriages from quarters not a whit more reputable than the Café des Ambassadeurs. If I lived in the Leicester Square neighborhood, and kept a café, I would always treat foreigners with respect. They may be billiard-markers now, or doing a little shady police business; but why should they not afterward be generals and great officers of state? Suppose that gentleman is at present a barber, with his tongs and stick of fixature for the mustaches, how do you know he has not his epaulets and his *bâton de maréchal* in the same pouch? I see engraven on the second-floor bell, on my rooms, "Plugwell." Who can Plugwell be, whose feet now warm at the fire where I sate many a long evening? And this gentleman with the fur collar, the straggling beard, the frank and engaging leer, the somewhat husky voice, who is calling out on the door-step, "Step

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in, and 'ave it done. Your correct likeness, only one shilling"—is he an embassador, too? Ah, no: he is only the *Chargé d'affaires* of a photographer who lives up stairs: no doubt where the little ones used to be. Law bless me! Photography was an infant, and in the nursery, too, when *we* lived in Beak Street.

Shall I own that, for old time's sake, I went up stairs, and "'ad it done"—that correct likeness, price one shilling? Would Some One (I have said, I think, that the party in question is well married in a distant island) like to have the thing, I wonder, and be reminded of a man whom she knew in life's prime, with brown curly locks, as she looked on the effigy of this elderly gentleman, with a forehead as bare as a billiard ball? As I went up and down that darkling stair, the ghosts of the Prior children peeped out from the balusters; the little faces smiled in the twilight: it may be wounds (of the heart) throbbed and bled again—oh, how freshly and keenly! How infernally I have suffered behind that door in that room—I mean that one where Plugwell now lives. Confound Plugwell! I wonder what that woman thinks of me as she sees me shaking my fist at the door? Do you think me mad, madam? I don't care if you do. Do you think when I spoke anon of the ghosts of Prior's children, I mean that any of them are dead? None are that I know of. A great hulking Bluecoat boy, with fluffy whiskers, spoke to me not long since, in an awful bass voice, and announced his name as "Gus Prior." And "How's Elizabeth?" he added, nodding his bullet head. Elizabeth, indeed, you great vulgar boy! Elizabeth—and, by-the-way, how long we have been keeping her waiting!

You see, as I beheld her, a heap of memories struck upon me, and I could not help chattering; when of course—and you are perfectly right, only you might just as well have left the observation alone: for I knew quite well what you were going to say—when I had much better have held my tongue. Elizabeth means a history to me. She came to me at a critical period of my life. Bleeding and wounded from the conduct of that other individual (by her present name of Mrs. O'D—her present *O'D*-ous name—I say, I will never—never call her)—desperately wounded and miserable on my return from a neighboring capital, I went back to my lodgings in Beak Street, and there there grew up a strange intimacy between me and my landlady's young daughter. I told her my story—indeed, I believe I told any body who would listen. She seemed to compassionate me. She would come wistfully into my rooms, bringing me my gruel and things (I could scarcely bear to eat for a while after—after that affair to which I may have alluded before)—she used to come to me, and she used to pity me, and I used to tell her all, and to tell her over and over again. Days and days have I passed tearing my heart out in that second-floor room which answers to the name of Plugwell now. Afternoon after afternoon have I spent there, and poured out my story of love and wrong to Elizabeth, showed her that waistcoat I told you of—that glove (her hand wasn't so very small either)—her letters, those two or three vacuous, meaningless letters, with "My dear Sir, mamma hopes you will come to tea;" or, "If dear Mr. Batchelor *should* be riding in the Phœnix Park near the *Long Milestone*, about 2, my sister and I will be in the car, and," etc.; or, "Oh, you kind man! the tickets (she called it *tickuts*—by Heaven! she did) were too welcome, and the *bouquays* too lovely" (this word, I saw, had been operated on with a penknife. I found no faults, not even in her spelling—then); or—never mind what more. But more of this *puling*, of this *humbug*, of this *bad spelling*, of this infernal jilting, swindling, heartless hypocrisy (all her mother's doing, I own; for until he *got his place*, my rival was not so well received as I was)—more of this RUBBISH, I say, I showed Elizabeth, and she pitied me!

She used to come to me day after day, and I used to talk to her. She used not to say much. Perhaps she did not listen; but I did not care

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for that. On—and on—and on I would go with my prate about my passion, my wrongs, and despair; and untiring as my complaints were, still more constant was my little hearer's compassion. Mamma's shrill voice would come to put an end to our conversation, and she would rise up with an "Oh, bother!" and go away: but the next day the good girl was sure to come to me again, when we would have another repetition of our tragedy.

I dare say you are beginning to suppose (what, after all, is a very common case, and certainly *no conjuror* is wanted to make the guess) that out of all this crying and sentimentality, which a soft-hearted old fool of a man poured out to a young girl—out of all this whimpering and pity, something which is said to be akin to pity might arise. But in this, my good madam, you are utterly wrong. Some people have the small-pox twice, *I do not*. In my case, if a heart is broke, it's broke: if a flower is withered, it's withered. If I choose to put my grief in a ridiculous light, why not? Why do you suppose I am going to make a tragedy of such an old, used-up, battered, stale, vulgar, trivial, every-day subject as a jilt who plays with a man's passion, and laughs at him, and leaves him? Tragedy indeed! Oh yes! poison—black-edged note-paper—Waterloo Bridge—one more unfortunate, and so forth! No: if she goes, let her go!—*si celeres quatit pennas*, I puff the what-d'ye-call away! But I'll have no *tragedy*, mind you!

Well! it must be confessed that a man desperately in love (as I fear I must own I then was, and a good deal cut up by Glorvina's conduct) is a most selfish being: while women are so soft and unselfish that they can forget or disguise their own sorrows for a while, while they minister to a friend in affliction. I did not see, though I talked with her daily, on my return from that accursed Dublin, that my little Elizabeth was pale and *distraite*, and sad, and silent. She would sit quite dumb while I chattered, her hands between her knees, or draw one of them over her eyes. She would say, "Oh yes! Poor fellow—poor fellow!" now and again, as giving a melancholy confirmation of my dismal stories; but mostly she remained quiet, her head drooping toward the ground, a hand to her chin, her feet to the fender.

I was one day harping on the usual string. I was telling Elizabeth how, after presents had been accepted, after letters had passed between us (if her scrawl could be called letters, if my impassioned song could be so construed), after every thing but the actual word had passed our lips—I was telling Elizabeth how, on one accursed day, Glorvina's mother greeted me on my arrival in M–rr—n Square by saying, "Dear—dear Mr. Batchelor, we look on you quite as one of the family! Congratulate me—congratulate my child! Dear Tom has got his appointment as Recorder of Tobago; and it is to be a match between him and his cousin Glory."

"His cousin *What!*" I shriek, with a maniac laugh.

"My poor Glorvina! Sure the children have been fond of each other ever since they could speak. I knew your kind heart would be the first to rejoice in their happiness!"

And so, say I—ending the story—I, who thought myself loved, was left without a pang of pity: I, who could mention a hundred reasons why I thought Glorvina well disposed to me, was told she regarded me as an *uncle!* Were her letters such as nieces write? Who ever heard of an uncle walking round Merrion Square for hours of a rainy night, and looking up to a bed-room-window, because his *niece*, forsooth, was behind it? I had set my whole heart on the cast, and this was the return I got for it. For months she cajoles me—her eyes follow me, her cursed smiles welcome and fascinate me, and at a moment, at the beck of another—she laughs at me and leaves me!

At this my little pale Elizabeth, still hanging down, cries, "Oh, the villain! the villain!" and sobs so that you might have thought her little heart would break.

"Nay," said I, "my dear, Mr. O'Dowd is no villain. His uncle, Sir Hector, was as gallant an old officer as any in the service. His aunt was a Molloy, of Molloy's Town, and they are of excellent family, though, I believe, of embarrassed circumstances; and young Tom—"

"*Tom?*" cries Elizabeth, with a pale, bewildered look. "*His name wasn't Tom*, dear Mr. Batchelor; *his name was Woo-woo-illiam!*" and the tears begin again.

Ah, my child! my child! my poor young creature! and you, too, have felt the infernal stroke. You, too, have passed the tossing nights of pain—have heard the dreary hours toll—have looked at the cheerless sunrise with your blank, sleepless eyes—have woke out of dreams, may-hap, in which the beloved was smiling on you, whispering love-words—oh! how sweet and fondly remembered! What! your heart has been robbed, too, and your treasury is rifled and empty!—poor girl! And I looked in that sad face, and saw no grief there! You could do your little sweet endeavor to soothe my wounded heart, and I never saw yours was bleeding! Did you suffer more than I did, my poor little maid? I hope not. Are you so young, and is all the flower of life blighted for you? the cup without savor, the sun blotted, or almost invisible over your head? The truth came on me all at once: I felt ashamed that my own selfish grief should have made me blind to hers.

"What!" said I, "my poor child! Was it . . . . . ?" and I pointed with my finger *downward.*

She nodded her poor head.

I knew it was the lodger who had taken the first floor shortly after Slumley's departure. He was an officer in the Bombay Army. He had had the lodgings for three months. He had sailed for India shortly before I returned home from Dublin.

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Elizabeth is waiting all this time—shall she come in? No, not yet. I have still a little more to say about the Priors.

You understand that she was no longer Miss Prior of Beak Street, and that mansion, even at the time of which I write, had been long handed over to other tenants. The captain dead, his widow, with many tears, pressed me to remain with her; and I did, never having been able to resist that kind of appeal. Her statements regarding her affairs were not strictly correct.—Are not women sometimes incorrect about money matters?—A landlord (not unjustly indignant) quickly handed over the mansion in Beak Street to other tenants. The Queen's taxes swooped down on poor Mrs. Prior's scanty furniture—on hers?—on mine likewise: on my neatly-bound college-books, emblazoned with the effigy of Bonifacius, our patron, and of Bishop Budgeon, our founder; on my elegant Raphael Morghen prints, purchased in undergraduate days—(ye Powers! what *did* make us boys go tick for fifteen-guinea proofs of Raphael, Dying Stags, Duke of Wellington Banquets, and the like?); my harmonium, at which SOME ONE has warbled songs of my composition—(I mean the words, artfully describing my passions, my hopes, or my despair); on my rich set of Bohemian glass, bought on the Zeil, Frankfort, O. M.; on my picture of my father, the late Captain Batchelor (Hopner), R.N., in white ducks, and a telescope, pointing, of course, to a tempest, in the midst of which was a naval engagement; on my poor mother's miniature, by old Adam Buck, in pencil and pink, with no waist to speak of at all; my tea and cream pots (bullion), with a hundred such fond knicknacks as decorate the chamber of a lonely man. I found all these household treasures in possession of the myrmidons of the law, and had to pay the Priors' taxes with this hand before I could be redintegrated in my own property. Mrs. Prior could only pay me back with a widow's tears and blessings (Prior had quitted ere this time a world where he had long ceased to be of use or ornament). The tears and blessings, I say, she offered me freely, and they were all very well. But why go on tampering with the tea-box, madam? Why put your finger—your finger?—your whole paw—in the jam-pot? And it is a horrible fact that the wine and spirit bottles were just as leaky after Prior's decease as they had been during his disreputable lifetime. One afternoon, having a sudden occasion to return to my lodgings, I found my wretched landlady in the very act of marauding sherry. She gave a hysterical laugh, and then burst into tears. She declared that since her poor Prior's death she hardly knew what she said or did. She may have been incoherent; she was; but she certainly spoke truth on *this* occasion.

I am speaking lightly—flippantly, if you please—about this old Mrs. Prior, with her hard, eager smile, her weazened face, her frowning look, her cruel voice; and yet, goodness knows, I could, if I liked, be serious as a sermonizer. Why, this woman had once red cheeks, and was well-looking enough, and told few lies, and stole no sherry, and felt the tender passions of the heart, and I dare say kissed the weak old beneficed clergyman her father very fondly and remorsefully that night when she took leave of him to skip round to the back garden-gate and run away with Mr. Prior. Maternal instinct she had, for she nursed her young as best she could from her lean breast, and went about hungrily, robbing and pilfering for them. On Sundays she furbished up that threadbare black silk gown and bonnet, ironed the collar, and clung desperately to church. She had a feeble pencil-drawing of the vicarage in Dorsetshire, and *silhouettes* of her father and mother, which were hung up in the lodgings wherever she went. She migrated much: wherever she went she fastened on gown of the clergyman of the parish; spoke of her dear father the vicar, of her wealthy and gifted brother the Master of Boniface, with a reticence which implied that Dr. Sargent might do more for his poor sister and her family, if he would. She plumed herself (oh! those poor moulting old plumes!) upon belonging to the clergy; had read a good deal of good sound old-fashioned theology in early life, and wrote a noble hand, in which she had been used to copy her father's sermons. She used to put cases of conscience, to present her humble duty to the Rev. Mr. Green, and ask explanation of such and such a passage of his admirable sermon, and bring the subject round so as to be reminded of certain quotations of Hooker, Beveridge, Jeremy Taylor. I think she had an old commonplace book with a score of these extracts, and she worked them in very amusingly and dexterously into her conversation. Green would be interested: perhaps pretty young Mrs. Green would call, secretly rather shocked at the coldness of old Dr. Brown, the rector, about Mrs. Prior. Between Green and Mrs. Prior many transactions would ensue: Mrs. Green's visits would cease: Mrs. Prior was an expensive woman to know. I remember Pye of Maudlin, just before he "went over," was perpetually in Mrs. Prior's back parlor with little books, pictures, medals, etc., etc.—you know. They called poor Jack a Jesuit at Oxbridge; but one year at Rome I met him (with a half-crown shaved out of his head, and a hat as big as Don Basilio's); and he said, "My dear Batchelor, do you know that person at your lodgings? I think she was an artful creature! She borrowed fourteen pounds of me, and I forget how much of—seven, I think—of Barfoot, of Corpus, just—just before we were received. And I believe she absolutely got another loan from Pummel, to be able to get out of the hands of us Jesuits. Are you going to hear the Cardinal? Do—do go and hear him—every body does: it's the most fashionable thing in Rome." And from this I opine that there are slyboots in other communions besides that of Rome.

Now Mamma Prior had not been unaware of the love passages between her daughter and the fugitive Bombay captain. Like Elizabeth, she called Captain Walkingham "villain" readily

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enough; but, if I know woman's nature in the least (and I don't), the old schemer had thrown her daughter only too frequently in the officer's way, had done no small portion of the flirting herself, had allowed poor Bessy to receive presents from Captain Walkingham, and had been the manager and directress of much of the mischief which ensued. You see, in this humble class of life, unprincipled mothers *will* coax and wheedle and cajole gentlemen whom they suppose to be eligible, in order to procure an establishment for their darling children! What the Prioress did was done from the best motives of course. "Never—never did the monster see Bessy without me, or one or two of her brothers and sisters, and Jack and dear Ellen are as sharp children as any in England!" protested the indignant Mrs. Prior to me; "and if one of my boys had been grown up, Walkingham never would have dared to act as he did—the unprincipled wretch! My poor husband would have punished the villain as he deserved; but what could he do in his shattered state of health? Oh! you men—you men, Mr. Batchelor! how *unprincipled* you are!"

"Why, my good Mrs. Prior," said I, "you let Elizabeth come to my room often enough."

"To have the conversation of her uncle's friend, of an educated man, of a man so much older than herself! Of course, dear Sir! Would not a mother wish every advantage for her child? and whom could I trust, if not you, who have ever been such a friend to me and mine?" asks Mrs. Prior, wiping her dry eyes with the corner of her handkerchief, as she stands by my fire, my monthly bills in hand—written in her neat old-fashioned writing, and calculated with that prodigal liberality which she always exercised in compiling the little accounts between us. "Why, bless me!" says my cousin, little Mrs. Skinner, coming to see me once when I was unwell, and examining one of the just-mentioned documents—"bless me! Charles, you consume more tea than all my family, though we are seven in the parlor, and as much sugar and butter—well, it's no wonder you are bilious!"

"But then, my dear, I like my tea so *very* strong," says I; "and you take yours uncommonly mild. I have remarked it at your parties."

"It's a shame that a man should be robbed so," cried Mrs. S.

"How kind it is of you to cry thieves, Flora!" I reply.

"It's my duty, Charles!" exclaims my cousin. "And I should like to know who that great, tall, gawky, red-haired girl in the passage is!"

Ah me! the name of the only woman who ever had possession of this heart was not Elizabeth, though I own I did think at one time that my little schemer of a landlady would not have objected if I had proposed to make Miss Prior Mrs. Batchelor. And it is not only the poor and needy who have this mania, but the rich too. In the very highest circles, as I am informed by the best authorities, this match-making goes on. Ah, woman—woman! ah, wedded wife! ah, fond mother of fair daughters! how strange thy passion is to add to thy titles that of mother-in-law! I am told, when you have got the title, it is often but a bitterness and a disappointment. Very likely the son-in-law is rude to you, the coarse, ungrateful brute! and very possibly the daughter rebels, the thankless serpent! And yet you will go on scheming: and having met only with disappointment from Louisa and her husband, you will try and get one for Jemima, and Maria, and down even to little Toddles coming out of the nursery in her red shoes! When you see her with little Tommy, your neighbor's child, fighting over the same Noah's ark, or clambering on the same rocking-horse, I make no doubt in your fond silly head you are thinking, "Will those little people meet some twenty years hence?" And you give Tommy a very large piece of cake, and have a fine present for him on the Christmas-tree—you know you do, though he is but a rude, noisy child, and has already beaten Toddles, and taken her doll away from her, and made her cry. I remember, when I myself was suffering from the conduct of a young woman in—in a capital which is distinguished by a viceregal court—and from *her* heartlessness, as well as that of her relative, who I once thought would be *my* mother-in-law—shrieking out to a friend who happened to be spouting some lines from Tennyson's *Ulysses:* "By George! Warrington, I have no doubt that when the young sirens set their green caps at the old Greek captain and his crew, waving and beckoning him with their white arms and glancing smiles, and wheedling him with their sweetest pipes—I make no doubt, Sir, that *the mother sirens* were behind the rocks (with their dyed fronts and cheeks painted, so as to resist water), and calling out, 'Now, Halcyone, my child, that air from the Pirata! Now, Glaukopis, dear, look well at that old gentleman at the helm! Bathykolpos, love, there's a young sailor on the maintop, who will tumble right down into your lap if you beckon him!'" And so on—and so on. And I laughed a wild shriek of despair. For I, too, have been on the dangerous island, and come away thence, mad, furious, wanting a strait-waistcoat.

And so, when a white-armed siren named Glorvina was bedeviling *me* with her all too tempting ogling and singing, I did not see at the time, but *now* I know, that her artful mother was egging that artful child on.

How, when the captain died, bailiffs and executions took possession of his premises, I have told in a previous page, nor do I care to enlarge much upon the odious theme. I think the bailiffs were on the premises before Prior's exit; but he did not know of their presence. If I had to buy them out, 'twas no great matter: only I say it *was* hard of Mrs. Prior to represent me in the character of Shylock to the Master of Boniface. Well—well! I suppose there are other gentlemen

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besides Mr. Charles Batchelor who have been misrepresented in this life. Sargent and I made up matters afterward, and Miss Bessy was the cause of our coming together again. "Upon my word, my dear Batchelor," says he one Christmas, when I went up to the old college, "I did not know how much my—ahem!—my family was obliged to you! My—ahem!—niece, Miss Prior, has informed me of various acts of—ahem!—generosity which you showed to my poor sister, and her still more wretched husband. You got my second—ahem!—nephew—pardon me if I forget his Christian name—into the what-d'ye-call'em Blue-coat school; you have been, on various occasions, of considerable pecuniary service to my sister's family. A man need not take high university honors to have a good—ahem!—heart; and, upon my word, Batchelor, I and my—ahem!—wife are sincerely obliged to you!"

"I tell you what, Master," said I, "there *is* a point upon which you ought really to be obliged to me, and in which I have been the means of putting money into your pocket, too."

"I confess I fail to comprehend you," says the Master, with his grandest air.

"I have got you and Mrs. Sargent a very good governess for your children, at the very smallest remuneration," says I.

"Do you know the charges that unhappy sister of mine and her family have put me to already?" says the Master, turning as red as his hood.

"They have formed the frequent subject of your conversation," I replied. "You have had Bessy as a governess—"

"A nursery governess—she has learned Latin, and a great deal more, since she has been in my house!" cries the Master.

"A nursery governess at the wages of a housemaid," I continued, as bold as Corinthian brass.

"Does my niece, does my—ahem!—children's governess complain of my treatment in my college?" cries the Master.

"My dear Master," I asked, "you don't suppose I would have listened to her complaints, or, at any rate, have repeated them, until now?"

"And why now, Batchelor, I should like to know?" says the Master, pacing up and down his study in a fume, under the portraits of Holy Bonifacius, Bishop Budgeon, and all the defunct bigwigs of the college. "And why now, Batchelor, I should like to know," says he.

"Because, though after staying with you for three years, and having improved herself greatly, as every woman must in your society, my dear Master, Miss Prior is worth at least fifty guineas a year more than you give her, I would not have had her speak until she had found a better place."

"You mean to say she proposes to go away?"

"A wealthy friend of mine—who was a member of our college, by-the-way—wants a nursery governess, and I have recommended Miss Prior to him, at seventy guineas a year."

"And pray who's the member of my college who will give my niece seventy guineas?" asks the Master, fiercely.

"You remember Lovel, the gentleman-pensioner?"

"The sugar-baking man—the man who took you out of ja—?"

"One good turn deserves another," says I, hastily. "I have done as much for some of your family, Sargent!"

The red Master, who had been rustling up and down his study in his gown and bands, stopped in his walk as if I had struck him. He looked at me. He turned redder than ever. He drew his hand over his eyes. "Batchelor," says he, "I ask your pardon. It was I who forgot myself—may Heaven forgive me!—forgot how good you have been to my family, to my—ahem!—*humble* family, and—and how devoutly thankful I ought to be for the protection which they have found in you." His voice quite fell as he spoke. And of course any little wrath which I might have felt was disarmed before his contrition. We parted the best friends. He not only shook hands with me at the study-door, but he actually followed me to the hall-door, and shook hands at his lodge porch, *sub Jove*, in the quadrangle. Huckles, the tutor (Highlow Huckles we used to call him in our time), and Botts (Trumperian professor), who happened to be passing through the court at the time, stood aghast as they witnessed the phenomenon.

"I say, Batchelor," asks Huckles, "have you been made a marquis by any chance?"

"Why a marquis, Huckles?" I ask.

"Sargent never comes to his lodge-door with any man under a marquis," says Huckles, in a low whisper.

"Or a pretty woman," says that Botts (he *will* have his joke). "Batchelor, my elderly Tiresias, are you turned into a lovely young lady *par hasard?*"

"Get along, you absurd Trumperian professor!" say I. But the circumstance was the talk not only in Compotation Room that evening over our wine, but of the whole college. And further, events happened which made each man look at his neighbor with wonder. For that whole term Sargent did not ask our nobleman, Lord Sackville (Lord Wigmore's son), to the Lodge. (Lord W.'s father, you know, Duff, was baker to the college.) For that whole term he was rude but twice to Perks, the junior tutor, and then only in a very mild way; and what is more, he gave his niece a present of a gown, of his blessing, of a kiss, and a high character, when she went down; and promised to put one of her young brothers to school—which promise, I need not say, he faithfully kept, for he has good principles, Sargent has. He is rude: he is ill-bred: he is *bumptious* beyond almost any man I ever knew: he is spoiled not a little by prosperity; but he is magnanimous: he can own that he has been in the wrong; and, oh me! what a quantity of Greek he knows!

Although my late friend the captain never seemed to do aught but spend the family money, his disreputable presence somehow acted for good in the household. "My dear husband kept our

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family together," Mrs. Prior said, shaking her lean head under her meagre widow's cap. "Heaven knows how I shall provide for these lambs now he is gone." Indeed, it was not until after the death of that tipsy shepherd that the wolves of the law came down upon the lambs—myself included, who have passed the age of lambhood and mint sauce a long time. They came down upon our fold in Beak Street, I say, and ravaged it. What was I to do? Could I leave that widow and children in their distress? I was not ignorant of misfortune, and knew how to succor the miserable. Nay, I think, the little excitement attendant upon the seizure of my goods, etc., the insolent vulgarity of the low persons in possession —with one of whom I was very near coming to a personal encounter—and other incidents which occurred in the bereft household, served to rouse me, and dissipate some of the languor and misery under which I was suffering, in consequence of Miss Mulligan's conduct to me. I know I took the late captain to his final abode. My good friends the printers of the *Museum* took one of his boys into their counting-house. A blue coat and a pair of yellow stockings were procured for Augustus; and seeing the Master's children walking about in Boniface gardens with a glum-looking old wretch of a nurse, I bethought me of proposing to him to take his niece Miss Prior—and, Heaven be good to me! never said one word to her uncle about Miss Bellenden and the Academy. I dare say I drew a number of long bows about her. I managed about the bad grammar pretty well, by lamenting that Elizabeth's poor mother had been forced to allow the girl to keep company with ill-educated people: and added, that she could not fail to mend her English in the house of one of the most distinguished scholars in Europe, and one of the best-bred women. I did say so, upon my word, looking that half-bred stuck-up Mrs. Sargent gravely in the face; and I humbly trust the recording Angel who had to register that bouncer in the proper quarter will be pleased to consider that the motive was good, though the statement was unjustifiable. But I don't think it was the compliment: I think it was the temptation of getting a governess for next to nothing that operated upon Madam Sargent. And so Bessy went to her aunt, partook of the bread of dependence, and drank of the cup of humiliation, and ate the pie of humility, and brought up her odious little cousins to the best of her small power, and bowed the head of hypocrisy before the don her uncle, and the pompous little upstart her aunt. *She* the best-bred woman in England, indeed! She, the little vain skinflint!

Bessy's mother was not a little loth to part with the fifty pounds a year which the child brought home from the Academy; but her departure thence was inevitable. Some quarrel had taken place there, about which the girl did not care to talk. Some rudeness had been offered to Miss Bellenden, to which Miss Prior was determined not to submit: or was it that she wanted to go away from the scenes of her own misery, and to try and forget that Indian captain? Come, fellow-sufferer! Come, child of misfortune, come hither! Here is an old bachelor who will weep with thee tear for tear!

I protest here is Miss Prior coming into the room at last. A pale face, a tawny head of hair combed back, under a black cap: a pair of blue spectacles, as I live! a tight mourning dress, buttoned up to her white throat; a head hung meekly down: such is Miss Prior. She takes my hand when I offer it. She drops me a demure little courtesy, and answers my many questions with humble monosyllabic replies. She appeals constantly to Lady Baker for instruction, or for confirmation of her statements. What! have six years of slavery so changed the frank daring young girl whom I remember in Beak Street? She is taller and stouter than she was. She is awkward and high-shouldered, but surely she has a very fine figure.

"Will Miss Cecy and Master Popham have their teas here or in the schoolroom?" asks Bedford, the butler, of his master. Miss Prior looks appealingly to Lady Baker."

"In the sch——" Lady Baker is beginning.

"Here—here!" bawl out the children. "Much better fun down here: and you'll send us out some fruit and things from dinner, papa!" cries Cecy.

"It's time to dress for dinner," says her ladyship.

"Has the first bell rung?" asks Lovel.

I had come down in my evening dress, on the top of the Putney omnibus; so I staid in the drawing-room with the children, while the widower and his mother-in-law retired to prepare for the evening meal.

"It always takes grandmamma a precious long time to dress for dinner!" cries Pop. And, indeed, on looking at Lady Baker, the connoisseur might perceive that her ladyship was a highly composite person, whose charms required very much care and arrangement. There are some cracked old houses where the painters and plumbers, and puttyers are always at work.

"Have the goodness to ring the bell!" she says, in a majestic manner, to Miss Prior, though I think Lady Baker herself was nearest.

I sprang toward the bell myself, and my hand meets Elizabeth's there, who was obeying her ladyship's summons, and who retreats, making me the demurest courtesy. At the summons enter Bedford the butler (he was an old friend of mine, too), and young Buttons the page under that butler.

Lady Baker points to a heap of articles on a table, and says to Bedford: "If you please, Bedford, tell my man to give those things to Pinhorn, my maid, to be taken to my room."

"Shall not I take them up, dear Lady Baker?" says Miss Prior.

But Bedford, looking at his subordinate, says: "Thomas! tell Bulkeley, her ladyship's man, to take her ladyship's things, and give them to her ladyship's maid." There was a tone of sarcasm, even of parody, in Monsieur Bedford's voice; but

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his manner was profoundly grave and respectful. Drawing up her person, and making a motion, I don't know whether of politeness or defiance, exit Lady Baker, followed by page, bearing bandboxes, shawls, paper parcels, parasols—I know not what. Dear Popham stands on his head as grandmamma. "Don't be vulgar!" cries little Cecy (the dear child is always acting as a little Mentor to her brother). "I shall, if I like," says Pop; and he makes faces at her.

"You know your room, Batch?" asks the master of the house.

"Mr. Batchelor's old room—always has the blue room," says Bedford, looking very kindly at me.

"Give us," cries Lovel, "a bottle of that Sau—"

"—Terne, Mr. Batchelor used to like. Château Yqueur. All right!" says Mr. Bedford. "How will you have the turbot done you brought down?—Dutch sauce?—Make lobster into salad? Mr. Bonnington likes lobster salad," says Bedford. Pop is winding up the butler's back at this time. It is evident Mr. Bedford is a privileged person in the family. As he had entered it on my nomination several years ago, and had been ever since the faithful valet, butler, and major-domo of Lovel, Bedford and I were always good friends when we met.

"By-the-way, Bedford, why wasn't the barouche sent for me to the bridge?" cries Lovel. "I had to walk all the way home, with a bat and stumps for Pop, with the basket of fish, and that bandbox with my lady's—"

"He—he!" grins Lovel.

"He—he!" Confound you, why do you stand grinning there? Why didn't I have the carriage, I say?" bawls the master of the house.

"*You* know, Sir," says Lovel. "*She* had the carriage." And he indicated the door through which Lady Baker had just retreated.

"Then why didn't I have the phaeton?" asks Bedford's master.

"Your ma and Mr. Bonnington had the phaeton."

"And why shouldn't they, pray? Mr. Bonnington is lame: I'm at my business all day. I should like to know why they *shouldn't* have the phaeton?" says Lovel, appealing to me. As we had been sitting talking together previous to Miss Prior's appearance, Lady Baker had said to Lovel, "Your mother and Mr. Bonnington are coming to dinner *of course*, Frederick;" and Lovel had said, "Of course they are," with a peevish bluster, whereof I now began to understand the meaning. The fact was, these two women were fighting for the possession of this child; but who was the Solomon to say which should have him? Not I. *Nenni.* I put my oar in no man's boat. Give me an easy life, my dear friends, and row me gently over.

"You had better go and dress," says Bedford, sternly, looking at his master; "the first bell has rung this quarter of an hour. Will you have some 34?"

Lovel started up; he looked at the clock. "You are all ready, Batch, I see. I hope you are going to stay some time, ain't you?" And he disappeared to array himself in his sables and starch. I was thus alone with Miss Prior, and her young charges, who resumed straightway their infantine gambols and quarrels.

"My dear Bessy!" I cry, holding out both hands, "I am heartily glad to—"

"*Ne m'appelez que de mon nom paternel devant tout ce monde s'il vous plait, mon cher ami, mon bon protecteur!*" she says, hastily, in very good French, folding her hands and making a courtesy.

"*Oui, oui, oui! Parlez vous Français? J'aime, tu aimes, il aime!*" cries out dear Master Popham. "What are you talking about? Here's the phaeton!" and the young innocent dashes through the open window on to the lawn, whither he is followed by his sister, and where we see the carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Bonnington rolling over the smooth walk.

Bessy advances toward me, and gives me readily enough now the hand she had refused anon.

"I never thought you would have refused it, Bessy," says I.

"Refuse it to the best friend I ever had!" she says, pressing my hand. "Ah, dear Mr. Batchelor, what an ungrateful wretch I should be if I did!"

"Let me see your eyes. Why do you wear spectacles? You never wore them in Beak Street," I say. You see I was very fond of the child. She had wound herself around me in a thousand fond ways. Owing to a certain Person's conduct my heart may be a ruin—a Persepolis, Sir—a perfect Tadmor. But what then? May not a traveler rest under its shattered columns? May not an Arab maid repose there till the morning dawns and the caravan passes on? Yes, my heart is a Palmyra, and once a queen inhabited me (Oh Zenobia! Zenobia! to think thou shouldst have been led away captive by an O'D.!). Now I am alone, alone in the solitary wilderness. Nevertheless, if a stranger comes to me I have a spring for his weary feet, I will give him the shelter of my shade. Rest thy cheek a while, young maiden, on my marble—then go thy ways, and leave me.

This I thought, or something to this effect, as in reply to my remark, "Let me see your eyes," Bessy took off her spectacles, and I took them up and looked at her. Why didn't I say to her, "My dear, brave Elizabeth! as I look in your face I see you have had an awful deal of suffering. Your eyes are inscrutably sad. We, who are initiated, know the members of our Community of Sorrow. We have both been wrecked in different ships, and been cast on this shore—let us go hand-in-hand, and find a cave and a shelter somewhere together." I say, why didn't I say this to her? She would have come, I feel sure she would. We would have been semi-attached, as it were. We would have locked up that room in either heart where the skeleton was, and said nothing about it, and pulled down the party-wall and taken our mild tea in the garden.

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BESSY'S SPECTACLES.

I live in Pump Court now. It would have been better than this dingy loneliness and a snuffy laundress who bullies me. But for Bessy? Well —well, perhaps better for her too.

I remember these thoughts rushing through my mind while I held the spectacles. What a number of other things too? I remember two canaries making a tremendous concert in their cage. I remember the voices of the two children quarreling on the lawn, the sound of the carriage-wheels grinding over the gravel; and then of a little old familiar cracked voice in my ear, with a "La, Mr. Batchelor! are *you* here?" And a sly face looks up at me from under an old bonnet.

"It is mamma," says Bessy.

"And I'm come to tea with Elizabeth and the dear children; and while you are at dinner, dear Mr. Batchelor, thankful—thankful for all mercies! And, dear me! here is Mrs. Bonnington, I do declare! Dear madam, how well you look —not twenty, I declare! And dear Mr. Bonnington! Oh, Sir! let me—let me, I must press

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your hand. What a sermon last Sunday! All Putney was in tears!"

And the little woman, flinging out her lean arms, seizes portly Mr. Bonnington's fat hand: as he and kind Mrs. Bonnington enter at the open casement.

TITHONUS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

AY me! ay me! the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the earth and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And though they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, though even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me. Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and that wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

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Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
"The Gods themselves can not recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee, saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings,
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

THE SEARCH FOR A NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

IN the year 1001 Leif, the son of Eric Redhead, the discoverer of Greenland, sailed south from his Greenland home, in a small vessel, and landed on the shores of "*Winland dat Gode*"—the good wine country—supposed, from the length of the mid-summer days, which he records, to have been a portion of the Newfoundland coast. He named it Wineland because one day a German of his crew, wandering in the pleasant woods, grew happy over the discovery of some grapes, of which, he told his commander, they made wine in his country. Thorwald, Leif's mother, one of the strong-minded females common in those days, made a second voyage to the new-found land, but meeting no inhabitants, returned.

And there the first discoverers of North America rested; having no use for this new continent of ours as yet.

So far, but no farther, their restless discontent carried the piratical rovers of the north. Not till the trade with India and Cathay became of great importance to Europe—not till it was perceived that that people who mastered this trade had really subjected the civilized world to themselves—did the real spirit of discovery begin to animate the nations of Central Europe. The first fruit of this new-born energy was the passage to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, by the Portuguese Vasco de Gama. This became immediately the great highway of commerce; and Portugal held it against the world. Whereupon Columbus sought a shorter road for Spain, and found the West Indies; Cabot sought a shorter road for England, and found the twice-found Newfoundland; and presently began that dream of a "shorter road" to the wealth of the Orient—that problem of a passage "north-about," to the solution of which the bravest seamen of Europe, for more than three hundred years, gave every energy of their lives, and too often life itself.

Space fails us to recount the adventures and misfortunes of the various unsuccessful seekers after the "shorter road:"—of the Cabots, who, finding a continent barring the way to Cathay, were the first to project a voyage round its northern shores; of the two brave brothers, Caspar and Michael Cortereal, who (in 1501), imagining they had found, in what is now the Strait of Belleisle,

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a passage leading directly into the Indian Seas, were murdered by the Esquimaux ere discovering their mistake; of gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby, who, attempting the northeast passage around Nova Zembla, in 1553, was caught in the ice, and afterward found frozen to death, with all his crew, in a wretched hut on the bleak shores of Lapland; of Frobisher, whose three voyages (1576–'78) resulted in the discovery of the Strait which bears his name, and of a stone which was supposed to contain gold, whereat all England grew excited, till a ship-load brought home proved entirely valueless. In 1578 Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a nephew of Sir Walter Raleigh, who had already, some years before, published a "Discourse of a Discoverie for a new passage to Cathaia and the East Indies," set out with a goodly fleet to realize his speculations. Misfortunes of every kind attended the good knight. Head-winds retarded him; savages murdered his men; storms sank two of his ships; and at last he turned his remaining vessels homeward, with heart sad at the failure of his best hopes. The *Squirrel*, his own bark, was of but ten tons—not so large as a seventy-four's launch in these days. She was loaded down with artillery, part of which was even stowed upon her narrow decks. It was the season of storms. The Admiral was asked to take refuge in the larger vessel, the *Golden Hinde;* but nobly replied, "I will not now desert my little vessel and crew, after we have encountered so many perils together." So they sailed. On the 9th of September a great gale came up, in which the *Squirrel* sprung a leak. As they were laboring at the pumps the *Golden Hinde* approached to offer assistance, and Sir Humphrey was seen sitting in the stern of the little ship with a Bible before him. As the ships parted again, the men being much alarmed, the brave old Admiral was heard to call out, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven by sea as by land!" A little after twelve that night the *Squirrel's* light was seen for the last time by the anxious watchers in the *Hinde*, who thereupon, with heavy hearts, made the best of their way home.

In 1585–'88 John Davis discovered the Strait which bears his name, and thus for the first time opened the way to Baffin's Bay and the Polar Seas. The pious old sailor had many dangers to encounter, and found but a sterile land after all; which he commemorated by naming two headlands "Cape God's Mercy" and "Cape Desolation." He reached farther north than any of his predecessors, but the ice barred his way into the great Bay of Baffin.

Discouraged by several attempts to the northwest, and rendered hopeful by a report, brought by some China traders, that a whale had been found on the Japanese coast with a harpoon in his body of undoubted Dutch make—which assured the fact, hitherto doubted, of a sea passing entirely around the northern part of Europe—William Barentz was sent out in 1594, by a Dutch Company, with instructions to report a channel of communication with Cathay. They set out with great hopes; made satisfactory progress into the sea north of Nova Zembla; but by August found themselves surrounded with ice, and forced, "in great cold, povertie, miserie, and griefe, to stay all that winter" in a hut which they built on the shore; where their brandy froze, they were attacked by monstrous bears, had great difficulty in keeping one small fire going; but yet, like brave sturdy sailors as they were, kept the feast of the Nativity with no little jollity—serving out for that day a double allowance of half a cupful of frozen wine to each man, on the strength of which exhilarating draught they had a dance, and elected their gunner king of Nova Zembla. Finally, on the 13th of June of the following year, the survivors started for home, in an open boat, and poor Barentz, being now off the icy Cape of Norway, was, at his own request, lifted up in the boat to see the shore so fatal to him; then sank back and presently died.

In 1607 Hendrick Hudson was sent out by the English Muscovy Company to try for a passage *across the pole.* The bold navigator steered due north till he reached latitude 81° 30′—a parallel exceeded since by but a few miles—and then an impenetrable barrier of ice forced him to return. He tried the following year for a northeast passage—failed again; next discovered the Bay of New York and the Hudson River; and on the fourth voyage, his last, entered the great bay which also bears his name, and which was for many years after thought so promising an avenue India-ward that, as late as 1743, the British Government offered a reward of £20,000 to the crew who should sail through it to China. Hudson, too, was lost on the homeward passage; murdered, it is suspected, by his crew, to whom—with his solemn face, and determined, unfaltering ways—he was no pleasant master. Five unsuccessful expeditions into Hudson's Bay followed; and finally Baffin, in 1616, explored thoroughly the great bay called after him. Now ceased for a time the efforts of the British and Dutch in this direction—efforts, it should be remembered, made with the slightest means, and in such small, weak, ill-provided vessels—many of but ten or twelve tons, and none over fifty—as no seamen of our days would dare trust themselves in for even a summer voyage across the South Atlantic, far less for a bout with icebergs, and a determined encounter of all the hardships and dangers of arctic navigation.

When next the northwest passage was sought, it was no longer as a mercantile speculation. The passage round the southern capes was now free, and the arctic problem, ceasing to be commercial, became scientific. In 1773 Captain Constantine Phipps (afterward Lord Mulgrave) was sent with two ships to reach the North Pole. He attained latitude 80° 48′, and then, after nearly abandoning his ships in the ice, drifted southward and returned home. Captain Cook was sent in 1776 to pass eastward through Behring's Straits, a ship being sent into Baffin's Bay to meet him, and Parliament altering the terms of the £20,000 reward so as to make it attaina-

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ble by the discovery of *any* passage to the northwest. Also, £5000 were offered to any one who should get within a degree of the pole. Cook could not get higher than 70° 20′. Mackenzie in 1789 traveled overland to about latitude 69°, following the course of the Mackenzie River. And now occurred an interval wherein both commerce and science seemed vanquished.

Meantime, the British whalemen made constant summer voyages to the seas about Greenland and Spitzbergen, and to Davis Straits, in pursuit of right whales and seals. The officers of whaling vessels being generally men of little information outside their business, science did not profit much by these voyages until Captain Scoresby's time. This able navigator, in 1806, followed whales into latitude 81° 30′ — within five hundred miles of the pole. In 1816–'17 the Greenland whalers found less ice and an opener sea than for many previous years. Reporting this, in 1818 two expeditions were fitted out by the British Government: one under Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry, to discover the Northwest passage; and the other, under Captain Buchan and Lieutenant Franklin, to penetrate to the North Pole.

Thus first appeared upon the scene of arctic discovery a man whose long doubtful fate has since engaged the attention and the sympathies of the civilized world for many years, and whose sterling qualities of dauntless bravery, unceasing energy, fertility of resource in strange and unexpected dangers, and true kindliness of heart, have been almost lost to public view in his misfortunes.

Franklin was a born sailor. He was the youngest son of a respectable yeoman of Lincolnshire, and, born April 16, 1786, was intended by his father for the ministry. His inclination for the sea was so strong, however, that his father sent him on board a small brig, with the hope that a hard voyage would cure him. He might have known that it would only confirm his tendency seaward. This proving the case, young Franklin was put into the navy; was present at the battle of Copenhagen, where his youthful bravery got him the admiration of his fellows; was wrecked on the sterile coast of New Holland; signal midshipman at the battle of Trafalgar, where, of forty persons who stood around him on the poop, only seven survived the action; afterward served on the American coast, and was present in the river at the battle of New Orleans, where he captured one of the American gun-boats, and for his gallantry was made lieutenant; and on his return home received his appointment to the Polar Expedition. Henceforth he belongs not to Britain, but to the world.

Buchan and Franklin penetrated no farther than 80° 34′, where, surrounded by heavy fields of ice, their ships were much shattered, and they were finally obliged to return home. Meantime Ross and Parry reached the opening of Lancaster Sound, and entered for the first time upon regions hitherto unexplored. But their discoveries were very limited. The ice-bound coast was too much for them; and after sailing sixty miles into the Sound, they returned to England, Ross convinced that he had merely sailed into a great bay, Parry equally sure that it was a passage leading into opener waters beyond. To resolve this question Parry and Liddon were sent out in 1819 in the *Hecla* and *Griper*, vessels whose names are now historic. They ran through Lancaster Sound to the mouth of Barrow's Straits and Prince Regent's Inlet; on September 4th passed the 110th parallel of longitude, which entitled the delighted crews to the Parliamentary reward of £5000; but by September 20th found themselves compelled to go into winter-quarters, and returned the next year without making farther discoveries.

In 1819, too, Franklin set out on an overland expedition from York Factory, on the western shore of Hudson's Bay, with the purpose of exploring the northern coast-line of America. The expedition consisted of five men: Lieutenant Franklin, Dr. John Richardson, Midshipmen Hood and Back, and a seaman named Hepburn. They returned in July, 1822, after a three years' struggle with almost every kind of hardship and peril to which men are liable in those regions; traveling day after day with the mercury frozen in the thermometer bulb; bitterly disappointed when they thought themselves on the eve of a successful exploration; forced by lack of provisions to turn back when they had actually attained a point whence to make a valuable survey; leaving their light canoes behind because too weak to carry them past an insignificant bar in the Hood River; starving by inches on rock-tripe and a scanty supply of roasted boot leather, eating which afflicted them with cruel bowel complaints; some days altogether without food —in that bitter region, where even men of tender stomachs are able to digest train oil and walrus blubber—and lying in their tents, without fire and with little clothing, while the strongest man gathered the nauseous rock-tripe, on the small supply of which their last slender hope of life depended; but ever looking, wrote Franklin himself, "with humble confidence to the great Author and Giver of all good for a continuance of the support which had hitherto been always supplied to us at our greatest need." After such sufferings as make the blood curdle to read even, and as it seems almost incredible that men should pass through and live, they at last reached Fort Enterprise. But instead of a warm welcome from hospitable hunters, they found only a deserted shanty, fireless, foodless, cheerless! Here they were forced to remain from the 11th of October to the 7th of November, barely existing on the offal, bones, and bits of leather left among the rubbish heaps by the last occupants. Until at last help came, and they were rescued, after their long journey of 5500 miles.

A voyage to Lisbon could not cure Franklin of his love for the sea; and the sufferings of these thirty months only made him an enthusiast for arctic explorations. He reached En-

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gland in the autumn of 1822, found himself made post-captain and a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the following year married Miss Eleanor Porden, an English poetess, who had published some years before a poem of considerable merit called "The Arctic Expedition," and shared with him, therefore, his enthusiasm. In 1825 he was appointed to command a second overland expedition to the Arctic Regions. His wife was ill, lying at the point of death when his sailing day arrived, but would not hear of delay. She gave him a silk flag, to be hoisted when he reached the Polar Sea, and died the day after he left England.

Meantime Parry and Lyon had spent the winters of 1821–'22 and 1822–'23 in the ice, and returning to England in the latter year, were sent again to co-operate with Franklin by sea. Two other expeditions—making four in all—were dispatched—one to go through Behring Straits and meet Franklin at the mouth of the Mackenzie; and the other, under Captain Lyon, to pass through Hudson's Strait, around Southampton Island, and up Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome. Three expeditions were utterly resultless. Franklin alone accomplished something. He reached the Polar Sea, where, in August, 1825, he first raised the flag which was his noble wife's dying gift. After performing a voyage of over 2000 miles, he devoted the winter of 1827 to magnetic observations at his winter-quarters at Great Bear Lake. This point being on the opposite side of the magnetic pole from the place of Parry's observations the year before, there was thus—the north points of their needles pointing directly toward each other—an unusual opportunity for very interesting scientific observations, which it needs not to say Franklin used to best advantage.

In 1829, Sir Felix Booth, an alderman of London, fitted out the *Victory*, a vessel moving by steam as well as sails. She was commanded by Captain Ross, sailed in May, 1829, and her object was to find a passage by some opening leading out of Prince Regent's Inlet. This sound, turning south out of Lancaster Sound, was now thought the most likely avenue to the Pacific, as it was believed that the waters which bounded the shores surveyed in part by Franklin, Mackenzie, Hearn, and others, were more likely to prove frequently open than the island-studded seas farther north. It was yet, however, an open question whether the land would not somewhere bar a passage. Ross was so fortunate as to reach, the first summer, within two hundred miles of Franklin's Point Turn-again—thereby exploring over three hundred miles of hitherto undiscovered coast line. They went into winter-quarters in October, 1829; did not get clear again until September 17, 1830; and after making, with great exertions, a progress of *three* miles were forced again into winter-quarters. Next August they made *four* miles more, and then prepared to pass a third winter in the ice. In April, 1831, Captain Ross, on a sledging excursion, for the first time reached the point of the true magnetic pole, which was found to be in latitude 70° 5′ 17″ north, and longitude 96° 46′ 45″ west. Here the needle of the compass pointed directly downward. The ice binding their ships, and the scurvy appearing among the crew, the *Victory* was abandoned in April, 1832, and the crew, now some time given up for dead in England, marched overland to the point where the *Fury* had been wrecked; and here, where they found a store of supplies, they passed a fourth winter, that of 1832–'33. The next summer they started in boats for the open waters of Baffin's Bay, where they finally met a whale-ship, formerly commanded by Captain Ross himself. When Ross announced his name the whaling crew thought there must be some mistake, as Captain Ross's party had been dead for two years! So accustomed had these explorers become to hardships of every sort that the commonest necessaries of civilized life disagreed with them, and it was long time ere they could sleep on a bed! This is one of the severest voyages on record, and proves clearly how the variable seasons of the arctic regions prove fatal to the luckless navigator, who pushes farther in one open summer than he can retrace in many following seasons.

Ross and his party reached home in September, 1833. In February of that year, Sir George Back and Dr. King, a naturalist and surgeon, left England for an overland search for Ross. They learned of the safety of Ross the next year; but meantime and afterward, explored a long line of coast, but without important results. Back set out in 1836 again, in the *Terror*, to finish Ross's explorations, Franklin's Point Turn-again being now the goal of all endeavors by ship down Price Regent's Inlet. Dease and Simpson, sent out the same year, explored westward from the Mackenzie River, and then eastward to a point within ninety miles of where Ross had stopped. So far there was water communication, though obstructed with ice. It remained for Dr. Rae to establish the fact, in 1848, that Boothia is connected with the main land, and that, consequently, Prince Regent's Inlet has no water communication westward.

There might yet, however, be a passage farther to the west. To Sir John Franklin the passage northwest had become a life-dream. "No service was nearer to his heart," he said, "than the completion of the survey of the northwest coast of America, and the accomplishment of a northwest passage." To him, now in his fifty-ninth year, but hale, vigorous, and enthusiastic still, was intrusted a final expedition. Final indeed, in the saddest sense! He had been, in 1830, in the Mediterranean, where the King of Greece testified his value of the man by decorating him with the Cross of the Redeemer of Grace; and better yet, his kindness to his crew obtained him such love from the rough old sailors, that they called his ship the "Celestial Rainbow," and "Franklin's Paradise." Married in 1828 to Miss Jane Griffin, the present Lady Franklin, that lady accompanied him when, in

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1836, he was sent out as Governor to Van Diemen's Land. Here he founded a college, endowing it liberally from his own funds; founded the Royal Society of Hobartown, and printed its papers at his own expense; inaugurated numerous wise measures for the prosperity of the rising colony; and when an increase of salary was voted him, by the Colonial Council, refused to accept it; while Lady Franklin, by paying a reward of ten shillings each from her own purse, for the destruction of a venomous serpent, rid the colonial farmers of a most dreaded enemy. It is good to know that, when years afterward she was expending her means in the long and faithful searches for her lost sailor, the people of Van Diemen's Land, remembering their good Governor, sent her, from their small substance, £1700 to help along in the search.

Sir John Franklin sailed on May 19, 1845. He commanded the *Erebus;* Captain Richard Crozier the *Terror*. They were fitted and provisioned for a three years' stay. Each vessel carried a small steam-engine and screw propeller. One hundred and thirty-eight tried men and officers formed the crews. So many officers volunteered for the service, that, had all been accepted, they themselves would have manned the expedition. He was ordered to steer due westward, through Lancaster Sound, Barrow's Strait, Melville Sound, and Bank's Strait, into what is known to be an open sea beyond; and it was hoped that he would really be able to make the passage. The course looks so fair on the map!

On July 26, 1845, the whale-ship *Prince of Wales* saw the *Erebus* and *Terror* moored to an iceberg, in lat. 74° 48′ north, and long. 66° 13′ west, about two hundred and ten miles from the opening of Lancaster Sound. They were waiting for an opening in the ice.

This is the last time any of Sir John Franklin's crew were seen alive by white men. Now began the third and saddest phase of the long line of daring. The drama became a tragedy. Commerce inaugurated it. Science continued it. Humanity must finish it.

In the fall of 1847 some alarm began to be felt in England for the safety of Franklin and his brave companions. In 1848 three expeditions were sent in search. The *Plover* and *Herald*, with their boats, explored from Behring's Straits eastward to the mouth of the Mackenzie; but found no trace. Sir John Richardson followed the shore line for 800 miles, from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine; but found no trace. Sir James Ross wintered in North Somerset, and explored south and west, down Prince Regent's Inlet and up Barrow's Strait. He found no trace. And thus closed the year 1848.

Meantime where were the missing explorers, now entering on their fourth year of peril and suffering? From the sad story, whose disjointed and unsatisfying fragments have been recovered by the loving persistence of Lady Franklin and the bravery of M'Clintock, we gather only that, in 1845, the year in which they left England, they passed up Wellington Channel—which separates Cornwallis Island from the land called North Devon—completely circumnavigated the island, and returned to winter-quarters at Beechy Island, a sheltered nook on the southwestern corner of North Devon, where former navigators had found safe harbor. The next summer they passed completely through Barrow's Strait, then down Peel Sound—the reader should mark this course on his map—and on the 12th of September, 1846, they were "beset." They were then in lat. 70° 05′, and long. 98° 23′ west, and about 15 miles from the northwestern shore of King William's Land. Here, in the packed ice, they passed their second winter. In May, 1847, all was well on board the *Erebus* and *Terror;* but the ships were still in the ice. Perils and discomforts they had suffered, but their sorrows were yet to commence. Sir John Franklin, their brave old chief, died on the 11th of June following, and now—fast in the ice, as they were, vainly looking for the thaw which should release their ships, losing some portion of hopeful energy, probably, when their Captain was lost to them—now it may be supposed, death did not leave them. On the 22d of April, 1848, they left their ships. In twenty months they had drifted only twelve or fourteen miles. They had lost at this time nine officers and fifteen men—a sign of a still strong and healthy crew, the casual reader will say. But an ill augury indeed, the experienced arctic navigator says; for deaths do not commonly occur in those regions until most of the crew are diseased. The *Investigator* was three winters in the ice. She lost but three men; yet the whole crew were affected and debilitated by scurvy. And this though they had occasional supplies of fresh meat; having procured, besides smaller game, about one hundred rein-deer. Now Franklin's men were cut off from this resource by reason of being beset on a sterile coast. Captain M'Clintock gives it as his opinion, therefore, that previous to leaving the ships the crews had become greatly debilitated. So, on the 22d of April, 1848, they left their ships, built the cairn in which their sad record was last year found, and "intended proceeding on the morrow for Back's Great Fish River."

Here comes in a noticeable bit of "Red Tape." Dr. Richard King, of London, who, on an overland exploration made with Sir George Back, in 1833, had given proofs of eminent fitness for arctic voyaging, and whose chart of the coast line laid down by them, and theories as to the line of shore left unexplored, though they gained him the enmity of Sir George, proved afterward, in every instance, singularly correct: this gentleman, in June, 1847, addressed to the British Secretary of State, Earl Grey, a letter, in which, after proving that the alarm felt for Franklin's safety was justifiable, he further explained to the dull official understanding that, supposing Sir John Franklin to be fast in the ice, it was not probable that a *ship* expedition could reach him

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—as otherwise he would himself escape. He then proved, so far as the assertion was susceptible of proof, that the lost voyagers would be found "near the western land of North Somerset;" that only an overland expedition, by way of the Great Fish River, could hope to reach them in time for efficient succor; and offered to lead or take part in such an expedition. This letter, written on June 10, and followed by two others, urging the importance of immediate attention to its suggestions, was answered in December—that is to say, after six months' delay—with a desire that whatever "application Dr. King may have to make may be addressed to the Admiralty." Now Dr. King is an eminent physician, and so far from applying for a job was prepared to sacrifice his pecuniary prospects by going where no one better than he could go. When it is remembered that later revelations prove him to have been remarkably correct in the position he assigned to the lost expedition—and that if the Admiralty had given him the attention and confidence his previous explorations entitled him to, they would undoubtedly, at a trifling expense in money, have saved nearly all of Franklin's crew—it is hardly too much to say that the lives, the sufferings, the agonies of slow starvation, of possible cannibalism, and certain hopeless deaths—the blame of all this rests, with fearful weight, upon the noble shoulders of Earls Grey and Derby and their associate Red-Tapists.

While Dr. King is vainly urging the British Admiralty to adopt the only course by which, we now see, the wrecked expedition could have received timely succor; while that expedition itself is failing, man by man, "dropping as they walked along on the icy shore," as the Esquimaux reported, and as the few bodies since discovered prove; while "My Lords" acquaint Dr. King (March 3, 1848), with such a small sneer as only Red-Tape is capable of conceiving, that "they have no intention of altering their present arrangements, or of making any others that will require his assistance, or force him to make the sacrifices he appears to contemplate;" Parliament offers £20,000 to any party, of any nation, who shall render efficient aid to the missing; and the year 1850 sees no less than seven *ship* expeditions sent out; besides one overland journey, by Dr. Rae. The *Investigator* and *Plover* were sent through Behring's Straits, where M'Clure pushed on till he also was "beset" in Melville Sound, and only released after spending four winters in the ice, and settling the great problem of centuries by returning home eastward, and thus accomplishing for the first time the northwest passage. Government sent into Baffin's Bay four vessels, who accomplished nothing. Sir John Ross went out in a fifth, a schooner, fitted out by public subscription; the *Lady Franklin* was sent by the noble lady after whom she was named; who also defrayed two-thirds of the expense of another vessel, the *Prince Albert;* and the *North Star*, a transport ship, wintered at the head of Wostenholm's Sound; higher north than ever a winter was spent, until Kane pushed the little *Advance* yet farther. Finally, our own *Advance* and *Rescue*, commanded by Lieutenant De Haven, and carrying Dr. Kane as surgeon, were sent out by the noble generosity of Henry Grinnel, of New York.

The discovery of Franklin's first winter camp at Beechey Island set all the searchers to theorizing. The general conclusion was, that Franklin had gone up Wellington Channel—had penetrated into the great Polar Basin, and was there still. We now know how mistaken they were.

The expeditions returned home in 1857 without accomplishing any thing. Sir John Ross brought home a report that Franklin and his men were murdered by the Esquimaux in Wostenholm's Sound; and this report, vague as it was, caused Captain Inglefield to be sent out next year in search of remains. He sailed up Smith's Sound; while five ships, the *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *North Star*, *Pioneer*, and *Intrepid* were sent under command of Sir Edward Belcher—two to search Wellington Channel for Franklin; two to hunt up M'Clure, about whom some uneasiness was now beginning to be felt, and who was patiently waiting in the ice near Barrow's Strait to be relieved; and one to act as store ship. Belcher proved to be a first-class incapable—doubtless a man after the British Admiralty's own heart. After exploring Wellington Channel to latitude 78° 10′, and giving time for sundry sledging expeditions, in one of which M'Clure was found, Admiral Belcher, in the spring of 1854, abandoned four sound ships, besides M'Clure's *Investigator*, and putting the five crews on board three minor vessels of the squadron, returned to England. It was the first time an English fleet had been abandoned in such circumstances, and public opinion called for a court-martial of the Admiral, who, after some days of trial, had his sword returned to him—*in solemn silence.*

Meantime the little *Advance*, under the command of the gallant and lamented Kane, sailed from New York in May, 1853. Kane believed that Franklin had penetrated to the Polar Basin, and was there held by the ice barrier. He determined to follow. Inglefield, on whose expedition the brave young Frenchman Bellot lost his life, had reached latitude 78° 28′ in Smith's Sound. Kane, thinking this the most likely avenue into the Polar Basin, followed, and passed the first winter in latitude 78° 37′, whence, though the thermometer sometimes fell to 99 degrees below zero, he made extensive sledging excursions. Next summer sledging parties explored to the northward, and two men finally penetrated to latitude 82° 27′, where, from an eminence, they saw spread before them a large extent of open water, which they thought to be the great open Polar Sea, in which the fated vessels of Franklin and Crozier were supposed to be yet floating.

It was left for an overland expedition at last to find some trace of the long-lost mariners. In 1853 Dr. Rae was sent again to explore Boothia. He reached Pelly Bay, at the bottom of Prince

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Regent's Inlet, in April, 1854; and there the sad secret was revealed to him. He learned from Esquimaux, whom he found in possession of articles belonging to the crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, "that in the spring, four winters past, a party of forty white men were seen traveling southward over the ice. At a later date, in the same season, the bodies of thirty were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey northwest of the Oot-ko-hi-ca-lik." Thus it appears almost certain that in the spring of 1850 at least forty of the hapless crew were alive. They abandoned their ships in April, 1848. Who shall tell the sufferings of those two years? The slow march of disease and death in their midst; the long fight with bitterest cold and starvation; the dreary struggle to gain a more hospitable clime; the hope of rescue day by day fading—that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick?

So late as 1850 forty men were alive. It can not now be known how much longer any of the forty survived. Lieutenant M'Clintock found that they perished literally in their tracks, falling as they walked, and rising no more—their poor shipmates too weak to do them the last kind offices of death. He states, too, that the boat which he discovered proved by her position that her crew had been returning toward the ships. It seems, therefore, that they found it expedient to return, possibly to spend the winter of 1850–'51 on board the forsaken vessels, in order to try again for life next summer. On this return trip their provisions probably gave out, and thus hurried them to death. Let us thank God that we may believe, with M'Clintock and his men, "that not a soul of the ill-starred expedition can now be alive!"

The boat was found on a projecting headland of King William's Land, about a degree south from the abandoned ships. Between this and Point Ogle, and Montreal Island—a distance as the crow flies of about ninety miles—the icy waste is strewed with the bleached skeletons of the lost, and with remnants of their stores.

An Esquimaux woman relates the last moments of the forty who died when they had already reached the mouth of the Great Fish River:

"One of the crew died upon Montreal Island.

"The rest perished on the coast of the main land.

"The wolves were very thick.

"Only one man was living when their tribe arrived.

"Him it was too late to save.

"He was large and strong, and sat on the sandy beach, his head resting on his hand; and thus he died."

This was the end. It remained now only for pious hands to collect the scattered remnants, and seek what records they might have left of their sufferings and their hopes. It seems to us—plain Americans—that this should not have been left by the British Admiralty to be accomplished by the already exhausted means of poor, faithful Lady Franklin. Her husband and his brave companions had given their lives freely to their country; and their country did not find it worth while to give them decent burial, or to seek for some parting tokens to friends at home which might lie still waiting for a faithful hand to gather. So Lady Franklin, aided by a few friends, equipped the little *Fox*, and Government permitted Captain M'Clintock to command her. That he performed his task with great energy and ability we know. He has the thanks of all Christian men and women for clearing up the terrible mystery which still hung over the fate of one hundred and thirty-eight of England's bravest sailors. And his reward from an appreciative Government, whose officer he is? The time employed on this noble service is "reckoned to him as time served by a Captain in command of one of her Majesty's ships."

They used to value this kind of service higher in England some centuries ago. When Sir Francis Drake's vessel came home from her voyage round the world, Queen Elizabeth had her laid up at Deptford in state, and the people thronged to see her and breathe in the spirit of bravery which had carried her through her long and dangerous voyage. When our Government, with a chivalric courtesy which gratified every heart in the country, presented the *Resolute* to Queen Victoria, the British Admiralty painted her drab, and hid her away in some dock-yard where no one could go to see her, not knowing where she was. To perfect their show of contempt for that "sentiment" which admires a brave deed, they ought now to sell the *Fox* for a coal barge.

Thus ends the dream of the northwest passage. And now, some reader will ask, what was the use? What good has been accomplished by the expenditure of so many millions—by the loss of so many brave lives—by the bitter sufferings of so many arctic winters? So many ships abandoned—so many brave men perished; and, after all, the northwest passage, when found, is found useless, as any school-boy knew it would be, half a century ago; the newly-discovered lands barren and inaccessible; and the scientific observations of no calculable importance. Very true. But do you reckon virtue by dollars, or bravery by results? Is it only the *conquering* hero who shall be taken to the world's heart? What did Philip Sidney achieve? and yet is not that gallant young spirit, with his magnanimous "Take it, friend; thy necessity is yet greater than mine"—is he not worth to the world a dozen Alexanders? Is Washington great only because of his success? Is Napoleon great, with all his success? Old Humphrey Gilbert, with his "Courage, men! we are as near heaven by sea as by land;" stout-hearted William Barentz, keeping up the accustomed Twelfth Night jollities, in hunger and cold, and electing his gunner King of Nova Zembla, in merry defiance of the horrors of that frozen shore; Hendrick Hudson, hard-headed old Hol-

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lander, assassinated because he would not turn back from the unknown dangers of his great discovery; the Cortereals, murdered, one after the other, by the Esquimaux, and a third brother withheld from the same fate only by the express commands of his sovereign; Sir Hugh Willoughby, frozen to death, with all his crew, in the icy waste of Lapland; Franklin—brave, tender-hearted Franklin—whose ship was called a paradise; Bellot, the gallant young Frenchman, whose untimely death brought tears to the eyes of the stern old sailors, his shipmates; our own Kane, who,

"——— with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste;"

shall we read such lives, such deaths, and ask, "What is the use?"

"Hereafter," wrote Sir Humphrey Gilbert, "never mislike with me for the taking in hand of any laudable or honest enterprise; for if, through pleasure of idleness, we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame endureth forever. And therefore give me leave, without offense, always to live and die in this mind: That *he* is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honor, seeing Death is inevitable, and the fame of Virtue immortal. Wherefore, in this behalf, *mutare vel timere sperno.*"

"I scorn to change or fear!" That was the moral of all these lives. Not "glory," but "duty," was their motive. "Duty"—Nelson's watch-word; and surely the grim old hero was never so great as when, dying on the *Victory's* deck—his brave, tender spirit leaving the shattered old hulk, he said, "Kiss me, Hardy!" What is the use of a poem? And what grander poem has the world seen acted out than this? As it was nobly written of one, so it is true of all:

"No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE."

NIL NISI BONUM.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first embassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came among us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions* of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England; and why to love her? It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good-will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went among them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's king of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers of wide-world reputation strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medaled

* See his *Life* in the most remarkable *Dictionary of Authors*, published lately at Philadelphia, by Mr. Alibone.

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by the king, diplomatized by the university, crowned, and honored, and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honors, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British—almost Irish virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hand from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,* and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.† I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place while his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life. I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting: but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honor. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears among boys, among college students, among men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there: he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly-re-

* At Washington, Mr. Irving came to a lecture given by the writer, which Mr. Fillmore and General Pierce, the President and President elect, were also kind enough to attend together. "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose," says Irving, looking up with his good-humored smile.

† Mr. Irving described to me, with that humor and good-humor which he always kept, how, among other visitors, a member of the British press, who had carried his distinguished pen to America (where he employed it in vilifying his own country), came to Sunnyside, introduced himself to Irving, partook of his wine and luncheon, and in two days described Mr. Irving, his house, his nieces, his meal, and his manner of dozing afterward, in a New York paper. On another occasion Irving said, laughing: "Two persons came to me, and one held me in conversation while the other miscreant took my portrait!"

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munerated post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz, the old K. K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schoenbrunn. But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old-world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was among the first of the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion, at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party; and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to wonder: to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after-life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It maybe he was not ill-pleased that you should recognize it; but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in the *Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a master-piece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say, *Nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the *Essays* or *History;* and glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbor, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great *scholar*. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a fine description. Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library. I speak *à cœur ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon—what not?—and have been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one can not sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked Heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about *Clarissa*. "Not read *Clarissa!*" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on *Clarissa*, and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India, I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the governor-general, and the secretary of government, and the commander-in-chief, and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me: and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace! The governor's wife seized the book, and the secretary waited for it, and the chief justice could not read it for tears!" He acted the whole scene: he paced up and down the Athenæum library: I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book—of that book and of what countless piles of others!

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the

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truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself; and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart might say that Johnson had none; and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history.

The writer who said that Lord Macaulay had no heart could not know him. Press writers should read a man well, and all over, and again; and hesitate, at least, before they speak of those *aἰδοῖα*. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender, and generous, and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre foot-lights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon—and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and '*be good, my dear.*'" Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honored by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give unaccountable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindliness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service!* We may not win the baton or epaulets; but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

AFTER a struggle of two months the House of Representatives has at length organized by the election of a Speaker. During this period only 44 ballots were taken, the main portion of the time being occupied by discussions upon slavery and other partisan subjects. The most significant feature of the discussions, apart from strong disunion sentiments avowed by some of the Southern members, was the announcement of an agreement entered into between a number of Democratic members to employ all Parliamentary tactics to prevent the House from choosing a Speaker during the whole session, rather than to permit the election of Mr. Sherman. Up to the 39th ballot the Republicans voted uniformly for Mr. Sherman, whose highest vote was 112; but he always lacked from two to six of a majority. The Democrats nominated successively Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, Mr. Millson, of Virginia, Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, and Mr. M'Clernand, of Illinois. With the exception of Mr. Millson, who received a number of American votes, the highest number cast for any of the Democratic candidates was 91. The Americans usually voted for Mr. Boteler or Mr. Gilmer, of Virginia; but on the 35th ballot they nominated Mr. Smith, of North Carolina. On the 39th ballot, taken on the 27th of January, the Democrats went over to Mr. Smith, who received 112 votes, 106 being cast for Mr. Sherman, while 115 were necessary for a choice. On the following day Mr. Sherman withdrew his name, saying that he should regard it as a national calamity that any supporter of the Administration, or any one who had expressed disunion sentiments, should be chosen Speaker. He believed that there was a member who could receive a larger number of votes than himself, and he asked his friends to cast a united vote for the man who could command a majority. The Republicans, and two or three others, then voted for Mr. Pennington, who received 115 votes; Mr. Smith, 113; Scattering, 6; 117 being necessary to a choice. Two other ballots were taken, with the same result, when Mr. Smith withdrew his name. The Democrats then concentrated their vote upon Mr. M'Clernand, who received 91, and Mr. Pennington 116, lacking one vote of a majority. The 44th and last ballot was taken on the 1st of February. As the vote originally stood, Mr. Pennington had 116, still lacking one of a majority; but before the result was announced, Mr. Briggs (American), of New York, who had voted for Mr. M'Clernand, changed his vote to Mr. Pennington, thus giving him the election. The vote for Mr. M'Clernand was 85.—Mr. Forney was chosen Clerk, and the other officers having been appointed, the House was organized for the transaction of business. The first bill passed was one making appropriations to defray the deficiency in the Post-office Department. It appropriates $4,296,000 to meet the deficiencies of the year ending June 30, 1859; $4,000,000, payable from the revenues of the Department, toward its support for the year ending June 30, 1860; besides $2,400,000, payable from the Treasury, for the payment of postmasters, clerks, and agents, and for the transportation of the mails. Provision is furthermore made for the payment of interest, at the rate of six per cent., upon the debts due to mail contractors; and $1000 is appropriated to pay temporary clerks for services in expediting the payment of creditors of the Department.

In the Senate the most important measure proposed has been a resolution offered by Mr. Douglas instructing the Judiciary Committee to prepare a bill for the better protection of the States against invasion. Mr. Douglas supported his resolution in an elaborate speech, in which, after quoting the reply of the President to the Governor of Virginia, stating that he found in the Constitution no authority for the Federal Government to act in the case of an invasion

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of one State by another, Mr. Douglas proceeded to argue that the Constitution contained abundant provisions authorizing the General Government not only to use military force to put down invasion when it actually occurred, but to employ the judicial arm to suppress conspiracies in advance of their execution. Congress, therefore, had the power to pass such laws as were necessary to effect this object. If such laws had not been passed, it was simply because they had not been supposed to be necessary. But the experience of the past year had shown that Congress could no longer be justified in neglecting this important duty. He would carry the provisions of this proposed law as far as the Constitution would permit; and would make it a crime to form conspiracies to invade a State or Territory to control elections, whether such conspiracies took the form of Emigrant Aid Societies or of Blue Lodges of Missouri. He affirmed that the Harper's Ferry outrage was the natural result of the doctrines of the Republican party, as expressed in its platform, by its presses, and in the speeches of its acknowledged leaders. Mr. Douglas took occasion to reiterate his doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty." Slavery, he said, was a question of political economy, and not a proper subject of Federal Legislation. It would go where the people wanted it, and not elsewhere. He was opposed to its existence in his own State of Illinois, because it was not adapted to the wants of the people; but it was none of his business whether the people of Kansas adopted or prohibited it. The people interested were the best judges of what they desired, and if they were allowed to carry out their wishes, he did not care how they decided. He wanted the people to regulate their institutions in their own way, and they might call this "Squatter Sovereignty" or what they pleased.——Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, replied, charging that the speech of Mr. Douglas was made with a political motive; denying that the Republican party were responsible for the John Brown raid, and that they held that the Federal Government could interfere with the institutions of the States. The party, he said, was formed to prevent the introduction of slavery into free territories; and he denied the right of Southern men to take slavery into a Territory where it was not recognized by law. The true meaning of the famous phrase respecting the "irrepressible conflict" was not that free and slave States could not exist together as friends; but that if free and slave laborers were brought together upon the same soil there would be antagonism, for free labor elevated the laborer, while slave labor depressed and degraded him. —Several other Senators, among whom Messrs. Toombs, Mason, and Hunter were most prominent, participated in the debate. Mr. Hunter defended the institution of Slavery on the abstract ground of right, maintaining that for the negro the happiest relation was that of a slave to a white master. There was, he said, no respectable form of civilization which was not originally based on the institution of Slavery. He hinted that, in case the present Union was dissolved, there might be framed a confederacy, or group of confederacies, which should secure some of the advantages of the present Union. But he believed there was no necessity for a dissolution. He did not believe that God would permit such a scheme of government as ours, freighted with the highest hopes of humanity, to be wrecked in the wild orgies of theorists and fanatics; but even if he were forced to despair of the Union, he would not despair of the ability of his constituents and the citizens of the slaveholding States to form a great, glorious, and free confederacy.——The debates upon the resolution of Mr. Douglas have taken a wide range, involving, directly or indirectly, the whole question of the relations of the different sections of the Union; but no action has as yet been taken upon the resolution.

The Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee have held several sessions; but have as yet discovered nothing implicating any persons excepting those immediately engaged in complicity with John Brown. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, appeared before the Committee and testified that he had never heard a word about the invasion of Brown, whom he had never seen but once. His whole connection with Brown amounted only to this: that having learned that some of the weapons sent to Kansas had fallen into the hands of Brown, and having been informed that he was likely to use them for illegal purposes, he had written a letter to Dr. Howe asking him to take measures to get these weapons out of Brown's hands, and place them in the possession of those who would use them only for defense.—Richard Realf, an Englishman, who was named as Secretary of State in Brown's plan for a Provisional Government, testified that so far from Mr. Wilson being implicated in Brown's attempt, it was he who had put it out of the power of Brown, for some time, to commit any illegal act.——Aaron C. Stephens, the last survivor of those captured at Harper's Ferry, has been tried and found guilty.

The past month has been characterized by an unusual number of accidents, involving great loss of life. On the afternoon of the 10th of January the Pemberton Mill, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, one of the largest structures of the kind in the country, suddenly fell, burying in the ruins some hundreds of operatives. Strenuous efforts were made to rescue the victims, and many were saved; but at nine o'clock in the evening the ruins took fire from the accidental breaking of a lantern used by some of those who were engaged in the work of aiding the sufferers. The flames spread with such rapidity as to render it impossible to save those who were shut up among the fallen timbers and machinery, and large numbers were burned to death, in addition to those who were killed by the fall of the building. According to a careful canvass of the city, made a week after the disaster, the number known to be dead was 117; there were 89 missing, most of whom were supposed to be buried under the burning ruins; 112 were severely, and 200 slightly injured; making a total of 525 killed, missing, and wounded. The walls of the building had been considered unsafe; but according to the report of the Coroner's Jury the immediate cause of the disaster was owing to defects in the cast iron pillars which supported the floors, and the thinness of the brick walls upon which the floor timbers rested. The jury brought in a verdict severely censuring Albert Fuller, the agent of the foundry by which the pillars were furnished, and Charles L. Bigelow, the architect under whose superintendence the mill was erected, who neglected to apply the proper tests to the pillars before using them.—Subscriptions were asked for the relief and support of the sufferers and their families. This request was so liberally responded to that the Committee, at the head of whom was the Mayor of Lawrence, in a few days gave public notice that no further aid was needed.——On the evening of February 2 a fire broke out in a six-story tenement building in Elm Street, New York, occupied by about twenty

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families. In a few moments the single staircase which afforded the only means of access to the upper floors of the house was cut off by the flames, and no ladders were at hand long enough to reach the roof or the upper windows, and it was impossible to rescue those who were shut up in the building. The loss of life is not absolutely known, but it can not be less than twenty. The Coroner's Jury found that "Edmund Warring, the owner of the premises in question, is responsible to a great extent for this loss of human life, as it was his duty, in the construction of the building, to have made provision for a contingency not at all unlikely to occur in buildings so overcrowded as this was." They also recommend that the Legislature pass a law prohibiting the erection of tenement houses of more than five stories, and compelling the owners to provide iron stairways on the outside of such buildings.——On the morning of the same day the boiler of a steam-engine in the distillery of Furman and Co., in Brooklyn, Long Island, exploded, killing two men and wounding two others.——On the following morning the boiler of the hat factory of Ames and Molton, in the same city, exploded, killing six persons outright, and injuring ten or twelve more, some of them fatally.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the general course of events for the last two months is decidedly unfavorable to the Constitutional Government of Juarez. On the 21st of December General Miramon gained, at Colimas, a decisive victory over the Liberals, under Rojas and Oyazon. The action lasted five hours, and the Liberals, who are said to have outnumbered their opponents two to one, suffered severely, losing from 600 to 700 in killed and wounded, besides 2000 prisoners, five field-pieces, and a large amount of ammunition. Miramon was expected to return to the capital in a fortnight, from whence he intended soon to set out on another expedition against Vera Cruz, the stronghold of Juarez.

From the region of *La Plata* we have intelligence of the settlement of the dispute between the Argentine Confederation and Buenos Ayres. Urquiza having gained considerable advantages over the Buenos Ayrean forces, advanced toward the city, when he was met by commissioners, between whom and himself a treaty was negotiated, in virtue of which Buenos Ayres re-entered the Confederation, and the army of Urquiza retired. The Governor of the State had issued an address to the military, congratulating them upon the restoration of peace, and calling upon them to exert their influence in carrying out the decrees of the new Government.

EUROPE.

The question of the proposed meeting of a General European Congress is the chief point of interest. This was to have assembled toward the close of January, and the representatives of the several Powers were named. The affairs of Italy were of course to be the main subject to be acted upon. A few weeks before this time a pamphlet entitled "The Pope and the Congress" appeared in Paris. It was signed by M. De la Guerronnière, but was understood to have been, if not written, at least "inspired," by the Emperor. Its leading doctrine was, that the revolted States of the Church were not to be forced to return to their allegiance to the Head of the Church; but that the Pope, while he was to remain a temporal sovereign in name, must retain only a very limited territory and authority; and that his support, instead of coming from the people of Rome, was to be furnished by the Catholic potentates of Europe. This pamphlet occasioned great excitement, and though its Imperial authority was not acknowledged, subsequent events, among which was the retirement of Count Walewski, who is supposed to have had a strong leaning toward the Austrian view, from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, were held to indicate that the sentiments of the pamphlet expressed substantially the basis upon which the Imperial policy was to rest. The Pope, upon Epiphany day, convoked an assembly of the principal cardinals, and declared to them that he would suffer exile and martyrdom rather than be wanting to the trust conferred upon him by God; by which he undoubtedly implied that he would not consent to give up the temporal sovereignty over the States of the Church. Upon New Year's day, Pius IX., in reply to a formal address of congratulation presented by General Guyon, the commander of the French army in Rome, took occasion, while expressing his confidence in Napoleon, to speak of the La Guerronnière pamphlet as "a remarkable monument of hypocrisy, and an ignoble tissue of contradictions." A letter, however, which he received soon after from the Emperor, affords a hint that the doctrines of the pamphlet accord with the opinions of Napoleon. He says: "After an anxious examination of the difficulties and dangers which the different combinations presented—I say it with sincere respect, and however painful the solution may be—what appears to me most in accordance with the true interests of the Holy See, is to make a sacrifice of the revolted provinces. If the Holy Father, for the repose of Europe, were to renounce those provinces which for the last fifty years have caused so much embarrassment to his Government, and were in exchange to demand from the Powers that they should guarantee him the possession of the remainder, I do not doubt of the immediate restoration of peace."——In the mean while, the Emperor has addressed to the Minister of State a remarkable letter which indicates an entire change in the commercial policy of France, approximating it very closely to a system of free trade. After developing at some length his view of the theory of the encouragement to be extended to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, the Emperor thus sums up the measures which he proposes to introduce: "Suppression of the duties on wool and cottons; gradual reduction on sugars and coffees; improvement, energetically carried out, of the routes of communication; reduction of the charges on canals, and consequently a general diminution of the prices of conveyance; loans to agriculture and industry; considerable works of public utility; suppression of prohibitions; treaties of commerce with foreign powers."

The Spaniards are prosecuting the war against Morocco with considerable vigor, and expect, before long, to have 80,000 men in the field. Some sharp fighting has taken place, especially at Castellegos, where the Spaniards claim to have routed a Moorish army of from 40,000 to 60,000 men, inflicting a loss of 1500, and suffering a loss of 400 or 600. Nothing decisive, however, appears to have resulted.

Lord Macaulay, better known to us as Thomas Babington Macaulay, the essayist, reviewer, poet, and historian, died on the 28th of December, aged fifty-nine years. The four volumes, already published, of the History of England are probably all of the work that the world will ever possess from his own pen; though it is said that he left behind him materials for two additional volumes in such a shape that they can be arranged by other hands.

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Literary Notices.

A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions, by CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK, R.N. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The expedition under the command of Captain M'Clintock, intended to renew the search for the relics of Sir John Franklin and his company, and thus to bring to a close the long succession of Arctic expeditions, an account of which will be found in our present number, set sail from Aberdeen on the 1st of July, 1857.

On the 20th April, 1858, in lat. 70½° N., they met two families of natives, comprising twelve individuals. From them M'Clintock succeeded in learning that two ships had been seen by the natives of King William's Island, one of which had sunk in deep water, and the other been forced on shore by the ice. He was also informed that the body of a large man, with long teeth, was found on board the ship. Encouraged by this intelligence, he directed his course toward King William's Island, and on the way he fell in with an inhabited snow-village, with ten or twelve huts and thirty or forty natives of the island. He purchased from them six pieces of silver-plate, bearing the crests or initials of Franklin, Crozier, Fairholme, and M'Donald. They had also bows and arrows of English woods, uniform and other buttons, and silver spoons and forks. On pursuing their journey the party found various other relics, but were disappointed in their search on King William's Island. But the moment was at hand when an important discovery was to reward their toil. About twelve miles from Cape Herschel Captain M'Clintock found a cairn, built by one of the parties that had preceded him, containing a note from its leader to himself. It described the finding a record of the Franklin Expedition at Point Victory, on the northwest coast of King William's Land. The record was one of the printed forms supplied to discovery ships for the purpose of being inclosed in bottles and thrown overboard at sea, in order to ascertain the set of the currents. It was dated May 24, 1847, stating that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, under command of Sir John Franklin, had wintered at Beachey Island, 74° 43′ N. lat., 91° 34′ W. long., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. Thus far all was well. But sad tidings were soon to follow. Around the margin of the paper, under date of April 25, 1848, another hand had added that the ships *Terror* and *Erebus* had been deserted on the 22d of April, five leagues from that spot, and that Sir John Franklin had died June 11, 1847, the total loss by deaths in the expedition having been nine officers and fifteen men. "A sad tale was never told in fewer words. There is something deeply touching in their extreme simplicity, and they show in the strongest manner that both the leaders of this retreating party were actuated by the loftiest sense of duty, and met with calmness and decision the fearful alternative of a last bold struggle for life rather than perish without effort on board their ships." Quantities of clothing and articles of all kinds were lying about the cairn, indicating that the men, aware that they were retreating for their lives, had there abandoned every thing which they considered superfluous.

A few days after Captain M'Clintock and his party discovered a large boat, mounted upon a sledge of unusual weight and strength, and containing, besides a vast quantity of tattered clothing, a portion of two human skeletons. One was that of a slight young person, the other of a large, strongly-made, middle-aged man. Near the former was the fragment of a pair of worked slippers, and beside them a pair of small, strong, shooting half-boots. The other skeleton was in a somewhat more perfect state, and was enveloped with clothes and furs. Close beside it were found five watches, and two double-barreled guns—one barrel in each loaded and cocked—were standing muzzle upward against the boat's side. Five or six small books were also found, all of them scriptural or devotional works except the "Vicar of Wakefield." A small Bible contained numerous marginal notes, and whole passages underlined. In addition to these books, the covers of a New Testament and Prayer-Book were also found. Besides the immense quantity of clothing contained in the boat, there was an amazing variety of miscellaneous articles, sufficient to break down the strength of the sledge-crews. There were no provisions but tea and chocolate—neither biscuit nor meat of any kind. A portion of tobacco and an empty pemmican-tin, capable of containing twenty-two pounds' weight, were discovered. In the after-part of the boat were eleven large spoons, eleven forks, and four tea-spoons, all of silver. Of these twenty-six pieces of plate eight bore Sir John Franklin's crest; the remainder had the crests or initials of nine different officers of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with the exception of a single fork, which was not marked.

Such were the principal discoveries relating to the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition, which rewarded the devotedness and energy of the intrepid writer of this intensely interesting volume.

On the 10th of August he succeeded in starting under steam, and after a difficult passage through the ice, with frequent obstacles and delays, by the 21st of the month the vessel was fairly at sea and out of sight of land. The return voyage was completed in just a month—making a little more than two years since the departure of the expedition from England. The relics that were brought home have been deposited in the United Service Institution, forming a simple and touching memorial of the brave men who perished in the path of duty, after achieving the grand object of their voyage—the discovery of the Northwest Passage.

The Diary of a Samaritan, by A MEMBER OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The curious manifestations of character, as well as of suffering, during the prevalence of an epidemic in a large city are here made the subject of a remarkably interesting volume. The author was an active member of a benevolent association in New Orleans, established for the relief of the destitute sufferers by yellow fever in the summer of 1853. With a degree of unselfish devotion as rare as it is admirable, he labored night and day for the alleviation of sickness and distress, with no hope of reward but the consciousness of doing good. His experience in ministering to the wants of the afflicted and forsaken led him into many strange scenes. Singular varieties of life and character constantly came under his observation, which he had the intelligence to appreciate, and the skill to describe. Even in the midst of ghastly wretchedness there were not wanting frequent touches of the ludicrous, which could not escape his notice, and of which he has given a lively record. The work is

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made up of sketches drawn from actual experience, apparently with no fictitious embellishments, but in their depth of coloring and vigor of delineation possessing not a little of the interest of an imaginative composition. No clew is given to the name of the author, which he appears to have concealed from motives of modesty; but he is evidently a person of excellent intelligence, a keen observer of character, and a singularly graphic writer, as well as a noble specimen of the Good Samaritan.

The Origin of Species, by CHARLES DARWIN. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) Mr. Darwin enjoys a wide European reputation as a scientific naturalist. His account of the researches made by him, while attached to Captain Fitzroy's Exploring Expedition on the South American coast, abounds in important information, expressed in a style of admirable vigor and lucidity. The present work is essentially a treatise on classification, discussing the origin of the leading divisions in natural history, and tracing the infinite varieties of organization to a small number of primitive individuals. He calls in question the prevailing idea that the different species of animals and plants have descended from a different origin, arguing that they are only strongly marked and permanent varieties, not produced by special acts of creation, but the result of secondary laws, of which he suggests an ingenious and plausible explanation. He maintains still further not only that species have experienced essential changes in the course of ages by the operation of natural causes, but that they are still gradually changing by the preservation and accumulation of successive slight favorable variations. His views are urged with scientific modesty and candor, but with a striking array of facts, and will doubtless challenge discussion and criticism among observers with whom the philosophical study of natural history is a specialty.

Life and Times of General Sam Dale, the Mississippi Partisan, by J. F. H. CLAIBORNE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The exciting career of an old Southwestern campaigner is here described from authentic sources which have never yet been published. His personal adventures are related in the form of an autobiography, which, though not always expressed in his own language, faithfully represents his experience and opinions. For many years General Dale bore an active part in the Indian wars on the frontier, always displaying a native chivalrous spirit, and performing deeds of brilliant and wonderful prowess. The volume is singularly readable—containing, in addition to the biography of the subject, a variety of graphic sketches of eminent American statesmen and politicians.

The Gospel in Burmah, by MRS. MACLEOD WYLIE. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) The American Baptist Mission to Burmah is regarded by the writer of this narrative as a striking illustration of the idea of a mission to the heathen which is set forth in the New Testament. In a remarkable manner it displays the efficacy of Divine truth; its conquests have been won without the aid of wealth or worldly power, by the simple preaching of the Gospel, and chiefly by native evangelists; while the names which are connected with its progress have a special claim on the sympathy and love of all Christians. The history of this mission, as here minutely related, abounds with interesting details and valuable information.

Compensation; or, Always a Future, by ANNE M. H. BREWSTER. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.) The musical reader will find peculiar gratification in the perusal of this art-novel. The plot on which it hinges, though of slight texture, is constructed by skillful hands; but the principal attraction of the volume consists in its happy descriptions of musical life in Europe, its subtle criticisms on musical theory and execution, and its effective allusions to the history and experience of eminent artists. The composition of the work betrays a rare artistic cultivation, a deep study of principles, and a nice appreciation of the characteristics of different schools. In point of style it exhibits a natural grace, a winning frankness of expression, and a certain naïve simplicity that form an admirable contrast to the inflation and pretense of so many fashionable novels.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, by ROBERT DALE OWEN. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.) The title of this work has an air of affectation that might lead it to be regarded as one of the fantastic and sentimental productions of the modern spirit-rappers, of which the shallowness is usually in proportion to the audacity. Mr. Owen, however, is a man of not a little acuteness and intelligence, and has undertaken to treat the subject of spiritual manifestations in general on the ground of scientific inquiry. He conducts his researches with fairness and good faith, and presents their results in the spirit of a seeker rather than a partisan. A multitude of curious facts are brought to light, from different periods of history, which undoubtedly present a fair show of evidence for their authentic character; but to what extent they can be brought to bear upon the establishment of a theory is, to our minds, a problem of difficult and uncertain solution.

Plato's Apology and Crito, with Notes, by W. S. TYLER. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) The editor of this neat edition of the Apology and Crito has been prompted to his task by a profound admiration of their merits both as master-pieces of composition and as illustrations of the character of Socrates. In his opinion, while they every where breathe the moral purity, the poetic beauty, and the almost prophetic sublimity which pervade all the writings of Plato, they exhibit Socrates more faithfully than any other production of Greek literature. Free from the cold and formal argumentation of Xenophon, and from the speculative subtleties which enter into the later dialogues of Plato, they form a connecting link between the two favorite disciples of the Athenian sage, and the clew to the interpretation of both. Professor Tyler has adopted the text of Stallbaum as the basis of his edition, which he has elucidated with a variety of judicious and discriminating original notes. His preface gives an elaborate analysis of the two works, written in a critical and scholar-like tone.

Analysis of American Law, by JOSEPH W. MOULTON. This volume consists of an elaborate chart in which the main principles of Law, from its foundation in the eternal fitness of things to its superstructure as an organized human institution, and its leading subdivisions, defining the rights and duties of the citizen, are exhibited in a tabular form. To this are appended sixty or seventy pages of concise comments and explanations. The thought and labor expended in the preparation of this little volume are something extraordinary, and its worth to the student is not to be estimated by its size. He will find in it a guide which will be of use in every step of his professional training.

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Editor's Table.

OUR SCHOOLS.—The part of a machine that attracts most attention is usually that which is most out of order, and the screw that is loose makes more noise than the hundred screws that are fast in their places. In our political and social mechanism we are not sufficiently aware of the working of this principle, and from our habit of discussing some present trouble or local disorder, we are tempted to lose sight of what is most satisfactory in our institutions. Some hot words or bad blood in Congress make us sometimes afraid, for example, that the nation is on its last legs, and we are not very ready to believe that Congress neither does us the greatest good nor the greatest harm, and that the nation would get on far better without a session of Congress than without a session of our Common Schools. These schools themselves, indeed, sometimes become matter of popular agitation, and our politicians find in them new charms or fears the moment that some partisan or sectional question disturbs their administration, and some feud as to a book, a teacher, or a committee sets the town agog, and is made to furnish capital for the next election. But what is best in our school system, its quiet, comprehensive, effective working, is but little known and appreciated, and although perhaps boasted of sufficiently in speeches of the spread-eagle order and in Fourth-of-July orations, its worth is very little realized. The statistics of our American popular education are marvelous, and their plain figures numerical make ambitious figures of speech needless. What can be more eloquent than the fact that little Massachusetts has over two hundred thousand children in her common schools, and spends yearly a million and a half of dollars upon their education; and that great New York has more than eight hundred thousand scholars, and spends upon them over three millions a year; while youthful Ohio gathers into her schools over six hundred thousand children, at a cost of over two millions! These figures rise in importance when it is remembered that they imply not so much the votes of great public assemblies, or centralized authority, as the action of the people themselves in towns and districts, and that our school system generally carries our method of local responsibility and popular liberty to its extreme limit. Each township, and often each school district, appoints its own teachers and raises its own funds; and while each State now tends to have some central supervision over the schools, and the best policy favors a central Board of Education with an effective secretary, yet the democratic feeling invariably sets some limit to the supervision, and reserves wholesome rights to the townships and districts. This system is, on the whole, the most consistent and remarkable fruit of our American liberty, because it combines so much freedom and so much order, showing us millions of children gathered together generally under a very strict discipline, yet with the popular approbation and support. So far as order is concerned, the free schools are more exemplary than the private schools, and the many who send their children to the master of the district are found to be less fault-finding and capricious than the few who seek for their more exacting children more select schools. Sometimes, indeed, refractory parents disturb teachers in their just discipline, but generally the citizens at large take the conservative side, and a firm and judicious method is quite sure of having the support of the people. Certainly the acquiescence of our young republic in this vast system of school government is most memorable and cheering, and we are willing to compare the annals of the last thirty years of our popular education with any intellectual movement within the history of civilization. We do not maintain, indeed, that we are becoming a nation of philosophers because our children learn to read and write by millions, or that we are solving every problem of self-government because these little millions consent to sit and stand, speak and keep silent at the word of command. But we do say, that every patriot and friend of man may remember, and record with satisfaction, that this youngest of the great nations reported in the last census over eighty thousand public schools and ninety thousand teachers, and over three millions of scholars. When the last financial revulsion came, we were at pains to estimate the work that our people had been doing since the last revulsion, or the twenty years 1837–'57. Following the best evidence, we came to the conclusion that within that time we had built two millions of dwelling-houses, established fifty thousand schools and twenty thousand churches. Surely we had something to show for our money, and it did not all go for bankrupt railroads and superfluous silks and laces, wines and jewels.

Let any man of middle age consult his own memory, and he will at once appreciate the immense strides in popular education within the last thirty or forty years. As we look back upon school life, in its various stages, from our own first steps in climbing the ladder of learning to these more favored school-days of our own children, we are at once in a picture-gallery of various and interesting scenes and characters, which, if transferred to canvas, would better illustrate the progress of education than any book of chronicles. There is, first of all, in the very dim distance, the shadow of the old school dame, who first called our juvenile thoughts to the mysteries of A, B, C. We can not exactly revive her features, but we have a most vivid sense of her reality and of the mystical power with which she was invested by the combined magic of her flat ferule, symbol of her temporal authority, and her hieroglyphical primer, manual of theological lore, whose wood-cuts exhibited the whole drama of revelation, from Adam and the Serpent to Christ and the Cross. We have some remembrance of three such teachers in our childhood, but the first of them looms up in the most majesty without any comic association to abate her awfulness, seeming as old as father Time, and not a bad match for that tough old gentleman, who ought to have a mother Time to keep him company in all the trying changes that he is constantly going through. Yet very likely that first schoolmistress may not have been very old, for to a child any grown person seems old, and a woman with a cap, although a blooming widow of thirty, seems most venerable. Our impression, however, is sincerely that, in those days, the instruction of little children was mainly the business of women too old or feeble to be suited to more active labors, and that teaching reading and spelling ranked very much in dignity with darning stockings and nursing the sick and the infirm. The days of infant schools and primary schools, with their diagrams, apparatus of illustration, and physical exercises, had not begun, and although the brain was not very severely tasked, the limbs were kept so close as to make us, as we remember those times, admire the epigrammatic sagacity of the urchin, who when asked how he liked school, replied that

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the recess was *beautiful*, but the study was *suffering*.

On the old system the public school received pupils at seven years of age, and kept them until fourteen. In our town the upper room was for reading, spelling, grammar, etc., while the lower room was for writing and arithmetic; and, generally, the boys who were in the grammar-school in the morning were in the writing-school in the afternoon. The grammar-master was usually, although not always, a man of collegiate education; while the writing-master was nearer the ancient type of the professional pedagogue, and appeared to have no antecedents or consequents out of his beaten track of mending pens and setting copies. We well remember two specimens of masters of each kind, whose faces are as clear to us now as this sheet of paper on which we write, and the whole four recall more than as many volumes of associations. They all believed religiously in the rod, and the tone of their discipline did not abound in gentleness; yet we generally felt quite kindly toward them, quite sure that they worked hard to do their duty, and that when some noise in the entry or some row in the yard led them to flog us by scores, there was less ferocity than there seemed to be in the flagellation; and those of us who knew that we were not among the bad boys were conscious that we were somewhat daintily treated, and were spared most of the pain if not all of the shame of the punishment.

In recalling the studies of those schools we are surprised at their limitation: grammar, reading, writing, arithmetic, definitions, and geography, with a little Latin—the latter more for show at examination than for use or permanence—completed the course. A bright boy might go through the list of books at twelve years, and if he remained the whole prescribed time he could have two years for reviewing his studies, and have the not very comforting feeling of drifting to and fro over the same ground. That old school-house has been razed to the ground, and a handsome and commodious modern edifice stands upon its site; while, within view of its belfry, a stately high-school—almost a college, in its facilities and numerous primary and intermediate schools—may be seen, all the growth of the new movement in popular education. That movement has traversed the whole country, and set up its model-schools and school-houses in every State, from Maine to California. We remember well watching its progress in the country in and around our own temporary home after leaving college. The universal word in our village and on all sides was "improvement," and education had something of the same popular charm as politics and religion. State and county meetings were held, and delegates were often entertained as brethren in the faith, and every stranger who took part became a stranger of distinction. In our own thriving little town the care of the schools was put under the superintendence of men of education, and the teachers were examined and the studies regulated by them. The tendency constantly was to secure higher privileges to all the schools, especially to those most central; and in these, instead of the old method of employing a man of good culture for ten or twelve weeks, a competent master was secured in the most advanced department for the whole year. A great deal of social interest attached to these schools. The examinations were thronged by parents and friends, and the teachers were welcomed into the village society in a most cordial and encouraging way. Once in a while there would be a little talk of the balance of sects or parties in the administration of instruction, but a judicious policy with a generous public spirit soon abated the trouble, and the good feeling came back. We have since lived in two cities, and for the last eighteen years watched the course of popular education under its most brilliant auspices, and have noted signal progress every year alike in the buildings, scholars, and teachers. It is evident that the children of our people are having put within their reach the essentials not only of a plain, but even of a polite education; and we can hardly credit our own memory when we contrast the rough and meagre school life of thirty or forty years ago with the choice specimens of learning and discipline that may be found almost within a stone's-throw of any desirable house in this great city. Last spring we attended an examination of a girls' school, near by, that was almost alarming in its excellence and even brilliancy, and surely did not disgrace the name which the fair graduates gave to the occasion—"Commencement!" We have found less to interest us at many a college exhibition, and two or three of the essays that were read would have honored a Yale or Harvard Commencement. Then there were musical exercises, recitations, and dialogues—some of the latter in French, with all due vivacity of action and apparent purity of tone. We really began to shake in our shoes, not only in fear for the endangered pre-eminence of colleges, but also of the boasted superiority of our own sex. We were quite comforted, however, at the little refection to which the class of graduates invited us, by noting their evident exemption from unfeminine ways, and their wholesome girlish merriment. These girls were certainly wiser than bright boys of the same age; but they managed their wisdom so prettily as to keep it wholly within the legitimate sweep of the petticoat. We thought it not ill-natured to tell them that, although they beat the boys of their age in study, they might not keep their advantage many years; and that too many girls who were fine scholars at fifteen learned little or nothing for ten years to come but dress and amusement, and at twenty-five were, in every sense of the word, a poor match for a boy of their own age. We do not quote this visit to our model girls' school to disparage our many excellent boys' schools, but to make the contrast between the old and new methods more striking. The last visit that we made to a boys' school presented the best specimen of discipline that we have ever seen; and we carried away a new idea of the possible union of freedom and order from this spectacle of two or three hundred little democrats going through their exercises of speech and limb with all the precision of a military drill. Instead, however, of carrying these sketches of personal observation any farther, we think it better to say something of the main parties to the welfare of our schools—the teachers, scholars, and the public that sustains the schools, in which public, of course, the most important element consists of parents.

It is a very serious matter to discuss the condition and character of the more than one hundred thousand teachers who have in charge our children and youth. They must, of course, comprise all varieties of character, for our poor human nature is a very miscellaneous compound, and no occupation is exempt from some mingling of its frailties. Yet, while aware that there have been many teachers of doubtful or corrupt character, we have learned that fact mainly through the press; and we can say with confidence

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that, during a long acquaintance with schools and teachers in town and country, we have never known a single person who incurred dismissal for immorality, and only one case do we remember of a teacher who was cautioned from supposed tendencies to intemperance. Other friends of education may have fallen in with more cases of scandal, yet we have had somewhat wide opportunities of judging. In fact, the occupation itself is so sedate in its habits, so likely to win to itself a sober class of minds, and to keep them under such constant inspection, as to gather together an especially exemplary class of persons. The ease, moreover, with which it is exchanged for some other calling tends to draw off its doubtful members to another quarter, and save the schools from the odium that might otherwise fall upon them if the teacher, like the preacher, always tainted his profession by his misdeeds, although he may not have erred till years after he had ceased to exercise his vocation. The mutability, however, of the teacher's calling is far more apt to rob it of excellences than to purge it of defects, and every year shows us the power of the more stirring and lucrative professions to call away the most promising talent from the teacher's desk. A great number of young men make teaching merely a stepping-stone to one of the regular learned professions, and enter it only for a year or two; while it is obvious that female teachers are quite as apt to leave their calling unexpectedly as on purpose, and marriage is an incident that is likely to happen at any time, and an opportunity that is supposed to take precedence of every other. One fact, that is often thought of quite trivial importance, does much to explain the instability of female teachers in their position. The most comely faces and graceful manners among applicants for office generally carry the palm with School Committees; and it is not to be wondered at, then, that the calling which is so abundantly recruited from the ranks of handsome young women should be quite as copiously vacated to fill the ranks of Hymen. Committees often make a mistake in this matter; and while correct in thinking good looks pleasing to children, they forget that beauty tends to a certain volatility and vanity, and that many a somewhat plain girl will keep her amiability and industry long after the pet belle has begun to pout, or to think too much of matters not so much connected with school-keeping as housekeeping.

As to the desirableness of the teacher's position in America, it surely has many advantages. Its compensation, although never large except in successful private schools, is respectable, and not much below that of our clergy, with the exception of our most favored city clergy. In Massachusetts the average wages of male teachers in 1857 was over forty-six dollars a month, and the wages of female teachers was a fraction over nineteen. Of course in choice instances this sum is far surpassed, and a first-rate female teacher is sure of her fifty dollars a month, while equal eminence in a man secures to him two and even three times that amount in our best schools. The pay is usually sure, and in this respect more favored than the pay of many of the clergy, especially in the country. The estimation, too, of the teacher's calling is rising with the rise in the standard of his gifts; and there is a disposition in many quarters to connect the whole educational class together in a dignified body, headed by our college presidents and leading clergy, with the great host of school teachers as the rank and file. We attended not long since, at the house of a gentleman of high purpose, an education party which was given to the teachers of his children and other like-minded friends, from the family pastor to the Sunday-school instructors of the family church. This element of social respect is of great weight; and with men in a large degree, and still more with women, the social estimate is quite seriously regarded as a conspicuous part of professional emolument. There is room for much improvement in this respect; and more than once a saucy word has risen to our lips as we have heard some pert miss, who never earned her salt, and who could not make out a clear title either of inheritance or earning to the clothes on her back, look or say some piece of impertinence of a bright girl whose sense and refinement, as well as her usefulness as teacher, should make her an ornament to any society.

As to the intrinsic desirableness of the teacher's calling, so much depends upon native aptitude as well as especial training that its merits can not be dismissed with any sweeping generalities. It is evident that for this, as for every other social office, there is need of peculiar gifts, and that kind Providence supplies the needed class of minds in due proportion to the demand. There are indications of the rise of an order of professional teachers who mean to keep their position from choice, and to carry into their work much of the new and better spirit of the age. The numbers and interests of this order will be greatly promoted by whatever gives mental and bodily health to the pursuit. That health does not always attend the profession of teaching is an undoubted fact, and for obvious reasons. The teacher often unites the seclusion of sedentary life with the vexations of business, and is shut up all day like a student, often, too, in a close atmosphere; while his nerves, instead of being soothed by the still air of delightful studies, are jarred and irritated by the buzzing of a hundred urchins, and by the chronic roguery of some dozen of them. He is apt to be too weary to take active exercise after school, and he finds it hard to be much in the open air before school hours, the six hours of prescribed school-house work leaving not much time on his hands after his various tasks of preparation and review have been attended to. Only a brave purpose can meet this difficulty, and secure to him mental and bodily health by vigorous exercise and genial sociality. The law of sanity demands that our occupation should have a certain uniformity with a certain variety, for without some uniformity a man's cares tend to craze him, like a feverish vision that crowds the brain with incongruous scenes, faces, and ideas; and without variety our cares are a sad drudgery, and instead of giving us the fresh sweep of an ever-changing landscape, keep passing and repassing before our eyes the same dead wall, or the same monotonous diorama. The teacher, unless he keeps school in some Bedlam, is in no danger of wanting uniformity; and his frequent trouble, and one, too, that often dries up his blood and takes the lustre from his eye, is the want of variety. This want he should seek to supply in part by securing to his profession a wholesome alternation of out-door with in-door life, and in part by a wise diversity in the school methods. He should stir his blood by manly sports and walks, and refresh his spirits by social incentives. His calling is somewhat like the minister's, and, like the minister's, it may be all the better and easier by adding a social round of visits to the routine of sedentary care. Therefore whatever brings our teachers into sensible society, and engages them in matters

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of generous public spirit, tends not only to improve them as men, but also reanimate them for their labors. Our female teachers, on account of their emotional nature and ready social sensibility, are especially helped by genial society; and a cup of tea with a knot of friends or a little music, in a parlor or concert room, may send many a weary and finely strung young woman to her pillow with a calmer head, more peaceful dreams, and a brighter to-morrow.

As to securing due variety in school hours, this subject carries us too far into the philosophy of education and of life itself to be fully treated here. We need only say that no mind can dwell long with comfort upon any one subject of thought, and the health of both scholar and teacher requires such a division of tasks as to afford the best alternation with due coherence, and especially to combine in wise succession the active and the passive states of mind. Thus active recitation should alternate with quiet study; the tasks that try the attention and reasoning powers, such as arithmetic, should wisely accompany those that give play to the imagination, such as music and poetry. It is not easy to carry out the true philosophy of unity and variety in the studies of the school, although judicious minds are tending toward the true method. But the teacher may, without limit, regulate his own habits of mind, and may so govern himself, even in the most hackneyed duties, as to bring a wide range of faculties into play. The more he is master of his subject, and the less he is the slave of manuals the better; and nothing is better for the health and spirits than the habit of free and genial speech, which animates teachers and pupils at once with new life by exchanging the humdrum tones of mere memory for the fresh and stirring language of the living mind and heart. Memory, indeed, is well in its place; but if it crowds out fancy, invention, and judgment, and tyrannizes over the mind, it builds the tomb instead of the temple of learning; and instead of being mother of the Muses, as according to the ancient idea, it becomes the prolific mother of the Dunces, the teacher himself sometimes being the master dunce.

We have sometimes carried our speculations upon the variation of school studies and exercises so far as to run a parallel between the School year and the Church year, and to ask ourselves whether some future Keble or George Herbert may not rise up and sing of the pleasant and suggestive round of school life, as wisely and tenderly as those sweet singers in our Israel have sung of the holy days and sacred seasons of the Church. We are certainly approaching a new day of largeness and aspiration in education; and the broad range of interests covered by the studies, exercises, declamations, receptions, examinations, excursions, and commemorations of many schools, academies, and colleges, gives us new hopes for the future of American education. What is most needed is, some commanding mind who shall put all the best ideas and expedients together under one comprehensive method. The leaders of modern education have been greater in analysis than in synthesis; and while Pestalozzi and his noble band of followers have done so much to substitute analysis for arbitrary rule, and to make the scholar think for himself instead of resting content with applying some incomprehensible formula, no mind of equal mark has taken hold of education in its integral unity and brought all the special results of the new views to bear upon one comprehensive method. We see no reason for excluding the element of beauty from this method, and rejoice in the present disposition to cheer the school hours with inspiriting music, and to enliven the movements of the scholars with something of the order and vivacity of the military drill. It may be that our America may produce some great school-organizer who shall solve the problem, and mingle sagacity and enthusiasm in his method in a way quite congenial with our national prudence and vivacity.

The great trouble with the future of our educational system is in the health of the scholars. Our children, especially our daughters, are not hardy, and do not bear constant application to any kind of labor or study. We have made careful observation and inquiry, and are convinced that this is the chief source of absence and inefficiency. Look carefully through our model schools, and note the delicacy of the faces and the general slightness of figures. A few weeks ago I searched zealously among some two hundred boys for specimens of the stout, traditionary urchin whose achievements at the trencher and the play-ground were equally conspicuous; and while most of them had a puny look, few had the flush of high health, and not one had the air of rude strength. Sometimes, in addition to a pale face, a dark mark under the eye speaks of worse evils than the midnight lamp, and urges with fearful emphasis the need of combining more stringent moral training with such a surfeit of book knowledge, and of bracing to higher virtue the nerves and muscles, whose excessive sensibility are as apt to tempt morbid passions as to favor beautiful tastes and blessed affections. What is the cause of the feebleness of our children it is hard to say; although most of the mischief comes, we believe, from over-excitement of the nerves and under-activity on the part of the muscles. Outdoor exercise, with wiser diet and hours of sleep, will do much to check the difficulty; and already, in many quarters, the reaction has earnestly begun. Our girls, however, share comparatively little in the improvement; and delicacy of nerves and weakness, especially of the mucous membranes, and consequent exposure to colds, are doing as much to thin the ranks of our female schools, and to keep the attendance irregular, as truancy—which is now much abated—used to do in our boys' schools. Some teachers ascribe the ill health of scholars to too long sessions, and complain of the six hours' session, which has taken the place of the two sessions of old times, in our public schools, and say that the short recess does not allow time either for rest or refreshment. Less evil comes from this, however, than from excessive study out of school; and it is wholly wrong so to occupy the school hours with recitations and other exercises as to compel any very lengthened study afterward, especially in the evening. Here is a fruitful source of trouble, originating mainly in the common ambition to learn many things, instead of learning much of a few things. Our scholars of ten or twelve years old and upward may safely give six or eight hours to a wisely varied round of school exercises; but when the hours extend, as they sometimes do, beyond the ten hours that hardy manual labor is by law justified in regarding as the limit of a day's work, and when midnight itself finds the little learner still at the lamp, or, if on the pillow, with eyes and brain fevered with excitement, and perhaps with anxiety, the result is deplorable, and is bearing bitter fruits in every community. Better far go back to the old system, with its few studies and simple tastes, than to purchase accomplishments by exhaustion, and make the brain crazy by crowding

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its cells with learning, thus sacrificing wisdom to excess of knowledge. We need not take any back track, however, if we will only allow God and nature to lead our progress. There is time enough for our children to learn all that they ought to know; and it is far better to keep them a year or two longer at school than to make their schooling an utter failure by the loss of health and the absence of a substantial intellectual and moral discipline. As matters now are, our intellectual ambition overleaps its mark by setting a standard so high as to discourage the dull and to overwork the gifted. When it combines with the passion for social display, as in the case of many girls who are kept between two fires, our daughters are likely to be put into a fever between the excitements of the school and the ball-room. The result generally proves the triumph of the more worldly excitement; and we know of schools of the highest mark in which some of the daughters of the most stylish and perhaps affluent families are kept out of school two-thirds of the time by such social dissipation and its consequences. In less favored circles more imperative cares may prevent regularity at school, although we know of many hard-working parents who would count themselves and the family disgraced if any cause that their industry and frugality could prevent detained their children from school; and many a laborer sits up at night to work after the usual task is done, and many a mother takes in washing or sewing to keep the children at their studies. Let the rich sometimes learn nobleness from the industrious poor.

We might write a volume upon the health and discipline of our millions of school children, but we have time now only to add a few words in closing upon the true policy of the community, especially of the portion who are parents, toward our schools. The time was when the popular feeling was cold and indifferent to the whole subject, but now the danger is that it will become too meddlesome, if not jealous and capricious. In small places the suspicion and sensitiveness of parents often interfere with the wholesome stability of school instruction and supervision; while in large communities political and sectarian questions come in, and often make the election of a School Inspector or Commissioner the turning point of party feuds. It is well to keep our people awake to the interest of our schools, but it is important to discriminate between a hasty, fretful espionage which is the offspring of party suspicion, and the sober second thought which is the voice of the popular reason and conscience. We approve, therefore, of securing in our school government a conservative element somewhat like that which makes our National Senate a check upon transient popular excitements, and so appeals from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Would it not be well, for example, to adopt the provision of the law now before our Legislature, which requires that our Board of School Commissioners shall not be all changed at once, but only one-fourth shall go out of office each year, so that four years would complete the term of service; and each year's Board should be sure of having the advice and experience of former years? Certainly great harm is done in many cases by sudden and groundless changes of school policy, especially in manuals and methods; while we have no hesitation in saying that a portion of the supervisors of our Public Schools, according to the present system, might take their places more fitly among the pupils than among the examiners, and be set to work learning to read and spell instead of sitting in complacent authority on the platform, casting glances of knowing patronage upon the array of bright girls and boys before them. The best School Committee that we ever knew was appointed indirectly by popular vote, and by the Common Council of the city. This method secured great freedom and breadth in the appointment, and allowed any grievance to be checked, or desirable measure or man to be approved, without the delay or burden of waiting for a popular election. It kept the schools within the jurisdiction of the people, yet kept them removed from immediate excitements and local feuds and prejudices.

As to the sectarian peril to our school system, we believe that the good sense of our people is sufficient to put it down, and that the bigots and demagogues who are willing to sacrifice the general welfare to their cabals can be signally discomfited. Let it be fairly and fully shown that no sect nor denomination wishes to make capital out of public education, and that our schools are to leave controverted theology to the churches and clergy. The Bible question will cease to make difficulty, if the great majority who regard our Bible as the best extant version of the Holy Scriptures, and insist upon having it in the schools, will give practical proof of their freedom from bigotry, and their desire to make the book a manual of piety and charity, instead of dogmatic theology or priestly ritualism. The Sunday-school is sufficient to keep the children of our churches in due doctrinal training; and these will be all the more effective if the young are accustomed during the week to a discipline at once authoritative and kindly, such as subdues self-will, promotes social order, and inspires that spirit of accommodation and fellowship which is of equal service to the harmony of the nation and to the communion of the Church. As things now are, we look upon our Public School system, in connection with our churches, as the great hope of the country and the race.

It would be well for us as a nation if we took a more comprehensive and exalted view of the work of education, and were accustomed to group together, in the same honored company, all the devoted teachers of the human race. Delaroche, in his superb painting, "The Hemicycle of the Arts," has presented, in one grand tableau, the whole history of the arts called beautiful from the days of Apelles to Da Vinci, Raphael, and the great originals of modern painting, sculpture, and architecture. Who shall do the like for education, and put upon canvas the great masters in the instruction of the human race? The tableau would contain not only the professional teachers of youth, from the days of Pythagoras and Confucius to those of Pestalozzi and Arnold, but those leaders in civilization, literature, philosophy, and religion who have redeemed the race from degradation, and given the human soul its divine birthright. Moses, David, Isaiah, St. John, St. Paul would not scorn to hold fellowship on such a platform with Plato, Aristotle, Alfred, Charlemagne, Bacon, Luther, and Washington. Nor could any less majestic head be invoked to preside over the exalted company than He who taught with authority, and sent forth his disciples to teach all nations the eternal word. What artist of ours shall presume to treat this subject: and what Congress shall vote him the gold needed for his labor, and the place fitting for his work? We must, however, embody the idea in the popular life before we put it upon canvas, or into marble, or into song; and when we

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think as we ought to do of our schools, education will not be lacking in the beautiful art that gives voice and color and form to her truths, her triumphs, and her heroes.

Editor's Easy Chair.

CHRISTMAS, New-Year's, Twelfth Night, are all past. Pantomimes and fairy tales are a little out of season—if wonders, and fairies, and magic ever could be out of season; but the Easy Chair has a story to tell: perhaps it is a dream—perhaps it is a wild fancy and invention. Thrice happy the dear little girl or boy who believes that it is "certain true," for to him who has faith shall unbounded possessions in Fairyland be given.

Once upon a time, then—oh, blissful once!—there was a spacious, stately house upon a noble hill between two pretty rivers. They were quiet country streams that meandered through meadows, and wound out of sight under overhanging woods, and then came peeping out again, and stretched, smiling away, as it were, toward other nooks and secret shores. They were such streams as boys of ten and twelve, with "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Swiss Family Robinson," under their arms, would be sure to embark upon some holiday morning, to make voyages of discovery, and to push their explorations to the remotest water-lilies and cranberry pastures; looking sharp for the flying islanders of Peter Wilkins, who evidently inhabited these shores.

At the foot of the hill of which we spoke the streams washed the edges of smooth lawns and the gnarled roots of trees, and willows wept over the little waves, like ladies whose lovers are forever running away. For the little streams did run, run, run; nor ever stopped even when the Sunday bells rang out sweet and clear in the town, that looked from a distance like a brave little town trying to scale the hills around it with chimneys, and church-towers and spires, and lofty buildings, which climbed and clustered together, but not so successfully that the trees did not stand upon the very top of the hills and wave their boughs like banners of victory over the little town, and wear their green leaves in the summer like crowns of laurel and triumph.

In the spacious and stately house of which we were speaking there was boundless hospitality all the year round. Whoever had been there never forgot it, and longed to go again. Those who were so fortunate as to pass a night there told strange stories in the morning of the comfort, the ease, the luxury they had enjoyed: tucked up in a bed so sumptuously draped, from which they looked with languid eyes upon the richly-curtained windows, and the pretty pictures upon the wall, and the soft-cushioned couches and chairs of every form and convenience, and the lace hangings, and the gold and porcelain cups and vases and bottles; and as the fire sparkled and glimmered over all, they thought, as they lay half-dreaming, of the porter of Bagdad, who was conveyed into the Calif's chamber, and was treated for a day as if he had been the real Calif.

The bewildered sleepers descended, when they awoke, to pleasant ranges of luxurious rooms—large and small rooms—music rooms, and library, and parlor, and working rooms—all opening out upon garden walks, solemn with arched evergreens, or sunny with open lawn; and with the sound of music, or laughter, or conversation, or reading, the morning slipped away. If it were summer time, there was boating on the little streams, picnics, moonlight serenades, walks, drives, rides. If it were winter, such skating, such muffling in fur robes for a skim over the snow in the sleighs that were shod with the wind, and the tinkle of the bells was like its singing!

One day there came a guest to the shores of the little stream, and the great door of the spacious house upon the hill opened to receive him. It was winter—but somehow in that great house the sun seemed to shine. It was winter—but in those festal rooms the flowers seemed to blow. When the door closed behind the new-comer it seemed to shut the winter out. He went about all day in confused delight, lay upon the cushions of luxury and listened to music, or turned over the pages of rare and exquisite books, gazing at pictures of beautiful things and places elsewhere, which, by natural kinship and sympathy, had found their way hither. It was a day plucked out of the slough of winter, like a pearl out of an oyster.

But when night came the door opened that led into the garden, and the guest passed out, and, by the light of lanterns, threaded a path surrounded with merry voices, and kind laughter, and a dainty fluttering of silks—a glitter of precious stones in the flashes of light, and a sense of happy life. Winding along illuminated paths, at length he reached a drapery falling over the path, and luminous with light within. It parted, and he passed under—still surrounded by the murmuring music of voices, the dainty silken flutter, and the gleam of gems. There he laid aside his outer garments—for it was a wintry night, chill and moist; and he heard a voice say, "Every one in order, for there is no passing behind the chairs."

Then another curtain was put aside, and lo! the vision of a feast! It was spread in a space like a hermit's cell—so small that when the table and eight guests were there there was no more room, and the feast and the revelers filled it as fully as a bride's finger her marriage ring. But when the dazzle of many lights allowed the eye to see, it was not a hermit's cell, but some garden kiosk of Haroun al Raschid rather. The carved roof was blue and gold, the walls were hung and crusted with precious things—busts, pictures, statuettes—quaint, grotesque, exquisite; there were hanging baskets, and wrought baskets, and carved shelves; and in the midst the table, and the guests disputing all the space.

Was it a bank of flowers upon which those merry voices were to still themselves that they might grow more honeyed sweet with the breath of roses? For it seemed a feast of flowers. The most triumphant camelias of every hue setting themselves in lesser but even richer blooms, as the moon is set in stars, covered all the space through which the silver bowls, and delicate porcelain, and glass of exquisite hue and carving did not push their way. At every plate a separate nosegay, such as Mesrour purveyed for every favorite—as if each had been Zobeide; so that each felt the most favored and the most content.

Suddenly a silver bell rang softly. The hum of voices and the silken flutter ceased; and a child's fresh, tender voice poured out upon the air—himself invisible—the quaint, solemn strain of an old Gregorian chant—a Latin grace such as the hermits of Engeddi or monks in mountain cells upon the

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Nile may have breathed before their scant repast. Henceforth the night was pure Arabian.

When the last echo of the young voice had died away the revel began. For that rare feast bled grapes of every hue and soil. Spain and the Rhine, Italy and France, were poured and drained. By every plate a bottle, small even unto the half pint, of the choicest Champagne grape sparkled and foamed. Red, amber, and golden currents played among the flowers, challenging their bloom. Beneath those flowers, too, flitted delicate birds, flitted—and were seen no more! There, too, in that place like a hermit's cell beatified, the oysters, warm with enthusiasm, if not adorned with pilgrim hat and shoon, were deftly scalloped, and were worthy pearls if they did not wear them. But if it were a hermit's cell, where was the mossy fount? Close by the wall; under a gathered drapery, festooned with flowers, a pair of pouting marble lips protruded above the end of the table, and whoever would taste the crystal lymph held his glass beneath them, and the ready water trickled.

So it went until the course was changed, but changed by invisible hands; "for there is no passing behind the chairs." Then descended through the air a double silver shell full of fruit and flowers gorgeously disposed, each adorning the other, which lit upon the very centre of the table, while at each end a smaller single shell descended. Later there were gossamer cups of coffee, Maraschino, *Eau de Dantzic*, Curaçoa—*que sçais-je?*—and a golden rimmed globe of porcelain, of which the multitudinous life was— What is usually ladled from p-p-porcelain bowls in the wane of a feast?

But was it waning? A voice was heard: "The usual custom will now be observed!" and the revelers paused to hear a closing thanksgiving airily intoned. But they did not hear it. They saw, instead, packages of curious and various size introduced and distributed. To each guest one mysterious bundle. Upon every face profound expectation. All eyes were fixed upon one opening package.

It was unrolled, and exposed to view an opera-cloak of white cotton cloth, profusely embroidered with common ribbon! The head of the Barmecide, then, betrays itself at the very last! Have we eaten these glowing apples only to taste ashes at the end? Or comes the hermit now to moralize? Stay! A light pull frees the cotton garment from something of which it is only the epidermis—the outer shell and integument—and in the hands that break the connecting thread remains a sumptuous opera-cloak of *moire antique*, superbly wrought with velvet!

Next, a common crockery cup appears, useful as holding—for example—punch; but not beautiful. Yes: but from the twin-package—for each bundle is double—here comes the most delicate and rich of ladles, ebony-handled, and the bottom of the silver cup a shilling of King George the Third!

And now a costly candlestick—of which Benvenuto may have wrought the fancy—and therewith a huge tallow-candle! And here a *mouchoir-sachet* of glaring yellow satin trimmed with livid sea-green! But hidden in it a *mouchoir* such as queens wear in state. Is this a girkin, a mango, a pickle? Behold, it bears no mustard seed or nipped cucumbers within. It is stuffed with scented gloves, *bijouterie!* A goodly Dutch pine-apple cheese! It is carved in wood. It opens, and is a basket for wing-ed biscuit. There is a maggot within, as the microscope shows it, huge, sprawling—a Japanese bean—and here, to cut the cheese, a solid silver cheese-knife, marked in memorial of the feast. Next is a common traveling-bag. Thou happy traveler for whom kind fates do pack! For prying eye and hand exhume a dressing-case which British art might furnish for the Prince—or Princess—of Wales, the luxury of comfort.

Then, with silken flutter and gay voices, threading through lighted paths, once more they took their homeward way: out of Arabia and Armida's garden—out of Arcadia and Hesperidian surprises—and the track of that evening upon memory was like that of birds of strange song and plumage upon antediluvian rocks, which held them fast forever.

It is scarcely past Christmas time. The glamour of faery still lingers in the air. Wild stories are yet told; and the glimmering lights of haunted houses flicker still, as if they mocked the shudder they occasion. Happy boys and girls, who behold the Calif Haroun and see Bagdad in all the world! Thrice happy boys and girls who, having heard this latest story, believe it "certain true!"

THE Easy Chair has seen for many a month the pile of friendly letters upon his table growing higher and higher. Kind words and questions, and comments and suggestions, they all come pouring in by every mail from every quarter of the country. It is pleasant to think of all these unknown readers and friends—friends and readers that must always be unknown, scattered by wide prairie and still bayou, and in the valleys of Eastern and Northern hills. In this department of the *Magazine* they have a common ground to meet upon, as the house of an embassador is separated by privilege from the law of the soil upon which it stands, and is a piece of his own soil projected into another country. Or the Easy Chair, hospitable and capacious, is still more like an Oriental khan, into which come travelers from every region and tie their camels and lie down side by side under the stars, the pilgrim from Damascus, from Bagdad, from Samarcand, and converse if they can, or depart with only a consciousness of human sympathy.

Let us take a little glimpse into the caravansary which has improvised itself about the Chair.

AND, first, we have two delicate voices—women, evidently; scholars, clearly; and they are humming into English some of the old Roman Horace's Latin verses. The first one says: "Two of the Odes you have published were written [translated] by statesmen. Pray do not despise this because the distaff gave place to the pen. *Pen*-elope." She says further, in a clear voice, "It is the thirty-first Ode—*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem?*"

What asks the poet of the God?
What prays for at the shrine
Of this fair temple, pouring forth
His gift of virgin wine?
Sardinia's fields of fertile grain tempt not from him one
envying strain!

For him Calabria's herds may roam
Uncoveted, uncared;
And Orient ivory and gold
By other hands be shared;
Not fair Campania's bloom he craves, which Siris silent
river laves.

Let those who bask in fortune's smile
Still quaff the ruby wine;

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Calenia's pruning-knife makes ripe
The juices of its vine;
And the rich trader drain from gold the mellow vintage of his hold.

Its precious juices he obtained
In trade for Syrian wares—
The gods themselves watch over him,
Unharmed these many years
His vessel ventures fearlessly out to the wide Atlantic Sea.

For me the herbs and fruits suffice—
No wealth or state I crave;
Give me a healthful frame and mind,
A calm path to the grave—
Son of Latona! hear my prayer; these with his lyre the poet spare.

The other voice is from California, singing the ninth Ode. It is not the kind of music we usually expect from the Golden Gate; but it has a quaint, characteristic ring.

HORACE.

When Lydia was only mine,
In mutual love our arms did twine;
Then richer was thy love to me
Than all the wealth of Persia's throne:
And thy full, rich, soul-thrilling tone
Was all my heart's fond melody.

LYDIA.

When erst I was by thee caressed,
No love but thine glowed in my breast,
Ere hateful Chloe stole from me
All thy dear love that once was mine;
Not Roman Ilium's name did shine
So bright as mine when loved by thee.

HORACE.

My bosom now sweet Chloe sways,
Who tunes the lyre and sweetest lays;
For her I'd die a triple death.
So much I love my Thracian maid,
I thrice would seek the gloomy shade
Could it prolong my Chloe's breath.

LYDIA.

Ornytus' son my love enjoys,
And sweetly me his heart decoys;
A thousand deaths to me were life.
So much he lives within my heart,
A thousand times would I depart
Could but my Thurian boy survive.

HORACE.

Oh what would be thy fair reward
If blue-eyed Chloe I'd discard,
And choose again sweet Lydia's love,
That I so rashly cast aside;
No more would we our joys divide,
But I to thee would constant prove?

LYDIA.

Though brighter he than morning star,
Thou rough as Adrian billows are
And changeful as the cloudy sign,
I cast away sweet Calais' charms
To rest again within thy arms,
And let thy love and fate be mine.

J. E. M.

BALTIMORE raises his head contemplatively, and begins this interesting inquiry:

"Once as Sir David Wilkie [Mr. Washington Irving and myself being then his fellow-travelers in Spain] was gazing on one of Titian's master-pieces—the famous picture of the Last Supper, in the Refectory of the Escurial—an old monk of the order of St. Jerome came up to him, and said, 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly three-score years. During that time my companions have dropped off, one after another—all who were my seniors, all who were of my own age, and many or most of those who were younger than myself. Nothing has been unchanged around me except those figures, large as life, in yonder painting; and I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we the shadows.'"—LORD MAHON'S *History of England*, chap. lx.

"'You admire that picture,' said an old Dominican to me, at Padua, as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the Refectory of his convent, the figures as large as the life. 'I have sat at my meals before it for seven-and-forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place among us—so many have come and gone in the time—that when I look upon the company there—upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are—I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows.'"—ROGERS'S *Poems*, p. 312.

The above incident is also related by Southey, in "The Doctor," vol. iii. p. 235, almost in the same words as by Lord Mahon, except that there is no mention of his Lordship or of our illustrious countryman. It occurs likewise in Wordsworth's beautiful *Lines on a Portrait, from the pencil of F. Stone;* and it forms the subject of a short poem by Milnes.

Which of the two narratives—Lord Mahon's or Mr. Rogers's—was published first?

Were there in reality two sentimental monks, the one a Dominican the other a Jeromite, the one in the Escurial the other in Padua, to both of whom the same touching reflection had been suggested by the picture of the same solemn scene?

The thought is an extremely natural one, and may readily have occurred to two persons.

Yet we are not wholly without doubts in relation to the originality of one or other of the two stories. Lord Mahon's character gives him the strongest and best claim to credence. There appears to be no ground for questioning his accuracy. Mr. Rogers occupies, perhaps, a somewhat different position. His note was written probably in old age. It may be that he was enjoying—as sometimes happens at that period of life—one of those *Pleasures of Memory* which consists in ascribing to one's self some of the remarkable experiences, sayings, or doings of others.

BALTIMORE does not mention the edition of Rogers's poems in which he found the note; but the Easy Chair is of opinion that Rogers will be found first in the field. The exquisitely illustrated edition of Rogers, by Turner, was published at least a quarter of a century ago; and Lord Mahon's History within twenty years. It is not, however, at all improbable that the same thought was original in all the cases cited. It is obvious and striking.

M. R. M. W., all the way from Chicago, says that he thinks a line he read upon a grave-stone in the cemetery of that city is worthy permanent record in a book:

"Thy smile once filled a home with gladness."

A GEORGIA GIRL wishes to know Porte Crayon's "real name." There is no secret betrayed in saying that it is D. H. Strother, of Virginia. She adds:

"I think he wouldn't mind your telling me, if he only knew how much I admire him through his writings. I wonder if he couldn't be persuaded to travel in *Georgia*, and then give us an account of his wanderings in *Harper?* I think he would find many places worthy even of his pen."

FROM Philadelphia a modest voice, pleading that it is "a friend of mosses," wants to know why she can't hear something about mosses in the *Magazine*, as well as about katydids and fleas and flies. She has only to turn back to the numbers for 1856–7, and she will find what she asks.

R. P. G., a Californian enthusiast, declares that

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Pitaluma is a city of noble scenery and invigorating salt air; and that no wise man will visit California without seeing Pitaluma. He considers Lord Macaulay "the greatest historian of this or any age," and asks when the continuation of his work may be expected. R. P. G. is answered long before he reads these lines. It is understood that Macaulay does not leave any thing ready for the press.

If H. J. C. will send his MS. to the Harpers, not to the Easy Chair, it will receive the attention he desires.

Let us have a word with Ignoramus, who lies quietly in the corner, listening with delight and longing to the sweet singing and the scholarly tone of the voices which translate Horace, and then says, manfully and quietly (his hand-bag is marked *New Orleans*):

"Although in the thirty-fourth year of my age, I am a very ignorant man; having never received more than about four years' schooling in my life, and that at intervals—more or less wide apart—and before the attainment of my twelfth year; hence, what little knowledge I possess is very superficial and circumscribed.

"With an improved and improving commercial and social position, I feel my mental defects more keenly than heretofore, and am anxious to remedy them as far as possible, at this late day, by careful reading, but am at a loss *what* to read, and *how* to read!"

And a little later, in the same tone, he says:

"Fancy a sensitive man—one who *can* converse well on familiar topics—participating (?) in an intellectual conversation, to which he could be a deeply interested *listener*, appealed to on a question of history or geography with both of which he is *totally* ignorant! or, almost equally humiliating to an honorable and ingenuous mind, thrown on mere tact for a ready acquiescence, a wise silence, or a 'treacherous memory!' Sir, painful as is the confession, it is made; I am ignorant of the rules of grammar, and of mathematics. Of geography I know only so much as I have necessarily acquired in my commercial career. Of history mere scraps, without locality or chronology. The very little I do know makes me feel my ignorance to be greater than I can overcome, at this late day, and with, at best, not more than two or three hours a day at my disposal.

"Can I yet qualify myself for the society of persons of intellectual culture?"

Ignoramus ought to remember that really intellectual society values honest thought and honest experience as highly as mere literary acquirement; and to understand that a man who so frankly confesses his wants is very likely to obviate any seriously unpleasant consequences from them. Yet he is perfectly right that there is a kind of free-masonry in education. There is a certain amount and kind of knowledge which a man must perceive another to possess, or intercourse between them is painfully restricted. Half of the charm of conversation is implication and allusion—and a good deal more than half of all current wit. Whoever, therefore, is not familiar with the substance of these allusions is out of tune. He is at the same disadvantage as a foreigner in a circle of lively friends of the same nation. He sees that there is excellent fun going on, but he can not share it—he can only grin and regret.

The case which Ignoramus presents is one not easy to prescribe for. A man who has but two or three hours a day for reading will not, at the end of the year, have had more than two, for he must necessarily lose perhaps one of them by a variety of engagements and distractions. But if he really wishes to do something about it, let him read a general outline of early history. Smith's, for instance, including Greece and Rome—then the abridged Gibbon: then Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, and Philip II., with Motley's Dutch Republic, Robertson's Charles Fifth — and Macaulay's History and historical essays. He will then have a general idea of the course of general history in Europe to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Then let him take up Buckle's History of Civilization in England, which will introduce him to the progress of Continental literature, politics, and science. Of course he must prosecute his purely literary studies outside of these. He may read Shaw or Craig to ascertain what authors he wishes to know: and their historical sequence and relation. Of the Continental literatures he will be content with histories and translations. As he goes on, his special tastes will develop themselves, and he may find himself leaving the general path, "prospecting" in alluring fields. But let him resist until, with the few books named, he has before his mind some tangible line of historical progress.

Suddenly, as we chat with Ignoramus, we hear the sound of friendly debate between Amicitia and a neighbor, the neighbor asserting,

"1. That it is a law of God and nature to provide firstly and chiefly for one's self, and that all charities should be secondary considerations, indulged in only when there are no personal claims to be gratified.

"2. No one should sacrifice personal comfort and convenience, in one instance, to secure the doubtful reward of an approving conscience in another.

"3. That there is a truer and more satisfying enjoyment in the free indulgence of occasional moderate fancies than in a self-denial of the same with a view to the assistance of worthy charities.

"4. That the practice of self-denial, in little personal indulgences for the sake of future noble aims, is calculated to degenerate into narrow-mindedness and grasping covetousness."

Amicitia seems to be perplexed by this pretty sophistry, and looks inquiringly and appealingly to the Easy Chair.

Well, then; for the first proposition, remember the story of Sir Philip Sidney, who was shot in the knee at the battle of Zutphen while he was dashing up to save his friend, Lord Willoughby. Fainting and falling and mortally wounded, they were bearing him from the field when he asked for water. It was brought to him; but just as he was raising the cup to his lips he saw a soldier dying by the wayside and looking at the water with burning eyes. Sidney stopped as he was about to drink, and leaning toward the soldier handed him the cup and said, "Drink, friend; for thy necessities are yet greater than mine."

What should you think of that glorious gentleman and hero if he had drunk the water and declared that "charities should be a secondary consideration, indulged in only when there are no personal claims to be gratified?" Whatever we might think of it, history would have lost one of its most Christian and pathetic passages. And as the first point includes all the rest, the general conclusion upon all must be, that the selfishness which is commended in each statement is undoubtedly agreeable—for all self-indulgence is—but it is neither admirable, nor beautiful, nor permanently satisfactory.

J. W. came in from Waverley Place long ago—yes, even last summer—and has been patiently sitting and dreaming without a word of complaint, and doubtless with all sorts of pleasant fancies ringing

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and rhyming in his head. The Easy Chair overhears him murmuring a sober strain, of a Wordsworthian contemplativeness:

"August's hot close into September's dawn
Has melted with warm glow and sunny ray.
Come, Mary, to the fields this shining morn
To keep this festival, initial day!"

But the relentless ear of this old Chair is not so caught that he cares to repeat the whole poem. It is "sincere," doubtless. J. W. of course understands that when a poem is called "insincere" the character of the author is not assailed: the word means that the emotion depicted was not of experience so much as of literary reminiscence.

HAPPY READER smilingly says that she lives in Woodbine Cottage, Illinois, and that one of the happy moments in her life is that of the monthly arrival of *Harper*. It is agreeable to the Easy Chair to know it; he bows for the Magazine, and he greets another of its unseen and unknown friends.

NEXT sits a sober, substantial form, looking about the Caravansary, evidently with something to say to the Editor.

Well, Mr. J. H. W.

"From New England."

So I see. Well?

"I have been sledding wood—now don't start and leave me in the lurch; it is all in the regular course of a farmer's occupation, and I make no pretensions to be other than a plain farmer, though I have no doubt my neighbors think me a very poor one. And so I have been sledding wood, collecting my winter's supply. But now, having put up my team," he proceeds to say that he harnessed Pegasus and took a ride, which brings him to the Easy Chair.

Your letter is interesting, J. H. W., but the lines you send are not poetry. Don't try it. You will surely be disappointed. It is a common thing for a man to fancy that he can do something with his pen. Let it console you to know that, of the 80,000 works published in the eighteenth century scarcely more than a hundred have any great reputation. Of all the men who have written books in the three thousand years that history records, scarcely more than five hundred are distinctly remembered. Thanks for your kind confidence—but don't do it.

THE poem of "Madge," which was sent from Quincy, Illinois, was undoubtedly handed to the Editor by the Easy Chair, as A. S. requested. The Easy Chair does not especially remember it, but the regularity of the method in the editorial rooms makes him confident that he did so.

As the questions are answered, silence and solitude return again and fold the court of the Easy Chair. Listen, then, to the serenade that floats out under the stars:

"Sing me a song of love,
For the moon is low in the sky;
The heavens are full of splendor above,
And the fields in sweet silence lie.

"I work through the humming day,
I rest in the shadow of night:
But thoughts of thee stole the noise away,
And they make the soft darkness bright.

"Oh! is it a song I hear,
Or only a word from thee?
Oh! is it the moon that shines so clear,
Or only thy face that I see?"

THE terrible tragedy in Lawrence of course makes every body thoughtful and sad. But this is to be said in the midst of the general horror and blame, that such an event has not only not happened before, but the general condition of the factory relations in the large manufacturing States and towns has been pleasant among all the persons concerned. Hitherto the workers in the Lawrence and Lowell mills have been young American girls, compelled to earn their living, and finding such labor most convenient and profitable. So far as known, excessive labor has not been required, and the average of intelligence is probably higher than among any corresponding working-class in the world. In Lowell, for a long time, the factory "hands" maintained a most creditable magazine by their own contributions. They are a worthy and most important class of the community, and therefore the event is the more deplorable.

But great buildings do not suddenly fall without some fault. It may be found, indeed, in the material and not in the men who used it to make the building; and such, let us hope, was really the fact in the Pemberton Mills. That somebody is always to blame for the frightful accidents by which hecatombs of men and women are slaughtered, is not true. There may be defects in metal, for instance, which no ingenuity can foresee or prevent, and the consequences of which must rank, of course, with the chances of the world. An iron rail upon a road may, under certain incalculable conditions, become so weakened that a heavy train passing over shall crack it.

But this is, unhappily, an argument on the dangerous side—dangerous, because we are so inclined to be thoughtless of human life. We run more personal risks than the people of any country. There were the two railroad accidents near New York, upon the Hudson and Harlem roads, in the month of January. They were the results of an utterly unpardonable negligence: on the Harlem road, by allowing two trains to run so closely; and upon the Hudson, by not making sure that the other train could not come up in time. And yet the Hudson conductor was a tried man. The chance was that he would do well if he were called upon in a crisis; and who could suppose that a man sent to warn off an approaching train, and thereby to avoid bloody disaster, would calmly toss pebbles upon the ice instead? Is the Company to be blamed that the tried conductor was proved to be unequal and the man tossed pebbles? They invest the conductor with general discretion to secure the safety of the train. They find him for a long time equal to the charge. Suddenly he is unequal, and the tragedy results.

The only way is for every passenger to exercise his common sense. Whenever a train stops, out of place and out of time, it is in danger, and he should put himself and the rest of the passengers in safety by getting out and persuading them to do so.

Our Foreign Bureau.

YOUR Congress does not organize; ours, of Paris, does not meet. We had counted on the festivities which should welcome Metternich, and the Russian, and the coadjutor of Lord Cowley, and (a better man than either) Cavour, before this; but still the order is adjournment. Antonelli, who would have drawn thousands of admiring eyes, by reason of his rank of Cardinal first, and again, and *à fortiori*,

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by reason of his entertainment of that old-time policy which just now, more than all else, is what retards full settlement, and liberal settlement of the Italian question. Antonelli, we say — whose big bad brain and worse heart is the drag upon the wheels of Italian growth—still lingers under the dusky shadows of the Vatican, and dares not leave the Pope.

The great pamphlet, which all the world has talked of, afflicts him. It tells him that Western Europe does not look down on the Romagna with those eager, jealous, threatening eyes of his. It tells him that the Perugian massacre, whatever dear blood it cost, has told a good, strong story. It tells him that the brave and free outburstings of Italian feeling in Bologna have found response and cheer and greeting all over Western Europe. The Cardinal Antonelli is a clear-headed, sharp-thoughted man; and the little pamphlet of the Imperial paragraphist, and its reception wherever bold journalists have spoken, will have outweighed in his mind utterly all the fuming madness of the Irish papal sympathizers, and all the traditionary laudation of the triple-crown that comes from Naples or from Spain.

The Cardinal Antonelli is a shrewd man; and he knows that Austria—convulsed as she is with debt, with Hungarian trouble, with Protestant restiveness, with the quick memory of a summer's defeat—is a weak friend to bolster the States of the Church in this hour of need. And the keen Cardinal knows that Irish blarney, which exalts the prerogative of the Pope in Tipperary, will have no great efficacy in putting the wayward Bolognese under the bayonets of the Swiss guards of the Vatican. Therefore the Cardinal Antonelli waits there in his pleasant chambers, and the Congress stays.

All sorts of rumors float their life out by the day or by the week. Yesterday the Pope's Nuncio had asked his passports—his hotel was deserted; France had broken with Austria; a change of ministry had taken place; the army was upon a war-footing; and a squadron had been ordered from Toulon to the head of the Adriatic.

But to-day the Pope's Nuncio is dining at the Foreign Office, discussing *Grave* and the wine of *Pope Clement*. Walewski, too, who was out of all favor, had gone down with Prince Metternich, on special invitation, to enjoy a day's shooting with the Emperor at Fontainebleau; and the Prince of Orange was to be there; and they were to have a jolly time of it together—which very likely they did.

And shall the Emperor and Metternich shoot partridges to-day, and the people they represent shoot each other to-morrow?

Will they discuss Italy in the old park? And shall the fate of all that glowing and hopeful manhood, which stirs itself like a dull sea on which fresh wind has blown, be determined by the humor that attends upon a clever shot or a foul one in the copses of Fontainebleau?

We look, and read, and listen; but what can we tell you?

Always ripe Italy there, golden and luscious, that a generous hand may take, or swine devour. Always here the din of base, brazen diplomacy, through which some sudden, seeming accidental, generous, bold utterance, tears like a God's voice.

Will it be help, or will it be no help? The matter all lies in the Papal question. If mouldy prerogative, and Irish blarney, and the candlesticks, and M. Veuillot, and the pompous emptiness of Mgr. Dupanloup carry it, all Central Italy must recoil into mire again. But if the Pope, by one or two more such smart strokes dealt upon his wind-bags as were given in the pamphlet ("The Pope and the Congress"), shall have his Temporal breath knocked out of him, there will be hope that he may become indeed His Holiness only, and his people Free.

We speak of the great political breeze stirred by the papal pamphlet without special explanations, because we presume upon our readers' acquaintance with the subject-matter of it. If really ignorant, however, let them be advised, in briefest possible language, that a little tract, without author's name, latterly published, almost within shadow of the Tuileries, within knowledge of the Imperial censors, has recommended that his Holiness have henceforth a Principality which shall be bounded by the walls of Rome; that his Papal State be made brilliant by the contributions of all good Catholic nations; and his old flock of Italians outside the walls henceforth do their politics for themselves. This is the gist of a paper which sold twenty thousand in Paris, and which, by interpretation or translation, has spread seven hundred thousand of its problem for the brains of Europe to work out.

Its chief significance lies in the fact that its suggestions are credited to a brain and a man whose hand follows quick and hard upon his thought.

Of course we mean the Emperor; of course people talk; of course Antonelli lingers in the Vatican; of course Prince Metternich accepts invitation to shoot partridges; of course our Congress (like yours) hangs fire. And that brings us back to the point where we began.

But not at Fontainebleau only does the Court amuse itself. The Court goes to theatres; goes latterly to a theatre where the Court is rarely seen. We speak of the theatre of the Porte St. Martin—a dingy old affair, upon the Boulevard of its name, where, years ago, that marvelous actor, Frederic Le-Maitre won his best honors; but it is not to see Le-Maitre (or Frederic, as the Paris world loved always to call him in the days of his triumphs) that the Court goes thither. Poor Le-Maitre! we hardly know now if he be dead or alive; if alive, he has fallen to some lesser stage; the eyes that used to counterfeit drunkenness till you started in your seat, lest he might fling that slender bottle at your head, are bleared long since with the trick of real drunkenness; and the old chiffonnier that, at forty (so rare his pantomime), tottered so as to make you believe in the feebleness of eighty, now totters in terrible earnest, if, indeed, he has not tottered away.

But this is an "aside."

The Court goes to the dingy, tobacco-smelling Porte St. Martin, to see a new play, whose chief author (though his name does not appear) is M. Mocquard, the Private Secretary of the Emperor.

You will recall the name, very possibly, as having been attached to that pungent reply, made not long since, to certain curious and inquisitive merchants of Liverpool, who desired private information about the warlike intentions of Napoleon. And since his name has thus come to notice, first, by the Liverpool letter, and next, by the play of the Porte St. Martin, let us tell our readers who and what he is. Born some sixty years ago (making over-age for a new playwright), he distinguished himself at school; broke from college prizes into a race for diplomatic distinction; was diverted from this into profession of advocate, where he won applause for a rare eloquence. Such men as Brougham and Lyndhurst

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praised him: but the throat failed him: he sought recovery in the Pyrenees, where he dabbled in literature; held office, in small way, under the dynasty of Louis Philippe.

As early as 1817 his acquaintance with the present Emperor began, at Aremberg. A biographical notice which he wrote of the Queen Hortense commended him to the favor of the family. Acquaintance ripened into friendship; and in the *Coup d'état* Mocquard stood by the adventurous President. From that epoch dates his office as special secretary.

So the Imperial family went to see his play. Not noticeable so much for its literary, or even dramatic merit (having capital interpretation by the theatric corps), as for its political significance.

It hits back again upon the old, sore Papal question; not directly, but all the more powerfully because covertly.

It is the Mortara crime illustrated and made patent to the Paris people.

La Tireuse de Cartes is its name. It plunges, by prologue, into the seventeenth century. The child Naomi (what but a Jew?) is intrusted to its nurse Martha. In the absence of the parents the young Naomi falls dangerously ill. The good Martha, in excess of Catholic faith, attributes its illness to its heretical birth, and vows that she will accomplish the baptism of the sick Naomi in the event of its recovery. The child does recover, is baptized, and is smuggled away into a convent near to Genoa, and is eventually adopted by the Countess Lomellini.

The poor Jewish parents, on their return, are overwhelmed with grief; their child, the sweet little Paula, is gone—gone from home—gone from the faith of her fathers and of Abraham. The nurse Martha is overcome with remorse; tells half; but, urged by the agonized parents, and mad with terror, dies before she has told all. The childless parents can find no trace of their lost Paula.

Seventeen years pass by. The Jew father is dead—has died crazed with grief. The Hebrew mother has wandered, desolate, over Europe, telling fortunes, seeking vainly the stolen child. But at last Paula is found. There comes the scene. There Madame Laurent, who personates the desolate mother, is great. There the white cambric flutters, all over the dirty *salle* of the Porte St. Martin.

Found indeed; but will the adopted daughter of a duchess believe it? Will child-blood lead her back to the arms and the embrace of the poor fortune-teller? Will blood be blood, and birth be birth?

How still they are in the house! The Empress is touched—to tears, they say. Poor mother! Madame Laurent makes you think you see her. Poor Duchess Lomellini, whose heart is bound up in the child of her adoption; shall she lose the heart-wealth of so many years so ceaselessly poured out? And the frail, Jew-faced Paula, so gentle, so loving—whither shall she go?

How still they are in the house! But the scene can't last. The girl wavers, sobs, lifts her arms, rushes forward—is it toward the Duchess? No: blood has it. The arms twine, cling around her own Hebrew mother's neck! Such a sobbing! Even the harshest men blow their noses shortly after.

And the Emperor told M. Mecquard, when he went back to the Tuileries, that his play was as good as his letter to the Liverpool merchants.

For ourselves, we don't think it was.

[It may be interesting to those who are interested in such matters to know that M. Mocquard, like any other dramatic author in France, receives as his legal due fifteen per cent. of the receipts whenever his play is up—making a pleasant thing to him of the Jewish story.]

Those in Paris whose homes lie upon the West side of the water had hardly ceased talking of that rare and genial man whose life slipped away so suddenly in his quiet home of Sunnyside—making thousands sadder than they were—when news came over Channel that the magnificent periods of Macaulay had come to a pause. He who talked so rarely and roundly—and scarce ever ceased from talking, except the full pen was pouring out a kindred eloquence, page on page—would talk no more.

Grandiloquent, rhetorical, the romancist of history—shall we grant the croaking carpists all this?—and yet what amazing affluence; what a splendor, that fascinated, if it glutted the eye; what a resonance of language, that kept, if it overcharged the ear! What a way he had of making people read what he wrote!

Ah! Mr. Croaker, you may be very elegant, and a nice critic; but, after all, it can hardly be a bad or altogether a false rhetoric which wings thought in such way that it flies, and flies, and flies, so that millions see it, and measure it, and remember it.

Not easy is it to think of that heavy-moulded, heavy-browed, gray-haired old man, who staggered along the London pavements muttering to himself, comparing dates, weighing authorities—it is not easy, we say, to think of him as any way poetic—as having that stuff in him which should make young boys' eyes start with wonderment as they read, or young girls listen with their lips apart; and yet, hearken a bit:

"Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low, dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, 'Farewell, sweet child! farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needle-work, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

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"'The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou know'st not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this!'
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died!"

The old, sad story of Virginia, which Rachel used to interpret, in her way, with strange power; and which Macaulay interpreted thus, in his way.

Only a fragment of history, they tell us, the dead master has left; but what a blazing fragment it is!

And, after all, does continuity make history? If the decads of years be present to our thought—in its fullness, and ripeness, and truth—shall we not grow thereby into a knowledge of what is before and what must succeed? Will not a perfect *tibia* tell the naturalist what the skeleton was?

And the man who tells us of the earnest, real, soul-drift of a year, will he not teach us more of that soul's life than he who gives outside statistics of a score of years?

History which deals with a succession of centuries must become, unless the record be interminable (and so, wearisome), more or less truly statistical; but statistics are not history any more than photography—which catches only the chance expression of an hour—is real, illustrative portraiture. Genius (which is more than sunlight) must come to make this latter, and must throw the expression of a life *into a look*. So statistics are good material for history; but genius, which is more than addition or cumulation, must make the counted thousands, that are only dead thousands in so many details of battle, come trooping to the thought with the tread of live men; and the dates, which are only dates, become high watch-towers, whose illuminating blaze shall stretch far backward and far hitherward along the path of centuries.

Turner (Sharon Turner) will take you a long way over English ground, and not with absolute dullness; Macaulay takes you only a short way. But which of the two fastens upon your thought strongest the drift of the British life? In whose pages see you clearest which way the great Saxon river is running?

Macaulay seems dead before his time: we had not counted on it; but for our own cherished author of Sunnyside, whose books are fresh sold now upon all the Paris stalls, the life seemed ripe. The work his heart was upon had been written to its end. There may be more philosophic reckonings of the influence of such a man as Washington, but never will the familiar story of his life be brought home to more hearts than in the pages of Mr. Irving.

It was fitting, and it was needful that the American world should know more intimately than they did how the great first President lived and how he died. It was both needful and fitting that such charm of naturalness should be thrown upon the story of his life as to make him known as an ever-present friend; can the critics tell us who would have accomplished the task more acceptably?

As the leading but unconscious worker in a great world change, there may follow those who will mark more sharply the precise measure of his influence; but never one who will introduce us more genially and naturally to the companionship of the *man*.

And then the Knickerbocker, and the Sketch-book, and the Alhambra, and the Columbus, and the Granada Chronicles, and all the rest.

We seem to be writing in Paris, with the Seine in our eye, and the gray hulk of palaces, and the chestnuts of the garden, and the calm, serene sky over all; but no, we are not there: our thought runs away to our last meeting with the loved writer who is dead; the trees at Sunnyside, all green with richest June, out-top these dry limbs of the Paris gardens. He meets us with a genial smile of welcome; he strolls with us along those wood-paths; he has built a cottage yonder for his gardener since we were last there; he must stop for a little prattle with the children of the gardener; he tells us of their holiday pranks: we seem to see them marshaled in clean aprons and with rosy faces as he marshals them in his story; he gives a little sturdy rogue a parting tap under the chin, and we stroll on by the edge of the pond and turn to the garden: no suburban nicety, but generous profusion; we pluck a little rootlet of moss-pink, that is planted and thriving now other where; the placid river is shining yonder; the stream of talk from the master of the scene, quiet and shining as the river.

Over the garden, and over walks beyond, and by the pond again, and into the dell below, and back to the plateau by the door; there are those who meet us, and with anxious air, fear the walk has been too much for his strength; yet he is so active and joyous for one well past seventy.

And we seem to see him now at the head of his hospitable table; the aged brother there who survives him, the nieces watchful of his lightest wish, the sun streaming into the west window. We seem to hear again—what we may not tell; we see that eyebrow lifted unconsciously, yet giving an arched fullness to some touch of humor; we recall the lurking pleasantries that steal over the mind with a new zest long after their utterance; and the lips struggling with the swift flow of words, and the words too slow for the thought that you see beaming over all the face.

Then the lingering in the west parlor till the light wanes; the stroll down to the edge of the river; the leave-taking; the shaking of hands; the "good-by!"

And from the railway track we seem to see him winding slowly up the path to his door; the rosy half-light of sunsetting upon the trees and on the river. At the little plateau he turns; we lift our hat and wave him a good-by.

Adieu! Adieu!
The last.

Yet it is not the last of him. By no means. Come now, little brown booklet (an old Stassin and Xavier print of the Sketch-book), from your niche upon the shelf! The leaves thumb-worn, the type French and fair; the covers roughened and crimpled with long journeyings in portmanteau and in knapsack; a swart look, as of old travel, on it, redolent of far times and places; and from between the covers

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the kind, genial voice seems to talk again. Is it not he, talking of "Rural Funerals?"

"Here's a few flowers! but about midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves—
You were as flowers now withered; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.

"In some parts of the country the dead are carried to the grave with the singing of psalms and hymns: a kind of triumph 'to show,' says Bourne, 'that they have finished their course with joy and are become conquerors.' This, I am informed, is observed in some of the northern counties (of England), particularly in Northumberland; and it has a pleasing though melancholy effect to hear, of a still evening, in some lonely country scene, the mournful melody of a funeral dirge swelling from a distance, and to see the train slowly moving along the landscape.

"Thus, thus, and thus, we compass round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground,
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The Daffodil
And other flowers lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone."

There should have been flowers upon the bier and upon the grave of Irving. Somehow we can not help feeling that tender hands placed them there.

We read again (seeming to listen): "There is certainly something more affecting in these prompt and spontaneous offerings of nature than in the most costly monuments of art; the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave as affection is binding the osier round the sod, but pathos expires under the slow labor of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble.

"The associate in the gay and crowded city is soon forgotten; the hurrying succession of new intimates and new pleasures effaces him from our minds, and the very scenes and circles in which he moved are incessantly fluctuating. But funerals in the country are solemnly impressive. The stroke of death makes a wider space in the village circle, and is an awful event in the tranquil uniformity of country life. The passing bell tolls its knell in every ear; it steals with its pervading melancholy over every hill and vale, and saddens all the landscape."

That saddened landscape we seem to see; the hills, and the leafless trees, and the sheen of the river vailed in a soft haze: harsh winter mellowed to the scene; there seems no cold wind blowing through all the day; "the passing bell tolls its knell in every ear;" there is a long train of mourners; the fluttering priest-robe; the open grave; the open book; the lifted voice—"As soon as Thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep, and fade away suddenly like the grass."

This is strange matter we are putting in our Foreign Bureau. Will our readers pardon it? Will they ask longer death-roll of those belonging more fairly eastward of the ocean? There are enough whose names in these months past we have not even mentioned. Brunel for one, staggering under that great burden of the *Leviathan;* dying happily before the failure had become complete; working toward magnificent issues all his life, and *almost* reaching them. Nor is this said in dispraise: better to aim sunward and miss than to grovel and win. Success has a charming tinkle in it that fills many ears and wishes as if a full orchestra were playing; but high endeavor, though the reach be too grand for fulfillment, has about it music of another sort that feeds and satisfies.

Mr. Brunel is not responsible for the London Tunnel, although he aided his father in the work; but he is responsible for the Saltash Bridge, very grand and costly; and for the broad gauge of the Great Western—easy, but unprofitable; and for the *Great Eastern*—stupendous, but not money-making.

There was Stephenson, dying shortly after, the railway master, whose works all bore profit. Brunel was of French origin, and Stephenson a "canny" Scot. The Scotch chemist makes lucifer matches, and the French chemist kills himself with the fumes of charcoal. Homespun, and oatmeal, and pence, beyond the Tweed; for the Gallic blood, a dash, and a shout, and *la Gloire!*

You like the mole; what if we like the flying squirrel? You like the flying squirrel; what if we like the mole? As if both had not their work to do.

Meantime—necrology apart—there has come up latterly, in connection with the professional opinions of Mr. Stephenson, that old topic of the Suez Canal, so old and so bruited, these half dozen years past, that the real *status* of the question is almost gone out of mind.

Why should every British paper have given the matter a leader? Why political? Why important? Why not a project *damné* in view of the matter-of-fact disapproval of such accomplished engineer as Stephenson?

Of course our readers know of the organization of a French company for the prosecution of this work, under presidency of a certain persistent and enterprising M. Lesseps. Patriotic French subscriptions have poured in; money—to a limited amount—is in hand.

But the Egyptian Viceroy must give consent and confirm charter; and to this end the Sultan must grant his approving firman: *hinc labor, et hinc lachrymæ.*

England says to Turkey: Don't do it. Egypt will be lost to you. French intrigue will convert the severed province to its own uses.

But Russia and Austria, and Sardinia and France (through their embassadors), unite just now in urging the grant upon the Sultan, in the interests of civilization and of commercial development.

Thus far Turkey leans to the British view.

But M. Lesseps, untiring, unwavering, is there always, on the African strand, with pickaxe lifted.

Is the thing feasible?

British journalists say no. Mr. Stephenson gave opinion that the design was impracticable, by reason of the shifting mud banks (with much other professional, objectional *débris*). Shipping men declare the navigation of the Red Sea so difficult as to make the canal, if perfected, utterly useless to any save steam-driven vessels. All this has been abundantly and wittily set forth, from *Punch* to the sedate *Spectator*. Still, there are the subscriptions; and there is Lesseps, with his battle-pickaxe.

Can England possibly have objection other than financial ones?

Gibraltar commands a narrow strait; and that strait is now the only entrance-way to a great sea. Suppose a new gate were to be opened, and French guns command it?

And if the other gate (which Lesseps with his pickaxe stands ready to dig) opens almost upon Indian seas, and is within two or three days' sailing of

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certain new fortresses of France upon the Abyssinian coast, what then?

It seems to give a political turn to the affair more important than the bare question of tolls or no tolls.

Girardin (whom the British journalists sneer at, but devote a great deal of space to) says the canal would be a clean, sharp cut through the huge hulk of British naval supremacy; and if the French pick-axes make the cut, it is very certain that French guns will not cease to command it until British guns cease to command the straits at the western end of the sea.

Just now the question bides.

WHAT of books?

Michelet, who by his "L'Amour" has shown himself incapable of entertaining any noble estimate of womanhood, and who counts female delicacy and tenderness and weakness a woman's best claims to manly devotion—who discovers nowhere any sense of that rare nobility of soul which lifts the frailer sex to equality, and superiority (oftentimes) to the other, is out with a new treatise, "La Femme." We hope it is no libel. We can not speak yet from knowledge. This little taste of its quality we give, however, from the columns of a contemporary. It is upon a branch of the subject that will command attention: marriage or no marriage.

Michelet has a little supper party of bachelors "of great merit;" he reproaches them with their celibacy. They begin excuse. This side the table it is womanly extravagance; who can marry with only five thousand francs a year?

The other side other excuse; but M. Michelet shall talk for himself:

"'For my part,' said another, and a younger man, 'the obstacle in my case is not crinoline. Sir, it is religion.'

"The company laughed; but he, growing more animated, continued: 'Yes, religion. Women are brought up in a dogma which is not ours. Mothers, so anxious to see their daughters married, give them an education fitted to create divorce.

"'What is the dogma of France? If she herself knows it not, Europe knows it very well; the hatred of Europe tells it her with marvelous accuracy. For my part it was formulized for me one day by an enemy, a very retrogressive foreigner. "What makes us detest your France," he said, "is that, with an appearance of movement, it does not change; it is like a light-house in eclipse with revolving lights; the flame is revealed, is concealed; but its source remains the same. What source? The Voltairean tendency (very anterior to Voltaire); in the second place, 1789, the great laws of the Revolution; thirdly, the canons of your scientific Pope, the Academy of Sciences."

"'I disputed with him. He insisted, and I see that he was right. Yes, whatever may be the new questions of the day, 1789 is the faith of those even who profess to adjourn it and to refer it to the future. It is the faith of all France, and it forms the reason why the foreigner condemns us *en masse*.

"'Well, the daughters of France are educated precisely to hate and to despise what every Frenchman loves and believes. Twice they have embraced, discarded, and slain the Revolution: first, in the sixteenth century, when liberty of conscience was in dispute, and then again at the end of the eighteenth, when political liberty was at stake. They are devoted to the past without knowing very well what the past is. They lend a willing ear to those who say with Pascal, "Nothing is certain; let us believe, then, in the absurd." The women of France are richly gifted; they have a great deal of intelligence, and every means and appliance of instruction. But they will neither learn any thing nor create for themselves a faith. When they meet a man of earnest convictions, a man of heart who believes and loves every irrefragable truth, they say with a smile, "Here is a gentleman who believes in nothing."'

"There was silence for a moment. The sally, rather a violent one, had nevertheless, I saw, carried with it the assent of all present. I said to them: 'If we were to admit the truth of what you have been advancing, I think it would still be necessary to say that the same state of things has existed very often in other ages, and yet there was marrying and giving in marriage. Women loved dress and luxury, and were retrogressive in their tendencies. But the men of those ages were bolder than in ours; they grappled with these dangers in the hope that their ascendancy, their energy, love above all—the master, the conqueror of conquerors—would work in their behalf fortunate metamorphoses. Intrepid Curtiuses, they leaped boldly into the gulf of uncertainties. And they did so very happily for us. For, gentlemen, without this audacity of our fathers, we should not have been born.

"'And now will you allow a friend older than yourselves to speak to you frankly? Well, I shall venture to tell you that if you were really solitary—if you supported without consolations the life which, as you allege, you find so bitter—you would make haste to escape from it. You would say: Love is powerful, and can do whatever he has a mind to do. All the greater will be the glory of converting to reason these absurd and charming beauties. With a strong will, determined, persevering—with means well-selected, an environment skillfully planned, every thing is possible. But there must be love—love strong and undivided. No coldness. Woman, cultivated and desired, belongs infallibly to man. If the man of this age complains that he does not reach the soul of woman, it is because he is destitute of that which subdues it—the fixed force of desire.'"

We shall come back to Michelet and "La Femme."

Something meanwhile, type-wise, of English women: Miss Muloch, who wrote "John Halifax," has written poems, and this is one of them:

MY LOVE ANNIE.

"Soft of voice and light of hand,
As the fairest in the land;
Who can rightly understand
My love Annie?

"Simple in her thoughts and ways,
True in every word she says;
Who shall even dare to praise
My love Annie?

"Midst a naughty world and rude,
Never in ungentle mood;
Never tired of being good,
My love Annie.

"Hundreds of the wise and great
Might o'erlook her meek estate;
But on her good angels wait,
My love Annie.

"Many or few the loves that may
Shine upon her silent way—
God will love her night and day,
My love Annie."

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And this, with stronger breath in it:

TOO LATE.

"*Douglas, Douglas, tendir and trew.*"

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

"Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

"Oh! to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

"I never was worthy of you, Douglas—
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

"Stretch out your hands to me, Douglas—
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew—
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

Editor's Drawer.

"THE eccentric Elder Leland, well known in Western Massachusetts in the early part of the present century, occasionally preached in the small country church near the home of my childhood. I have preserved a few recollections of him, which may serve as a set-off to the numerous stories of Hard-shell Baptists that have graced the Drawer. The branch to which he belonged were not at that time numerous in New England. They did not despise learning, but were not rigid in their requirements in this respect, or it is likely that Elder Leland would never have been a shining light among them.

"On the occasions when he preached in our church it was always crowded; for those who had no better motive for coming could not resist their curiosity, and the Elder was pretty sure to reward it by some quaint saying.

"The building was scantily warmed by one large stove at the end nearest the doors, and on a certain bitter winter Sunday the Elder was much annoyed, and his sermon often interrupted, by persons leaving their pews to gather round the fire. At length he paused, and there was a hush of expectation.

"'My friends,' said he, 'all of you who have on clean stockings can be warm enough in your pews; but those whose feet are cold will please go to the fire now, so that the speaker need not be again disturbed.'

"The speech lacked refinement, doubtless, but its effect was to keep the audience quietly seated until the services were concluded.

"ON hot summer Sundays his audience, being mostly composed of hard-working farmers and their families, was wont to be somewhat drowsy and inattentive. Deacon G——, a most excellent man and pillar of the church, whose spirit's willingness could not overcome the weakness of the flesh, used to sit bolt upright in the most uncomfortable of attitudes, his bald head bobbing in a succession of ludicrous nods and jerks.

"One day, a discourse, in which the Elder was pouring forth the passionate enthusiasm of his nature in powerful words, fell on sleep-deafened ears, and in its midst he suddenly paused. The sudden cessation of his voice awakened most of the sleepers, and when the slight stir of expectation and surprise had ceased, he spoke in a strangely altered tone and manner:

"'Brother G——,' said he, 'I always knew you to be as good a man as perhaps any fallen sinner can be. I've always had a shelter under your roof since you owned one, so have other preachers; and I know you never turn away the poor unfed. You do what you can, too, to support the church and promote the spread of the gospel. But you are an unlearned man, and I never knew until to-day that you were so polite. I hope I speak the truth, I believe I do, as the Lord gives it to me; but it is more than I expected, it really overwhelms me, to have you sit there nodding assent to every word I say.'

"Thereafter Brother G——'s eldest boy always armed himself with a big pin, with which to administer a gentle reminder to his parent whenever he was in danger of becoming too 'polite.'

"ON another like occasion the Elder suspended his sermon in its midst and announced to his drowsy congregation that he was about to tell a story. Half a hundred sleepy eyes were rubbed open, and he commenced with the following startling announcement:

"'I made a pair of shoes this morning before I left home!' A pause long enough for the exchange of wondering glances and whispered 'guesses.' 'And how do you think I made them, and what do you think I made them for? I told my boy, early this morning, to go to the pasture, near a mile away, to catch my horse; and when he got ready to go I found he had no shoes. I knew he couldn't go barefooted through two stubble-fields and a thistly, stony, side-hill sheep lot without cutting his feet all to pieces, and so I took a pair of my old boots and cut off the tops; I slit down the insteps, made some holes in each side of the slits, cut some strings from pieces of the leather to lace them with, and my boy put them on and said they were a capital pair of shoes and would last him all summer. That's the way I made a pair of shoes, and any of you can do the same thing, only it should never be done on the Sabbath save as a work of necessity.'

"Having finished his story, and his audience being, by that time, extremely wide awake, the Elder went on with his sermon."

A CONNECTICUT correspondent says:

"Having made a call on a neighbor, I happened to take up an old family Bible, and on looking over the family record, I saw an account of a birth written in this wise: 'Elisabeth Jones born on the 20th November 1785 *according to the best of her recollection!*'"

A FRIEND in Minnesota sends to the Drawer a scene in a Justice's Court:

"A few weeks since a case was brought before Patrick Fitzpatrick, Esq., in Houston County, Minnesota. The counsel for the complainant having stated his case, asked the Court to swear his witness.

"JUSTICE. 'And who do ye call the Coort?'

"LAWYER. 'Why, you are the Court.'

"JUSTICE. 'I ain't the Coort; I'm a Justass of the Paace!'

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"LAWYER. 'Then swear the witness.'

"JUSTICE (*to the witness*). 'Hould up your faast! You solemnly swear, in the prisence of John Dunbar and mesilf, a Justass of the Paace, living two miles from Caledonia, and owning two hundred acres of land, that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing like the truth—and there ye have it!'"

AN Albany County correspondent, from whom we hope to hear often, says in a recent letter:

"Speaking of the transposition of a few words spoiling a story—as in 'it was a good thing yesterday'—puts me in mind of a circumstance that happened near here: An old widow lady lived near the village of D——, in a small cottage. Her only companions were a cat and two large, lazy, good-for-nothing dogs. She had a cow, and, of course, a small barn. She lived upon the charity of the neighbors and visiting. She had been frequently urged by the neighbors to kill the worthless pups; but she would not consent, claiming that they were the only living things that remained to remind her of her dear departed man. The neighbors were willing to feed her, but found fault with the dogs' useless expense. One day while she was absent on her regular visiting excursion, a young man, full of the grumbling of the neighbors and with sufficient courage to abate the nuisance, came along, found her absent, killed the dogs, hung them in the barn, and wrote with chalk the following on the door:

"'Good woman, I kill'd your dogs,
And hung them in the stable;
For to keep so many dogs
I do not think you're able.'

"When the old lady returned and found her dogs were dead, she refused to be comforted until her eyes happened to rest upon the poetry. After reading it, she declared herself perfectly satisfied, saying that the beauty of the epitaph compensated for the loss of her dogs. The next day, at a tea party, she spoke of the murder of her favorites with considerable feeling; but said that the beautiful *varses* had made her to forgive the one, whoever he was, that had done it. 'Tell us what they were,' said a number of voices. She gave the following version, to the amusement of the whole company:

"'I have killed your dogs,
And hung them in the barn;
For I don't think you are able
To keep so many dogs!'

"'Oh, ain't they sweet—so consoling?' she asked."

"WE had an example of ludicrous expression: a man came into the office, and the following dialogue occurred:

"DOCTOR. 'How do you do to-day?'

"STRANGER. 'Pretty well *for me*.'

"DOCTOR. 'How are the old folks?'

"STRANGER. 'Quite well, *considering*.'

"DOCTOR. 'Any thing new in your section?'

"STRANGER. 'Well, no—nothing very. I s'pose you heard old aunty was dead?'

"DOCTOR. 'No, I had not. She must have died suddenly."

"STRANGER. 'Well, yes, rather sudden *for her!*'"

FROM Kentucky we have a certified copy of the following:

"Who of your Kentucky readers have not heard of that octogenarian minister, the Rev. John Smith, *alias Coon* Smith, a good man, preacher, and *joker*? How he ever earned the vulgar appellation of *Coon* your deponent knoweth not; but, like the shirt of Nessus, it will cling to him until he shuffles off the mortal coil. He had an appointment to preach at Georgetown some year or two ago, and leaving the house of a friend to go to the church, he passed a crowd of loafers under a tavern-porch, and whose attention was attracted to the parson by his peculiar style of locomoting (being partially paralyzed), when one of the crowd inquired of another 'who that queer old chap was?'

"'Why, that is old *Coon* Smith. Don't you know him?' was the reply; and which, being overheard by the object of their conversation, he turned around and sharply rejoined:

"'Yes, it is old Coon Smith, and any *puppy* can smell a coon!' That crowd vamosed.

"On another occasion, while going to fill an appointment, he was caught in a shower, and stopped at the house of a quizzical Presbyterian friend to borrow an umbrella. (Rev. Smith is a Campbellite, and a strong believer in immersion as the only proper mode of baptism.) On making his request known to his Presbyterian friend, that gentleman feigned great astonishment, and remarked: 'Why, Mr. Smith, I thought you were too great a lover of water to want a protection from it.'

"'Yes,' replied Smith, 'I love water, but I hate this abominable sprinkling!'"

AN Iowan says, and says truly:

"The inclosed is too good to be left out of your museum of fun. It is the affidavit of a surety, touching his property, upon an appeal bond, required by our statute to be given on appealing from Justices' Courts:

"'*January 29th* 1858

"'I Dew Solemary aferm that I varly beleve that I have sufesant Property over and above my dets to Sadisfy the Judgement against Charles Poter and I Carhat defendants to the best of *your ability so help you god*

"'—— —— J. P.'"

JUDGE P——, when practicing at the bar, was eminent for his abilities as he was remarkable for his great bushy head of hair, which was any thing but *smooth* and glossy ringlets. Pushing a witness in his cross-examination a little harder than a patient man could well bear, he asked, after one or two answers to similar questions had been given:

"How could you tell it was my client, Mr. Davis? How did you know him? Would you know me if you would see me again?"

Witness, after placing his hands on his sides, seemed to scrutinize his interrogator closely, while the court-room was very silent, watching the witness and the Judge as they eyed each other.

"Yes I could, if you would not comb your hair."

The Judge joined heartily in the laugh, and guessed he would let that witness take his seat.

HERE is a very funny scene as it appeared in an interior village of Pennsylvania:

"The well-known Abby Kelly Foster visited our town. She proposed to deliver an abolition lecture, but was disappointed in getting a room, and was under the necessity of holding forth in the entry of the Court-house. Curiosity led many persons to hear her, among them the Rev. Mr. C——, of the Protestant Methodist Church, from his eccentric manner and exuberant style familiarly known as *the wild man*.

"Abby delivered one of her characteristic lectures, in which she unmercifully abused the Church

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in all its branches. Mr. C—— became very much excited, and as soon as she finished he rose up, and, in a loud voice, accompanied with violent gesticulations, exclaimed:

"'Fly up to the third heaven! Flap your holy wings and crow! The Church universal is corrupt, and you only are righteous! Why, you must be the salt of the earth—if you are, God help the meat!'

"This explosion was followed by a tremendous peal of laughter, in the midst of which the meeting broke up."

A LEGAL gentleman in the State of Indiana sends the specimen below of learning and ability in making out the papers, and our correspondent remarks:

"To appreciate the whole point in the case, you must know that the County of Jasper lies on the line between '*Hoosierdom*' and the '*Suckerland*,' and hence the facility of carrying off the wife and other valuable property, and keeping the same concealed from the said State of Indiana.

"'STATE OF INDIANA JASPER COUNTY.—Now comes the said plaintiff John Davis and files his affidavid and upon his oath says that about the first of June 1859 came the said John Patterson the defendant and steals away his wife willfully knownaly and mischieveously carry her away by Night and other goods to wit clothing of wearing appearl and bed clothing and other property to the amount of ten dollars and caried said wife and said property by night to the State of Illinois and yet keeps said wife and property concealed from the State of Indiana and further saith not this the 21th day of June 1859

his
"'JACOB + DAVIS
mark

"'Sworn to &c —— —— J. P.

"'STATE OF INDIANA JASPER COUNTY.—To any Constable of Jasper County Greeting: You are hereby commanded to arrest John Patterson and him forthwith bring before me or some other Justice of the peace to answer the State of Indiana in a charge of willfully knowinly and mischieveously steal and carry away the wife of John Davis and other property to the damage of tin dollars and have then and there this writ &c

"'Given under my hand and seal this 21th day of June 1859 RICHARD WELLS, J. P.'"

THESE two come from Tennessee, a State that seldom helps the Drawer to entertain its friends:

"Not many years since there lived in Knoxville, Tennessee, one James P. Own-All, a very consequential, foppish fellow of diminutive proportions, who was very fond of displaying his wit. On one occasion, as he stood on Gay Street entertaining a crowd of idlers, there chanced to pass a great big fellow from the country. Jim remarked to the crowd, 'If the Bible be true that all flesh is grass, what a load of hay that is!'

"The Hoosier turned round, and bestowing a withering glance upon the crowd, said, 'It must be true, for even the asses are nibbling at me.'

"TWO worthy officials of a more southern town finding a drunken man lying in a secluded spot, approached him. F—— remarked, 'Is not that Isaac?'

"'No, 'tis Abraham,' said the constable.

"The drunken man, raising himself on his elbow as best he could, said, 'I am—hic—neither Abra—hic—ham, Isaac—hic—nor Jacob—hic—but Saul, the son of Kish—hic—seeking my—hic—father's asses. Lo! I have found two of them.'"

THE following exhibition of discretion and valor is equal to any thing in Congress or out of it that has lately turned up; it was in Michigan:

Mr. Robins kept a grocery store. His customers often disputed his accounts, and one of them, Mr. Jones, was very fierce in denying the justice of one of his charges. Robins was a small man, but often boasted he was enough for any one, and especially for Jones. One day Jones denied the correctness of his account, while Robins insisted it was all right. In the heat of the discussion, Jones accused Robins of not telling the truth, and Robins dared him to repeat the accusation.

"I said that you lied, Sir," coolly responded Jones.

"Do you say that I lie?" demanded Robins, jumping up from his seat and unbuttoning his coat.

"Yes, Sir," answered Jones.

"Are you in earnest?" continued Robins, jerking off his coat and approaching Jones.

"Yes, Sir, I am in earnest," answered Jones, still keeping his seat.

"Well, if you are in earnest," said Robins, replacing his coat upon his back and himself in his seat, "it is all right; but mind you, I don't take such things in joke."

MANY years ago there dwelt in Montgomery County, New York, a goodly old lady who was exceedingly fond of telling dreams, and so many of such a curious nature that some of her acquaintances doubted her ever having dreamed them. A few of the younger ones even made fun of them. One afternoon she was telling one very long, wonderful, and incredible to a company of elderly people, one of whom remarked, as she finished, that "she must have been asleep when she dreamed that."

"No, indeed, I was not," she quickly replied; "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

"No young man of thirty, well-educated, prepossessing, with already a fair literary and scientific reputation, ever had a brighter promise in life than my old college friend, Dan F——. But Dan was poor, and he had found out that brain-work was not over-profitable. He had worked hard in his profession for three years, and lived economically, yet he had not succeeded in getting that one thousand dollars ahead which Astor found it so difficult to acquire, and which he called the 'nest-egg of fortune.' Dan grew gloomy over his prospects and solitary in his habits, and altogether got in that condition of which Satan so well knows how to avail himself; and he tempted Dan with the suggestion, 'What a fool to waste your life in drudgery! you, so young and dashing, and altogether so proper a fellow and likely withal to marry a fortune! Marry a fortune, Dan, and cut physic!' The suggestion took, and Dan waited impatiently for the season to open at Saratoga, and thither he went when it did open, with all his worldly wealth in his pocket-book, determined on matrimony. I need not say how he really got in love with one fair young girl *without* a fortune, nor how he managed, toward the cool days of September to secure an ugly old girl *with* a fortune. It is true, in marrying her he married her three sisters, each older and uglier than the other, and the widowed mother also, older and uglier than all; but then they owned a thousand niggers between them, somewhere down in Alabama, and had plantations to match. The wedding was grand, I can't say gay, and Dan was triumphant, but I can't say happy. And off he went to look after the niggers and the

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plantations. That was ten years ago. Last year I met him in Paris; he was no longer dashing Dan, but an old man, quite nervous and fidgety. I was glad to see him, nevertheless, and urged him to dine with me at Felipe's. But he excused himself on some frivolous pretext, which I wouldn't accept. Finally the truth came out: *he couldn't*. The wife, the three old maids, and the mother, were all in Paris; none of them spoke a word of French, and he was obliged to be with them constantly. They couldn't get their dinner without his aid. And he had been three years with them on the Continent; they had dragged him to Egypt and Jerusalem, and Dan drew a profound sigh.

"'But, Dan,' I exclaimed, 'after all, you are a lucky dog; it isn't every one who marries a fortune!'

"'Marry a fortune!' he interrupted, bitterly; 'do you know what it is to marry a fortune? Of course you don't! But I'll tell you what it amounts to: *head butler in-doors and real estate agent out!* Marry a fortune? Marry the dogs!'

"And Dan buttoned up his coat and strode off to his hotel, five women, and a fortune."

From Marquette, Michigan, where wild-cat and red-dog money used to be current, we have the following:

"A short time since, a poor man in this place owned a one-dollar bill and a puppy (what poor man don't own one or more of the latter?). Having the bill in his hand one day, the puppy seized it, and before it could be disengaged from his jaws he had torn off and swallowed all but a small portion of it, which bore a part of the cashier's name and the denomination of the bill. The poor fellow, in great trepidation at the probable loss of his money, by the advice of a friend inclosed the mutilated note to the cashier of the bank which issued the same, with a request that it might be redeemed.

"In due course of time he received the following answer, with an unmutilated note:

"'My dear Sir,—

"'I send herewith another bill,
And with it too this *doggerel*.
But should your puppy ever dare
Another note of ours to tear,
I'll have his character assailed,
And, what is worse, have him *cur-tailed*
From running wild and playing pranks,
And tearing notes of paying banks.

"'Your dog, it seems—and he is right—
Prefers our "Safety Fund" to bite;
And yet, next time his mem'ry jog—
Ask him to eat his own "Red Dog."

"'I am, respectfully, etc. ——, *Cashier*.'"

To ABINGDON 12 m

To BLOUNTVILLE 6 m

Many of the readers of the Drawer in the Southwest will recognize the above old sign-board, which now stands (or did so recently) on the stage-road near the Tennessee and Virginia line. It tells, in the plainest manner, without the use of a ☞, the distance and direction to Abingdon, Virginia (twelve miles), and to Blountville, Tennessee (six miles).

Old Squire A—— lives in a town not a thousand miles from New York. He is rich, but has the bad habit of paying—when he is obliged to do so. He had taken a weekly paper for fourteen years, and put off the reiterated duns for the subscription from time to time, with a promise to "see to it," till the editor got tired of the delay, and sued him. The Squire's blood was up. He "defended," employing the ablest counsel, and fought every inch of the ground with a persistency worthy of a Field Marshal; but the facts were too plain, and he got beaten.

"Well," said the Squire to the plaintiff, as the foreman of the jury announced their verdict, "you think you've done it, don't you?"

"Why, yes," said the editor, a little awed by the iron-gray hair and cold gray eye of his interlocutor; "I think we have got the start of you a little, Squire."

"So do I!" said the Squire; and taking out his plethoric pocket-book, he counted out the amount of the verdict and costs, laid it upon the table, then throwing a two-dollar bill across the table to the editor, he said, in his severest tone, "Send along your old, good-for-nothing paper!" and majestically left the office of the Justice.

We shall hear again, we trust, from this new contributor in Missouri. The two below are capital:

"The office of coroner, in most of our inland counties, is almost entirely useless. Hence there is seldom a contention, and never a 'spirited canvass' for the office; but he who happens to be named in connection with that position on the day of election is almost sure to receive the honor. Like most of the other counties ours has a coroner, who, in accordance with the above facts, was elected last year. His first (I believe his only) case was that of a poor deluded creature who loved whisky 'not wisely, but too well;' and who, in a fit of apoplexy or delirium, either fell or threw himself into a creek, where he was found in a few minutes after. Every effort—such as turning, rolling, and rubbing—was resorted to to resuscitate him, but all to no effect; and though there were warm spots on his body, he obstinately and persistingly refused to be brought to life. Death seemingly held his gripe.

"At length the coroner's jury was summoned, the facts elicited, and the verdict rendered. At the instance of the coroner, and under his supervision, a rude coffin had been constructed, into which the body was thrust, and over which a top was nailed. Some who were present thought they recognized some signs of returning life, and insisted on removing the coffin lid to use further remedies. But they met with a stern rebuff. Raising himself to his full height, the Coroner said,

"'Gentlemen, *I'm* the officer! The verdic' has ben give; that man is sealed up; *he's dead in the eye of the law. Now touch him if you dar!*'

"They 'left him alone in his glory.'

"Squire F—— loves justice, and any luckless wight who is about to be swindled need only apply to him and the proper redress will come. He sometimes takes the law into his own hands, in order that even-handed justice may be meted. On one occasion Mr. A, a merchant, sued B, a countryman, who had but just attained his majority, for the sum of $19 75, which B had promised two years before to pay, in consideration of a suit of clothes. A lawyer was employed for the defense. The case came to trial; the purchase and price were fully proven, and the case

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was submitted so far as the plaintiff was concerned. B's lawyer then rose: 'If it please the Court, my client was a minor at the time he purchased the goods; was not in the habit of trading and trafficking for himself; and therefore claims the protection of the statute in such case made and provided.'

"The Squire looked at the lawyer, then at his client, and turning upon the defendant asked,

"'B, did you buy that goods from A?'

"'Yes, Sir, I did,' said the youth.

"'Were the goods worth $19 75?'

"'I believe they were, Sir, said B.

"'Did you ever pay for them?'

"'I did not,' was the response.

"'Did you agree to pay $19 75 for them?'

"'I did, Sir, but—'

"'No buts about it, you must pay it! I give judgment against you for the amount, interest, and costs. *By blood, you sha'n't plead infancy in my Court!*'

"B paid the whole amount."

"In Illinois we have a law making it necessary for parties making application for a marriage license to make an affidavit that they are of age, etc., to be filed by the County Clerk. He issues the license, and, in case they are not of age, requires the written consent also of the parents or guardians of the minor. Such an application was lately made to our clerk, and inclosed is the consent of the young damsel's parents:

"'Deecmbr the 14 1859
"'town of Dunam

"'we give up our rite and titel of our dougter to thomas Buttz for his wife
"'John Peters'
"'Sarah Peters'"

The following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim, et spellatim, et punctuatim*, of a "Notis" placed a few days ago upon the door of —— post-office:

"LOOK HEAR

"All persons that hase cancers or Wens or St. Anthony fire or St vitus Dance or the White Thrush or ulcers or enny persons that is a Bout to Bleed to Death or Beast that will come to me tell me your Name in full I will cure a Mediate Relieve them from BleeDing all so cancers in a short time free of all charge living four miles West of South West of P—— M.D. Allen Matthews."

Here is another from one of our county "Squires:"

"NOTICE

"Estray taken up by the undersign living three miles est of P—— in Mc—— County Ills. one stear a stag six yeare old last spring read with white on his back and little white on his belly mark with a slop on the under side of each yeare and the end of the rite yeare of the oner is requested to come and take him away and pay chargis for I have to ceep him chande up to ceep him out of the field becase he axes the fences no odes he will gow throo enny whar he comes to hit this the 6 day of november A.'D. 1859."

Tennessee sends another contribution:

"In the session of our Legislature in 1853–'54 Governor Johnson delivered that famous Inaugural Address, in which Democracy was compared to Jacob's ladder, one end on the earth the other in heaven. The lines between these two points were 'converging' and 'diverging.' Every man had a chance to climb up the rounds of this ladder, etc., etc. Well, this Inaugural created a great deal of remark among the people—especially among the Whig members and the Whig newspapers in Nashville.

"A few days after this Mr. Temple, a Whig member, was addressing the House in favor of his bill to give the people of Hancock County $6000 to build a good road across the mountains. He said that the people of Hancock County were a poor but industrious and patriotic constituency of his; had fine coves and valleys of land; that they were hemmed in on all sides by high mountains; that if the State would grant the money to build the road, they would have a good outlet to market; and that in a few years the enhanced value of taxable property would pay back the money to the State.

"When he had concluded, Mr. Hebb, a Democrat from Lincoln County, got the floor, and said:

"'Mr. Speaker, I am very sorry for the gentleman's constituents. They are "hemmed up" in a very, very bad fix. I am willing to aid in helping them out, although this House knows I have never *yet* voted a dollar to build a railroad, turnpike, or dirt road. I have an amendment to offer to the bill, and for the benefit of the House I will read it: "*Be it further enacted by the General Assembly of Tennessee, that the people of Hancock County be furnished with Jacob's Ladder, to enable them to climb entirely out of said county in diverging and converging directions!*"' The scene of laughter which followed was indescribable. The amendment killed Temple's bill on the second reading."

At the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, "Mack," one of the negro guides, reaps quite a handsome sum every season by furnishing costume to persons suitable to wear in the cave. He always writes out his advertisements and posts them up in the most conspicuous places. They read thus:

"All who desire to get their *Cave*-clothes will call on 'Mack,' at the bar."

A *wag*, reading them, changes the *C* to a *Gr*, and all of Mack's "*Notices*" then read,

"All who desire to get their *Grave*-clothes will call on 'Mack,' at the bar!"

Camp meetings are famous in calling together large numbers of "darkeys," as well as others, in the South. A late camp meeting on the line of one of our main railroads was in no way deficient in collecting the usual numbers. The platforms at the different railroad stations, both east and west of the "camp," were crowded with those desirous of swelling the numbers at the "tented grove," among which were the usual proportion of darkeys. The train stopped at M——. Two young men were sitting together, facing an old negro woman who had been for some time engaged in singing some doleful tune. As the crowd entered the cars one of our friends remarked to the other:

"They turn out strong this morning."

"Well," says the old darkey opposite, "if we *do* smell strong here, when we get to heaven we won't —bless the Lord!"

About the richest specimen of "Western literature" that has ever fallen under our eye is the following design for an advertisement in a Western paper, which we give *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim:*

"their will bee a Sociul partie at the —— on the eve of nov 25 at fore oklock p m the proeprietur tackes this methud of givin his friens the oppurtuknity of associatin with him at the Openin of his —— near the —— depo beleavin that a institushun kneeded by the publick jineruly i have much of my

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means to bild a home fur the travullir & A plaice of rest for those who want And kneed rest a plaice wher the Young & murthful to whild away Their fleetin hours with the tripin lite funntastick to their wil be museick by —— on the ockkashun dancin will begin at 4 oklock p m supir at 9 pateronige is soliscited by oll who plese to atend there Will be nuthin left undun that can be dun to make the okkashun oll that has antiscipated."

WILLIE R—— was an exceedingly *bright* little fellow, as the following incident will prove:

One day a dry-goods peddler was displaying the contents of his pack to the family, when a pair of gayly-colored suspenders caught Willie's eye, and nothing would do but he must have them. Being told the price, he carried them to his mother in an adjoining room.

"Oh, ma! please buy them, won't you? They are only four bits."

"Certainly, Willie; but I think the price is too high. Take them back, and see if he will not let you have them for *two* bits, and if he will not, then you can give him four."

The little urchin returned in high glee, and still holding the suspenders, which he had no idea of giving up, exclaimed:

"Mr. Peddler-man! Mr. Peddler-man! ma says she will give you *two* bits for these; but if you won't take *two*, she'll give you *four!*"

"Well, my little man," replied the peddler, laughing heartily, "since that is the case, I do not think I can afford to take *two*."

Willie was completely sold; but if not *bright* himself the suspenders were, and that amply compensated for the loss of his two bits and the laugh at his expense.

THAT was a novel but not so bad an argument which the mountain Member urged in the Kentucky Legislature:

"A few years ago a bill proposing a premium on fox-scalps was under discussion. It had been somewhat roughly handled in debate by members from the more populous regions, where foxes were scarce, and Mr. L——, from one of the mountain counties, rose to reply. I give only his peroration: 'And are we, Mr. Speaker—we of the mountain regions—not only to witness the annual destruction of our crops, but actually to be deprived by these varmints of the *consolations of religion?*' This woke the House up, and set it agape for an explanation. He continued: 'You know, Mr. Speaker, that we live in a rough country;, that your fancy churches—your Presbyterians and Episcopalians—never send preachers among us. We depend for the Gospel upon the circuit-riders of the Methodist Church; and, Sir, every body knows that they can not be induced to travel where there are no chickens, and that chickens can not be raised where foxes abound!' The argument was unanswerable, and the bill became a law."

THE College men will enjoy this scene:

"While I was at —— College, among a number of new matriculants was one from Green County, who was very 'green' himself. He came with exalted notions of college, professors, etc., and manifested the greatest amazement at every thing he beheld. In conversations with him, 'the boys' were led to speak of his having to declaim before the professor. He protested that he could never do that—*never*. They insisted that it would have to be done. He said that was too much for him, and he would pack up and go home. But he was at length prevailed on to commit a piece to memory; and, by way of giving him exercise, the boys, who had won his confidence, would take him out to the woods, mount him on a stump, and put him through a rehearsal. They flattered his performances from time to time, until he became quite vain of himself and his efforts; indeed he was now as confident and boastful as he had been doubtful and timid.

"At length the day arrived to declaim before the professor. There was a large class of us. Several had performed their parts, and our hero was now called out. His courage had failed him; he looked pale and tremulous; his lips quivered. He took his stand, swallowed his Adam's-apple a few times, and throwing his arms awkwardly about, began, in a stentorian voice, '*Imagine to yourselves a* DEM-OS-THĒĒNS *addressing the most learned assembly in Greece!*' Here he clapped his hands to his face, and broke forth in a wild, booby wail, the tears gushing from between his fingers. The Professor, after a pause, said, encouragingly, 'Compose yourself, and go on.' This he took for imperative, and struck off again: '*Imagine to yourselves a Demosthee-e-e-c-ens.* Boo-oo-oo—oo—oo!' Some of the boys sitting near encouraged him, saying to him, 'Try again; and if you can't go through with that piece, speak your other speech.' Whereupon he started out again: '*Imagine to yourselves a* DEMOSTH-E-E-E-ENS—' He paused a moment, and then, with wildest mien and gesture—his clenched fists going like sledge-hammers, he burst forth:

"'My home is on the rolling deep;
I spends my time a-feeding sheep:
And when the waves on high is runnin',
I takes my bag and goes a-gunnin':
I shoots great ducks in deep snake holes,
And drinks gin-sling from two-quart bowls!'

At the conclusion of which he rushed in a frenzy to his seat, amidst the deafening roars and cheers of the boys, and to the utter destruction of the Professor's gravity."

ONE of the brethren in Pennsylvania writes to us:

"Being called upon to transcribe some of the proceedings of our 'culled' church, in order that they might be taken before Conference in proper shape, I could not refrain from appropriating the following brief extract from the Minutes of a late trial. If you think it worthy of a place in the Drawer take it, and welcome.

"Brother A and Sister B were arraigned before the tribunal of the church for improper and unchristian conduct—the court consisting of the minister and a few of the most prominent members, among whom, it seems, was Peter Jones, quite reputed for his skill and experience in law and matters pertaining thereto, and to whom, no doubt, we are indebted for the following resolution:

"'It is resolved that whearby as Brother A has ben a plus and god feerin man in wak and conversashun and has regierly pad his dos and Sister B has not pad her 2 dolers for the last 2 quarters and has been gilty of ungodly conduct that Sister B is suspended from the privliges of this church til she givs sins of penitence and pas her dos and Brother A is herby restored to good standing in the same PETER JONES, *Clerk*."

"DOCTOR JOSIAH CAMPBELL, who lived for many years on the Western Reserve, in Ohio, was a most

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skillful physician, but withal one of the most eccentric and absent-minded persons in the world, except Margaret, his wife, and she was fully his equal. One summer morning the Doctor was caught out in a tremendous shower, which drenched him to the skin. It soon cleared off, however, and Doctor Josh rode into his own yard, where he took the dripping saddle from his horse and let him go adrift into the pasture. The saddle he placed on a stout log of wood which was elevated some four feet from the ground on two posts, where the Doctor had begun to build a platform to dry peaches on.

"After having got his saddle fixed so it would dry, he took the bridle and, putting the bits over the end of the log, he stretched out the reins and hitching them to the horn of the saddle, went in to change his wet clothes and get breakfast. Josiah, Jun., and Margaret, Jun., were away from home on a visit, and so the two seniors sat down together to the morning meal. When they were about half through, Jim Atwood, a farmer, who lived about eight miles distant, came in, telling the Doctor he wished he would go over to his house, as he reckoned he might be wanted over there, and then went off to the village in a hurry after some necessary 'fixins.'

"When the Doctor finished his breakfast, he took his saddle-bags, and out he went into the yard, where he deliberately mounted his saddle and set out, in imagination, for Jim Atwood's.

"For a long time he rode on in silence, with his eyes intently fixed on Buchan's Practice, which lay open on the saddle before him. At length he began to feel the effects of the fierce rays of a mid-day sun, and looking up from his book, he discovered a comfortable-looking house close by him, upon which he sang out lustily for a drink of water.

"Aunt Margaret, who had been for the last two hours very busy in the garden, soon made her appearance with a pitcher of milk, and after the thirsty stranger had taken a long draught, they entered into animated conversation, the Doctor launching out into rapturous praises of the scenery about the place, the neatness of the building, the fine orchard of peach and apple trees; and the lady, who had caught a glimpse of the saddle-bags, made a great many inquiries about the health of the neighborhood, etc.

"The Doctor finally took his leave of the lady, assuring her that he would call on his return and have some further conversation with her, as she reminded him so much of his wife, who, he was sure, would be very happy to make her acquaintance.

"The lady turned to enter the house, and the Doctor had just gathered up the reins, when Jim Atwood dashed up to the gate with his horse in a lather of a foam.

"'What on airth are you doing, Doctor?' yelled Jim; 'get off that log and come along.'

"The Doctor was greatly astonished at first, but after a few minutes it got through his hair that he had been all the morning riding a beech log in his own door-yard!"

"We used to have a horse in Water Street just as wise and full of fun as ever horse could be.

"Nearly opposite our store Spofford and Tiletson were putting an addition or new office to their building. The master-mason used to come down each day to superintend operations, and always rode a large iron-gray horse, which, with the bridle over the back of the saddle, he left standing in the street. No sooner was he gone than Old Gray began to cock his eye about for fun. As soon as he saw another horse standing by the curb he would sleepily saunter up to him very quietly and friendly, then suddenly reaching his head down, give the unsuspecting beast such a 'nip' that he would snort and yell with pain or rage, while Old Gray would trot briskly back to his stand with as much evident satisfaction and laughter over his witticism as ever shone in the face of a two-legged joker. He performed this trick till his appearance in the street was a sign for all hands to throw by work and watch operations. The men in our shop used to watch him by the hour at a time.

"One day I saw him go up in old style to a smart-looking horse that stood on the lower side of the street near Maiden Lane, and when a short way off, stop and look as if to decide whether or not to try his game on such an animal. But fun was too much for fear; 'twas amusing to see him work it. After the usual plan, he came up so innocently and introduced his nose to the acquaintance so gently and so modestly that the victim could not but be at rest—free from all suspicion; but no sooner was confidence gained, and every thing arranged to his satisfaction, than snap went his teeth into the unsuspecting stranger's breast, and before he had time to know what bit him Old Gray had dodged, and, rearing, planted his fore feet on one of the thills of the cart, thus holding it fast.

"Soon, however, he had driven all carmen who had stands in that part of the street to watch his motions. They hid themselves in the stores, and when they caught him at his pranks, out they pounced, whip in hand, and he suffered punishment some. But 'twas of no use to try to head him off; it took only a short experience to teach caution, and you would have laughed to have seen him go poking along the street, his eyes leering into the stores to see if he could spy any of his foes hanging about the doors.

"After a time, obliged to give this up—too close a watch being kept—he resorted to another plan for mischief: he would plant himself across the street, head to the pile of brick, tail to the curb, then whenever he spied a cart or wagon approaching, of a sudden he was in the soundest sleep, and all shouting and halloing couldn't awake him more than the Seven Sleepers, nor budge him a hair. The only means of moving him was to dismount and, taking his bit, lead him off. As soon, however, as the last one was out of sight, back again he would march and again be sound asleep, ready for the next comer. All the while you could fairly see the corners of his eyes and mouth twitch and draw up with laughter; his tail and every part of his body seemed to partake of his jollity and fun. If, perchance, a carman 'smelt a mice,' having been sold before and resorted to his 'rung' for an argument, instead of waiting to be led, then you should have seen the old fellow only lie by to see the victim jump off his cart, and then, tail in air, with clattering hoofs and almost a human laugh, he was off down the street.

"At times he would clamber with his front feet upon the brick and his hind legs in the street, stand and apparently experiment to see how close the boys could drive without barking his gambrels.

"If any horse ever lived who had a better right to be in the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*, I should like to hear from him."

"Doctor King and Lawyer Lane were two great wags and inveterate practical jokers, who lived in the village of G——, on the shores of Seneca Lake.

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when that portion of the State was in comparative infancy. Their jokes were chiefly practiced upon each other, and no opportunity was thrown away by either. Lane, who was a bachelor, slept in his office, which was situated upon an open common near the centre of the village.

"In those days cow-pastures were almost unknown, the highways and commons furnishing ample grazing-ground for the cows belonging to the villagers; each cow, for convenience in finding, being furnished with an enormous copper bell with a tongue like a cannon-ball. 'In the dead waist and middle' of a frosty night in October, Lane was aroused from a profound slumber by a din that would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. For the moment he fancied himself under the great bell of Moscow, and that all the other bells in the universe were 'trying titles' with it. He started from his bed in dismay and looked forth upon the common, when he beheld a herd, comprising all the cows of the county, as he thought, grazing around his office. The steady ding-dong of their discordant bells drove him almost frantic. Without waiting to don even his un-talk-about-ables he sallied out, and with clubs and stones drove his nocturnal tormentors off the premises. As he was returning to his office he fancied he heard a laugh in the neighborhood, when the suspicion stole into his head that somehow he had been sold. The moon was shining brightly at the time, and an examination of the ground disclosed the presence of *salt* in all directions about his office. Half frozen, he went back to bed, muttering as he drew the coverlet over his chilled limbs, 'Confound that King!' There was 'no sleep till morn,' for the animals, attracted by the salt, returned and continued their bell-serenade all night long.

"Later in the season, when sleigh-bells had superseded the copper tormentors, Doctor King was awakened at midnight by a call to go two or three miles away to see a patient who was represented to be in a dying condition. Always prompt at the call of duty, he hurried on his clothes, lighted his lantern, and proceeding to the stable put the harness on his horse, and backing him into the thills, soon had all right and tight for the journey; mounting into the cutter, he tucked in the 'buffaloes,' put on his mittens, drew up the reins, at the same moment giving his horse a smart crack of the whip, when a crash followed that stove the cutter into oven wood and sent the doctor sprawling in the snow. A single moment was enough to discover the cause of the disaster; the back of the cutter, the runners, and the raves had been lashed to a post near by. Doctor King returned his horse to the stable and walked leisurely back to the house, muttering through his chattering teeth, 'Confound that Lane!'"

Some years since a poor boy in —— County, Virginia, named Timberlake, was sent to school, gratuitously, by a gentleman by the name of Starke. This boy was plowing one day with a one-horse team, and his horse being disposed to turn aside from the true course, he bawls out to him, "Why don't you come hither I tells you?" A gentleman happening to be near and overhearing the boy's exclamation, calls to him and says, "I thought Starke sent you to school to learn grammar!"

"Humph!" retorts the boy; "do you think that I am such a fool as to talk grammar to a *horse?*"

"Your anecdote of the Boston merchant in Copp's Hill grave-yard reminds me of a deacon in our village on whom the mantle of Noah Webster has *not* fallen. He is a pillar of a church situated not quite thirty miles from New York. One of the elders is uniformly absent when called to render his reports, and a brother member takes his place. In this case, no sooner had he concluded reading the report than Deacon N—— rose, and proposed a 'vote of thanks to our *officious* [efficient] clerk.' It passed unanimously.

"In the village of L—— an honest sort of shoemaker lately arose from the cobbling bench to the proprietorship of a boot and shoe shop. Two days of active search procured all his office-fixtures, among which was a pair of large slates, firmly hinged together. His new clerk having come across them as the first thing upon the counting desk, inquired of the proprietor what the two were for. 'Oh!' replied he, 'that's for keeping my accounts by *double entry!*'

"His wife was much like him, only 'more so;' for before a fortnight had expired she bitterly complained of the change in his business. 'And why?' asked the neighbor. 'Because,' said she, 'when my man was shoemakin' he wanted only one shirt a month; but now that he is in the store it makes it worse for us women folks, for now he must have a clean shirt *every week or two!*'

"I have read," says a new correspondent, "every line published in the Drawer for the last six years. I commenced buying the Magazine to please my wife when we were first married; and reading it constantly ever since to please myself. After having read so many good things in it, I am almost ashamed to say I have never contributed any thing. But the following specimen of Irish wit is bound to be new and fresh, and I send it:

"Pat, while mowing, disturbed an enormous nest of large bumble-bees. Being sweaty with his toil they stung him dreadfully. In the after-part of the day I called his attention to the spot, and asked him to rake up the hay, which he refused to do. 'The bees would bite,' he said. I took his rake and carefully raked around the nest. They blustered some, but did not offer to sting me. At my escape Pat was much surprised. I asked, as though I felt curious about the reason of their partiality, why they would sting him and not me? He scratched his head a while for a reason—or for some other reason—and, when he could not quite make it out, I suggested that it was because he was an Irishman. '*No,*' says Pat; 'sure, thin, *don't* they know *you own the land?*'"

"In this quiet village there lives a harmless, unoffending barber, named Williams, who, by-the-by, was lately presented by his faithful spouse with yet another pledge of her affection. Next morning great was the excitement when one Richmond made inquiries at all the stores for Squire H——, to get out a process for the very peaceable barber. Squire H—— having been found by Richmond and the constable, followed by a crowd they repaired to the Justice's office. Seating himself, ready to 'propel,' the old Justice inquired to know upon what charge the poor barber and his wife were to be arrested and indicted; when R., picking up the first 'Revised Statutes,' read the section making it a criminal offense for any one to bring a *free colored person into the State!*"

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Tobacco and its Users.



An old Fashioned Pair of Snuffers.



New Styles for Smoking Apparatus.



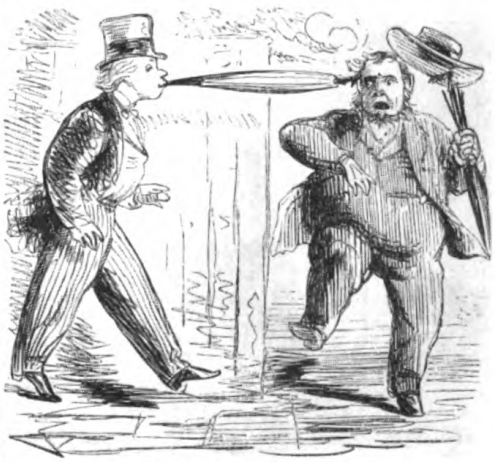
"Hold on, Jim—it's my turn now—you've blowed four times."



'No, Betsey, don't ask me to give up smoking—I've been used to it all my life."



The Cigar-Holder as a Weapon of Defense.



The Cigar-Holder as a Weapon of Offense.

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My Dog and Pipe.



Effect on the Dog.



Miss White.—"Dearest Fred, I do so love the odor of a good Cigar!"



Mrs. Brown (*née* White).—"Mr. Brown, you know I never could bear the smell of Tobacco!"



How to carry a Cigar-Holder when saluting the Ladies.



Mr. Pipe.—"You needn't be so lofty, Señor Concha! I keep as good company as you."

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Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Promenade Costume.

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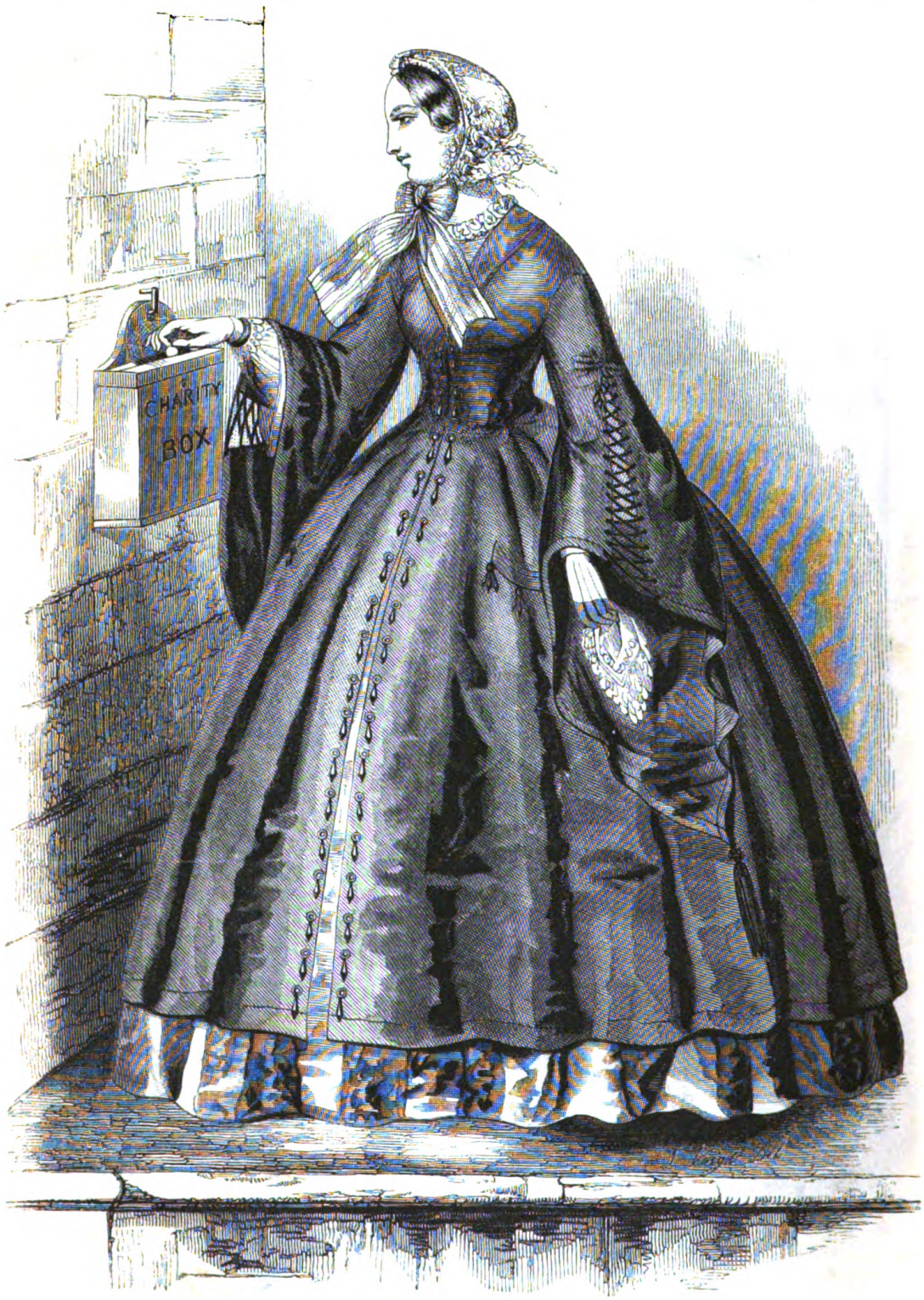


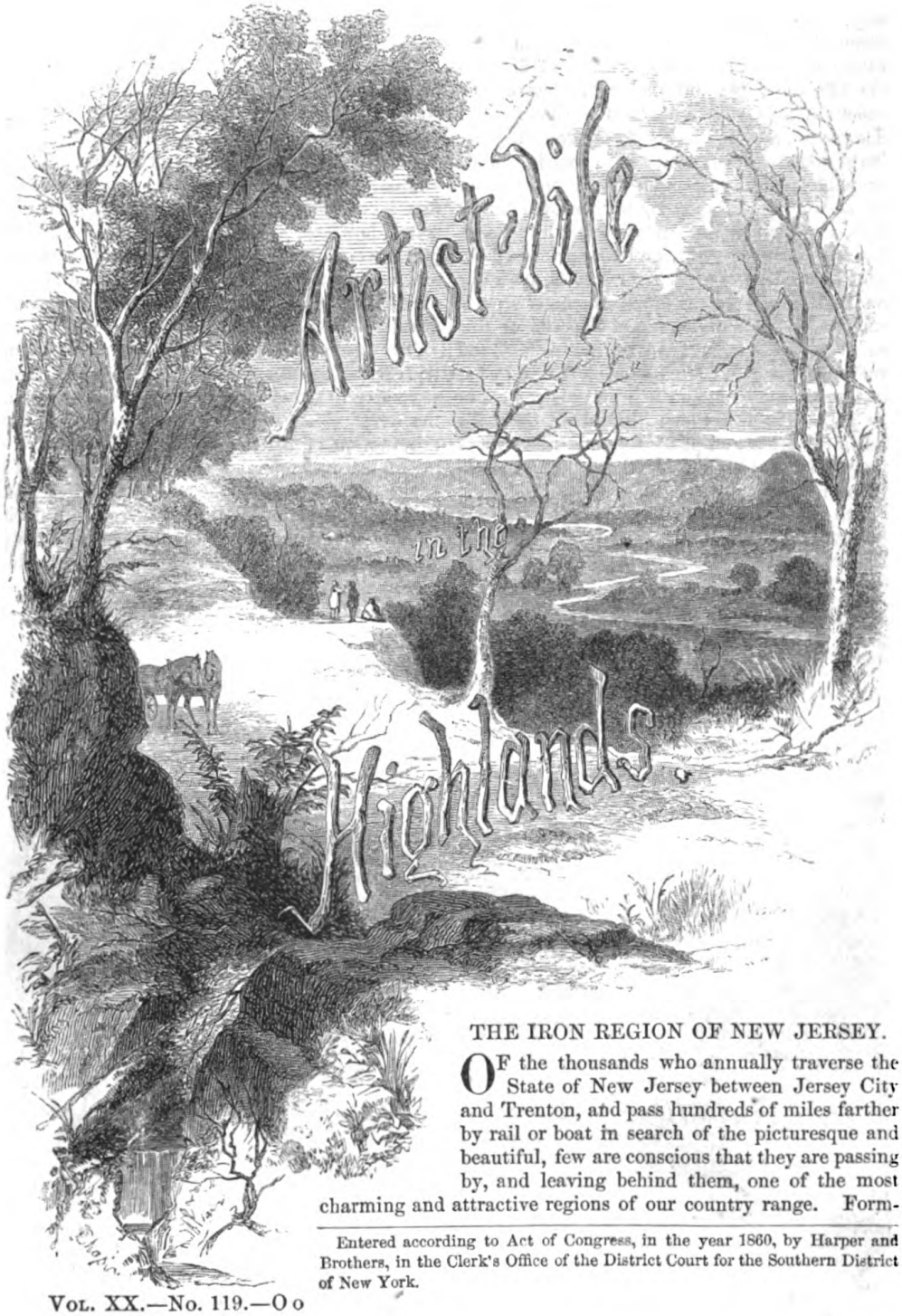
FIGURE 2.—STREET DRESS.

THE out-door costumes which we illustrate are designed to meet the wants of different latitudes. Both are composed of heavy silks, black being the universal color. The illustrations are sufficiently clear to preclude the necessity of verbal description. We merely remark, that in Figure 1 the *dress* is a three-flounced *broché* robe; and that in Figure 2 it is of plain taffeta.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXIX.—APRIL, 1860.—Vol. XX.



THE IRON REGION OF NEW JERSEY.

OF the thousands who annually traverse the State of New Jersey between Jersey City and Trenton, and pass hundreds of miles farther by rail or boat in search of the picturesque and beautiful, few are conscious that they are passing by, and leaving behind them, one of the most charming and attractive regions of our country range. Form-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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ing their ideas of the whole State from that tame and uninteresting portion of it through which they ride by rail, they are excusable, perhaps, for the thought that Nature has done but little for her in the way of adornment. Beyond that low range of hills, however, which bounds the tourist's western horizon for nearly the entire distance between the points named above, lies a region replete with all those charms which, at the cost of so much time and toil, he seeks in other States and Territories far away. To such as are content to bask in the glorious beauties of Nature's own domain without regard to the luxurious adjuncts of fashionable life, the Highland region of New Jersey presents a field whose harvests are ample and wide-spread, and will richly repay the garnering. The student of Nature may here find her in all her wild sublimity, as well as in her gentler moods, wooing him to enjoy her various phases. Here, too, for the contemplative man, are relics of a by-gone prosperity, and foot-prints of the great men who have left their names upon our country's page. To the practical man of science the vast ore-beds and mineral deposits of this region afford a rich fund of interesting and profitable research, while he of the rod and gun, the lover of a jolly laugh, will find his reward in the game and fish which abound on the hills and in the lakes and ponds that stud the valleys on every hand, and in the "characters" he meets among the natives.

Into this attractive region plunged, in last October, one Neutral Tint, a tired artist in search of relaxation from a long period of close application. We find him, at seven o'clock in the morning of the first day of that beautiful autumn month, on the piazza of a tavern in the town of Paterson, seeking information concerning the stage-coach which was to take him and his companion to Newfoundland and the mountains. His comrade was a younger brother, who, although a bit of an artist in his way, was a still more ardent disciple of Izaak Walton.

Tint hustled Snell out of his warm bed early this frosty morning, and after a walk about the Falls returned to the tavern in time to find the coach just ready to start, and every seat, both inside and outside, taken. They were constrained, therefore, to take up their position on the top, surrounded by a charming variety of luggage, comprising bags of apples, a side of pork, boxes both great and small, strings of onions, baskets and bandboxes, with a long and tedious ride of five hours before them. They solaced themselves, however, with the idea that their elevated perch would enable them to enjoy the scenery, and made themselves as comfortable as the circumstances would admit, determined to extract sweetness from the bitterest root.

The road lay through a very interesting country, diversified into hill and plain, lake and river, attractive to the eye but perhaps monotonous in the description; and we hasten forward to the termination of their trip at Brown's hospitable tavern at Newfoundland, where they arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, tired and hungry. A bountiful dinner served to refresh their inner man and put them in good-humor; and casting about for wherewithal to employ the



ON THE ROAD.

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THE UPPER FALL, AT CLINTON.

balance of the day, they were informed by "mine host" that "at Clinton, about a mile up the road, there was a fall which was said to be very pretty by those who had seen it."

Following the direction given them, they soon found themselves in a by-road or lane, which led through the woods to the old forge. It was one of those glorious autumnal days which are peculiar to our northern climate. The clouds, piled up in fleecy masses, were driven athwart the heavens as though they were the chariots of the gods engaged in an Olympian contest of speed, and their ragged shadows, gliding over the vales and climbing the hill-sides with a silent, yet steady march, produced an ever-varying succession of brilliant effects, and heightened the gorgeous colors in which Nature had arrayed the forests and fields. The song of birds, the monotonous hum of insects, the lowing of cattle, or the "watch-dog's honest bark," were the only sounds that disturbed the silence of the woods. Pursuing their way along the narrow road, which was almost shut in by the growth of saplings on either side, our companions became conscious of a new note of music in the sound of falling water. Ere it had increased to more than a hint of its presence they came out upon an open space where stood a number of dilapidated buildings on the border of a calm little lake or pond. Hastening forward with rapid steps, they leaped out upon an old flume, and found themselves standing at the edge of a precipice of some thirty or forty feet in height, over which the water was pouring into a gloomy gulf below. Here was Nature in all her wild magnificence, with just enough of art to show the superior beauty of the former, and heighten the interest of the scene.

On either side the rocks towered up with precipitous faces, showing, by their lines of stratification, that in some terrible convulsion they had been rent asunder, leaving at the upper end of the gorge thus made a detached mass of an irregular shape, over which the water must at some time have poured in immense volume, carrying in its embrace huge boulders, which now lie supine in the bed of the stream. On the upper surface of this rock, and both above and below, are numerous "pockets," or natural basins, which have been worn by boulders that have lodged in seams, and after having been whirled about for centuries perhaps, by the rush

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THE LOWER FALL, AT CLINTON.

of waters, have worn their way through or been carried over the dam. The old dam and flume, long since fallen into disuse and decay, serve to render the scene more picturesque and interesting.

After enjoying the view from their elevated stand-point for a time, our friends sought a position from which to inspect it from below. This, from the nature of the ground and the position of the buildings, they found was no easy matter, and in making the wide circuit necessary to accomplish their object they stumbled upon another fall, more artificial than the one they had just seen, but little less picturesque. This was situated at a point where the stream dashed and foamed over the upheaved ends of the underlying rocks, across which a dam had been thrown that, from its rottenness and decay, served rather to scatter the water into several channels than to concentrate it into an unbroken sheet. Here also was evidence, in huge pieces of timber and trunks of trees, that at times the waters had flowed over the dam with irresistible force and power. Not more than a hundred feet further down the stream was another fall, by far the most interesting and picturesque of the three.

To obtain a view of this they were compelled to make another wide circuit, and, forcing their way through a dense underbrush, clamber down the face of the rocks. Now slipping on the soft, yielding bed of leaves with which they were covered, now aiding each other, and, swinging from branch to branch, and springing from shelf to shelf, not without difficulty and danger, they found themselves at length upon the broad face of a shelving rock at the lower side of a basin some fifty or sixty feet across, and in view of a most charming cascade. It seemed that Nature had here devoted herself to the task of creating one of those little gems of beauty so attractive

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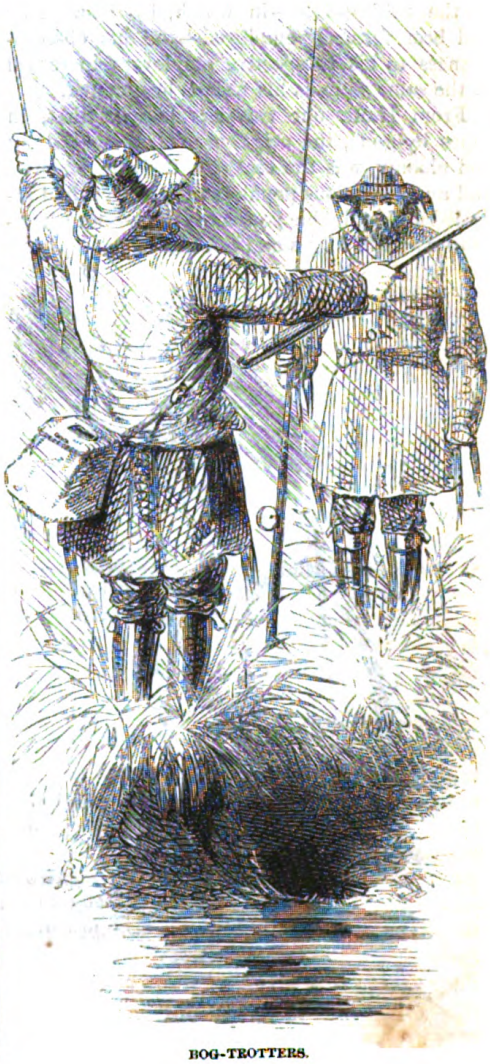
HANK.

to the eye of the poet and painter, and hidden it away in the woods to preserve it sacred to her worshipers. It was indeed a shrine worthy of her, and he who could gaze upon it without emotions of delight must be insensible to the first elements of beauty. To Tint there was something of an old acquaintance in its features, and it was not long ere he recognized in it one of those cabinet pictures which have made the name of Cropsey so familiar and so famous.

The basin, which seemed scooped out expressly to receive the water which poured over the precipitous face of a perpendicular wall of rock some twenty-five feet in height, was semicircular in form, and shut in on all sides by a dense growth of underbrush, interspersed with tall trees, whose majestic forms leaned over to admire their own wild and rugged shapes in the calm mirror below. On the lower side of this basin the stream resumed its way, spattering and sparkling over its rocky bed into a gloomy ravine, hastening to regain the time lost in dalliance with the sunlight, and eventually winding through soft meadows to lose itself in the broader but less romantic Pequannock.

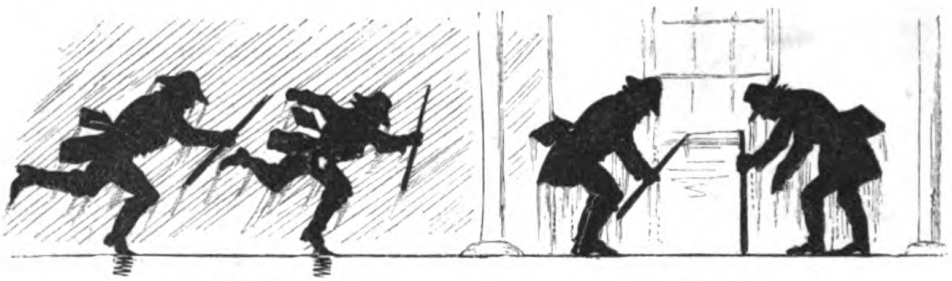
Our friends lingered over the quiet charms of this attractive spot until the lengthening shadows warned them to return, when they reluctantly bade it adieu, determined to renew the visit at a future time.

As they turned to depart they became conscious of the presence of a third party, who, perched upon a spur of projecting rock, was quietly contemplating them with much apparent curiosity. He was a tall, gaunt specimen of humanity, measuring upward of six feet in length—had he stood erect—and, although of a powerful frame, every particle of sap in his system had been dried up by the combined effect of the weather and "Jersey lightning," giving him the appearance of a pine knot, gnarled and tough. His costume was as singular as his figure, and hung upon him "like a shirt upon a bean-pole." Hank—for that, our friends afterward discovered, was the sobriquet of their new acquaintance—was curious and inquisitive, and, in his own estimation, very shrewd and cunning. His curiosity had been excited by seeing two individuals — strangers — inspecting with critical eye the old forge and the adjacent water-power, and his mind jumped at once to the conclusion that they had ulterior objects in so



BOG-TROTTERS.

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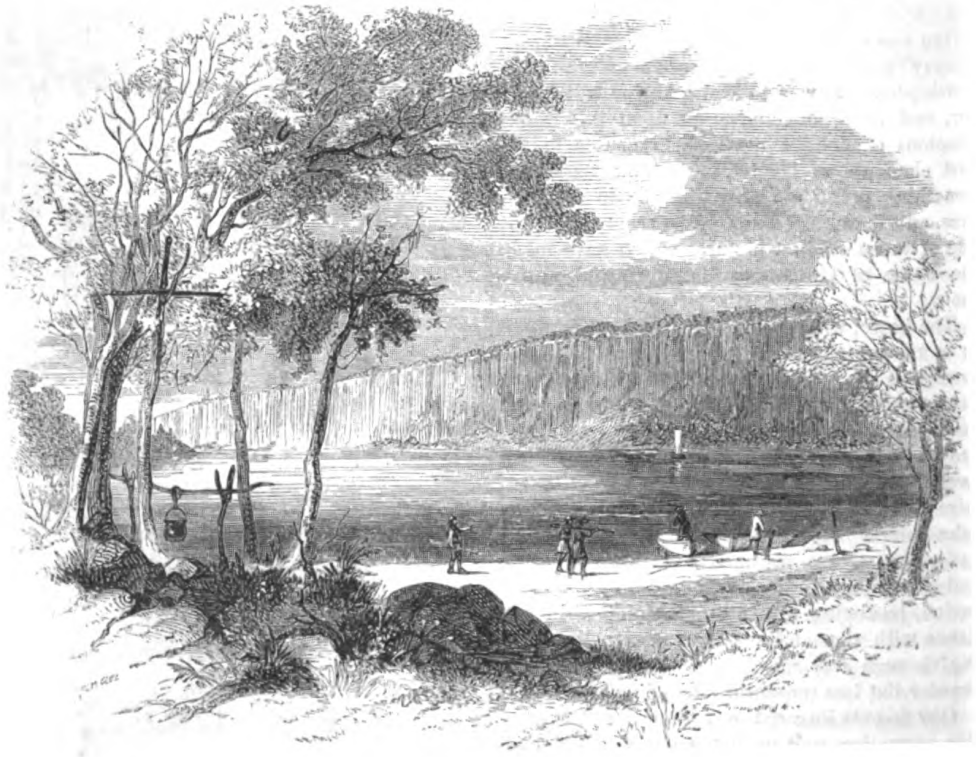


SHOWERING. DRIPPING.

doing. He therefore saluted and entered into conversation with them, and—thanks to his own happy method of drawing out a secret and Tint's communicative disposition—he soon learned that they were looking about the place with the view of purchasing and re-establishing the mills on an enlarged scale, which would, of course, give employment to a great number of hands, and make the country round about "bloom and blossom like the rose." Hank's mind was immediately filled with visions of the good time coming, in which he saw himself at least foreman of the rolling-mill—in which, by-the-way, he had been formerly employed—and his obsequiousness to his prospective employers increased in the same ratio as his visions brightened.

From Hank our travelers learned that, in times by-gone, the neighborhood, now so silent and gloomy, was the seat of a thriving business and an industrious population. Nature had afforded an invaluable power which had been turned to use, and forges and mills gave employment to numerous families residing in the vicinity, who, in turn, benefited the farmers by using their produce; and thus, in manufacturing the ore from the neighboring mountains, Clinton forge was the source of general prosperity in a considerable tract of country. Alas! the day came when the Government saw fit to pursue a "*more liberal policy*;" iron from abroad could be sold at Clinton cheaper than it could be manufactured there, and work ceased, lawsuits came, the property changed hands, and what was once the seat of a thrifty establishment is now nothing more than an interesting ruin, the abode of bats and owls. The few families who remain in the neighborhood eke out a miserable subsistence by tilling the inhospitable soil and burning charcoal, which they carry thirty miles to a market.

Our friends did not get rid of their new acquaintance until they arrived at the door of their inn, and then only on a promise to come, bright and early in the morning, to guide them to Green Pond, Snell having dropped a hint in



GREEN POND.

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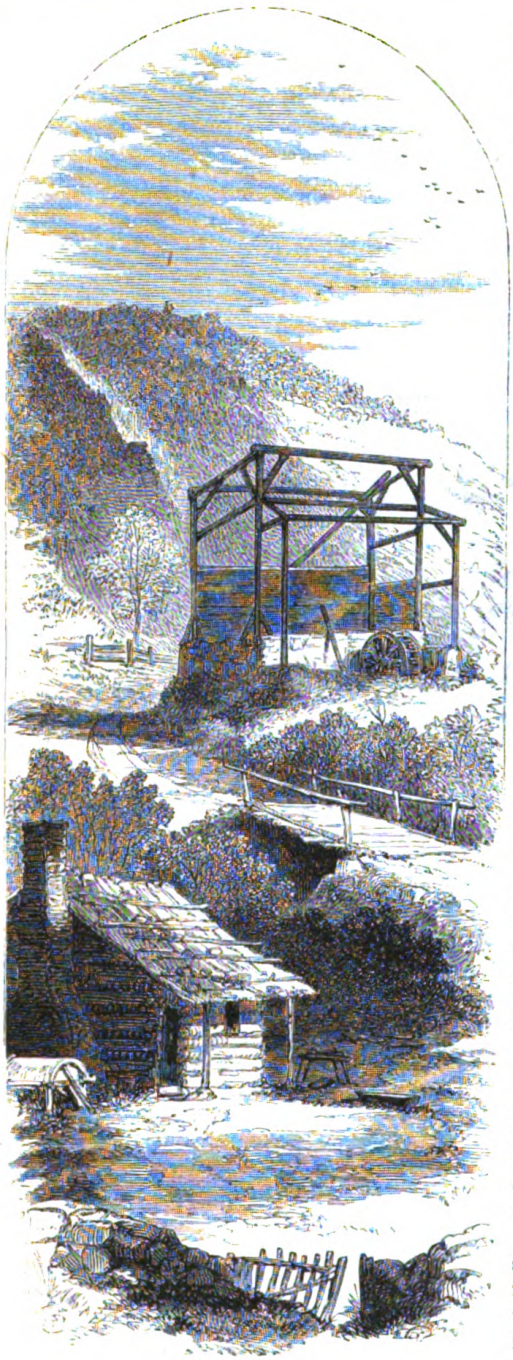


THE KING OF THE POLLYWOGS.

regard to fish and fishing—that subject being ever uppermost in his thoughts. They were destined to be disappointed, however, as the day proved stormy, and the forenoon was whiled away in that most gloomy of all gloomy places, the bar-room of a country tavern on a rainy day. Tint finished up his sketches, while Snell played backgammon with a dummy. "Euchre" and "seven up" were essayed and voted a bore, conversation flagged, and when every resource failed Snell vowed he was "going fishing." Hunting up Hank, who was lounging around the stable confiding to Pete the hostler the important information which he had acquired the day previous, he ascertained from him that a small stream ran through the valley in front of the hotel, in which he might find some brook trout. Acting upon this hint, the trio were soon on their road up the valley, armed with all the implements for such occasions made and provided, and attired in a costume which would have defied the scrutiny of the most lynx-eyed of New York detectives, even Walling himself; said costume having been mainly furnished by "mine host" Brown.

They followed the course of the stream down the valley, occasionally adding to the contents of their baskets, until they found themselves encompassed with thick woods, with underbrush so compact and matted together as to preclude the possibility of making a cast, even if any tempting holes had presented themselves. The stream, however, now ran over a bed of soft, oozy mud, and the soil beneath their feet was of the same unctuous character. Still they struggled on, hoping to find better ground, but becoming more and more entangled. Tint finally declared his intention to "strike for the upland." In doing so they turned short to the left in the direction of the road, and in a few moments found themselves in an open space of bog meadow containing about three acres, and completely surrounded by the woods. To cross this it was necessary to leap from bog to bog, balancing themselves with their rods like tight-rope dancers, a performance not so very easily accomplished, clothed as they were. Occasionally one or the other would slip and sink knee-deep into the mud between the bogs, and scramble up again to renew the effort to reach the other side of the meadow. Their disgust was intense to find the same soft, slimy soil before them at the farther boundary of the swamp. Three times they crossed and recrossed this space, in as many directions, in their efforts to find an egress—a work of no small labor when we consider that the bogs were breast-high, and were covered with a dense growth of bog grass equally as high. They were obliged to feel their way with their poles; and just as Tint, for the third time,

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LORD STIRLING'S FORGE.

had reached the confines of their prison—for such it seemed to be—Snell, in making a leap, slipped and broke his in twain. Scrambling up again to a sound footing, they stood for a moment gazing upon each other with countenances upon which despair was written in capital letters. To add to the interesting nature of their situation, it was now raining in torrents, and they recalled the fact that they had been cautioned against getting into the swamps, as the deadly rattlesnake, and still more fatal "pilot," were frequently found in those localities.

Finding no encouragement in each other's lugubrious countenances, like rats driven into a corner, they simultaneously, and with a desperation which frequently accomplishes what we would not under other circumstances undertake, made a dash through a group of dense alder bushes and briers, which offered the only feasible way, and after a few moments' struggle had the satisfaction of standing upon firm ground again, not, however, without many an envious rent in their garments, which were thickly coated with slimy mud, and wet to their skins. The highway was soon gained, and then commenced an exciting race for the tavern, over a mile distant. Greater feats of pedestrianism were performed on that day than ever Gildersleeve or Stannard attempted, and were rewarded by the plaudits of fair ladies who, from the windows of the parlor, witnessed the struggle for nearly the whole distance. Imagine the feelings of our friends as they stood once more on the piazza, looking as though they had been drawn through a horse-pond, covered with mud, their garments in tatters, every fold discharging a stream of water, which gathered in puddles at their feet, and a bevy of bright eyes criticising their appearance —for I can not describe them.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful, and our friends were early astir, enjoying the rich landscape with which they were surrounded on every side. The location of the tavern was indeed a charming one, being at the entrance of a valley which was bounded on the north by high perpendicular bluffs of trap, that form the commencement of what is called the Green Pond Mountain, while a lower range of wooded hills shuts it in toward the south. Between lay the valley, checkered with patches of cultivated land, meadows, and woods, which, under the influence of the coming sunlight, presented a scene replete with beauty. Behind the house the valley sank into rich meadow-land, through which ran a sparkling stream, crossed here and there by rustic bridges, the plain being bounded, right and left, by gently undulating hills, while the dim distance was marked by the outlines of rolling mountains whose tops were bathed in sunlight.

By the time that Tint had made a sketch of some of the most attractive features of the view from the top of the bluff in front of the tavern, they were recalled to the house by the resounding breakfast bell, and descended from their lofty eyrie to satisfy the cravings of the inner man. After breakfast they were introduced by mine host to two new-comers, who had arrived the previous evening, and whose acquaintance was destined to fix their future plans. The first was a Doctor C——, of Rockaway, whose professional avocations had called him into the neighborhood, and who, being belated, had stopped overnight. The second was a young German friend of his, who had accompanied him for a ride, and whose name, here, is Fritz.

A short drive of three miles brought them to the "Green Lake House," on the borders of Green Pond, and as the day was a delightful

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ENTRANCE TO HIBERNIA MINE.

one, and every thing seemed propitious, the party decided to stop and try their luck on the pond.

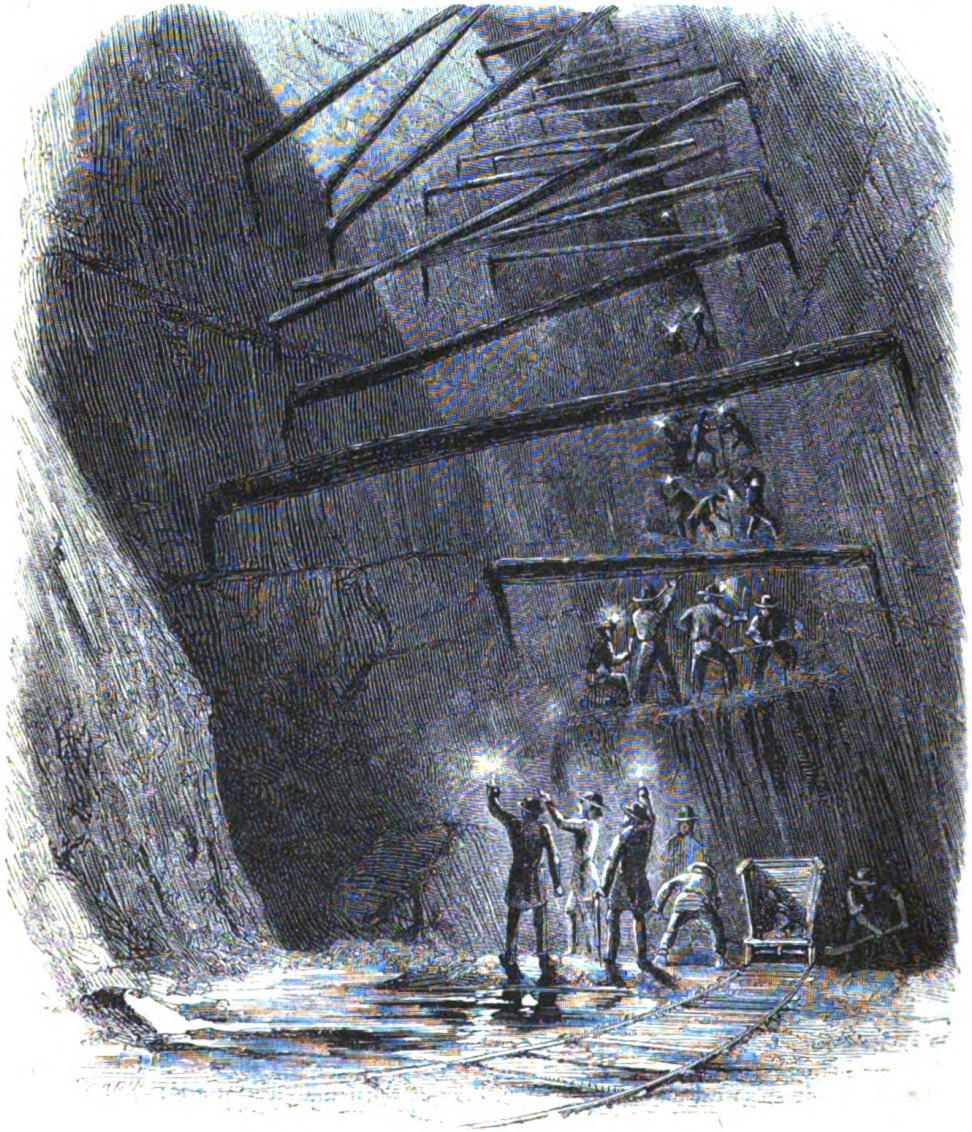
Green Pond, or Green Lake, is a remarkable sheet of water, and worthy of passing notice. It is situated in the northeast corner of Morris County, between the Green Pond and Copperas Mountains. The former rises on the northwest side of the Pond, in abrupt, almost perpendicular bluffs, to the height of thirty, and sometimes forty, feet, and is composed of conglomerate and sandstone. These bluffs, which present an appearance very similar to the Palisades of the Hudson River, extend the entire length of the pond, and are covered on their summits with a dense growth of oak, chestnut, and other forest trees. On the southeastern side the hills are more sloping, running down to the water at an angle of not more than twenty or thirty degrees, and present many spots capable of cultivation. At the upper or northern end a fine beach extends across the head of the lake, and affords excellent bathing facilities. The water is remarkably clear, cold, and, in some parts, deep, and abounds in pickerel, perch, and other fish. The pond is about three miles long and three quarters of a mile wide. It is fed by springs near its margin, and until recently had no perceptible outlet, probably discharging its surplus water through subterranean passages into other ponds.

The horses having been put up, bait procured, and other necessary arrangements made, our party, which now included Goble, the landlord —who, bating an over-fondness for "Jersey lightning," alias apple-jack, was a jolly good fellow, and weighed two hundred and fifty or upward—was soon out on the lake, and scudding before a fine breeze toward the lower end.

Pond fishing is dull and monotonous sport, except when the pickerel are plentiful and bite greedily. Then there is an excitement about it second only to that of taking blue-fish. Our

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friends were peculiarly fortunate, and in the course of three or four hours of glorious sport had secured as many fish—pickerel, perch, catfish, etc.—as two could conveniently carry. It was now proposed to return to dinner. Before doing so, however, Goble insisted upon drawing a seine which he had slyly slipped into the boat. Now your true sportsman abhors the idea of taking fish in a net; and there was mischief in Snell's glance when it rested upon the seine, as it was drawn out from its hiding-place. No objection was made, however, and the boat was turned in the direction of the lower end of the pond, where was a hole which Goble claimed as his own special preserve. Tint was landed on a peninsula to make a sketch, the Doctor had set to work to gather up the fish, and Fritz was to assist Goble, who had taken his station in the stern of the boat, which Snell had undertaken to manage by pulling it around the segment of a circle in which the cast was to be made. Goble spread himself and made a beautiful throw. Whether from a miscalculation on his own part, or whether Snell exerted himself a little too soon, is not at this present writing definitely known, but ere the jolly landlord had recovered his position the inertia of the boat was suddenly overcome, and his rotund figure, losing its gravitation, pitched headlong forward into twelve feet of water, with a splash which resounded from the adjacent bluffs and startled the bitterns from their lair among the reeds. "A man overboard!" shouted Snell. The Doctor and Fritz sprang to the stern of the boat, and as soon as the waves subsided a little they could see in the limpid depths below the struggling and splurging vastness of their friend, looking like an immense turtle, or, as Snell expressed it (not in his hearing, however), "like the king of the pollywogs." The preponderance of adipose matter in his composition soon brought him to the surface, and by the aid of an oar he was drawn into the boat,



INTERIOR OF THE MINE.

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MOUTH OF THE ADIT—SWEED'S MINE.

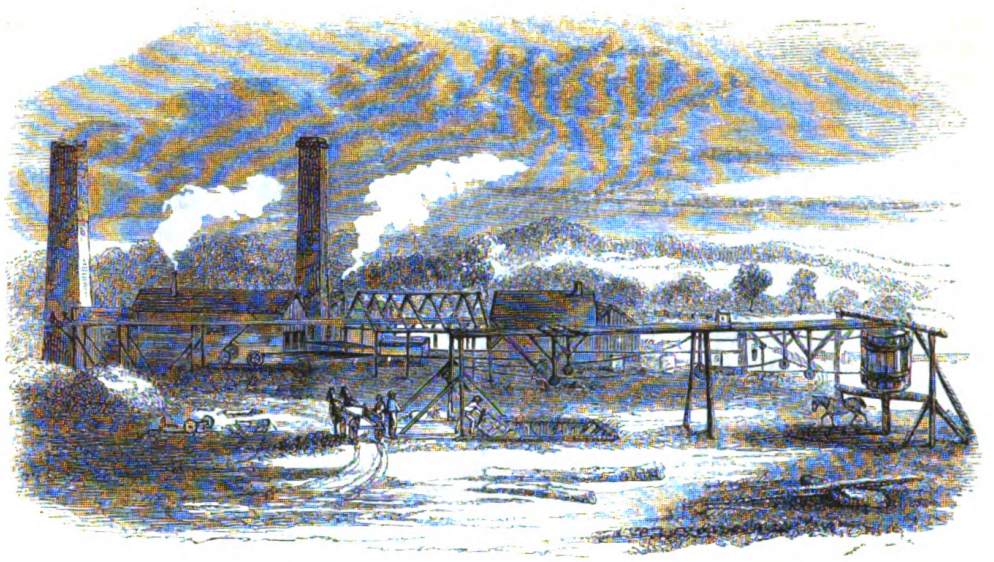
puffing and blowing like a porpoise and swearing like a trooper. After venting his spleen to some extent in curses both loud and deep, upon the boat, the fish, and the party generally, the seine was drawn in, Tint was picked up, and the bow of the boat turned homeward. The Doctor quietly suggested that, as mine host had never been known to swallow so much cold water, he should take some of his own favorite medicine to prevent it from striking to his vitals, at the same time handing him the pocket pistol. Snell proposed hoisting him up by the heels to the mast, to rid him of some portion of the liquid, while Tint suggested rolling on a barrel; but finding that their jokes did not sit half so well on his stomach as the whisky did, they desisted, and the remainder of the voyage home was accomplished in silence. The wind had died away, and Tint and Snell worked at the oars, while Fritz and the Doctor gathered up their finny trophies. As for Goble, he had ensconced himself behind his dignity and the whisky bottle, futilely meditating revenge.

After a good night's rest and an early breakfast, the horses were harnessed, and our friends were once more on the road, which descended the southwest side of Copperas Mountain to the valley below. This mountain derives its name from the fact that that mineral is found in abundance on its southwest declivity, and was formerly manufactured at the "Copperas Works" in the valley. The ride down the mountain was a delightful one; for, although the road was very rough, and indeed rocky, the occasional views over a vast extent of country in every direction, which their elevated position enabled



INTERIOR OF ADIT—SWEED'S MINE.

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SURFACE WORKS AT BYRAM MINE.

them to obtain, filled them with delight, and made them forget the rudeness of the transit. The atmosphere of this mountain region is delightfully bracing; and on this charming October morning there was a crispness about it which gave a joyous elasticity to the spirits, and our friends enjoyed its invigorating influences to the fullest extent. The trees and shrubs were clothed in all the hues of the rainbow, and their leaves, still covered with frost, which the sun had not yet dispelled, glistened and sparkled in his rays as though they were loaded with gems. The greater portion of the landscape was covered with a dense foliage, with just a sufficient amount of cultivated land to prevent monotony; and the bright scarlet hues of the buckwheat fields, the rich yellow tones of the shocks of corn contrasting with the sombre shadows of some of the hill ranges, with here and there a sheet of water reflecting the light and looking like a mirror in a parterre of flowers, presented altogether a scene calculated to fill the mind with pleasurable emotions, and wake the soul to songs of joy, praise, and thanksgivings to the great and beneficent Author of so much beauty and splendor.

A drive of some four or five miles brought the party to a secluded and romantic valley, in which they passed several rude cabins, constructed, in the most primitive style, of logs and slabs chinked with mud, and each surrounded by a cabbage garden, in which a doubtful struggle for supremacy was going on between the rocks, weeds, and vegetables. Crossing a rustic bridge that spanned the Hibernia brook, the Doctor called attention to the ruins of an old mill whose blackened and worm-eaten timbers proclaimed its antiquity, as the forge which was worked by Lord Stirling during the Revolutionary war, where many of the Hessian prisoners taken at Trenton were employed in casting balls for the use of the army. Just as the Doctor had pointed out, on the face of the mountain to the left, the various openings of the Hibernia mines, an individual was seen approaching from one of the log-cabins by the side of the road, holding up his right hand, which was bound up with cloths, to attract their attention. He proved to be one of the miners who had met with an accident the day previous, by which he had crushed three of his fingers so badly as to render amputation necessary. The poor wretch had given himself up to drink, and was but one step removed from delirium tremens. This was an unlooked-for episode, but the Doctor yielded to the calls of humanity; and while he and Snell entered the cabin to attend to the case, Tint occupied himself in sketching the old forge and other points of interest.

In the course of an hour the poor miner's hand had been duly doctored, the horses were secured to a neighboring tree, and our friends had scrambled up the mountain to the entrance of one of the mines which are now in operation. Before entering the mine let us sit down here upon this huge boulder with the Doctor, and from this elevated stand-point get an intelligible idea of the location and nature of the metalliferous deposits, the working of which we are about to witness.

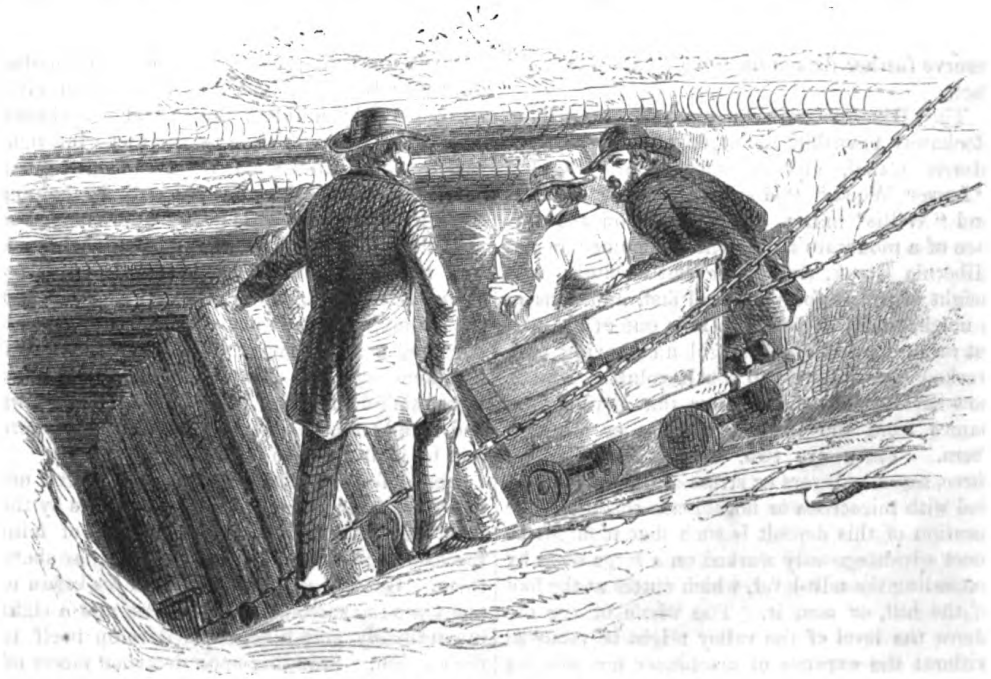
If you consult a map of the State of New Jersey, you will find that the highland region is composed of a series of mountain ranges, which are a continuation of the highlands of the lower portion of the State of New York. The ridges are not continuous and parallel, but are of short duration, rising at their northeastern terminations with a gentle ascent, while their southwestern terminations are abrupt and sudden. Their stratification corresponds with their formation, and evidences of an elevating power in the direction of northeast to southwest, together with a lateral power acting from the southeast to northwest, are apparent throughout the entire

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region. Take a large volume, and, laying its back upon the map in the direction of the mountain ranges, inclining it at an angle of 45° toward the northwest, imagine some twenty leaves in the centre of the book to be iron ore, and you will have a tolerably correct idea of the situation, direction, and dip of the metalliferous veins, which correspond, of course, with the direction and dip of the rocks with which they are connected.

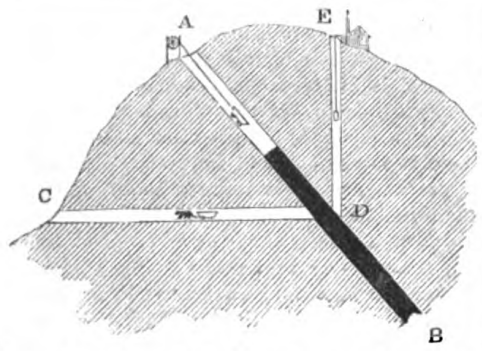
The metal lies in veins varying in thickness from three feet to eighty feet, the average ranging from six to ten feet. Oftentimes it is found in successive strata, overlapping each other and outcropping at the surface, although its exposure is generally of a limited extent on account of its pitch beneath the superincumbent rocks. The outcrop of the ore generally occurs on the top of the ridges, and is discovered in various ways. To a person thoroughly conversant with the geology of the region, and the nature of the deposits in those localities that have been worked, the overlapping rocks—which possess the same general characteristics for a considerable distance—will serve as a guide. The surveyor's compass is, however, the most frequent means made use of to discover the presence of a deposit of ore, which, being of a highly magnetic character, attracts the needle, and points out the spot where a bed of metal may be found. It does not always indicate the extent of the deposit, however; for it may be deflected powerfully where there is but a small amount of ore near the surface, or but weakly where there may be a large body of it at some considerable distance beneath.

A deposit of ore having been located, and its probable extent ascertained by means of trial shafts, cross cuttings, boring, etc., the miner decides as to which of the several modes of working he will adopt to bring the ore to the surface in the most economical manner. Where the mineral is in large quantities, and not at any very great depth, open working is the most simple. In this case the superincumbent earth or rock is taken off, and he proceeds to remove the ore by successive terraces, guarding against the crumbling or falling in of the sides by giving them a proper slope, or by props of timber. Ditches are dug to conduct to the surface the water, which, in rainy weather and in the winter, would inundate the workings. From the nature of the deposit this plan can rarely be followed to any great extent, and underground mining is resorted to. This is conducted by shafts, levels, or sinks, as is found to be most convenient and economical. A reference to the diagram on the next page will convey to the reader's mind a better idea of these several modes than any other description that could be given. The figure represents a transverse section of a mountain range, running in a northeast and southwest direction. AB is the vein of ore to be worked, outcropping at A, and dipping at an angle of 45° toward the southeast. C is what is called an adit-level cut through the hill from the lowest point in the valley to the vein of ore. Where the distance to be cut is not too great, this is by all odds the best and most economical mode of working, because, after the vein is reached, galleries are cut right and left, and all that portion of the ore between D and A, and ranging to an indefinite extent on either side, may be brought to the surface, and the mine drained, without the use of any power whatever. The cars are run out on the slightly inclined track, and the water is conducted through the



PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

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same channel. And when that portion of the ore which lies above the adit is removed, the miner has but to commence the use of that power which his neighbor, who works a shaft, has been compelled to use from the start. Next in point of economy is the inclined shaft, or sink, shown at A. In working by this mode the miner commences at the outcrop, and drives his shaft directly down into the deposit, and at various depths makes galleries to the right and left, takes out the ore, as in the former case, and it is brought to the foot of the incline in cars, in which it is drawn to the surface. Formerly the surface ore which was removed in sinking a shaft of this kind was thrown aside as worthless, on account of its admixture with foreign substances, but it is now considered nearly as valuable as the purer ore, the foreign material serving as a flux, which, in smelting the purer ore, has to be supplied. At E is shown a perpendicular shaft, which is sunk through the overlying rock until it strikes the ore bed at D, when a similar course is pursued as in the former cases. In some instances all of these modes of working are in use in a single mine. As we shall visit different localities where these several methods of working have been adopted, we will reserve further details until we come to describe each.

The Hibernia mining tract is situated in Rockaway township, about four miles from the Morris Canal, and embraces the "Beach," "Lower Wood," "Glenn," "Upper Wood," and "Willis" mines. It outcrops on the surface of a mountain ridge, which, commencing at Hibernia Brook, rises, somewhat abruptly, to a height of nearly four hundred feet, and runs in a northeasterly direction. It is one of the oldest mining tracts in the Highlands, having been worked long anterior to the Revolution, and is now divided into mining lots that derive their names from the persons owning or working them. There are two, and in some places three, separate layers or strata of ore, interstratified with micaceous or hornblende schists. The location of this deposit is such that it might be most advantageously worked on a large scale by extending the adit-level, which enters at the foot of the hill, or near it. The whole of the ore above the level of the valley might be removed without the expense of machinery for hoisting and pumping; and as the Morris Canal is forty-seven feet below the entrance of the mine, a gravity road, four miles in length, from the mine to the canal, might be constructed, by which means the cars which are loaded in the mine would discharge their contents into the canal-boats destined to convey it to a market at the iron-smelting furnaces of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Do you ask why it is not done? "Alas!" we answer, "the iron of other countries can be manufactured and transported to these regions cheaper than it can be mined and smelted, even with such facilities; and this mining tract, which might give employment to hundreds of workmen, and be of incalculable benefit to the adjacent country, lapses to decay. The timbers rot, and allow the soil to cave in and fill up the levels; the water floods the mines, and the works are deserted except semi-occasionally, when a scarcity in the foreign market enables some enterprising individual to take out a few hundred tons of ore, which are sent to market and manufactured; but by the time he gets well to work the price falls, he can not compete with foreign iron, and is compelled to desist."

Our friends stood at the entrance of an adit of recent formation, and, after procuring candles, proceeded to enter the opening. For a hundred feet or more the ore has been entirely removed from the vein, and the foot and hanging walls are exposed to the light of day, forming what I have been describing as open workings. At the end of this open gallery the vein of ore is distinctly seen lying between the rocks, and dipping at an angle of about sixty degrees. A dark and dismal-looking hole, about six feet square, offered an entrance into the bowels of the earth; and, sticking their candles into lumps of clay for candlesticks, our friends entered the dark passage. For a short distance the daylight which lighted up the opening enabled them to grope their way over the sleepers of the track without difficulty; but a slight curve soon shut off this advantage, and they found themselves surrounded by a thick, impenetrable darkness, only made more tangible by the flickering light cast by their candles and reflected by the damp walls on either side. It was only by holding their lights low down that they were enabled to pick their way; and notwithstanding their care, they now and then stepped into a mud-hole between the sleepers, or bumped their heads against the hanging walls, or against the timbers which stretched across their way. The faint clink of hammers was now heard, becoming more and more audible as they proceeded, until it rang and reverberated all about them, and they were told by their guide to halt and look up.

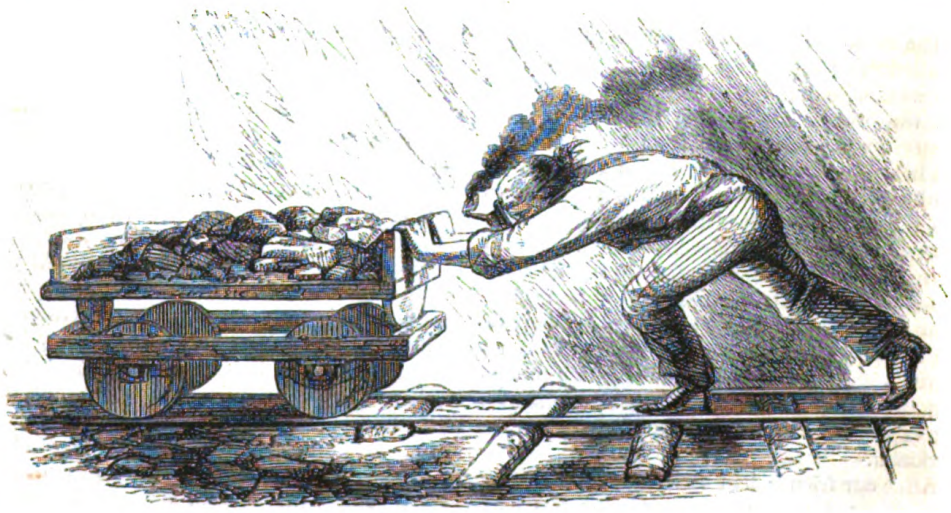
For a few moments they could discern nothing but their own ghastly-looking faces by the light of the candles, and a number of faint specks of light, like glow-worm tapers, far above them. Gradually, however, their eyes began to penetrate the surrounding darkness, and a sight indescribably grand began to develop itself to their vision. Standing upon detached pieces of rock, in a pool of water which had collected in

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a basin from which the ore had been removed to too great a depth, they could discern the sombre walls of the cavern towering up before and behind them, until it was lost in solid blackness; except in one place where the ore had been taken out too near the surface, and a faint ray of daylight struggled through an opening where the soil had caved in, but soon graduated into the surrounding darkness, as though unable to cope with the monarch which there reigned supreme. To the right was the mass of black ore, rising shelf above shelf in the form of steps, and on each shelf men were dimly seen drilling, picking and prying off the metal, which was pushed down from step to step, as it accumulated, to the bottom, where others were engaged in shoveling it into a car that was to convey it out of the mine. Lighted candles were affixed to the walls of the mine, or were borne upon the heads of the miners, and emitted a feeble light, scarcely sufficient to enable the eye to distinguish them in the surrounding shadow. Timbers were stretched across from wall to wall in every conceivable direction, to prevent them from falling in, and gave the cavern a peculiarly weird appearance.



A MINER.



PUSHING AN ORE CAR.

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GALLERY IN BYRAM MINE.

The mode of extracting the ore here practiced is called "stoping" by the miners; and there are two ways of doing it—one called "overhand," and the other "underhand stoping." In the former the ore is removed from below upward, and in the latter it is removed from above downward. The last is most generally practiced in this region, being considered the most economical. As the ore is removed timbers are inserted, reaching across from wall to wall, and upon these are piled the rubbish and "lean ore," forming what are called "stulls." In many of the mines the deposit is so pure that it is removed without leaving sufficient rubbish to support the walls, and so much stoping surface being exposed renders the mines dangerous to the workmen.

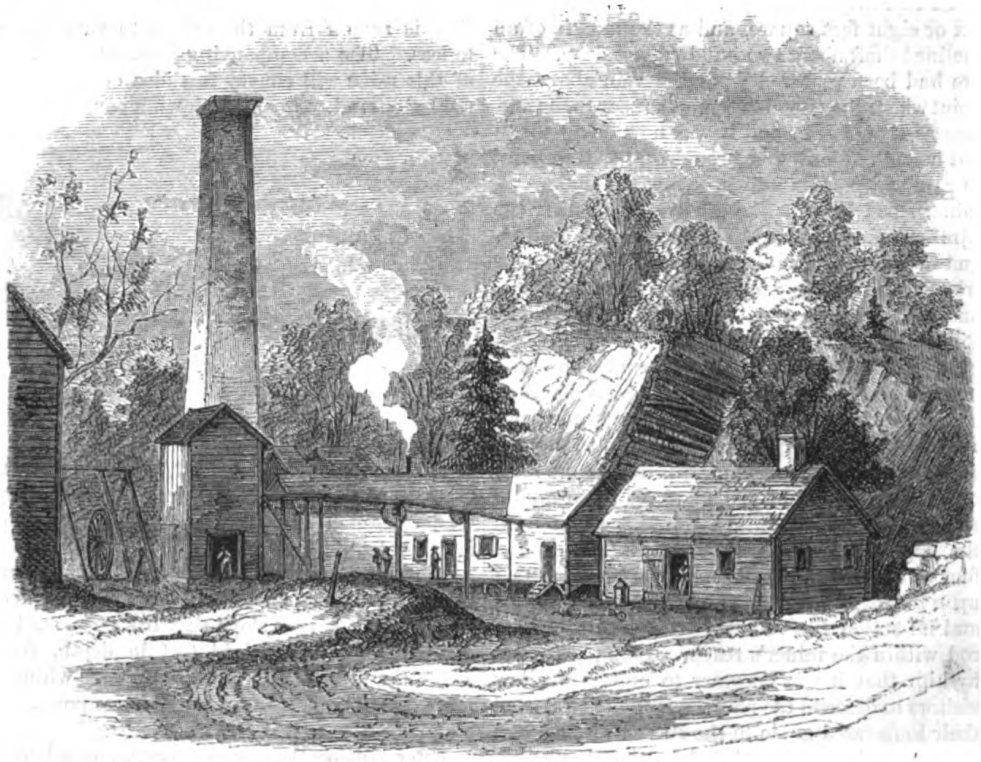
After our friends had satisfied their curiosity they returned to the outer world by the path they came, and scrambled up a series of rude steps cut in the rock to a spot where two or three workmen were engaged in getting out "surface ore." Here the soil had been removed for a space of some twenty feet long by six wide, and the ore lay exposed, presenting the appearance of a laminated sandstone discolored with oxide of iron. The application of the pick showed it to be very friable, breaking up into cubical pieces about an inch square, some of which were pocketed as specimens. At various distances along the surface of the mountain openings have been made, and a greater or less quantity of ore taken out; but our party being short of time, and having made up their minds to visit other localities where the operations were carried on upon a larger scale, they did not visit them. After having enjoyed a long "sniff of the rural aspect" from the elevated position which they occupied, they started down the mountain, on their way to the Sweed's mine, situated on

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the Morris Canal, about a mile east of the village of Dover.

This deposit of ore outcrops on the southeastern slope of a hill, about seventy-five feet above the level of the water in the canal, and is a valuable one, both on account of its proximity to the canal and of the immense quantity and valuable quality of the material obtained. The workings are not deep, but extend six hundred and eighty feet from the inclined plane in one direction, and nearly two hundred feet in the opposite direction. The deepest portion is about two hundred feet below the surface. The thickness of the vein varies, being at some places thirteen feet, at others ten, and again only one and a half feet through. There are two shafts and two adits open to the surface; the shafts being respectively eighty-five feet, and one hundred and eighty-eight feet deep.

They were unfortunate in not finding any one disposed to act as their guide, or explain to them the working of the mine, and were obliged to wander about the surface, picking up such scraps of information as they could gather from the workmen, some of whom they met with at the top, taking out surface ore with a kibble and windlass, very much in the same way as well-diggers carry on their operations. A very limited idea of a mine can be formed, of course, from the operations carried on upon the surface, and they were anxious to descend into the shafts; but the agent being absent, and a request to one of the foremen being met with a surly refusal, they were obliged to content themselves with a view of the exterior, except a short trip into one of the adits. Descending the hill in the direction of the canal, they came upon a solitary miner who, with the assistance of a boy about thirteen years old, was washing lean ore at the mouth of a hole in the side of the hill which was timbered up, and out of which the water that he was using ran. Upon inquiry, they learned that this was the opening of an adit which led in to the vein of ore, and that the water was that which was pumped up from the bottom of the mine to this level, and here discharged. While in conversation with the miner, and listening to a peculiar rumbling sound that came from the bowels of the earth, and which appeared to come nearer and nearer, they were startled by the apparition of a head with a pair of long ears attached, issuing from the aforesaid hole, which head was immediately followed by the body of a jack attached to a car loaded with ore. Having no driver, they were curious to watch his operations, and saw him proceed very methodically along the windings of the track to the dock—a distance of one or two hundred yards—where the car was discharged by workmen into a canal-boat—and then as methodically turn about and return into the mine. Getting the miner to furnish them with a candle, they waited the forthcoming of the mule, and as soon as he made his appearance in the outer air they started to enter. The mouth of the adit was about five feet high and about three feet wide, allowing just space enough for the car and mule to pass. The timbers looked very much as though the superincumbent earth would crush them in; and after passing in about twenty feet they came to what had been another



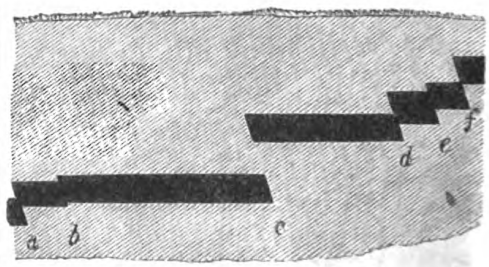
SURFACE WORKS AT THE DICKERSON MINE.

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adit, running off to the right, the timbers of which had been crushed in; here they were called upon to contemplate the fate which would have befallen any unlucky wight who might have happened to be under the mass of earth and rock that now filled the opening. Hurrying along by the light of their solitary flickering "dip" to get out of the way of the returning mule, Tint suddenly became conscious of the presence of more stars than were ever supposed to exist in the firmament above, and found himself on his hands and knees in a puddle of water between the sleepers, and in total darkness. His first thought upon returning consciousness was that the mine had caved in, and that he had been hurried before his time into that region which is not to be named to ears polite; but as no very sulphurous odor saluted his nostrils he called out to his comrade, and being reassured by his answering call that they were yet on, or at least near, the surface, he gathered himself up and endeavored to regain his candle. It appeared that, in his too great haste to avoid the incoming team, he had forgotten the limited height of the passage, and had struck his head a severe blow against one of the overstretching timbers, which had knocked him off his feet and extinguished the light. Here was a dilemma! The sound of the wheels of the car on the track warned them that the mule was already returning; and to go onward seemed desperate. They, however, concluded to feel their way along, and, as a last resource, to try and stop the enemy in their rear. Fortunately they had not proceeded far before they discovered a faint gleam of light in front of them; and in a moment more, guided by its ray, they found themselves in a space about six or eight feet square, and at the mouth of an inclined shaft about two hundred feet deep. The ore had been removed from the vein above the point where they stood to a point as near to the surface as it was safe, and it was now being taken out below the adit, and brought up to this point in cars which were drawn out by the mule. A miner stood here for the purpose of shifting the cars—sending the empty ones down the incline, and those containing the ore out of the adit. Our friends had scarcely reached their stand-point, and recognized in the dim, uncertain gloom the solitary individual whose time seemed only computed by the transit of the cars, and whose monotonous employment was but seldom relieved by the advent of visitors, ere the mule passed them, and running his empty vehicle upon a rude turntable, in a hole which had been cut into the solid rock, turned it about and stood ready for another trip. The chain which raised the cars from the depths below ran upon rollers fixed in the foot wall up to the surface, where it was wound upon the drum of a wheel driven by water-power, and its action was reversed by means of a long rod within the miner's reach. Being informed by him that it was contrary to orders to allow visitors to descend the plane, our friends followed their long-eared guide to the surface again; and their curiosity being satisfied for the time being, they returned to Dover.

The next morning the Doctor drove them over to Lake Hopatcong, where they spent the day, returning at evening with their baskets filled with fish, trophies of their skill; and the day following they paid a visit to Budd's Lake, where they were equally rewarded for their time and patience. It was not until the morning of the third day after their visit to Sweed's Mine that they were prepared to visit the Byram and Dickerson mines, which are located between two and three miles southwest of Dover, on Mine Hill, or Mount Ferrum. They had formed the acquaintance of Mr. Henry Byram, the son of the proprietor of the Byram Mine, at Dover, and were prepared on their arrival at his residence to make themselves perfectly at home. As they contemplated spending the day the horses were put out, and the party started on a prospecting tour.

The Byram is one of thirty or more mines which are worked on this metalliferous belt of the Ringwood, Copperas, Split-rock, Hibernia, Mount Hope, Mount Pleasant, and Mount Ferrum mountain range, extending northeast and southwest over thirty miles of country. The dip of this vein varies in different mines, being at an angle of 50° at this one, while its thickness averages about six feet. It is more regular in this respect than most of the deposits of this belt, although it is very much dislocated by faults or "offsets." The geologist will, of course, readily understand this term; but to the unscientific reader it may be necessary to explain that a fault is created by a crevice or split in the body of the mountain, caused, probably, by some terrible convulsion of nature, by which the continuity of the stratification is severed, and one portion is set off from the others to various distances. The accompanying *horizontal* diagram of this mine will convey this idea clearly to the reader's mind. Looking down upon a section



"OFFSETS."

of the mountain, there appear to be six of those crevices or faults (*a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*) by which the ore-bed is set off to various distances—in one case fourteen feet.

There are three slopes, or inclined planes, sunk into the vein, two of which are not now worked. The third is a new slope that has been sunk a distance of two hundred feet in depth, from which the ore is being taken by a horse-whim at present, although a beautiful 40-horse-power engine is in the course of erection.

After visiting the engine-houses, pump-house, and the various other surface-works, extending

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over a considerable extent of ground, they approached the opening of the new slope, which they proposed to descend to inspect the operations underground. In passing over the ground Byram seemed to be at some pains to point out several disabled and smashed-up cars, the results of the accidental breaking of chains, by which they had been allowed to descend to the bottom of the slope with tremendous force, in one instance resulting in the death of two miners who were unfortunately in their way. This was done, however, not with any idea of inducing them to desist from going down the slope, but simply with the view of making the descent more interesting. Arrived at the mouth of the slope, Tint looked down, and could see a faint speck of light, like a solitary star on a dark night, and could hear occasional sharp discharges, accompanied by rolling reverberations, not unlike the sound of artillery echoing among the mountains. The appearance of this hole was exceedingly "pokerish," and Tint half regretted having expressed a wish to enter it, although he kept his thoughts to himself; and one of the empty cars being about to descend, he prepared to enter it in company with Snell, who, whatever were his sentiments, had maintained an owl-like silence. The car was about three feet long by two feet six inches wide, and as many deep. Snell entered first, and crouching down in the front of it on his knees, held on to the side with one hand, while in the other he held a dip candle stuck in a lump of clay. Tint took his position, with his heels resting on the back end of the floor of the car (that end being open), and held on to the sides. Just as they were about to start he inquired of Mr. B. how he was going down.

"Oh! I am going down afoot and alone, unless the Doctor will accompany me," said he. But the Doctor was very busy examining some specimens of ore, and desired to remain on the surface.

"What! you don't pretend to say that you are going down that plane, at an angle of 50°, two hundred and fifty feet, on foot?" said Tint.

"Certainly," replied Byram; "nothing is easier. The miners run up and down the slope like squirrels;" and to show how easily it was done, he ran down a short distance and returned. Tint watched him, and saw that the sleepers of the track formed excellent steps by which to ascend and descend, and concluded, as it was so easy, he would himself go down in that way. He was overruled by Mr. B., however, who pointed out how much safer and more comfortably they would descend in the car; and he resumed his place, squatting like a toad to keep his head clear of the timbers, and the word was given to start.

For twenty-five feet or more the track curved gently from the platform on which the cars were emptied to the grade, and the vehicle moved smoothly along until it reached a point where the actual descent began, when, as if preconcerted, the driver chirruped to the horse, who started off on a trot, the chains rattled as they ran off the whim, and the car commenced a suddenly accelerated speed down the plane at an angle of 50°.

Now I would not have the reader suppose that our friends are cowardly, or even timorous, but there are some things and some occasions which

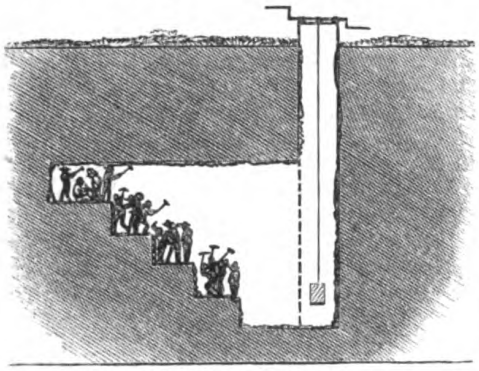
"Make cowards of us all."

It is not surprising, therefore, that for an instant he should have felt a tremor of fear as the car suddenly sprang forward down the slope, and was disposed to leap clear of it and cling to the timbers on the side of the plane. The feeling was but momentary, however, and, as the descent became more regular and uniform, he rather enjoyed the novelty of it. They were again startled out of their propriety, when, having descended about one hundred and fifty feet, the bottom of the car leaped up very suddenly from the track, and struck the wall above them with a bump which threw Snell back upon his companion and upset the latter out upon the track. They were restored to their equanimity by the uproarious laughter which greeted their accident; and as soon as they could pick themselves up, and their eyes became accustomed to the gloom, they discovered that they had arrived at the mouth of a gallery running off to the right of the track, and the car had run upon a turntable at the entrance thereof. By the light of several candles they discovered their friend, Byram, who had preceded them, surrounded by three or four miners, who seemed highly amused at the result of their seeming accident. Upon entering the gallery they were cautioned to be careful where they trod, else they might descend to the bottom of the mine rather more rapidly than might be pleasant. Examining rather more closely their footing, they found that they were standing upon a "stull" which had been formed by timbers placed between the foot and hanging wall, on which the lean ore had been piled, and on this a track had been laid to a breast which was being driven some one hundred and fifty feet distant from the plane. In this stull, at various places, the rubbish had fallen through between the timbers, leaving large and seemingly very dangerous apertures, in some instances large enough for an ox to fall through; yet the miners pass back and forth along the gallery, by the dim light of their candles, with great apparent carelessness.

All of the operations or "workings" at this mine are carried on by means of inclined shafts sunk into the vein of ore on the plane of its dip, by which method all of the material raised to the surface is marketable. In commencing his operations on this plan, the miner, after removing the soil, opens a well, or "sink," from six to eight feet square, from which he removes the ore, generally by means of a windlass and kibble or tub, until he reaches a depth of thirty or thirty-five feet. This done, he puts in a gang of men who commence to take off the ore from the side of the well at about twenty feet from the surface, and, after they have worked off about ten feet, another gang is put in who commence about five or six feet below, and follow

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them. A third and a fourth gang are put in, who follow each other, keeping always about the same distance apart and below each other. This is called "driving a breast," and the method of

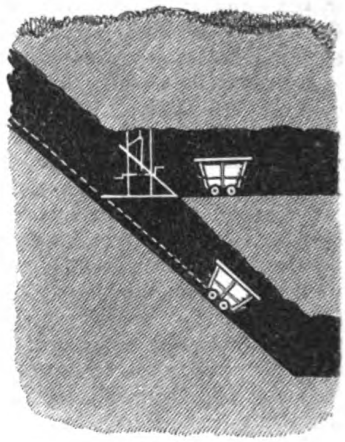


"DRIVING A BREAST."

doing it is called "stoping." When the last gang have worked away from the bottom of the well some distance, a gang is put into the "sink," who drive it down thirty or forty feet deeper; and other gangs are set to work to drive another breast. A horse-whim is erected, a track laid down, and the ore is now drawn up in cars. When the first breast is driven to a distance from the well or shaft, a stull is formed, as before explained, a track is laid upon it, upon which the cars containing the ore are run out to the shaft, and, by means of a turn-table, are shifted upon the track in the shaft and raised to the surface. This turn-table is a simple platform hinged to the hanging-wall and raised at pleasure by means of a windlass to enable cars to pass to the lower gallery. The second series of gangs work off all the ore from the bottom of the sink up to the first stull or gallery, and thus the breasts are driven to the right or left of the shaft, or both, as the case may be, as far as circumstances or the rights and privileges of the miner will allow. Masses of rock are frequently met with by the miners, penetrating the mass of ore, parallel to the walls, and are termed "horsers" or "horses," from some fancied resemblance to the back of that animal.

Our friends were conducted by their guide, Mr. B., along the gallery on which they stood, to the stopes where the miners were at work driving the breast. They were obliged to creep cautiously along for fear of the man-traps in the stull, bending low down on account of the timbers. A short distance from the shaft they met a car filled with ore and propelled by one of the miners, to avoid which they were compelled to scramble up on the foot wall and hold on by the timbers until it passed. The motive-power of this machine was a young man, black, grimed, and greasy, from a small oil lamp which he carried secured in his cap or turban, and which, from the position he assumed in pushing the car forward, threw a faint light upon the track just before him, the sleepers of which furnished him with a foot-hold.

Arrived at the stopes, they witnessed a scene similar to that already described at the Hibernia mine. As at that place, the ore had been taken out rather too close to the surface, and, in consequence thereof, about half an acre of one of the miners' cabbage-gardens had slid into the mine, leaving an immense hole open to the daylight. Fortunately the accident had occurred at a time when the workmen were at dinner, and no one was injured. As the miners were about to fire a blast our friends returned to the shaft, where they entered a car, and the turn-table being



A TURN-TABLE.

raised, they passed down to the bottom of the mine, where a gang of men were at work in the sink, and others on stopes, to the right and left of the shaft. Having spent an hour or more in inspecting the various operations going on in the mine our friends prepared to return to the surface, but just as they were about to enter a car for that purpose, three or four of the dirt-begrimed miners stepped forward and claimed their "footing." As they had heretofore overlooked this time-honored custom of "paying the shot," the demand was met in a liberal spirit, and, taking their places in the car, the word was given, and they began the ascent of nearly two hundred and fifty feet. At this moment two sharp discharges rang upon their ears, followed by rolling reverberations, which were repeated again and again as the sounds reached the several breasts, and being thus returned to the ear, produced upon that organ an effect similar to a severe and close clap of thunder. With the grumblings and mutterings of this grand climax to all the awe-inspiring wonders of the place still lingering in their minds, our friends reached the surface and stepped upon the platform whence they had started, glad once more to breathe the fresh air of heaven, and have its blue canopy above them. Tint found an elevated point from which to make a sketch of the works, on the top of a miner's cabin, while the Doctor and Snell visited various interesting objects in the vicinity. In this way the forenoon was passed, and after dinner the party walked over to the Dickerson Mine, about half a mile distant.

This is said to be the oldest mine in Morris County, the land, together with the mine, being

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taken up by Joseph Kirkbride, in 1713; previous to which time the ore was free to all. For a long time the only means of conveying the ore to the various forges and furnaces for manufacture was in leathern or canvas bags, on the backs of horses. The Hon. Mahlon Dickerson, Ex-Governor of New Jersey, purchased the property in 1807, and worked the mine up to the time of his death. Soon after that event the Dickerson Suckasunny Mining Company became its owners, and are now prosecuting the workings. The deposit outcrops on the surface of a hill which runs in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction. The vein dips at an angle of about 50°, and is, in some places, thirty feet thick. In others it is not more than three feet in thickness. The ore is very pure, being upward of 83 per cent. iron, and is composed of a very pulverulent although closely compacted mixture of small angular grains of magnetic iron ore, or *magnetite*, with small round granules of phosphate of lime or *apatite*. Such ore is called "shot ore" by the miners, from its crumbling easily into small fragments, from the size of a small shot to that of a large pea. The mine is at present worked by means of a perpendicular shaft, which is sunk through the soil and rock about forty or fifty feet, where it strikes the vein, and the kibbles or iron tubs which are used for hoisting the ore, from that point descend on the foot wall to the bottom of the mine, where they are loaded from the cars which are used in the galleries. The view of this mine shows the group of buildings covering the engine, pump, and shaft, and also the opening into that portion of the vein of ore which lies above the surface. The descent into the mine is accomplished by means of ladders and steps cut in the rock and ore, through an opening made by the caving in of a portion of the soil; but as it neither offered any new experiences nor presented any very attractive features, our friends were content with a peep down the shaft and a visit to the various buildings, including the residence of the agent of the Company, Mr. Canfield, whose scientific taste has adorned its walls with one of the finest mineralogical and entomological collections to be found in this country.

In their peregrinations about the mine property our friends had visited a pile of ore containing four thousand five hundred tons, *every pound of which had been brought from the mouth of the shaft to the place where it lay—waiting a market—on a railroad track which was laid with English iron.* The distance from this mine and the others in its immediate vicinity, to the Morris Canal—the great channel of communication with the manufacturing establishments of Pennsylvania and New Jersey—is between one and a half and three miles; yet it would not pay to convey the ore to market.

Our friends, after inspecting the various points of interest about the mine, spent the balance of the afternoon in conversation with Mr. C., in examining his beautiful cabinets, and in admiring the charming view from the top of his residence, which embraced a wide extent of country in every direction. Returning to Mr. Byram's in time for tea, they spent the evening in arranging for the morrow a trip to the complete and extensive furnaces and mills at Boonton, about nine miles east of Dover. Having witnessed the operations necessary to bring the ore to the surface, they were desirous of seeing it manufactured into bars, sheets, rods, and nails, ready for market. Alas! how little do we know what the morrow may bring forth! Their dream were disturbed by no visions of disappointed hopes, and they awoke to find the promise of the golden sunset of the day previous verified in a clear and deliciously cool day, with every prospect of a delightful drive before them. Upon going to look for the horses, however (they had been turned into a field to pasture the night previous), one of them was not to be found. No broken fence, or bars let down, indicated the way of exit, and the whole party were completely at a loss to discover how, or by what means, she had escaped. Several of the men were sent off in various directions in search of the truant, but returned without any tidings. At length, after two or three hours had been spent in the unprofitable search, inquiry was made of an individual who passed if he had seen any thing of the stray animal. He informed them that, in passing along the road at an early hour, he had noticed both of the animals in the field beneath an apple-tree, the fruit of which they were trying to reach. While admiring them for their beauty, one made a rush at the other, who slipped and fell backward, and as she did not rise he supposed she had slid off a bank. Being in a hurry he had not stopped to see the result. Upon repairing to the spot it was found that his words were too true, and that in stepping back from the rush of her mate she had trod on the weak and rotten covering of a well nearly twenty-five feet deep which had been covered up many years previous, the existence of which had been almost forgotten, and had fallen to the bottom of it. Upon examination it was found that she had descended tail foremost, and that her hind legs were turned upward under her while her fore legs projected in the same direction. The whinny with which she welcomed the appearance of the face of the Doctor, who was the first to approach the mouth of the opening, was a sufficient indication that she was not badly hurt, although at first sight it appeared wonderful how she could have fallen such a distance without killing herself. The width of the opening, however, explained the seeming paradox. It was but *two feet six inches* in diameter, and, falling backward as she had, her struggles to arise had served only to allow her to slip foot by foot to the bottom, where she *sat* so constrained as scarcely to be able to move a muscle. Of course the unanimous advice of the party which had gathered about the well was to shoot her and cover her up, but the Doctor, who would have loved his pets next to his wife had he had one, and, having none, had nothing else to love, was not disposed to any such course

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until he had satisfied himself that she was past redemption. Clambering down the sides of the well he ascertained that none of her limbs were broken, and the brightness of her eye and her responses to his caressings satisfying him that she was not dangerously injured, he returned to the surface declaring his intention to bring her up if it were possible. All hands went to work now with a will to aid in the laudable undertaking, and in the course of half an hour a pair of shears were rigged and erected, pulleys were slung, and the Doctor, descending into the well again, passed a broad belt around the back of the animal and up between her fore-legs and secured it to the lower block. Fastening her fore-legs together that she might not injure herself by her struggles, her hind legs being secured to the fall to aid in lifting her, he gave the word to "hoist away." It was some moments before there was any perceptible "give;" but finally, little by little, foot by foot, she rose, until at length she reached the surface, and a platform being rigged beneath her, she was released from her fastenings, and once more stood upon her feet, apparently none the worse for her fall and subsequent confinement, except two or three spots on her hips and limbs where the hair had been removed. She was quite stiff, however, from her long confinement, and it was weeks ere she could again travel over the road with that elastic step and rapid gait which was her wont. This ended, for a time, the intimacy between our friends and the Doctor and his beautiful ponies, with whom they had spent so many pleasant hours. "May their shadows never be less!"

Determined not to be cheated out of their contemplated visit to Boonton, and its forges and mills and machine-shops, our friends, at the suggestion of Mr. Byram, were driven over in the afternoon to M'Cainsville, a little village on the Suckasunny plains, about one and a half miles distant, where they took passage on the "raging canal," and where we will leave them in charge of Captain Blivens, the gentlemanly commander of the clipper coal-barge

"THE SARSY FANNEY."

HOW WE GET GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

BY A MINER OF THE YEAR '49.

OF the thousands who note the semi-monthly arrivals of treasure, and who, from habit, have at last come to consider California a sort of gold-producing Croton, whence the supply is expected as a matter of course, comparatively few are acquainted with the methods by which these riches are drawn from the bowels of the earth. I have even found men who supposed that the primitive rocker or cradle of 1849 is still in general use in 1860. I believe that it will be



OUR CAMP ON THE STANISLAUS.

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THE FIRST GOLD-HUNTERS.

a service to our friends in the Atlantic States to set them right on various points connected with the miners of California.

The old localities, such as the beds of well-known rivers and the adjacent "bars," being partially exhausted, it has been believed that mining could not now be followed so successfully as formerly, and that only gleanings remained for the future adventurer. But for ten years the great gold fountain of the Pacific coast has never failed; and instead of a decreased supply, each year's returns have shown that, with the improvements in machinery and contrivances for saving the gold, the yield is steadily augmenting; and this without a material increase in the number of workmen engaged. If the shipments are sometimes smaller, it is no evidence that the gold region is becoming exhausted, but rather proves that our resources have been so developed that many articles formerly imported, such as flour, beef, pork, hay, lumber, potatoes, bricks, grain, and coal, are now produced in the State, and consequently have not to be paid for abroad. Business being dull or brisk in San Francisco is not always a criterion of the prosperity of the extensive gold-producing regions, where the stalwart sons of toil pursue their labors, almost forgetting the existence of the distant emporium, which thousands of them who came across the plains never saw or desired to see. It is to the multitudes who labor in the mines and on farms that we must turn, to estimate the prosperity or decline of the State. The various methods of gold mining, and the important improvements which have been introduced since 1850, must prove of interest to all whose attention has been seriously directed toward the rapid development of the Pacific States since the conquest.

It was with the view of personally examining these improvements, as well as to renew old mining associations, that the writer of this joined a party who recently made the tour of the gold region. We laid out our course and left San Francisco early in May, when the great plains and rolling lands extending down from the spurs of the sierras were carpeted with flowers and clover, the sky cloudless, and the air clear as crystal. As the limits of this article will not permit the narration of every strange scene and adventure we met, I shall waive descriptions of towns and villages, and confine myself to illustrating, as nearly as possible, the various methods of mining in which some of the party had once been engaged, or which were explained to us during our journey.

When, in 1848, the news of the gold discovery by J. W. Marshall at Sutter's Mill became generally known, all the little world of California hastened into the mountains to hunt for gold. Those were indeed the primitive days of mining. Machinery had not then been invented, and the materials for constructing the rudest implements were with difficulty obtained. In many instances baskets or basins of willow twigs were used. The sand or earth supposed to contain gold was agitated in these, and so rich in many instances was the earth that, even with these imperfect appliances, a very short term of labor was cer-

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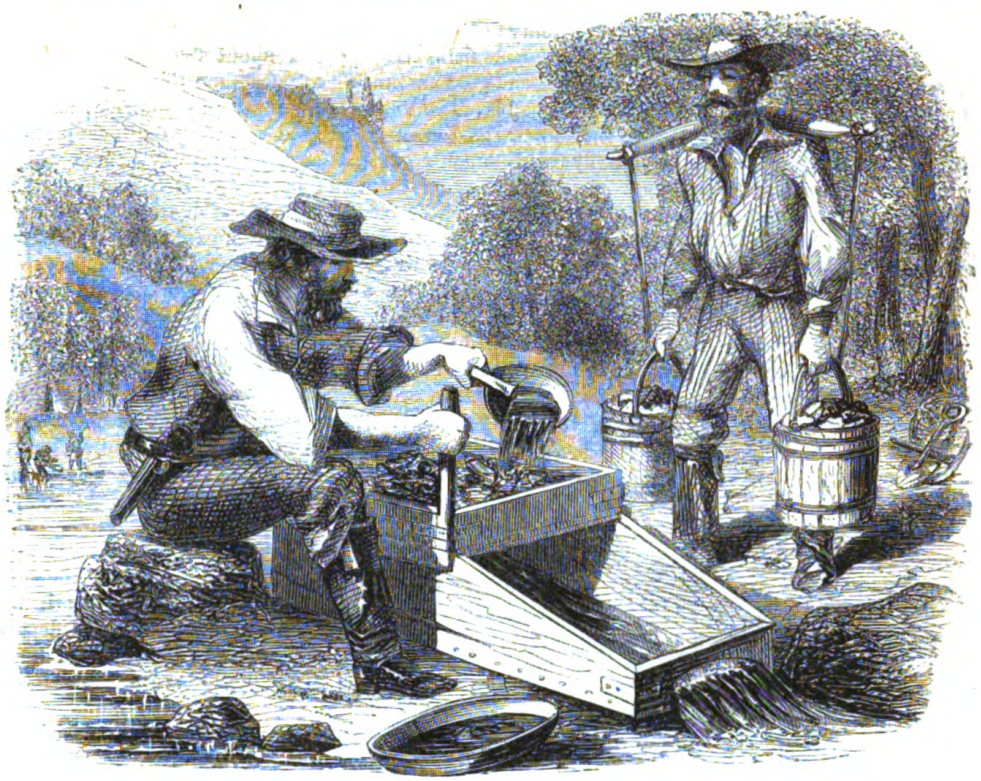
"PANNING," ON THE MOKELUMNE.

tain to reward the adventurer. At that time gold was found in the crevices of the rocks, protruding from the banks of the streams, and dazzled the eye here and there in bright nuggets on the surface of the earth, as it reflected the sun's rays. Many gold-seekers used no other instrument than a common sheath-knife, with which to pry out these "*chispas*," and thus, as they averred, saved time and the expense of machinery. Thousands of dollars' worth were



WINNOWING GOLD, NEAR CHINESE CAMP.

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CRADLE ROCKING, ON THE STANISLAUS.

thus collected long before the cradle was introduced.

As the wonderful news became more widely diffused the common washing-pan was brought into use. This was doubtless suggested by the Spanish-American *batea*, or bowl, as the method of using both is similar. The pan is filled with auriferous earth. The operator sitting or squatting upon the edge of the stream in which he submerges the load, holds the pan by the rims, and by an alternate gyratory and oscillating motion, with an occasional stirring and kneading of the mass with one hand, the earth is completely moistened. The largest stones are thrown out, and a flow of water is made to pass constantly around the inner circumference of the pan, by which the load is gradually reduced to a few pebbles and specks of black, metallic sand, among which the particles of gold, if there be any, will be found. The rotary movement by which the heavier pebbles or bits of gold are kept in the centre, and the lighter earth thrown rapidly over the edges, is acquired only by long practice; and very few Americans can rival the dexterity of the Sonorians in this art, which many of them have practiced from childhood in the gold regions of northern Mexico. The fine gold can not be separated from the black sand, which has nearly an equal specific gravity, until the whole has been dried in the sun or by a fire, when the sand is blown away with the breath.

Before going farther it will be as well to premise that the known fact of the superior specific gravity of gold over all known metals and minerals (except platinum) underlies the principle of *nearly* all gold-saving inventions. This will appear more prominently as we proceed.

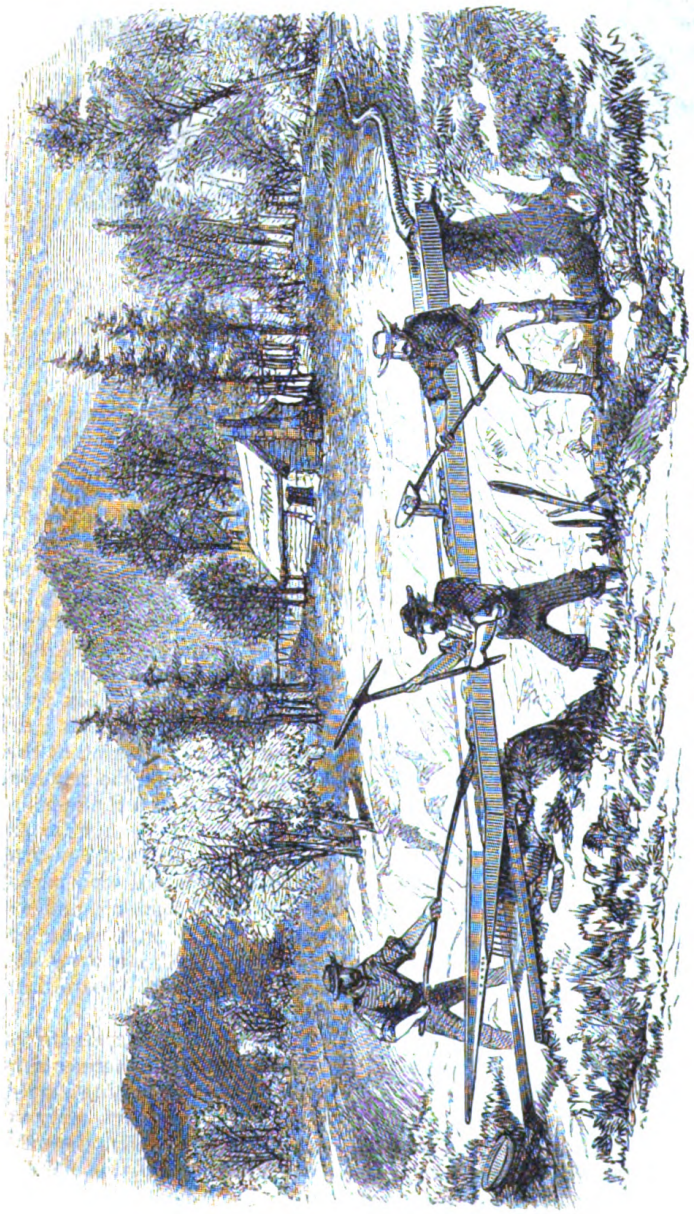
At the middle bar of the Mokelumne River we found a few Sonorians engaged in this panning, a method now confined to them, and which, among Americans, is only used as an adjunct to more extended operations. Nevertheless, one of our party, who had a pan, scraped some "good-looking dirt" from the bottom of a deserted "hole," and squatting beside Don Antonio, the two had a trial of dexterity, in which our friend, though no novice, was "nowhere." He had, however, the pleasure of finding nearly half a dollar's worth of gold in his pan. Six years before two of our party had been among the company who inaugurated gold-digging at this place; but, with the exception of the immovable mountains and huge rocks on the opposite banks, all had been changed under the tireless hand of the miners. Whole acres of land had been upturned, and the earth and sand passed through a second and third washing, and apparently every particle of gold extracted; yet the less ambitious Chinese and Mexicans find enough in these deserted places to reward them for their tedious labors.

A volume would be required to perpetuate the fabulous tales still circulated of the former richness of the *placeres* along the banks of this river, and to which two of us could, in part, bear witness from personal experience. How the price of a common Irish potato, in 1849, was one dollar; a *pinch* of gold dust paid for a drink of

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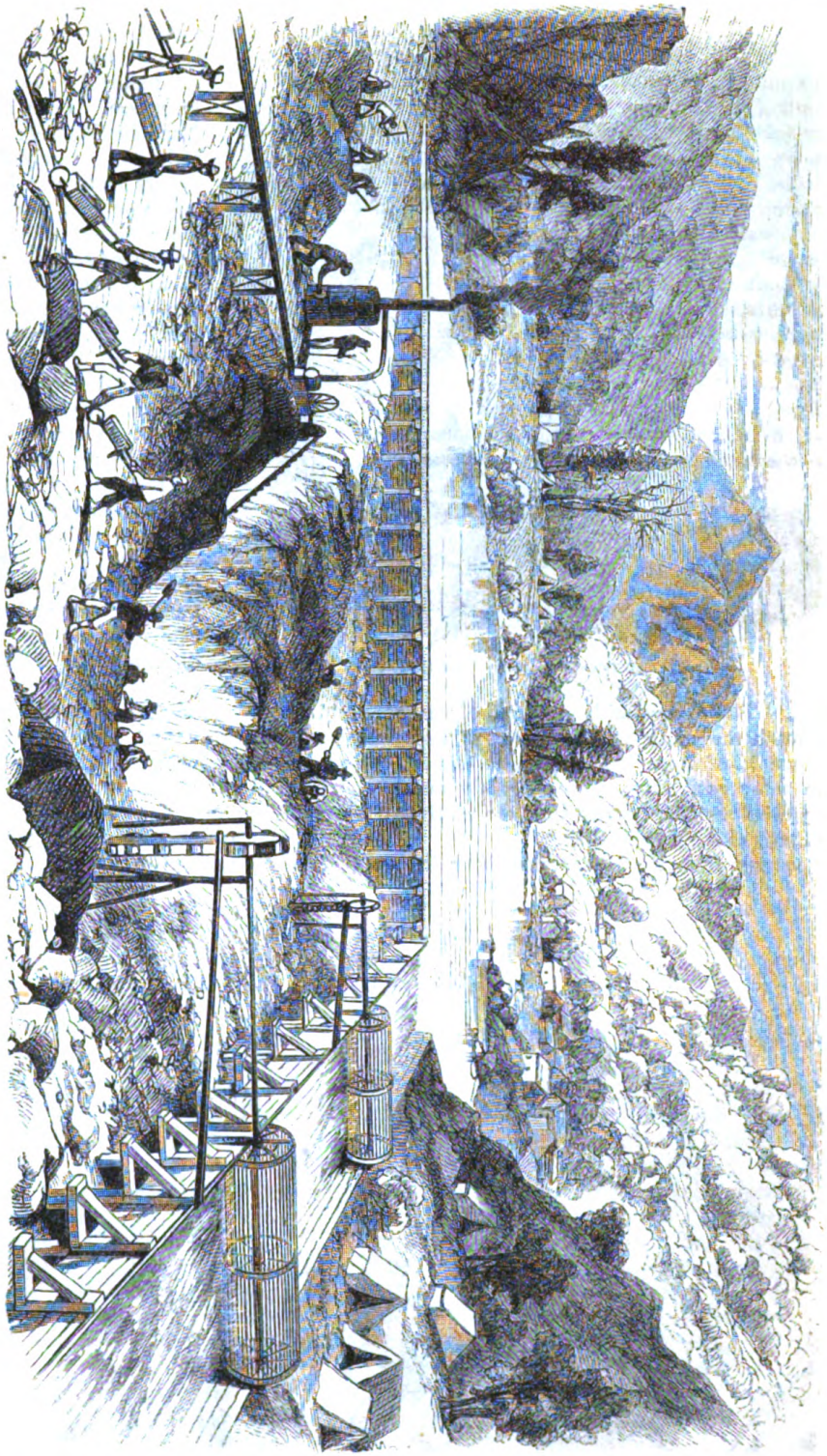
bad whisky; the same for a "chaw" of tobacco; and a doctor did not look at you under twenty dollars. The Indians, when pressed with hunger, would occasionally hunt for gold, and often with astonishing success, though it was alleged that, until the arrival of the whites, they knew naught of the rich placers they were daily treading over. A Yankee had set up a small tent among the miners' cabins, whence he dispensed whisky, tobacco, physic, raisins, and other groceries. It is related that an Indian came to the tent with a handful of gold wrapped in a rag. This he placed in one of the scales, which the shop-keeper weighed down with raisins in the other, much to the satisfaction of the customer. He was so careful, however, to evince no imprudent haste in the transaction that the Indian, fearing the other might repent of his bargain, suddenly seized the paper of raisins, and disappeared into the woods with the speed of a deer. Of course our Yankee did not pursue him, the raisins costing him about five cents, and the gold amounting to more than thirty dollars.

The success of mining in California, as well as in all other gold districts, depends mainly upon a constant supply of water, without which the gold can not be separated from the earth. For this reason the earliest efforts of the miner were directed along the banks of the rivers. There were, however, many *placeres* discovered on ground too elevated for any running stream to reach; and here the gold had to be "packed" on the shoulders of miners or the backs of donkeys to the nearest water, often a distance of miles. Of course the earth must be unusually rich to warrant such an outlay of labor and time. Chinese Diggings in Tuolumne County was an instance of this. Here were seen troops of sturdy Chinamen groaning along under the weight of huge sacks of earth brought to the surface from a depth of eighteen feet, and deposited in heaps, after a weary tramp, along the banks of a muddy pool. These were washed by other parties stationed there for the purpose, and the day's proceeds equally divided. At Shaw's Flat, at the time of its discovery, similar means were used. A curious method was the "dry washing," or winnowing process, which was confined to places where water could not be obtained. Two Mexicans, partners of course, would collect a heap of earth from some spot where the ground contained grain-gold, and rejecting all the pebbles, the remainder, pounded to the consistency of sand, was placed upon a sheet or coarse cotton cloth, the corners of which were held in the hands of the operators, and the earth tossed to a height of three or four feet, somewhat in the style of Sancho Panza's treatment by the citizens of Segovia. The strong breeze carried away the light dust and particles of earth, while the superior gravity of the gold, if ever so fine, caused it to drop again



WASHING WITH THE LONG TOM, NEAR MURPHY'S.

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RIVER OPERATIONS AT MURDERER'S BAR.

into the cloth. Bellows were sometimes used by solitary adventurers, and where these could not be obtained Mexicans could be seen here and there tossing little clouds of dust into the air from their wooden *bateas*.

These primitive methods soon gave way to the more practical rocker, or "cradle." The peculiar form of this useful machine is, doubtless, familiar to most readers. Rude and simple as it is, the California rocker has been the means of enriching thousands. It is not known who was the inventor, but its enlivening rattle began to be heard in the mines as early as 1848. At that time its form was, indeed, rough and

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"HELLO, STRANGER. HOW'S DIGGINS?"

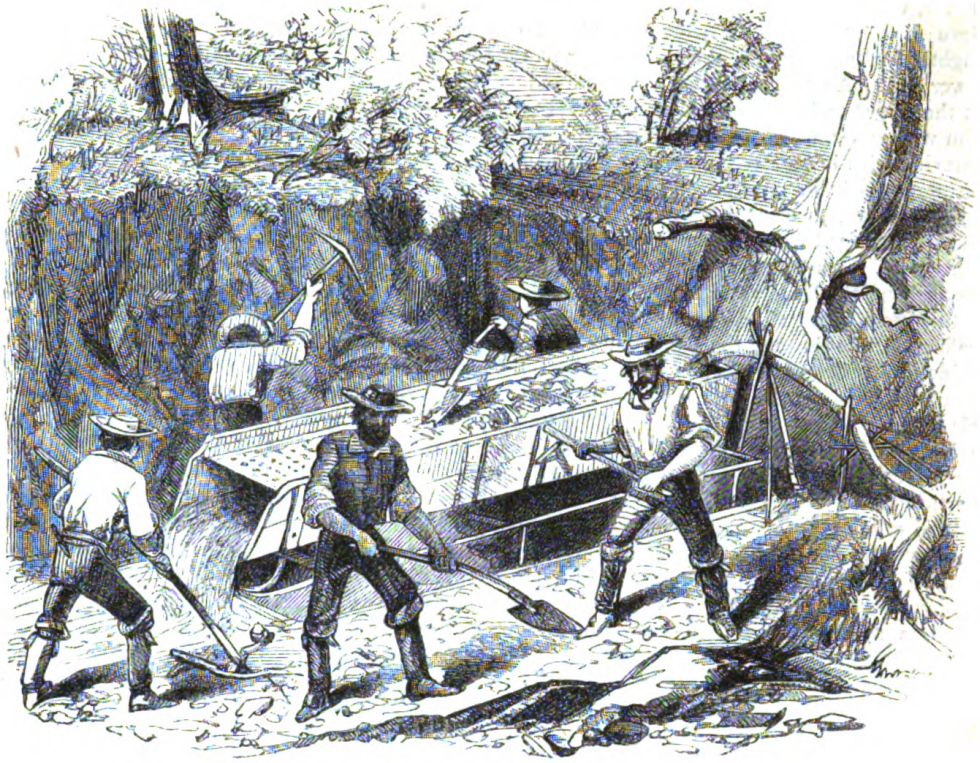
awkward. Before saw-mills or lumber were within reach the cradle was hewn out of logs and the trunks of trees; but it is safe to believe that, in those early days, these ungainly machines yielded a richer harvest than the neatly-finished ones of the present time.

Our journey from the Mokelumne River led us to Sonora, the principal mining town of Tuolumne County, and situated about two hundred miles from San Francisco. Here, again, we found all changed; the town had been entirely destroyed by fire since our last visit, and was now rebuilt, with the addition of many fine brick stores. Not far from here, to the northward, is a bar or bend in the Stanislaus River, where, in the "days of '49," two of our party had rocked our cradles and lined our buckskin purses to some purpose. Here we resolved to locate on the old spot. The river tumbled and foamed along its rocky bed, and the loud voice of the rapids echoed far and near among the surrounding mountains. The bank was shelving and smooth like an ocean beach, and a tiny surf, caused by the swift torrent, combed in miniature breakers upon an expanse of speckled sand, glittering with mica and smooth as a planed board. We placed our "bed pieces," set the rocker with the requisite pitch, and then attacked the long-deserted *placer*. After throwing aside a few tons of stones, and uprooting a dense undergrowth of shrubbery which



PACKING EARTH, AT CARSON S.

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QUICKSILVER MACHINE, IN MORMON GULCH.

nearly hid our old treasure-house, we came upon the place where our last efforts had been directed. This we had deserted some years before, after collecting from it several thousand dollars in coarse gold, and the "hole," now nearly filled with stones, had not since been appropriated. But times had somewhat changed since, in the plentitude of fortune, we had quit this for better diggings, and we now resumed the work with all the ardor of new miners. A large boulder, which had formerly discouraged us, was first pried out, revealing a long deep crevice filled with a tough clay, the lower part of which we found stuffed with the shining nuggets. A pan was soon filled with this, and when washed by G—— in the cold waters of the river, resulted in about eighty dollars of beautifully-rounded gold. Thus encouraged we commenced with the cradle.

This little machine consists of a box about three and a half feet long, by about twenty inches wide and eighteen inches deep. The top and one end are open: upon the back half of the top is fitted a closely-jointed box, with a sheet-iron bottom pierced with holes of a size sufficient to allow small pebbles to drop through into the machine. Into this box is thrown the earth designed to be washed, which is disintegrated and made to pass through by a rocking motion given to the machine, and for which it is provided with rockers like a child's cradle. The water is bailed by hand from the stream, near which the cradle must be placed. The gold thus separated from the earth is arrested in its passage through the machine by wooden cleets nailed along the bottom, while the lighter materials, such as earth and pebbles, are carried out of the open or lower end by the stream of water.

Rocking the cradle, digging, carrying earth, and bailing water were equally divided among the party. By night we had exhausted the lead, and returned to Sonora the next day four hundred and thirty dollars the richer for our adventure.

For the labors of one man the cradle is probably the most economical method of gold mining, as the several operations may be conducted without aid. It is now, however, mainly confined to Chinese and Mexicans, whose ambition seldom aspires to the later improvements.

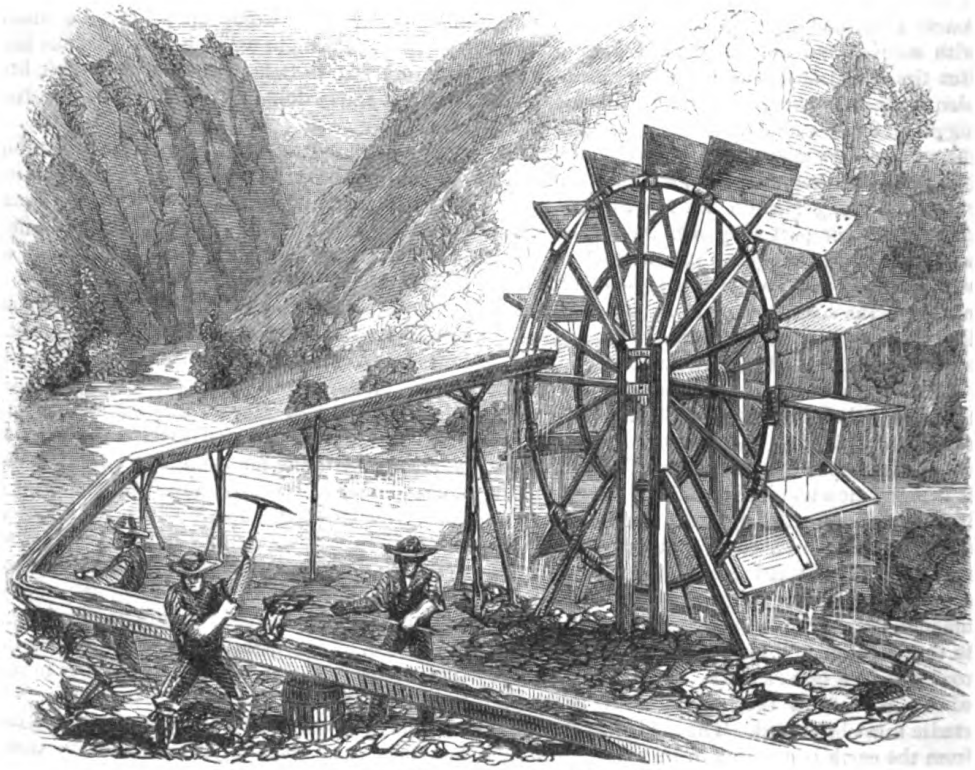
A short distance north of Sonora is the town or diggings of Murphy's, once the most celebrated gold-mine in California, and still employing hundreds of workmen to advantage. The discoverer, a Missourian, after whom the place was named, is said to have enjoyed his good fortune alone for some time, trading with the Indians, afterward known as the Murphy tribe, and supplying them with cheap articles of finery in return for their labor in the mines. With his two sons he thus amassed an immense sum in a few months.

Here we saw the first improvement made upon the cradle. This came out in 1850, and at that time was regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of mining machinery. It is called the "long tom," and consists of a shallow trough from ten to twenty feet long, and generally about sixteen inches wide; one end, which slightly turns up like a

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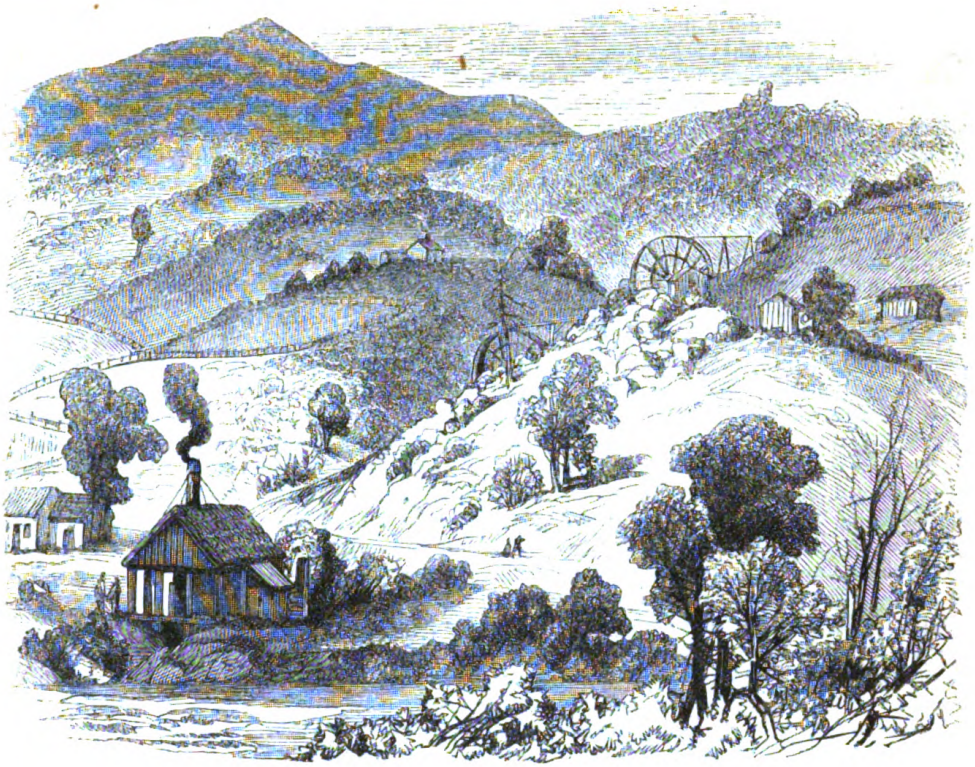
shovel, is shod with iron and perforated like the sieve of a cradle. This trough is placed on slightly inclined ground, the sieve being at the lower end. A stream of water is then turned on at the upper end, and several hands supply the tom with water, which finds its way to the sieve, carrying with it the earth, which it washes and disintegrates in its passage. A man is stationed at the end to clear away the "tailings," or earth discharged from the machine, and also to stir up the earth accumulated in the tom. Directly beneath the sieve is placed a box, which is furnished with "riffles" or cleets, to catch the gold as it falls through the tom-iron. The machine differs little in principle from the cradle. Sometimes, where the gold is very fine and liable to be carried away by the force of the water, a box containing a quantity of quicksilver is attached to the end of the riffle, where the finer particles are saved by amalgamation. The long tom is calculated to wash ten times more earth than cradles employing an equal number of hands. The work is not performed in a more thorough manner, but there is a great saving of time and labor. When its value became generally appreciated the cradle began to disappear from many localities, and the long tom is now almost exclusively used by small companies.

Within a few miles of Auburn, a considerable mining town of Placer County, we visited a well known bend in the middle fork of the American river called Murderer's Bar, where one of the earliest attempts were made to turn the course of a large river with the view of exploring the bottom for gold. Every bend or shallow place in the numerous mountain streams of the gold region has been thus attacked, the waters diverted from their course, and made to pass through artificial channels, leaving the old course dry for mining operations. Works such as that shown in the illustration of Murderer's Bar, in El Dorado County, are carried on by large companies, who have among them carpenters, surveyors, engineers, and stout hands. Sometimes the water is taken into a strongly-built flume from above, and conducted in a long box through the old bed of the river, by this avoiding the necessity of a canal. The bed of the river thus laid dry, the company enter it and search in every crevice and pocket for the golden deposits which should naturally have accumulated by the action of the river against the bases of the adjacent hills. These enterprises often yield immense riches, every depression in the bed-rock holding its quota of brightly-burnished gold. The operations are frequently so extensive as to occupy several successive seasons before the whole can be explored. At others, the premature approach of the rainy season, and the consequent freshets, carry away the whole works in a night; but on renewing them the following year, the crevices and holes are often found to have collected an amount of gold almost equal to the original deposits brought down by the floods from the numerous diggings above. Frequently the place has been injudiciously chosen, and, after months of hard la-



FLUTTER-WHEEL, ON THE TUOLUMNE.

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FRÉMONT MILL AND VEIN, MARIPOSA.

bor, the river proves entirely bare of gold. No amount of judgment can select with any certainty a favorable location for "jamming" or turning a river. The long space of still-water below a series of rapids will sometimes contain pounds of gold; but the same rule followed, in another instance, will perhaps result in a total failure, and the company who have located above the rapids be the fortunate adventurers. The river operations at Murderer's Bar are the property of a company of some seventy-five men, one of whom informed us that they employed nearly two hundred more during the dry season. As fresh deposits of gold are made each year, the place may be considered a perpetual investment. It is estimated that only one in three of these river enterprises proves remunerative.

One of the richest *placeres* of California was an extensive sloping flat near the centre of Calaveras County, at the foot of a range of quartz mountains, separating it from the valley of the Stanislaus, and known as "Carson's Flat." The gold deposits were first struck at this place in 1851. The discoverers sunk a small hole in the shallowest part of the flat where the bed-rock lay about ten feet below the surface. Here they panned out several thousand dollars during the first week; but though their labors were continued with great secrecy, they were speedily tracked and multitudes flocked to the place. A small town was built where Carson's Creek discharged into the Stanislaus, goods came pouring in, Jew clothiers, rum-dealers, and gamblers followed the crowds of working-men, and in a month every foot of ground, supposed to be auriferous, was appropriated.

At a certain distance beneath the surface, throughout the gold region of California, a layer of rock is found, down to which the gold, by its superior specific gravity, has gradually worked itself, and here it has become wedged into the inequalities of this "hard pan." Long experience has taught the miner to discard the upper earth, which is generally valueless, and to seek for gold either in these cracks and "pockets," or in the earth or layer of clay covering the bed rock. The discovery of this fact gave rise to the method of "coyoteing" or drifting, which has since been superseded by the improvement of tunneling. The first received its name from its fancied resemblance to the subterranean burrowing of a little animal resembling the fox, and known in California as the "coyote." As the ledge, or bed-rock, at Carson's, and other diggings of this kind, is often found thirty or forty feet beneath the surface, and no gold can be got except within a few feet of it, the expense of shoveling away the upper earth is avoided by burrowing, and following the "leads," or crevices of the rock, in and around which the gold is deposited.

About six months sufficed to completely honeycomb the flat—an area of twenty acres—so that the workmen could pass through each other's claims for a distance of half a mile. These passages are made through a firm but sticky clay, and are only of a sufficient height for the workmen to sit upright in. Following the windings of the various leads they are as irregular as the

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intricacies of any labyrinth of mythology. A tallow candle stuck into a niche hewn into the damp wall serves to light the burrow. Descending into one of these holes we stood on a square space of rock at a depth of twenty feet from the surface. On the sides of this square were four arched entrances leading off into subterranean passages. We crawled into one and followed our conductor, "hitching" along in a sitting posture with an unhappy feeling of insecurity at hearing flakes of the moist clay fall from the low roof and partly impeding our progress. Here and there wooden stanchions had been placed to support the roof, but the immense weight had warped and bent these, while the superincumbent mass bulged on each side as if about to close down upon us forever. The muffled blows of other subterranean laborers were heard around us (for these diggings were still worked), and as we progressed we could discern the lights of dimly-burning candles shedding a ghastly glare upon cadaverous faces.

Our conductor led the way into a small chamber about six feet by eight and four feet in height, and, having lighted several other candles, we obtained a full view of our tomb-like apartment. On each side of this damp cave, as well as in the passages we had just crawled through, the stones and other refuse were piled up with the most scrupulous regard to economy of room. They had been carefully scraped to save any fine gold that might be contained in the clay adhering to them. On the floor of the cavern were two small picks, and as many short crow-bars of tempered steel, which had been made of miniature size for the express purpose of "coyoteing."

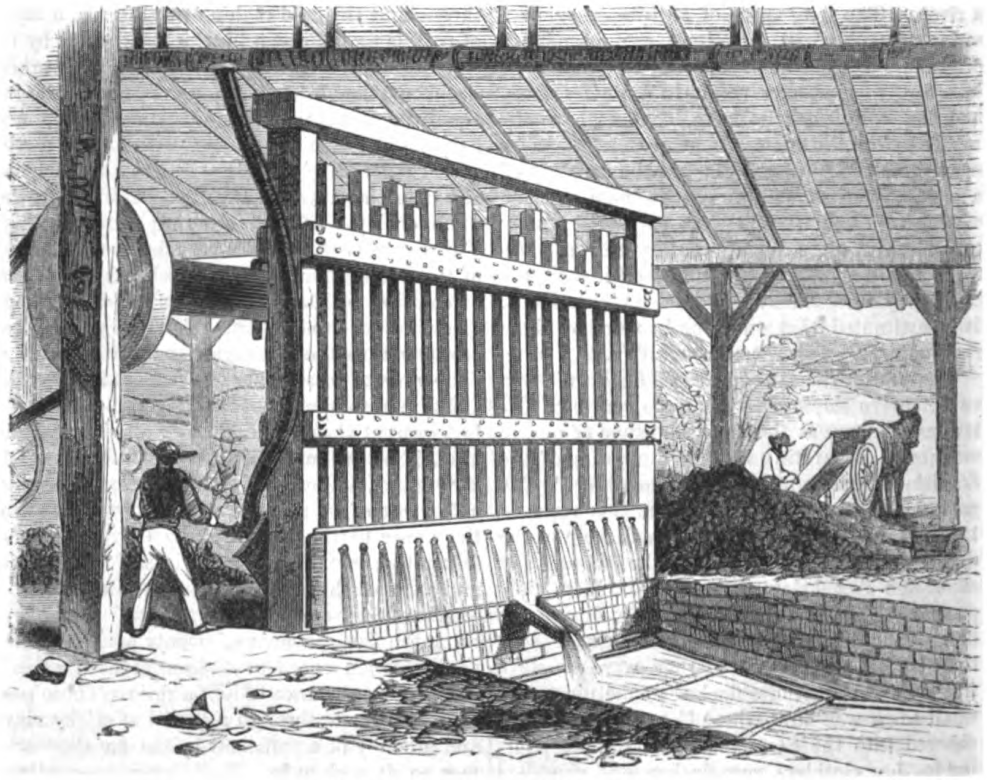
The owner of the claim now directed our attention to a side of the cavern where we heard the blows of an adjacent miner, and, a moment after, the point of a pick came through the clay partition. A few more blows and the boundary between the two claims was broken away; a rough, bearded face looked through with the exclamation,

"Hello, strangers! How's diggins?"

We soon became on intimate terms with our underground acquaintance, and, when he had picked away the wall sufficiently to give us passage, we crept on hands and knees into his possessions, which rivaled, in size and richness, that of our *cicerone*. He had just found the end of a crevice, and had a pan filled with clay, earth, and pebbles, in which dozens of minute specks of gold glittered in the light of the candles. As the day was nearly spent we crawled out to the nearest shaft, whence we accompanied him to the creek and saw him wash out his day's work. There were nearly four ounces of coarse gold in his pan, valued at about sixty dollars.

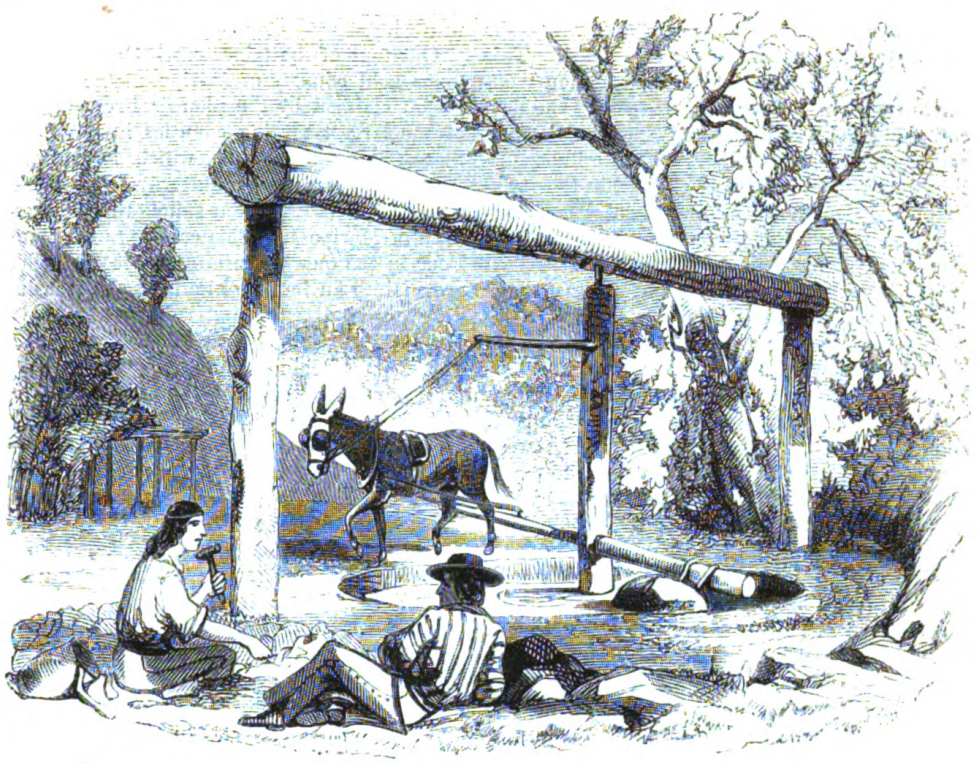
Sometimes these coyote diggings cave in without warning, despite the subterranean supports placed by the miners for security. The earth thus undermined settles upon the bedrock, and so slowly and silently that the victims are buried in a living tomb unknown to the outside world.

Shortly after our arrival at Carson's a twelve-pound lump of gold, slightly mixed with quartz,



HELVETIA QUARTZ MILL, GRASS VALLEY.

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EL RASTRA.

was found in the deepest part of the flat. This was valued at about two thousand dollars. The fortunate possessor walked leisurely along toward the store, bearing his glittering treasure in his hands, and followed by a crowd of admiring companions. He had been prying out of his lead a nest of smooth stones, which he scraped clean before throwing them into the heap. One of these struck him as being rather heavy, but the thought of its being gold did not occur to him, until, in scraping the supposed stone, the yellow metal reflected the rays of his candle. With that exception his claim had not yielded remarkably well. The earth taken from these diggings is either carted or carried in panniers, by mules or donkeys, to Carson's Creek, near by, and panned out in the usual manner. It is asserted that, counting the celebrated deposit found on the quartz mountain near by, more than four million dollars have been taken from Carson's.

One of the principal tributaries of the Stanislaus is the stream passing through Mormon Gulch, and running within a stone's-throw of Tuttletown. The diggings in this vicinity have been celebrated for their richness, especially toward the head of the cañon known as Mormon "Creek." Desirous of ascertaining if our old diggings had been worked out during our four years of absence, we purchased an old quicksilver machine at this place, which we stationed in a certain bend, half-way between Tuttletown and the river. The gold in the bed of this stream is so fine as to escape from the riffles of a long tom, and can only be worked to advantage by the use of quicksilver. Minute particles, in the shape of flakes, are found adhering to the blades of grass in the shallow parts of the stream. Our machine, which resembled the "bumper," or Virginia rocker, consisted of a wooden trough, furnished with quicksilver riffles, placed in a frame-work, and so hung as to be rocked to and fro by hand. This motion was made by one man, and the machine was supplied with earth by the others, who shoveled it in from the bed of the creek. The water was led through canvas hose from a series of rapids above us; and the operation of shoveling and rocking was continued for a week without interruption. At the end of that time the amalgam was taken from the machine and retorted, when we found nearly three hundred dollars as the reward of our labor. Most of this gold was fine as snuff, and could only have been saved by coming in contact with the quicksilver, with which it instantly amalgamates. There were, however, many pieces from the size of shot to that of a pea.

The elevation of many rich mines has given rise to a variety of ingenious inventions for raising and supplying them with water. Among these is the "flutter-wheel," which the traveler will find erected in every conceivable manner and place; carried, in all cases, by the force of the river currents. It consists of a wheel, sometimes thirty feet in diameter, the paddles of which are furnished with large buckets, made to catch themselves full of water at each revolu-

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tion, and to discharge into a trough, through which it flows to the tom, or sluice, where the mining operations are being conducted. This contrivance differs little from the common "undershot wheel." They may be seen by the dozens along the Tuolumne and Stanislaus rivers, and supply countless miners with the indispensable water. We saw many of them in the vicinity of Jacksonville, a mining town of considerable importance, standing at the junction of the Tuolumne River and Wood's Creek. Seven years of steady working have not exhausted the mines in this vicinity, and new *placeres* are constantly discovered.

Near here we witnessed an instance of the habitual gallantry of the California miner. A party, among whom were two ladies, were traveling through the mines, and visited a well-known claim near Jacksonville, to see how gold was dug. One of the ladies, a celebrated beauty, went by invitation into a formidable-looking tunnel, where she evinced so much *sang froid* that one of the proprietors, filling a pan with earth, promised her all the gold it might contain if she dared soil her hands by washing it out. She gayly consented, and went through the operation amidst the laughter of her companions. As the earth was gradually reduced so that the bottom of the pan could be seen, the rattling of gold could plainly be heard on the tin, and when thoroughly washed there remained nearly fifty dollars' worth of gold. This is the special prerogative of ladies, who are always at liberty to wash out a pan of earth at any claim they may honor with their presence, and the miners take special care that the labor shall be well rewarded.

Our tour of the mines carried us into the famous gold country of Mariposa—the far-famed region claimed by the pioneer Frémont. One of the largest mining counties in the State is that bearing this name, which is mellifluous Spanish for our word "butterfly." In the centre of its richest portion stands the picturesque town of Mariposa. This county ranks Number Four in the quartz-crushing interest, which has grown into an immense and lucrative business, despite the disaster and ruin attending it in 1850-'51. It employs millions of capital and thousands of miners, and has grown into the most important occupation in the State.

In every part of the mining region there are found veins of quartz rock, outcropping in many places, and often traceable through leagues of country. These generally contain gold: sometimes so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye; at others the quartz, when broken, is completely studded with the glittering particles. In some instances the proportion of gold is so small that the most economical methods of pulverizing it to extract the gold will not pay the necessary expenses; again the yield has been so large that costly mills carried by steam and water power have been erected, and with such astonishing results that *savans* have at last been compelled to admit that "quartz is the mother of gold;" and it is now generally believed that gold has been originally formed in, or together with, quartz, and that it is by the gradual disintegration of the latter by the action of water



OCEAN BEACH MINING, AT GOLD BLUFF.

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GROUND SLUICING, AT GOLD HILL.

and atmospheric influences that the gold has been distributed over the country.

The mill situated at the Frémont vein, in Mariposa County, was among those visited during our journey. Like most of the principal ones this mill is carried by steam power; and some description of this, and another in Nevada County, will give the reader some idea of the great interest of quartz crushing. The quartz is conveyed to the works by carts or mule panniers from the vein, near which they are generally erected. The machinery is under the cover of a large shed; the apparatus consisting of a series of iron stampers, placed in a line, and made to fit into iron boxes, which receive the quartz, previously broken into egg size. The stampers are moved by cogs or cans, connected with a revolving wheel, which alternately lifts and lets them fall into the boxes containing the quartz. By this means from ten to fifty tons per day are crushed, according to the power of the mills—yielding, at Mariposa, from $30 to $80 per ton.

The quartz operations at Grass Valley, in Nevada County, have probably made the largest returns. Some of the richest veins in the State have been discovered in this vicinity, some of them yielding occasionally two hundred dollars to the ton, but by no means averaging as much. The Helvetia quartz-mill at this place is one of the principal, working thirty-four stampers, and crushing on an average thirty tons a day. The stamping-box, already described, is supplied with water by a hose or pipe. Through a hole made for the purpose the quartz, as it is crushed, passes out in the form of a thick, milky water, carrying with it much of the fine gold, which is thus discharged upon a frame-work, across which are placed several quicksilver riffles, where the gold amalgamates in its passage. Any fine particles escaping the quicksilver are arrested below, as they pass over a hide or blanket stretched tightly across a frame. But even these careful preparations for saving the gold are not always successful; for the "tailings," or refuse from the mill, is found to pay nearly as well under a second process as by the original crushing. The question how to avoid this waste of gold has long been agitated among miners, and is apparently now as far from practical solution as ever.

Besides the quartz-mill proper there is the primitive Spanish-American *rastra*, or drag, which we saw in operation at Bear Valley, in Mariposa County, and other places. This consists of two heavy stones attached by a strap to a horizontal bar. These are dragged by mule-power slowly around a circular trough, paved at the bottom, and through which a small stream of water is constantly flowing. The gold-bearing quartz, previously broken into small pieces, is ground to paste in the trough, and flows away in the usual milky form, to which it is reduced by friction or crushing; and the gold amalgamates with quicksilver, which, at short intervals, is sprinkled into the trough during the grinding. After a certain time the water is turned off, the entire pavement of the trough taken up, and the amalgam carefully collected

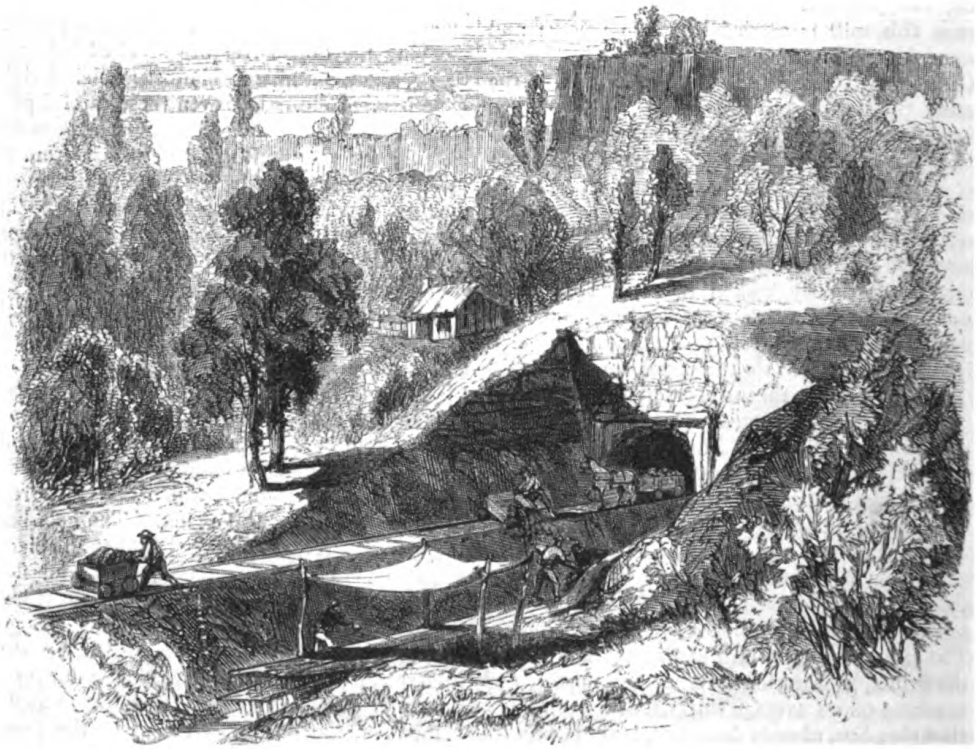
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and retorted. A single ton of quartz often affords a day's work for one of these slow-jogging machines; but they do their work more effectually than the crushing-mills, as the quartz is more thoroughly pulverized by this constant friction and rubbing than by stamping; and in proportion as the stone can be thoroughly reduced to a paste, so much the more completely can the gold be extracted. Hence the *rastra* is used with success at veins which had been abandoned as profitless for the modern quartz-mill.

These machines are usually put up, worked, and owned by Mexicans, who take the grinding of quartz, by the job or ton, from mining companies who lack capital to erect steam mills.

In the more retired parts of California, where the distance and difficulties of access have hitherto prevented the rush of population, there are extensive gold regions which have as yet only begun to be known. Years must elapse before the mineral wealth of Siskiyou, Klamath, and Shasta counties can be fully developed, though mining enterprises of great importance have been successfully attempted in all. Not many miles north of the California line on the Pacific is an extent of sea-coast, called Gold Bluff from the extraordinary gold discoveries made there in 1851. An American officer, in pursuit of hostile Indians with a detachment of troops, discovered, on the ocean beach, small shining particles in the sand, which extended many miles along the coast. These, on examination, proved to be gold. In a few months the report reached San Francisco in an exaggerated form, and crowds flocked to Gold Bluff. The result was ruin and death to many, and fortune to a few. This style of mining has since been pursued with great success. Whether this gold is thrown up by the surf from the bed of the ocean, or washed down from the inland bluffs, remains unexplained. It is found by throwing off the upper or white sand, which discovers a layer of smooth, round stones embedded in a bank of black sand, in which the gold dust literally sparkles in the sunlight. The stones are thrown aside, and the auriferous sand shoveled into a long trough, on the bottom of which is tacked a coarse blanket or hide. A stream of water is let on, which carries away the sand while the gold is caught in the furze of the blanket. If any escapes, it is secured below in a short series of quicksilver riffles at the end of the trough or sluice. Instances are known at Gold Bluff and at Cape Blanco, in Oregon, where parties of four men have made from five to ten thousand dollars by gold-beach washing in a single season.

A very popular method of mining is that called "ground-sluicing." This we saw in operation in hundreds of instances. I have already described the manner of getting at the "pay dirt" underneath a heavy layer of barren earth, by "coyoteing." Ground-sluicing accomplishes the same result with half the labor, and with the chance of obtaining from the upper earth some gold, which, did any exist, would be lost by the first plan. At Gold Hill, in Placer County, this operation was in very general use, and one of our party, during our short stay there, bought an interest in a company of ground-sluicers, by which he cleared three ounces of gold-dust, and,



TUNNELING, AT TABLE MOUNTAIN.

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INTERIOR OF TUNNEL.

on our departure, sold out his share at an advance.

It has been found that the principal deposits of gold are on the great rocky ridge already referred to as the "bed-rock," and extending throughout the mining region, sometimes outcropping at the surface, and at others sinking to a depth of above a hundred feet. Where the bed-rock is not at too great a depth, the miners, instead of sinking a shaft to reach the deposits of gold, turn a heavy stream of water upon the bank which is to be removed, and with the aid of picks and spades reduce it so as to leave the lower or gold-bearing earth accessible to be worked. The force of the water is such as to carry away the *debris*, while any gold it may contain remains by its own gravity and is saved with the earth intended to be washed by the ordinary methods. Ground-sluicing is thus, to a certain extent, used as a substitute for shoveling, to remove heavy layers of earth from places where gold is supposed to be deposited, rather than to separate the gold, which is done by a style of sluicing hereafter to be considered.

Passing through Tuolumne County is a remarkable plateau about twelve hundred feet above the surrounding country, which, from its flat surface and peculiar form, has been named Table Mountain. A few years since, a miner (Mr. T. A. Ayres), while prospecting here, was led to believe that it had anciently been the course of a river—a conclusion which has since proved correct, by the alluvial deposit and fossils found there by the miners. Here had accumulated, in distant ages, vast amounts of gold, which however could only be reached by shafts or tunnels. One of these had been commenced by the discoverer, and was abandoned; but others carried it through, and struck the interior basin or bed of an ancient river, in which were found deposits of gold of fabulous richness. The news spread, and the adjacent country was quickly "staked off" into claims, according to the local mining rules of that neighborhood.

One of the largest tunnels which have been driven into the mountain is on its western slope, about six miles from the town of Sonora, and has been worked entirely through a bed of talcose slate and vitreous volcanic matter. It has more than paid its way by the richness of the mass through which it passes, though the object was to reach as quickly as possible the interior deposits. The proprietor invited us to enter the tunnel, which was made with no small pretensions to skill in such work. It enters horizontally, and follows the uneven surface of the bed-rock. On each side of us, as we entered, the damp walls reflected the light of our candles, while the roof, which was of sufficient height to allow us to walk upright, was strongly timbered at regular distances, and down the sides the water dripped from numerous subterranean springs, doubtless far above our heads. Passing along the middle is a railroad, upon which cars, loaded with earth, are run out by mule-power. Beneath this is a drain, carrying off, in a large stream, the accumulations of water from the works, and which affords enough for all mining purposes.

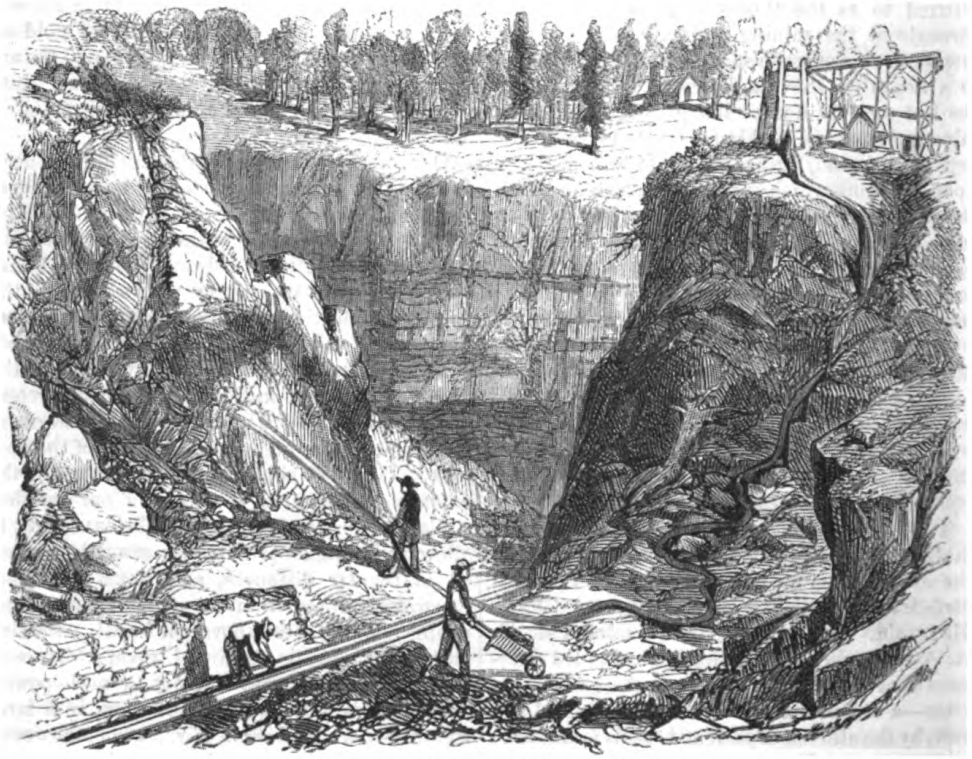
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As the work progresses the quantity of gold increases. While we were exploring a lateral chamber leading off from the main tunnel one of the workmen came upon a pocket, or nest of gold, which had accumulated in a hollow place in the bed-rock. We held the candles, and watched with curious interest the process of gathering the gold. The hole, which was about the size of a common wash-bowl, was filled with a collection of black mud, clay, disintegrated slate, and some black vitreous matter which occurs, in alternate layers with sand and pebbles, in the body of the mountain. This substance yielded like clay to a few blows of the pick; and as the slices were turned carefully up, they resembled chunks of plumb-cake, the clay being stuffed in every part with the golden lumps. Upon breaking these pieces in the hand like bread, the interior was still found plugged with pellets of gold, and the whole mass was heavy with it.

When we had reached the end of the tunnel we were fifteen hundred feet into the solid heart of the mountain. The proprietor had invested the earnings of three years in this enterprise, and had been eighteen months patiently working toward the treasures which were certainly to reward his enterprise. This description, with slight variations, would answer for hundreds of such tunnels in the golden State—such as those at Michigan Bluff, Placerville, and Iowa Hill.

The very general mode of mining known as "sluicing" (which is quite distinct from "ground sluicing," already described) employs not far from one half of the entire mining population of California; and with the "hydraulic process" of which it forms a necessary part, is undoubtedly the chief method to which is due the enormous sums still obtained from the soil. With them are inseparably connected the great system of flumes or aqueducts, cobwebbing and interlacing the gold region, and leading to extensive and ingenious mining operations. The allusion to these I have reserved for the close of the article, not only because they constitute the latest improvements in gold mining, but because all improvements hereafter to be made, it would seem, must necessarily be based upon them.

As the rivers and creeks were gradually worked over, there remained to the miner only those localities which, though gold-bearing, had not become such depositories of the precious metal as the vicinity of rivers which had gradually collected the gold in their beds as they passed through the country. It was at first believed that the only available places for gold-washing were the river beds, bars, flats, and cañons, which were so generally attacked in 1849 and '50. As these were exhausted, the hue and cry was raised abroad that the mines were "worked out." California was then, as since, pronounced "played out." "She had gone up," it was said, "like a rocket, and come down like a stick." The bubble had burst—it had long been anticipated—and sagacious newspaper editors remembered that they had often warned their readers, and predicted all this long before. True, the monthly millions continued to pour in upon New York as before, and that staggered the doubts of some; but this, it was said, was only the natural draining of



HYDRAULIC MINING, AT FRENCH CORRAL.

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FLUME, ON THE SHADY CREEK CANAL.

the great amounts still floating about the country; and California, after giving a new impulse to the world's commerce and prosperity, was about to be laid quietly on the shelf as a used-up concern.

It was now that intelligent miners began to realize that their operations must be extended to the districts which had thus far been neglected for the more immediate results to be obtained from the rivers. The gold region of California embraces a country equal in area to the whole of New England, and throughout this great space there is no part which does not contain gold; but in most places the amount is so small that, at the present rates of living, it will not pay for the working, except by some improved process, by which a much greater amount of earth could be washed than by the cradle. I have shown how this necessity was in part supplied by the long tom. The great inventions of hydraulic mining and the sluice-box formed the next step; and as it is merely executing in miniature a process which has been performed since the creation by the mountain streams, no very material improvements can be made upon the principle, though alterations in the manner of its application may be suggested.

At French Corral we visited every place of interest with the gentlemanly proprietors of the Shady Creek Canal, who have become identified with that section of the country. Here may be seen the various works of sluicing, canaling, fluming, and hydraulic mining.

A hill of moderate size, which is found to contain gold throughout its formation, but too thinly scattered for cradle-washing, is generally selected for the operation of hydraulic mining. A series of boxes, fourteen inches in length by about three feet wide, called "sluice-boxes," are fitted together at the ends so as to form a continuous, strongly built trough as long as may be desired, sometimes extending several thousand feet. This is made of the stoutest boards, and of sufficient strength to allow the passage of any amount of earth and stones forced through by a flood of water. It is lined on the bottom with wooden blocks, like the octagonal street pavement, for the double purpose of resisting the friction of the *debris* intended to pass through it, and to make place in the interstices for quicksilver which secures the fine gold. Sometimes the bottom is furnished with small transverse gutters or riffles charged with quicksilver for the same purpose. The sluice, thus prepared, is firmly placed in a slanting position near the foot of the hill intended to be attacked.

To *shovel* a mass of several million tons of earth into this sluice for washing would, of course, prove a profitless job. It is now that the art of hydraulic mining is called into play, by which the labor of many men is cheaply performed, and the hill torn down to its base. The operation is simply throwing an immense stream of water upon the side of the hill with hose and pipe, precisely as a fire-engine plays upon a burning building, and few who have not witnessed it can imagine the effect. The water is led through gutta percha or oftener double canvas hose, and generally from a great height above the scene of operations. It is consequently thrown with such force as to eat into the hill-side as if it were

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made of sugar or salt. Neither man nor beast can stand for a moment against the projectile power of the hydraulic hose; they become a weapon of defense, and a miner with a hose-pipe in his hand need not fear the advance of half a dozen adversaries. Several of these streams directed upon a hill-side bring down more earth than a hundred men with shovels and picks could throw. But the art of the miner does not rest here. It is his constant aim to undermine as well as to break down; he consequently works, in a single day, huge caverns into the hill-side with his "water-batteries," until by certain indications he knows that a "cave in" is about to take place. Then every body flies from the spot. The earth far above their heads begins to quake and crinkle, and slowly the face of the precipice topples over and falls to the earth with the noise of an avalanche. Thus the miner makes one of the simplest laws of nature subservient to his will, and hundreds of tons of earth are leveled down for washing.

Now they return and commence throwing into the sluice. Here again the water becomes their giant servant; for it not only carries the earth through the sluice, completely disintegrating it, and allowing the gold it may contain to lodge in the interstices of the octagonal pavement, but it acts the part of many shovels, and rushes the earth into the sluice with tremendous force. By these means a few men find it profitable to work earth, which, with the discarded, snail-paced rocker, could never have been advantageously washed.

When it is considered that in California there are at least one hundred million superficial acres of gold-bearing territory, from ten to two hundred feet deep, most of which may be profitably submitted to this hydraulic process, the folly of predicting the failure of the mines will be apparent. Vast as have been the sums already extracted from the soil, the mines are said to have been but "scratched over" as yet; and with all the quick-succeeding improvements, gold-mining is yet in its infancy.

But experience has shown that most of this earth will "pay" for a second process; and numberless are the "tailing companies," whose labors are confined to washing by a more careful method the "tailings" or refuse discharged from the end of the sluices, often with a success which leads one to doubt the efficacy of the original process.

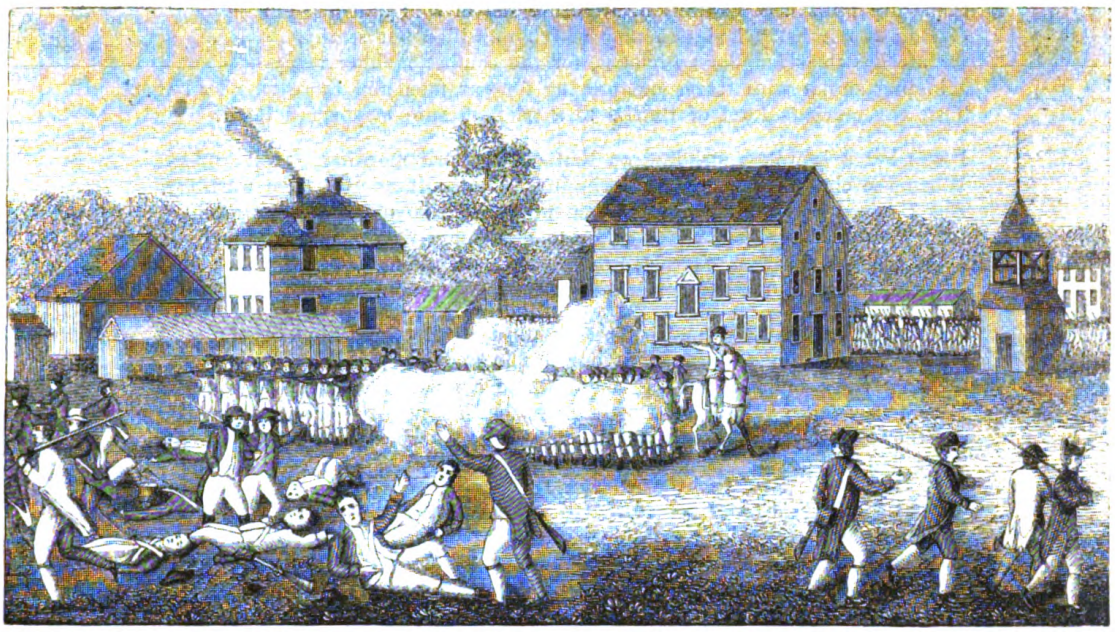
So perceptible already have been the effects of this sluicing process, that the entire face of the country is being changed by the removing of hills and filling up of flats and cañons, while some of the larger mountain affluents of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers are becoming filled with the deposits constantly poured into them from innumerable sluices, each discharging its daily tons of earth. The muddy current extends the entire length of the Yuba into the Feather River, and thence into the Sacramento far below Marysville. The country papers have more than once sounded the alarm at this threatened invasion of their inland steam navigation, which the political theorists regard as the first spur of necessity toward forcing railroads into general use. Such is a brief outline of the arts of hydraulic mining and sluicing—twin sisters—the natural offspring of gold.

The one great mining interest which remains to be explained is that of the water-companies. It has already been shown that water is the grand desideratum, without which the richest mines are not available. Many of the most famous *placeres* have been discovered at elevations above the level of the adjacent water-courses, and the attention of enterprising companies was at once turned to obtaining an artificial supply by diverting the mountain streams from their channels through ditches and canals, following the sinuosities of the hills at a proper grade by means of flumes supported by stout pine tressel-work. To obtain the requisite level, it is often necessary to go back into the Sierra Nevada and tap some river near its head waters. Some of these aqueducts extend across valleys, through tunnels, and along the brows of mountains over leagues of country, and more resemble great public works than private enterprises. The water is supplied to the various mining companies by lateral branches, tapping the main trunk along its entire course, which in many instances exceeds fifty miles, and in a few is more than one hundred. Water is sold *by the inch;* that is, a price is charged for all the water that will flow by the day with a certain pressure through an aperture a given number of inches high and wide. Nearly all the hill diggings and hydraulic mining claims are thus supplied with their heavy batteries of water. The Shady Creek Canal, owned by Messrs. Pollard and Eddy, which receives its waters from a stream of that name in Nevada County, has proved one of the most successful, though not among the largest of these enterprises.

It is thus that gold mining is conducted in California. From a hap-hazard scrambling of uninitiated adventurers, scraping here and there among the rocks, it has grown into a well-organized and wonderful system, employing millions of capital and tens of thousands of stout hearts and strong hands, and bringing into action an amount of energy and inventive genius which must result in building up a great Pacific empire. With her boundless expanse of arable lands, her matchless climate, and the inexhaustible gold-mines, California invites the world to share with her the blessings of Providence.

Reader, when next you notice in your morning paper, among other "distinguished arrivals" from California, the little item of "$1,500,000 IN GOLD DUST!" think not of the youngest sister of the Republic as a creature of premature and unhealthy growth, but as a child blooming in her freshest charms, and smiling in the confidence of a glorious future. And, above all, when some pompous wiseacre tells you that California is "played out," ask him if he ever heard of "hydraulic mining."

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THE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON, APRIL 19, 1775.—FROM A PRINT OF THE TIME.

THE FIGHT AT LEXINGTON.

A BALLAD OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

TUGGED the patient, panting horses, as the coulter keen and thorough,
By the careful farmer guided, cut the deep and even furrow;
Soon the mellow mould in ridges, straightly pointing as an arrow,
Lay to wait the bitter vexing of the fierce, remorseless harrow—
Lay impatient for the seeding, for the growing and the reaping;
All the richer and the readier for the quiet winter-sleeping.

At his loom the pallid weaver, with his feet upon the treadles,
Watched the threads alternate rising, with the lifting of the heddles—
Not admiring that, so swiftly, at his eager fingers' urging,
Flew the bobbin-loaded shuttle 'twixt the filaments diverging—
Only labor dull and cheerless in the work before him seeing,
As the warp and woof uniting brought the figures into being.

Roared the fire before the bellows; glowed the forge's dazzling crater;
Rang the hammers on the anvil, both the lesser and the greater;
Fell the sparks around the smithy, keeping rhythm to the clamor,
To the ponderous blows and clanging of each unrelenting hammer;
While the diamonds of labor, from the curse of Adam borrowed,
Glittered like a crown of honor, on each iron-beater's forehead.

Through the air there came a whisper, deepening quickly into thunder,
How the deed was done that morning, that would rend the realm asunder;
How at Lexington the Briton mingled causeless crime with folly,
And a king endangered empire by an ill-considered volley.
Then each heart beat quick for vengeance, as the anger-stirring story
Told of brethren and of neighbors lying corses stiff and gory.

Stops the plow and sleeps the shuttle, stills the blacksmith's noisy hammer,
Come the farmer, smith, and weaver, with a wrath too deep for clamor;
But their fiercely-purposed doing every glance they give avouches,
As they handle rusty fire-locks, powder-horns, and bullet-pouches;
As they hurry from the work-shops, from the fields and from the forges,
Venting curses deep and bitter on the latest of the Georges.

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Matrons gather at the portals, some with children round them grouping,
Some are filled with exultation, some are sad of soul and drooping—
Gazing at our hasty levies as they march unskilled but steady,
Or prepare their long-kept firelocks, for the combat making ready—
Mingling smiles with tears, and praying for our men and those who lead them,
That the gracious Lord of Battles to a triumph sure may speed them.

I was but a beardless stripling on that chilly April morning,
When the church-bells backward ringing, to the minute-men gave warning;
But I seized my father's weapons—he was dead who one-time bore them—
And I swore to use them stoutly, or to nevermore restore them;
Bade farewell to sister, mother, and to one than either dearer,
Then departed as the firing told of red-coats drawing nearer.

On the Britons came from Concord—'twas a name of mocking omen;
Concord nevermore existed 'twixt our people and the foemen—
On they came in haste from Concord where a few had stood to fight them,
Where they failed to conquer Buttrick who had stormed the bridge despite them;
On they came, the tools of tyrants, 'mid a people who abhorred them;
They had done their master's bidding, and we purposed to reward them.

We, at Meriam's Corner posted, heard the fifing and the drumming
In the distance creeping onward, which prepared us for their coming;
Soon we saw the lines of scarlet, their advance to music timing,
When our captain quickly bade us pick our flints and freshen priming.
There our little band of freemen, couched in silent ambush lying,
Watched the forces, full eight hundred, as they came with colors flying.

'Twas a goodly sight to see them; but we heeded not its splendor,
For we felt their martial bearing hate within our hearts engender,
Kindling fire within our spirits, though our eyes a moment watered,
As we thought on Moore and Hadley, and their brave companions slaughtered;
And we swore to deadly vengeance for the fallen to devote them,
And our rage grew hotter, hotter, as our well-aimed bullets smote them.

Then in overpowering numbers, charging bayonet, came their flankers;
We were driven as the ships are, by a tempest, from their anchors;
But we loaded while retreating, and regaining other shelter,
Saw their proudest on the highway, in their life's blood fall and welter,
Saw them fall or dead or wounded, at our fire so quick and deadly,
While the dusty road was moistened with the torrent raining redly.

From behind the mounds and fences poured the bullets thickly, fastly;
From ravines and clumps of coppice leapt destruction grim and ghastly;
All around our leaguers hurried, coming hither, going thither,
Yet when charged on by their forces, disappearing, none knew whither;
Buzzed around the hornets ever, newer swarms each moment springing,
Breaking, rising, and returning, yet continually stinging.

When to Hardy's Hill their weary, waxing-fainter footsteps brought them,
There again the stout Provincials brought the wolves to bay and fought them;
And though often backward beaten still returned the foe to follow,
Making forts of every hill-top and redoubts of every hollow.
Hunters came from every farm-house, joining eagerly to chase them—
They had boasted far too often that we ne'er would dare to face them.

How they staggered, how they trembled, how they panted at pursuing,
How they hurried broken columns that had marched to their undoing;
How their stout commander, wounded, urged along his frightened forces,
That had marked their fearful progress, by their comrades' bloody corses;
How they rallied, how they faltered, how in vain returned our firing,
While we hung upon their footsteps with a zealousness untiring.

With nine hundred came Lord Percy, sent by startled Gage to meet them,
And he scoffed at those who suffered such a horde of boors to beat them;
But his scorn was changed to anger, when on front and flank were falling,
From the fences, walls, and roadside, drifts of leaden hail appalling;
And his picked and chosen soldiers, who had never shrunk in battle,
Hurried quicker in their panic when they heard the firelocks rattle.

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Tell it not in Gath, Lord Percy, never Ascalon let hear it,
That you fled from those you taunted as devoid of force and spirit;
That the blacksmith, weaver, farmer, leaving forging, weaving, tillage,
Fully paid with coin of bullets base marauders for their pillage;
They, you said, would fly in terror, Britons and their bayonets shunning;
But the loudest of the boasters proved the foremost in the running.

Then round Prospect Hill they hurried, where we followed and assailed them;
They had stout and tireless muscles, or their limbs had surely failed them.
Stood abashed the bitter Tories, as the women loudly wondered
That a crowd of scurvy rebels chased to hold eleven hundred—
Chased to hold eleven hundred, grenadiers both light and heavy,
Leading Percy, of the Border, on a chase surpassing Chevy.

Into Boston marched their forces, musket-barrels brightly gleaming,
Colors flying, sabres flashing, drums were beating, fifes were screaming.
Not a word about their journey; from the General to the drummer,
Did you ask about their doings, than a statue each was dumber;
But the wounded in their litters, lying pallid, weak, and gory,
With a language clear and certain, told the sanguinary story.

'Twas a dark and bloody lesson; it was bloody work to teach it;
But when sits on high Oppression, soaring fire alone can reach it.
Though but raw and rude Provincials, we were freemen, and contending
For the rights our fathers gave us, and a country worth defending;
And when foul invaders threaten wrong to hearthstone and to altar,
Shame were on the freeman's manhood should he either fail or falter.

On the day the fight that followed, neighbor met and talked with neighbor;
First the few who fell they buried, then returned to daily labor.
Glowed the fire within the forges, ran the plowshare down the furrow,
Clicked the bobbin-loaded shuttle—both our fight and toil was thorough;
If we labored in the battle, or the shop, or forge, or fallow,
Still there came an honest purpose, casting round our deeds a halo.

Though they strove again, these minions of Germaine and North and Gower,
They could never make the weakest of our band before them cower;
Neither England's bribes nor soldiers, force of arms nor titles splendid,
Could deprive of what our fathers left as rights to be defended;
And the flame from Concord spreading, kindled kindred conflagrations,
Till the Colonies United took their place among the nations.



THE BATTLE GROUND AT CONCORD.

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CAPTAIN TOM: A RESURRECTION.

IN one of his letters to Coleridge, Charles Lamb raises the interesting question, "Whether an immortal and amenable soul may not come to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?" Which starts in a thoughtful mind the farther query: "How long could a man live after he was thus dead and damned?"

To the latter question, I suppose that only a proximately correct answer could be given, viz.: It depends, first, upon what manner of soul the dead man has; and, secondly, perhaps, upon what manner of body he has.

That there are men thus insensibly dead I consider beyond a doubt. I meet such frequently in Broadway and Wall Street (in which last place they exhibit a degree of movement which is horrid enough to me who know their case); and to convince the skeptical reader, I propose to relate here some singular circumstances in the life of one of these Dead Men, who—to set my theory beyond a doubt—has but lately suffered a resurrection: for how can there be a resurrection if death have not foregone?

When Tom Baker had attained the mature age of ten years he began to strike out for himself. This was necessary, because Tom's father, who should have struck out for him, was dead. Uncle Amaziah Baker was a man who had all his life "sailed very near the wind," as they say on the Cape of one who finds his expenses threatening continually to exceed his income; and who, in consequence, affects patched trowsers, darned socks, second-hand fish-boots, and a hat which was in fashion a good many years ago, *i.e.*, when he was married. The fact is, Uncle Amaziah was an unlucky man; and to be a fisherman and unlucky: surely nothing could be unluckier than that.

Uncle Amaziah had what is facetiously, but unfeelingly, called "a large wife and several small children." The large wife was a blessing to him; for she helped the income more than she did the outlay, being not only large but healthy, smart, frugal, and a scold. The children were—well, the children were put to bed at seven o'clock, to be out of the way, and blessed their stars when they got their little stomachs full without a scolding.

Uncle Amaziah, as I have already said, was notoriously unlucky. In his youth he had tried hard to be a smart fisherman. He was to have a vessel when he was twenty-two, and on the strength of that prospect fell desperately in love with Prudence Robbins, who didn't love him in return, and told him so at his special request. Whereupon Amaziah turned about and offered his wounded heart and prospective fishing-schooner to Elmira Rogers; and she, having sometime before experienced a hankering after him, incontinently took him up—which, being a large woman while he was a smallish man, she was well able to do.

When Amaziah got his schooner Elmira got her Amaziah. Whether he came to her with a whole heart is more than I can tell. He had a whole coat, and a whole week's holiday, and then went to live at his father-in-law's, who liked his son-in-law so well that he presently built him a small house a mile off, into which the young couple moved when Captain Amaziah came home for the winter.

I am afraid I shall again have to state the fact that Captain Amaziah Baker was an unlucky man. He had a new vessel, he had a new crew, he had brand spanking new fish-gear; but he had his old luck. When the first-fare men came in from the Banks, he was at the tail of the heap; and he spent so much time in washing out his fish, and bewailing his ill-luck, careening his vessel and proving that Heaven had a spite against him, that the owners lost all patience with him, and all hope of their second fare. In which last they were not disappointed; for he came back from the Banks on Thanksgiving Day, and hadn't wet his salt! However, as he himself remarked to an irate shoresman: "We'm not so bad off arter all; got more fish than Jonathan Young, 'nd there ain't no sharper feller 'n he on the Cape."

Now, when you hear an unlucky fisherman comforting himself at the expense of an unluckier, you may guess that his jig's up.

"'Tain't whistlin' makes the plow go," said Uncle Shubael, from whom I had these preliminary facts; "Captain Amaziah was willin' enough; but wishers 'nd woulders makes poor housekeepers, 'nd sayin' 'nd doin's two things. Ef young men mean to git along these days, they must fly 'round, 'n' study 'n' *du* all in one breath. It's all very fine fur the Captain to work hard, but airly up may be never the nearer, 'nd forecast's better'n work-hard any day; 'n' thet's what Amaziah never hed. But ye can't make a foghorn out of a pig's tail; the squeal ain't in that end, ye know. He allers *wus* right down *on*lucky, 'nd as my old grand'ther used to say, them thet's born under a three ha'penny star 'll never be wurth two-pence. He warn't jest slow, but he couldn't never strike when the iron was het. When *he* sailed other folks fished, 'nd when he hove to the fish was always gone. He usen't to keep with the fleet, 'nd thet's a sign o' conceit in a young man. When he lost he al'ays put on a smooth face, 'n' said 'good enough;' but good enough's a poor shoat, 'n' though good's good, better's better, *I* think. 'Tain't a good sign when a young feller gits so's't he kin stan' it to be tail o' the heap; 'nd no wonder Amaziah stuck there; fur though a man's friends may help along fur a while, every herrin's got to hang to his own gills: so what's the use? Them thet's got shall hev, the Bible says, 'nd, by Godfrey, them thet's got luck kin hev any thing else. Thet's what *I've* found."

In short, to put an end to Uncle Shubael's twaddle, Amaziah went on from bad to worse, lost his schooner on the rocks off Manhegan; had to go mate of another man's coaster all win-

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ter—no joke, I assure you, to go up and down our ice-bound coast from Thanksgiving to May-day, do all the work and have none of the credit—finally, fell to be cook of a mackerel-catcher, and eked out his wretched subsistence by digging clams on the beach all winter, at six dollars a barrel, frozen fingers thrown in. He worked hard enough, but got to be dreadfully slow—or, to put it in the Cape vernacular, "it took him a long time to go an hour." He had a knack of being too late for every thing, and another knack of always blaming Providence or some of his acquaintance for this fatality. Finally, after losing all his friends, and every thing else he could lose, he died and was buried, fully convinced to the last moment of his existence that all his misfortunes were owing to Prudence Robbins refusing him; from the time of which rejection he dated his uselessness. Peace to his bones! For such as he there is no resurrection—I mean, of course, in *this* life. It must have been a great relief to him to leave this world, and it certainly was to his Elmira, who, though she probably *liked* him from mere force of habit, had long ceased to hanker after him.

Did it ever occur to you to inquire what was the making of one of your smart men? I don't mean a genius, but a Yankee; a man for any occasion, who is never too late, and makes even a losing speculation pay *him* something? Nine times in ten such a man has had an energetic scold of a mother, and a do-less father. So it was with Tom—to whom I am right glad to return after this dreary story of his father.

When Amaziah had the good fortune to die—the only streak of real luck in his miserable failure of a life—he left Mrs. Elmira with five children to take care of. It was better than if she had died and left the five to him; but yet it was a hard case. She was not sorry to have the little Tom at least support himself, and this he began to do immediately, by becoming cook of a coaster trading between Boston and New York. Here he was provided for, and could take his monthly six dollars to his mother, who gave him instead good counsel, and, when he needed them, new clothes, ingeniously contrived out of his father's old ones.

Tom had what the Cape men call "'nuity," which means what the rest of America calls "go-a-headativeness"—a barbarous word which no nation would coin that did not find it easier to coin money than words. Little as he was, he had felt the multifarious stings of poverty, and now saw the world open before him: his oyster, whose meat he meant surely to taste. And so well did he use his opportunities that at twenty-three he was mate of a China-trader, and at twenty-six captain and part-owner of one of the finest Indiamen out of Boston.

I have not time to recount here the various fortunes of these intermediate days, but know that his native shrewdness never failed him from the day when, a little shaver of twelve years, he begged a cabin-boy's berth with Captain Nickerson, and, by some occult trickery of bargaining which I think he could not himself have explained, got a dollar more per month wages than that close-fisted gentleman had intended to give him, to the day when first he was hailed as Captain Tom.

You are not to think that he achieved his good fortune without labor. He was not only honest and faithful; he was ever at his post, and always contriving to understand some trick of steering, or stowing, or navigation, which was considerably beyond his years, and to be in the very place where a better man was urgently needed—whereupon Tom incontinently proved himself that better man. Reliable servants are always rare, as your wife will tell you, friendly reader, if you have not discovered it for yourself; and it did not a little for Tom that in his various voyages his masters could always put their hands on *him* when they wanted *any body*. Moreover, Tom had that kind of spirit which regards the thing just now in hand the best thing in the world. When in his boyhood he swept the ship's decks, he swept as though sweeping were the very noblest work to which the human body and soul could be put; and swept so clean that he wrung reluctant praises from the oldest growler of the forecastle. In fact, Tom was a new broom all the while—and a new broom which does not get old is almost as good as a goose that lays golden eggs. (Only, a man might be something more and better than even a *new* broom.)

Then as he grew up his watch below was devoted to books. Novels sometimes, perhaps, though novels he did not grow to love; they told *him* nothing. Bowditch rather, and the Nautical Almanac, and M'Culloch's ponderous Dictionary of Commerce, which last was to him the most interesting of books. For he never forgot that some day he was to be captain—and in those four hours of rest he got his education. He knew all about the odd corners of the world; knew how, where, and in what quantities the great commercial staples are produced and used; and one day—it was before he was eighteen—surprised Captain Kelley Howes, busy planning out a new voyage, by the confident announcement that if he would take a cargo of codfish to the Cayenne he would make money.

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Captain. "Go about your business, my boy. Don't be impertinent."

"Hold on," cried the owner, who was present, conferring with the Captain. "What do you mean by such impertinence, Sir—offering advice to your master? Explain. Why do you want fish sent down to French Guiana?"

"They're Catholics down there, Sir, and they have slaves besides; all Catholics eat fish on Friday, and salt fish is cheaper than meat, in any hot country, for slave-food," answered Tom, sententiously, his face burning at the reproof and his own audacity.

"That'll do! Now clear out, Master Philosopher," said Mr. Sleeper, pushing him off the quarter-deck. But he turned to his Captain,

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and said, gravely, "You must take care of that lad; some day I'll give him a ship."

He heard nothing farther of his impertinent suggestion, but the brig *Cerito* went down to the Spanish main with a load of dried cod, and on her next voyage Tom was her second mate.

They don't doubt of themselves, these Cape boys. I dare say when Tom was twelve he felt himself equal to the command of a seventy-four-gun ship; and what is more, trusting to luck and his native shrewdness, would have carried her safely round the world. When first he was second mate he got himself, by some foolish bragging, a reputation for speaking Spanish. Now the brig was bound to Palermo, and losing a spar on the outward passage, put into Port Mahon to get it replaced. Away goes the Captain to order his yard, but finds the ship-builder innocent of the English language.

"Send the second mate this way," cried the skipper; "he'll talk to him."

Whereupon enter Tom, with inward trepidation, but much outward brass.

"Tell him I want a new main-yard, and must have it by to-morrow evening."

Tom (*to the Spaniard, with a familiar air*). "Señor, roundy come roundy, and squary come squary: you make a main-yard for John Ingletary?"

Spaniard (*amazed*). "No intendez" (I don't understand).

Tom (*to skipper, with virtuous indignation*). "He says, not in ten days, Sir."

Skipper (*enraged*). "Tell him to go to H—alifax. We'll hunt up some other man."

And Tom's luck did not fail him; for the next spar-maker they addressed understood English. Now the point and moral of this incident lies here: Tom, having once successfully cheated, did not trust the devil again, but sat himself down to the study of Spanish, and, by the help of an Andalusian shipmate, could both read and speak it by the next time he passed Gibraltar. A duller fellow would have chuckled over his escape, tried it again, and failed miserably.

II.

When Prudence Robbins gave to Uncle Amaziah that fatal blow which sent him staggering into the arms of Elmira Rogers, and, as he believed, crippled him for the balance of his life, one of her motives was this: she loved somebody else. Said somebody was named Isaiah Crowell; and the marriage of Isaiah and Prudence, which took place in due course of courtship, resulted in: little money, considerable happiness, and one daughter, named Mehetabel.

Now one of the earliest play-mates of little "Hetty" was Tom Baker—at that time little bigger. I suppose it was out of some latent kindness for the man who had once offered her all the best of men can offer a woman that Mrs. Prudence showed an especial regard for little Tom, whose happiest hours were spent beneath her roof—who, as Uncle Amaziah once remarked, should have been his mother. The little Mehetabel was a pretty child, and Tom's earliest love affair had her for its object. In fact, until he went to sea, he used to call her his little wife, and when he returned from his voyages he always brought something—a bright handkerchief, a box of figs, a string of coral, some gay sailor gift, redolent of foreign shores—for her; who, meantime, grew persistently prettier, till, at the age of eighteen, she had a face which would have been rarely out of Tom Baker's memory had not business and the thoughts of his career occupied the foremost and most important place there. But I am sure Mehetabel got more of his thoughts than any thing else *but* business. He no longer dared call her his little wife, and, indeed, got his ears boxed, when, coming home one day, he demanded his usual kiss.

"*She'd* show him that he could not take such liberties with young ladies on the Cape, whatever Mister Impudence might do to the tawny young women he met on his voyages;" wherein she wronged poor Tom sadly, for a more faithful lover (of business and Mehetabel) could not have been, and his career and her fair image kept him unusually free from all temptation of foreign kisses.

Poor Tom! with his sailor innocence of woman's wiles, he was considerably taken aback. Confident of his own love, he had—business-like—taken hers for granted, and had predetermined not to ask formally for her till he got his ship. And now—now, when he felt like immediately having his fate decided for him, he did not dare.

Result: what is commonly known as a lover's quarrel. Tom sulky: Mehetabel pouting. Tom savage: "Het" ingeniously cruel. Tom determined to go home from singing-school with Het's aversion, Mercy Nickerson: "Het" triumphantly ahead, laughing and talking to Enoch Rogers, Tom's second cousin—a first-class stupid, whom he had already once thrashed for attentions to Mehetabel. Whereupon Tom, humbled, bit the dust, and tried to mollify the saucy beauty by a present of his best Canton silk handkerchief, which was received with a toss of the beautiful head, and a look of the wicked gray eyes, which said, plainly, "*I'll* show you, Mister Impudence."

This time Tom was chief mate. They were bound on a long voyage, and the poor fellow finally determined to tell his love and know his fate before he sailed. What long hours he spent in devising the scene in which the important revelation was to be made! How he determined each day, as his sailing-day drew near, that now, this evening, before he slept, all should be over! How, neglecting the while even the sacred thoughts of business, he rehearsed to himself, shaving before his little round pocket-glass, or walking alone among the scrub pines on the sand-beach, or sailing his boat across the bay, the very words in which he would ask for the great prize! And then, when all was arranged—when the very manner in which the subject of

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subjects should be introduced was ingeniously devised, and the fatal trap was ready to be sprung—behold! the victim was off! She had a headache, or she had promised to go out with Enoch, or she preferred to stay at home with father and mother: but plainly she had some instinctive perception of what was coming, and avoided it, as women know how to avoid what they do not wish to meet. Day after day Tom lingered in torture, till at last he *must* be off; and, going over to say farewell to Mrs. Prudence and her daughter, now firmly determined to bring matters to some distinct issue, he found Miss Mehetabel—gone to Hyannis to spend a week!

"She'll be sorry not to have bid you good-by, Tom," said kind Mrs. Crowell; and with this morsel of cold comfort he was obliged to take off his wounded heart Canton-ward.

To tell the truth Mehetabel did not love any one—but especially not him—and she had just begun to discover that fact. She had indeed "liked him well enough"—oh, fatal phrase to lovers!—in that girlhood which was just now ripening into dangerous womanhood. That is to say, he was her earliest playmate, and she was always glad to see him. But in these last years Tom's sober business face, on which the untimely cares and eager ambitions of his life had written their hard lines too early, had lost its charm for her. I have noticed that your thoroughly lucky man, who rushes on through the world, conquering and to conquer, mastering every opposing circumstance, winning every point on which he sets his fancy, scarce ever gains the woman's heart he loves. For women have an instinctive horror of worldliness—an instinctive jealousy which closes their hearts against the man who may in after-life care less for wife and babies than for bank stock, and live more in Wall Street than in the bosom of his family. "Thou shalt have no other love but mine," says every true woman's heart; and so when your conquering hero confidently assails this last frail fortress of a woman's heart, he finds it impregnable—to him.

So it was with Tom; and while he was going on from luck to luck, and saw himself now presently to be not only rich but honored—while he was eagerly grasping all he could of that good which was to him supreme, behold, Mehetabel was lost to him forever.

There came home one day from sea one Farley Burgess, of whom strange stories were told on the Cape. He had been mate of a ship bound to Rio, and on the outward passage his vessel had foundered and sunk. For many days they floated about, in a small boat, at the mercy of the winds and waves; slowly perishing of hunger and thirst; at last lifting ravenous eyes to each other, with dreadful thoughts of what should come to-morrow. Till one glad morning the wretched crew were picked up by a passing ship. Now, in all these days of heaviest trial, young Burgess had been the life of his companions, keeping up their fainting hopes, denying himself a part of even his small share of bread and water to comfort his dying captain; in all things a brave, self-sacrificing, hopeful soul. His shipmates did not speak of him but with tears in their honest eyes. And now he was come home, penniless, almost shirtless, to gain some strength to tempt the deep once more.

I suppose you think they made a hero of him—those staid old Cape folk? Not they. Heroism is too common with them for that.

"Well, Burgess," said Captain Young, "I hearn ye had bad luck, boy?"

"Yes, Sir; not so bad's it might ha' been, though."

"Well, well, better luck next time. Heard you held yourself like a man, though. That's right. Want to come mackereling with me?"

That was Farley Burgess's welcome home. From the Cape *men*, at least; who appreciate manliness readily enough, but having it also in their own bones, don't fling up their hats and make speeches when one of their fellows has done his duty man fashion. But the Cape women—God bless them!—in their quiet hearts Farley Burgess found such welcome that he had never in his life seen so many bright eyes as now rested upon his patched shirt and starved face.

And brightest of all were the gray eyes of Mehetabel Crowell.

Tom's luck was nothing against this man's misfortunes. Tom's smart looks and Canton handkerchiefs stood no chance against Farley's torn clothes and sea-washed face.

And so Tom Baker's fate was decided in his absence.

III.

When he came home Farley and Mehetabel were betrothed. When they should be married was a question of time and luck; for on the Cape young folks must have a house and garden spot of their own before their marriage is like to have the applause of a prudent and comfort-loving public, which has the fear of poverty ever before its eyes.

Tom came home with an easy, self-satisfied swagger, excusable enough in one who at twenty-six, and without help of rich friends, has achieved the command of an Indiaman. This time a crape shawl was brought for Miss Mehetabel's acceptance; and when offered, was kindly declined.

"Why? It was not seemly for a young girl to accept such presents even from a good friend, as Tom was, and, she hoped, always would be," was Het's timid explanation.

Whereupon Tom refused longer to be called friend, and bluntly demanded right to a dearer title.

And then it all came out. How Mehetabel had always liked Tom, and always would. How she loved some one else. How she had never loved *him*. "Had she ever told him she did?" she asked, wickedly unable to restrain this little stinging reproof to one who had, it seemed to her, been all too confident of a love which he

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had taken little care to gain, except by gifts; and Het's cheeks glowed, and her heart grew scornful, as the thought came that perhaps this proud young sultan thought a Canton handkerchief guerdon enough of love.

"And who is the happy man, Miss Mehetabel?" asked Tom, with a quite perceptible sneer, when he found speech of his rage and surprise.

"Tom," cried Het, bursting into tears, "don't speak so to me! What have I done that you must look so? Did *I* know? Did you ever ask me to love you? *I* never knew you loved any one better than your ship and your voyage. And if I do love Farley Burgess, and he loves me, there's no reason you should be mad!"

"Farley Burgess, eh?" said Tom, stung beyond self-possession; "well, I wish you joy of Mr. Farley Burgess, that's all. Good-by!"

And he left poor Mehetabel sobbing, and went home to his little room, locked himself in, and there silently surveyed his defeat.

It strikes men differently, this accident which had just now befallen Captain Tom. (For an accident I must call it, seeing that women are the most inconsistent and uncertain of created beings.) I *have* known a man thoroughly humbled by a rejection. Have seen him after, a little sadder, a little lonelier perhaps, but also a great deal tenderer, wiser, manlier; acquiescing in his fate; acknowledging that he was not worthy this divine blessing of a true woman's love; but cherishing her memory ever after with a love purer, kinder, nobler, because less selfish than before: such a love as many a Benedick rises to only after years of trial and suffering have cleansed him and made him pure. Giving thereafter to all the world, but especially to all pure women and little children, this wealth of love which *she* could afford to do without, and growing into genial old bachelorhood with the fine grace of a loving heart ever surrounding and brightening his life.

Captain Tom was another manner of man. The bitterness of death was in his heart as he paced the narrow floor of his little room. He gnashed his teeth, and swore great oaths, redolent of tar, great oaths of vengeance for this his first defeat in life. There is no finer fellow in the world than your prosperous go-ahead man—while fortune favors him, that is. He acquits himself of life with a graceful swing which captivates all beholders—of the male sex particularly; finds it easy enough to be witty or generous; and standing at the top, flings down with gracious complaisance his penny or his good word to the poor devils below. Every man gives him his hand, and by very virtue of his success he gains the air which wins him greater luck. But beware of this man's first defeat. Napoleon carries all before him till Waterloo, and then—never was so mean and undignified a prisoner as he.

Tom gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. How *could* he be revenged? and how could he live without his satisfaction? To thrash Farley Burgess was of course the first thought. But then—setting aside the chance that he might not succeed in this so very well—it occurred that this would only make him a laughing-stock to his friends. To marry some one else? Tom smiled sardonically, and vowed eternal hatred, not to this one woman alone, but to all the tribe! What should he do? What *could* he do? that was the worst.

Pondering which things, he opened a letter from his owners, which that afternoon's mail had brought from Boston. And as he read his face lit up with a smile so devilish in its malignity that now indeed it was evident he had found his revenge.

And so he had. The letter related that his ship was nearly ready. That he would please report himself in Boston in one week from date. That if he could pick up at home three or four good boys it would be well to ship them. That probably Mr. Farley Burgess, whom the owners had engaged as second mate, would be able to give him some assistance in this. That said Burgess had been some time waiting for a berth, and as they knew him to be a reliable and intelligent man, they trusted Captain Baker would be pleased with his second officer. That they remained his obedient servants.

"D— him," muttered Captain Tom, crushing the letter in his hand, "I've got him now."

Tom had him sure enough. He was abundantly satisfied—so he wrote the owners—and as for Farley, even if he had *not* been satisfied, which, knowing nothing of the storm he had raised in his Captain's heart, was not the case, Tom knew he would not back out.

I need not stop to recount all the guileless ways in which poor Mehetabel sought to mollify the rage of her lost lover—to show him what he would by no means see, that he alone was in fault; to win from him one good word, or insinuate into his hard heart one kindly thought of her he had so professed to love. Tom cherished his hatred, his sense of injury received and revenge due, as men always cherish the devil when he has secured a snug corner in their hearts. "His old luck had not failed him yet," he said to himself, "for what could be luckier than to have his arch-enemy at this vantage?"

Poor Mehetabel had little comfort of her love. For she knew, better than you do, probably, fair reader, how thoroughly indeed Tom had Burgess in his power. *At best* the second mate of a ship is only the chief drudge. The first on deck and the last to leave it; the first to put his hand to every mean toil; the first to leap to every place of peril; the first to be blamed if any thing goes wrong; the last to receive credit if all goes right. It is no small matter to hold creditably this post, which demands, for the wages of a porter, all the manual skill of the finest old sailor; all the energy and endurance of a dray horse; all the judgment, knowledge, and fertility of resource necessary to command a seventy-four. Then consider that the autocrat who holds in his hands the few morsels of comfort left to this luckless mortal is his deadly enemy, and has not only

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power and will, but time, place, and opportunity, to wreak upon him every small indignity, every discomforting annoyance which the devil of ingenuity can prompt. No wonder poor Mehetabel carried her anxious face over to old Mrs. Baker's, and humbled herself in vain efforts to make it up with Tom.

IV.

And so the good ship *Melchior* sailed.

Do you know what they call "hazing" at sea? *Hazing* is the art of tormenting systematized; it is making a man unhappy without breaking his bones; it is adroitly robbing him of every privilege and comfort which the law does not in so many words secure him; heaping upon him every indignity short of that last point where even prudent men come to blows; artfully indulging every other man that this man's complaints may find no backers: in short, it is making of the narrow decks of an Indiaman such a hell that many a good man has been *hazed* overboard to cool his agony in a watery grave; and many another, less lucky, has been *hazed* into murdering his *hazer*—whereupon the majesty of the law steps in and virtuously strings him up. This is *hazing*. They say our American captains are good at it. I have known one or two who were. There was Captain Carver—but he was a fool.

And to this work Captain Tom—dead and damned if ever a living man was in this world—now devoted long days and studious nights. The sore which festered at his heart left him no peace, no rest, no joy. His black face, not scowling, but carrying ever a fine devilish sneer, cast its gloom even to the bows of the old ship, whose good heart of oak had surely never before carried such an infernal load as this.

And truly he *hazed* Farley Burgess.

The Highland light was not yet out of sight when the work began. The foretop-sail was to be reefed, and Captain Tom, well knowing that if at this first reefing match the second mate did not get his weather earing he would be disgraced forever with the crew, by various subterfuges kept him aft till the gear was hauled out and the men were in the rigging. This time, though, Farley was too much for him, for, springing on the yard, he ran out over the men's heads, to their no slight admiration, and took his place of honor.

But this was only a beginning, and Captain Tom was not the man to be defeated on his own deck. Day and night he found fault. If the log was not written up at the exact time; if the ship was steered badly; if too much or too little sail was made; if the wind changed suddenly, and she was not at once put about, down he came on the second mate. He refused new rope, and when a halyard carried away called Mr. Burgess to account. He deprived the morning watch of their six o'clock coffee, and contrived that the second mate should bear the blame. The starboard watch always holy-stoned the decks—by his secret orders to Burgess—while the mate's watch simply washed down; and thus poor Burgess fell into bad odor with his crew, as one who tried to "curry favor" with the Captain. *He* curry favor! He lingered over his dinner, in pleasant converse with the mate, knowing that meantime the second mate's dinner was spoiling. Shall I tell you more of the small, maddening tyrannies of the sea? No; let it suffice that the devil need want no better position to wreak his spite on any poor human soul than this of Captain Tom's: autocrat of an Indiaman; lord of all he surveys; holding a power of more than life and death over the wretches who *must* go when he says go, come when he says come, and stand silent when his lordship, moved by indigestion, or a broken night's slumber, vents his spleen upon them.

Let it suffice, that, whatever artifice any malignant genius could suggest, Captain Tom unscrupulously used to bring his second mate into contempt, and to make his life thoroughly wretched. Always stopping short, remember, at that point—very far off, indeed, on shipboard—where resistance becomes a virtue: though not even then a lawful virtue. For bear in mind that, under our blessed laws, your Captain may starve you, may curse you, may beat you, may force you to peril your life beyond hope of salvation, and you may not resist—may not even remonstrate. You *may* sue for damages—that is, if you survive, and your tyrant does not leave the ship at Sandy Hook, and disappear till you have gone to sea again to keep bread in your mouth, as some of our "Bully" New York captains used to do, and do now, for aught I know.

And Farley Burgess bore it all. Patiently, silently: only not defiantly, for he felt that if it once came to defiance, actual battle would be imminent—and then—Mehetabel. How he repined over the hard fate which tied his hands, and bound him, an honorable brave man, every inch a sailor, to bear, unresisting, the contumely of such a master! Once, indeed, he ventured on a word. They lay in Canton River, opposite Whampoa; and Farley said,

"Captain Baker, you don't seem to be satisfied with me."

"Yes, Sir," replied Tom, with a gleam of malignant triumph in his eyes, "I *am* satisfied; why?"

"You don't show it, Sir; and I have to say that if you want to be rid of me, you need only make out my discharge."

"No, Sir; if you don't like your berth you may *desert*. I don't think I shall look for you. But *I'm* satisfied." And the cool villain turned away.

Of course Burgess could not desert, and thus stain his fair fame at home with bride and owners.

The passage home was just as bad. There was no relenting in Captain Tom, who, to tell the truth, was getting such a habit of abusing his second mate that he would have found it difficult to leave off. Day by day his heart grew blacker with the hate he so carefully nourished.

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Day by day as he himself grew more wretched, he found more pleasure in *hazing* Burgess. But even a passage home must come to an end. I scarce know what was in these men's hearts, toward each other, as they approached once more their native shores. Captain Tom thought only of the present, and probably gave no heed to the day of reckoning which was approaching. And Burgess? "I'll thrash this beast till every bone of his body cries for mercy." This was what honest Farley Burgess said to himself fifty times a day, counting eagerly every mile the good ship bore him on his way to liberty and revenge. For even an honorable brave man may be imbruted by such persistent devilishness as Captain Tom's.

And now they near the land. Still no let-up from Captain Tom. And now they see the land, the old Highland of Cape Cod; and to-morrow Farley Burgess means, "God willing," to give this his tyrant such a warning as will go far to make a man of him, if he survives.

"God willing."

They had been slowly drifting all night, and just caught a glimpse of the land in the dim distance, as the morning sun rose fiery out of the ocean and plunged into the other sea, of clouds, which waited his appearance to hang out their colors of fierce portentous scarlet.

"Sunrise red in the morning,
Sailors take warning,"

chanted old Harry Hill, a sturdy croaker of the forecastle, who, by dint of persistently foretelling ill-luck, had now and then got himself the reputation of a prophet.

"Never heed the warning," replied Burgess. "To-morrow night you'll sleep softer than you've done this year past, old Harry, in your snug Sailors' Home."

All day they drifted down upon the land—no wind, but only a rapid tide setting the ship with no small speed along the bending shore, till at last it seemed they must round the Race, and drift past Wood End, fairly into Provincetown harbor.

Better they had.

Toward night a slight breeze was felt from the southward, and spreading all studding-sails, threatening as it looked, Captain Tom urged the good ship on.

But scarce were the studding-sails set when the breeze chopped round to the north. The great white clouds which had rolled over and over along the horizon all day, rose, as by magic, and covered the whole sky; the wind came in sharp puffs, each stronger than the last; and by the time the topsails were close reefed there blew a gale from the north, beneath which the old ship lay down almost to her beam ends.

When they had once more time to look round, they found themselves where they should not have been caught in this gale. The land of the Cape trends by a long slow curve from the Highland light to the west and south; and by a shorter semicircle, from the Race, forms the landlocked harbor of Provincetown. Between the Race and the Highland is a stretch of high bluff, with a narrow beach running along its foot, and this, from its shape, is known to navigators as the "back" of the Cape—the place where many a good homeward-bound ship has laid her bones to bleach. Now, while the *Melchior* lay becalmed, the tide, which runs along here like a millrace, had set her imperceptibly past the Race, and left her with this fatal "back" dead under her lea.

There was no time for deliberation. Putting the ship on the port tack, Captain Tom shook a reef out of his main and foretop sails, set his whole foresail and reefed main-sail, and sending the best man to the helm, sought to drive her past the bluff point which now loomed fearfully near, through the dark gloom of the night.

"If only the tide favored us," sighed he to himself. But the deadly tide of the Race favors no man.

On she forged, groaning grievously under the tremendous pressure of her canvas, which sent her headlong into vast seas, each one of which it seemed must be her tomb. The men held on about the quarter-deck—there was no living, forward—and with set faces awaited the event, powerless to do more. The officers stood aft, watching the helmsman; scanning close the sails and rigging, fearful lest some over-strained piece of cordage might give way and plunge all into ruin. Captain Tom, silent, grim, every nerve braced, every sense alive to the occasion, held by the mizzen rigging, now watching the red glare of the light, which shone almost down upon his decks, now commanding the helmsman to "ease her when she pitches—you'll have the masts out of her next!"—as though old Harry Hill had not steered a frigate ere now, in as tight a place as this.

"We don't gain much, Sir," shouted Mr. Falconer, the chief mate, in the Captain's ear, pointing to the high bluff which already seemed overtopping the masts, and from whose edge the fearful glare of the light-house light seemed calmly eying them, as some one eyed Polyphemus waiting for the prey which should be surely his.

"No, Sir, we lose," was Captain Tom's reply; "set the mizzen topsail, close-reefed, and go out, some one, and loose the jib!"

The men looked aghast. Five or six sprang to prepare the mizzen topsail; but no one moved forward.

"Loose the jib! d'ye hear there? What are ye waiting for?" shouted Tom, chafing at the delay.

"No man can lie out on that boom and live, Sir," said an old seaman, touching his forelock; and as he spoke a solid green sea boarded her over the bows, submerging bowsprit and jib-boom, and swept aft an avalanche of water, bearing before it caboose, water-casks, every thing movable on deck—ready witness to the impossibility.

"Loose the jib, I tell ye!" shouted Captain Tom. "Who says *can't* here? Let me hear it once!"

But as he spoke a form was seen struggling

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out on the bowsprit, and, bewildered and cowed, the crew lay forward to hoist away. In the din of waters no voice could be heard, and no soul knew who was the daring fellow who had risked all at their mad Captain's word, till, as her bows were lifted on a vast wave, Farley Burgess made one mighty leap from the bowsprit end, and landed fairly on the top-gallant forecastle. So the jib was set.

And still the fiery eye looks down upon them through the storm, calm, inscrutable as fate, in the midst of the raging gale, only waiting, waiting for the hapless prey which vainly struggles in the toils. And now the hollow boom of the surf becomes dimly audible amidst the groaning and creaking of the timbers, the wild shrieking of the gale, and the fierce rush of the mighty sea.

"I hear it!" shrieked Captain Tom to his mate, "I hear it! But if all holds we'll drive her by yet!" And standing on his own deck there, he looked, in this last extremity, happier, better, than he had looked or felt these many months.

If all holds! But what is that? With a sound as of a sudden thunder-crash, the brannew main-topsail splits, and in a moment is blown into a hundred thousand shreds.

"My God!"

"Mind your helm! Ease her! Ease her now!"

Too late! No human hand can ease her now. The surf has her; and as she feels the fierce, passionate jerk of the under-tow, as she is pitched, and tossed, and twisted in the relentless grasp, a mere chip in this maelstrom, a straw in the torrent of Niagara, Captain Tom's voice is heard, ringing out above even this thunderous roar, "Hold fast, every body!"

And none too soon. For, rising for the last time in her life on a vast, towering, foam-topped billow, the good old ship is hurled crashing to her doom. Down, down, down! Will she never stop? It is but half a second: it seems many minutes to those who, with clenched teeth and streaming hair, cling to the shrouds, till, with a shock as of two planets meeting, she strikes the beach!

"God help my poor men!" sobbed Captain Tom, as he felt himself torn from his firm grasp of the rigging, and slung far into the seething caldron of waters; slung out into the surf, where, for a moment striking out, there comes a great blinding shock, as though his head were splitting, and then Captain Tom closes his eyes, folds his hands, and knows no more.

Meantime, a more fortunate wave had cast six half-drowned men upon the narrow beach; to whom, just collecting their scattered senses, crawled slowly the second mate.

"How many are we here? Thank God!" exclaimed he. Then scarce waiting to get a little breath, he gathered himself to the rescue of his drowning shipmates.

"Here, hold this line." With wise forethought Burgess had tied about his body a small strong line of considerable length, and with this about him, gathering a few hasty breaths of spray-laden air, he now rushed back into the roaring surf, intent on saving whom he might; but first of all his enemy—his Captain.

Once he returns, bearing the lifeless body of the steward.

A second time, and the boiling surge gives up to him a half-drowned seaman.

Again, and yet no Captain.

Yet once more! Breaking from the men, he rushes in to grasp what may come to his hands. Buffeted, blinded, only half conscious himself, they are already pulling him back, when his fingers close mechanically on the hair of one dashed by on the long sweep of an outward-bound wave. With the grasp of death he holds his prize, and drags out Captain Tom.

Lifeless? Yes. No; but faintly breathing, and sorely wounded. Carry him up! And Burgess, forgetting his own exhaustion, no longer remembering his bitter enmity, bears the limp body to a sheltered spot, strips his few rags to protect it from the cold blast, binds up its wounds, and cares for its flickering life.

When Captain Tom opened his eyes it was day. He was lying on the wreck-strewn beach, a half dozen sea-drenched sleepers near him, sole survivors of his brave crew; the second mate keeping silent watch.

"Is this all, Mr. Burgess?" he mustered strength to ask.

"All, Sir."

"I'm hurt, I find. But you might have saved more, Sir. I hope you did your duty," said Captain Tom. The old devil had not been washed out of him yet.

Burgess made no reply, for his Captain sank back, exhausted, and slept.

V.

On the 15th of last June the little village church of Dennis was crowded, chiefly with women and children, the men being mostly off fishing, to witness the marriage of Captain Farley Burgess with Miss Mehetabel Crowell. The ceremony had been performed, the short prayer was ended, and friends were advancing to congratulate the newly married, when a wagon drove up to the door, and Captain Tom Baker, grim, pale, and with a huge scar across his forehead, a memento of his shipwreck, advanced slowly and painfully up the aisle. Now Captain Tom had not been seen at home since the wreck; and knowing his former feelings toward Mehetabel his presence here was embarrassing to all, who easily conjectured that he could come hither unbidden on no pleasant errand.

And truly it was no pleasant errand to him. Looking neither to right nor left, he walked to the altar, and there, lifting his hat, said:

"Good friends, when a man has publicly done wrong, been mean and cowardly and devilish, it is right that he should publicly confess his sins and ask forgiveness; and I for one find he'll get no peace otherwise. Here's my shipmate, Far-

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ley Burgess, to whom I have done every mean spite that I could work out, and who repaid all by saving my life—whom I abused after he had saved me and cared for me—and who never gave me a word of reproach. I've come to ask you, Burgess, to forgive me if you can, and to make me feel like an honest man once more, by giving me your hand in token that you forgive and forget. God knows, I see the meanness of my life, and—"

More he would have said, the stern proud man, but Farley stepped forward, and grasping him by the hand, led him to where Mehetabel stood, a blushing bride, then said: "God bless you, Tom Baker, I knew there was a man's heart in you!"

And Mehetabel, lifting up her sweet tearful eyes, said only, "Brother Tom?"

But Brother Tom had lost his voice, and had such a choking feeling in his throat, that, pale and weak as he was, Hetty had to support him on her arm; and, Burgess holding his other arm, they walked down the broad aisle to the little porch of the church.

And there stood Uncle Shubael—just arrived, who, beholding this trio, exclaimed:

"God bless my soul! Captain Tom Baker? When did *you* come to life?"

"Just now, in the church," was Tom's reply, turning to Farley and his bride.

KATHIE MORRIS.

I.

AH! fine it was that April time, when gentle winds were blowing,
To hunt for pale arbutus-blooms that hide beneath the leaves,
To hear the merry rain come down, and see the clover growing,
And watch the airy swallows as they darted round the eaves!

II.

You wonder why I dream to-night of clover that was growing
So many years ago, my wife, when we were in our prime;
For, hark! the wind is in the flue, and Johnny says 'tis snowing,
And through the storm the clanging bells ring in the Christmas time.

III.

I can not tell, but something sweet about my heart is clinging,
A vision and a memory—'tis little that I mind
The weary wintry weather, for I hear the robins singing,
And the petals of the apple-blooms are ruffled in the wind!

IV.

It was a sunny morn in May, and in the fragrant meadow
I lay, and dreamed of one fair face, as fair and fresh as Spring:
Would Kathie Morris love me? then in sunshine and in shadow
I built up lofty castle on a golden wedding-ring!

V.

Oh sweet it was to dream of her, the soldier's only daughter,
The pretty pious Puritan, that flirted so with Will;
The music of her winsome mouth was like the laughing water
That broke in silvery syllables by Farmer Philip's mill.

VI.

And Will had gone away to sea; he did not leave her grieving;
Her bonny heart was not for him, so reckless and so vain;
And Will turned out a buccaneer, and hanged was he for thieving
And scuttling helpless ships that sailed across the Spanish main.

VII.

And I had come to grief for her, the scornful village beauty,
For oh she had a witty tongue could cut you like a knife;
She scanned me with her handsome eyes, and I, in bounden duty,
Did love her—loved her more for that, and wearied of my life!

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VIII.

And yet 'twas sweet to dream of her, to think her wavy tresses
Might rest, some happy, happy day, like sunshine, on my cheek;
The idle winds that fanned my brow I dreamed were her caresses,
And in the robin's twitterings I heard my sweet-heart speak.

IX.

And as I lay and dreamed of her, her fairy face adorning
With lover's fancies, treasuring the slightest word she'd said,
'Twas Kathie broke upon me like a blushing summer morning,
And a half-oped rosy clover reddened underneath her tread!

X.

Then I looked up at Kathie, and her eyes were full of laughter:
"Oh, Kathie, Kathie Morris, I am lying at your feet;
Bend above me, say you love me, that you'll love me ever after,
Or let me lie and die here, in the fragrant meadow sweet!"

XI.

And then I turned my face away, and trembled at my daring,
For wildly, wildly had I spoke, with flashing cheek and eye;
And there was silence: I looked up, all pallid and despairing,
For fear she'd take me at my word, and leave me there to die.

XII.

The silken fringes of her eyes upon her cheeks were drooping,
Her merciless white fingers tore a blushing bud apart;
Then, quick as lightning, Kathie came, and kneeling half and stooping,
She hid her bonny, bonny face against my beating heart!

XIII.

Oh nestle, nestle, nestle there! the heart would give thee greeting;
Lie thou there, all trustfully, in trouble and in pain;
This breast shall shield thee from the storm, and bear its bitter beating,
These arms shall hold thee tenderly in sunshine and in rain!

XIV.

Old sexton! set your chimes in tune, and let there be no snarling,
Ring out a happy wedding-hymn to all the listening air;
And, girls, strew roses as she comes—the scornful, brown-eyed darling—
A princess, by the wavy gold and glistening of her hair!

XV.

Hark! hear the bells! The Christmas bells? Oh no; who set them ringing?
I think I hear our bridal bells, and I with joy am blind—
Johnny, don't make such a noise!—I hear the robins singing,
And the petals of the apple-blooms are ruffled in the wind!

XVI.

—Ah! Kathie, you've been true to me in fair and cloudy weather;
Our Father has been good to us when we've been sorely tried;
I pray to God, when we must die, that we may die together,
And slumber softly underneath the clover, side by side.

T. B. Aldrich.

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LITTLE BROTHER.

IN THREE PARTS.—III. JUST ENOUGH OF A BOY.

GOING into the country for the summer! There is crash upon the wide surface of the parlor floors; but it thinks of the kisses it had last winter from glancing kid and satin toes amidst the delirium of Redowas and the spheral sweep of the German, and sighs, knowing that for the sweltering months to come it must do Lent penance for its carnival—abandoned to dust, and silence, and darkness. The gay fauteuils, the ottomans, the sofas, in monastic shirts of rough Holland, are ready for their summer repentance likewise; till the house-cleaner, and the upholsterer, and the footman, forerunning the family in October, shall come again to shrive them and unbind their sackcloth, they must sit in the gloom and mourn for the flirtations they have aided and abetted, in corners and behind brocatelle curtains. The piano is a sarcophagus, Spohr and Thalberg, Chopin and Schubert, the whole grand army of Mozart, Bellini, and their operatic brethren, lie silent beneath that coffin-lid of mirror-bright rose-wood, side by side with Glover, Foster, and George Christy; they do not crowd each other; but if they did they could not speak to complain of it, for they are ghosts that can not answer till they are spoken to, and the cunning fingers that once broke their spell are in a pair of pretty little Lisle-thread traveling gloves toying with a parasol. Miss Kate is all ready to go, and in time, too; a fact which the satirical assert to be of such rare occurrence in a lady's lifetime, that, whenever it does happen, a monument should be raised to commemorate it. Such a monument *is* raised in the present instance, just inside the hall door. Its pedestal is a Saratoga trunk of a size which could not have existed at the time of Noah, or other families than that gentleman's would have survived the deluge; its shaft gradually rises in successive courses of smaller baggage, and its capital is a hat-box, marked "Miss Kate Jones." It is not quite as high as Worth's monument, but full as handsome and a great deal more truthful, as Miss Jones *has* been at Twenty-third Street, which is inscribed in several places on *her* column, while Mr. Worth, I understand, was *not* at a few of the war-localities engraved on his.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are lovingly talking over their plans for the summer, as they promenade the hall with their arms around each other's waists: the wife so glad that the husband is able at last to get out of town with her; the husband so proud and pleased to think he has a wife who does not look upon him merely as a money-machine kept going in Wall Street to manufacture the basis of her independent summer-pleasures—who waits for him rather than go any where without him.

Master Augustus was wound up last night like an alarm-clock, by the information that they would all start to-morrow. It was, however, impossible to set his striking hand at any particular hour; consequently, he has been going off all day. He was wide awake at three o'clock this morning, insisted upon being dressed at four, took his cap in his hand as soon as he got down stairs, ate breakfast with his gloves on, spent the interim between that and lunch in standing on the steps to see whether the carriage was coming, and passed the remaining time until it actually did come, in requesting exact information, to the very minute, of the time of day, at intervals of a quarter of an hour. It is historical that for the last three hours of suspense he did not once sit down; but when he received his little boots, after they had been blacked for the journey the third time that day, he put them on by a Blondin feat of balancing, standing on one foot, and altogether did enough running up and down stairs, in his anxiety to get on, to have carried him to the Highlands of Navesink (the family's destination), had that point been attainable to a pedestrian.

While the family were awaiting the carriage the door bell rang. Augustus happened to be making a broad jelly of his little nose at that moment against the hall window-pane, and thus being convenient to the door-knob, turned it without waiting for Johnson. To his great delight Dr. Morris greeted his eyes.

"Come in, Doctor! come right in!" cried Augustus; "we're all a-going away, and I'm so glad to see you I don't know what to do! Are you going away too?"

"No, Augustus. This is the first day I've had any time to come and see you, and now you're going to run away and leave me. Ah! Mr. and Mrs. Jones, how do you do? Miss Jones, I hope you are well. I'm sorry to be so *malapropos*, yet not exactly either, for otherwise I should have missed you entirely."

"Sit right down, and excuse the plight we're in!" exclaimed the broker, shaking the young man's hand warmly inside of the gigantic dust-coat sleeve that now replaced the Raglan. "Yes, do! don't think you're detaining us; the carriage won't be here for half an hour yet:" and Mr. Jones handed him one of the penitential chairs.

With Augustus on his knee, Dr. Morris sat conversing with all the family until the carriage came. Then, with most cordial invitations to visit them at the Highlands during the summer, and be their most frequent guest on their return home, they gave him those pleasant, earnest shakes of the hand which leave a grateful memory on the touch, corresponding to that of fresh clover on the sense of odor; and the hearty souls, carrying innumerable little morocco bags, black wicker baskets, satchels, umbrellas, parasols, shawls, books, dusters, together with four *Harper's Magazines* for the current month, that no one might be tantalized by witnessing the perusal of such an interesting periodical when he or she had it not, entered the carriage, and the door was shut. But just before the driver tightened his reins, Augustus, as if by a sudden premonition, exclaimed:

"Doctor! won't you tell a fellow where you

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live? Mamma's going to teach me to write, and my very first letter will be to *you!*"

Doctor Morris took a card from his pocket-book and handed it to the little brother through the window. It bore his name and address:

M'GREGOR MORRIS, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
NEW YORK HOSPITAL, 10 P. M.—7 A. M.
Office at other Hours, No. —, Clinton Place

It was no doubt a premonition which induced Augustus to obtain this—a very remarkable and providential one also, as afterward appears in the course of this narrative. He put it into the pocket of his little summer-cloth jacket; the Doctor hailed a stage going down, and the carriage, with its joyful Joneses, set off at cheerful speed for the foot of Robinson Street.

It reached the slip about twenty minutes before the good little steamer *Highland Light* was to start. Mr. Jones took his wife and children to the promenade deck; found stools for them, and left them near the pilot-house, while he returned to the wharf to attend to the little matter of baggage that had come down in a cart behind the carriage. By the time that it was all on board the second bell began to ring, and Mr. Jones ascended once more to rest from his labors in the family bosom. At least so he congratulated himself, for he had cast his eye upon one particular stool when he went down, and hoped that it would not be taken before he got back.

He was disappointed. His sweet Kate was already in the meshes of an apparently most charming conversation, the amiable insnarer being none else than Mr. Lilykid. Close by them his wife sat where he had left her, fully occupied with diverting the vindictive attention of Master Augustus from the mutually agreeable pair. With the maternal assistance that youth was vigorously combating the fiery temptation to "out with it, and call him Spindleshanks to his face."

"Mr. Lilykid, father," said Kate, looking at the gentlemen's hands as if she expected them to shake one another. This did not happen, however, the father feeling a share, slightly modified, of the son's sentiment, at the intrusion upon his family party. He bowed gravely, Mr. Lilykid gracefully, and Kate continued: "Mr. Lilykid has given us quite a pleasant surprise; he has taken rooms at the same house with us for the next month, and will be there till he accompanies us to Saratoga." Such an ominous scowl overspread the face of Master Jones at hearing of this delightful prospect that his mother feared he was going to say something, proposed a promenade to her husband, and in company with him and Augustus left the two to their *tête-à-tête*.

In two hours, as is usual, the little steamer had squeezed up the narrow channel of that estuary inside the Hook, known as Shrewsbury River, as far as the landing from which the craft takes its name — the Highland Lights. This beautiful place is one of Nature's composition pieces. She has taken Butter Hill from the Hudson just below Willis's, with all its measureless depth of great, free, wild wood clinging to it from foot to sky, and set it on the resounding sea-border; from the neighborhood of Philadelphia she copies one of the most charming bits of her own fairy Schuylkill and winds it around the mountain's base; with her whitest pencil she draws the long glistening stretch of narrow beach with a single stroke from Sandy Hook to Deal, and sets that as the other boundary to the stream; and then her grandest inspiration wells up upon her from the Atlantic caves, and the tameless sea, hiding its further fury under the very eaves of the eastern heaven, surges into the picture to tell her that her completest work upon our American coast is done! On the mountain we may stroll all day and ever find new endlessness of fragrant shade, or seat ourselves at night beneath the twin light-houses on the ridge, watching the misty-golden rays of the revolving lantern creep with slow rhythm, like the shining antennæ of some vast lightning fly, upon the dark bosom of the mile-broad sweep of sea—in the river the timid stranger may lave himself as in some shallow inland pool at home—on it he may row or sail—while the brave, and the brave fair whom they deserve, find a tumbling surf to meet and conquer in laughing wrestle, just across that shining sand-strip on whose hither edge all is so calm. This is the Highlands of Navesink. Yet there are a few people—a few thousand only—who steam past it serenely, for the most part, it is to be hoped, with their eyes shut, and go to that barren waste, shared with them only by the fisher-hawk nesting in grim dead trees, whose struggle with desolation lasts till they reach, forty feet at the utmost, that grassless strip of powdered glass known as Long Branch; and there, where there is no boating, nor sailing, nor fishing, nor wandering in woods, but only surf for the bravest, rides in sand hub-deep for the most eccentric, billiards, ten-pins, perpendicular imbibition, a mad repetition of last winter's fevered Pyrrhics, and a sleeping in hot closets for the most fathomless of pocket, these few thousands actually pass more or less of the summer.

But the Joneses—and Mr. Lilykid, because of the Joneses—got off at the Highland Lights. In the arms of the indefatigable Mrs. Jarvis, that dauntless woman who, like a landlady variety of the Phenix, still arises and keeps boarders above the ashes of her Sea-View House, we leave the Joneses for the present. Mr. Lilykid, with carpet-bag and umbrella, strolls up the steps with them.

The climate is heavenly at this place—the diversions innumerable. Without the slightest misgiving, therefore, we leave the party to entertain themselves, and pass over the space of three weeks. At the end of that time the postman of Clinton Place left a letter at Dr. Morris's office, which that gentleman opened and found to read as follows:

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"Joon thee 20 Furst, shrooseberry litowess.

"dere doktur—Thare is Krabbs hear. Tha goe side 1st. Wen itt is lo tyed and runing fast itt is esy cawt. Wee ete them & boyl them til tha ar read. tha ar cawt inn a nett, which is a grate menny holes maid ov twain an wove intow a bagg, toe lett out thee watter. kum up hear rite of. spindel Shancz is aboot To Runn a wa with kait Thee da after Tomoro, u sed ude Stopp Him now Dew it ore ile brake Mi Wird. Thee Bote Sales from robison strete. this is thee wa tow git thair—al thee Stag Lions thatt runn doun brodwa goes ass fur ass mury strete. Talk enny 1 ov them an git owt att mury. then goe strate doun tow Thee Doc. if u dont i shal lern how tow Sware fromm 1 ov thee nawty Men which opins Oistors hear fur thee hotell and dew it verry much. Johnson is riting fur me Becaws i amm sich a Pigg with mi Penn thatt evn Iff i shud Beginn nise & clene ide Sune git Inc on mi Close Becides i dont no how tow rite enny wa & i Hop ule xquze me, doktur moris fur Takin Thee Libburtey ov Bein A Sirvant & ritin tow u fur mastir agustis Without noe Interdukshun, which evn Speckin Wudent Bee aloud inn thee Old Kuntry, which things is diferint Inn thee noo, ware al Menn is Fre & Equill an noe kweshuns Asck—which Sirkumstanses Halter kases & soo noe mour noose fromm ures affekshinilley willam johnson i mene toe sa Mastir Agustis. pee ess. iff u kum i wunt Lern toe Sware ass a Matir ov Curse."

Having finished the perusal of this remarkable epistle, the Doctor wrote a note to a brother physician asking him to take care of the few serious cases of which he inclosed him a list, marked on the slate which hung at his door, "Called abroad on consultation: back in a week"—and performed his bachelor packing by the usual method of cramming a dozen shirts into a valise constructed for five, completing the process by sitting down on it till it would lock. This was two o'clock in the afternoon of the day before the elopement was appointed. At six o'clock he was on the wharf of the scene of action. There are two places in the United States where the arrival of a steamboat is still as thrilling a fact to the pulse of popular life as when Fulton ran the first trip on his *Chancellor Livingston*. One of these is Newburgh, on the Hudson—where the whole town, from its corporation-officers down to the small boy with molasses-candy for sale, and the still smaller boy that spends his cent with him, is poured upon the long wharf in one compact, surging mass of human cocoa-nuts at every arrival of the *Thomas Powel*. The other is Highland Lights. Here, everybody is always expecting somebody, or in spasms of anxiety to buy a New York two-cent daily for six cents.

But while the Doctor is elbowing his way through the crowd, climbing over trunks and getting involved in the legs of the black porters who carry them, a little hand pulls him by the finger, a little face, the very one he is looking for, peers up into his, and Master Augustus exclaims with frantic pleasure, "You dear, *dear* old fellow! I'm so glad to see you I don't know what to do!"

As they emerged more from the crowd, it became apparent how much interest the child had really taken in the arrival. He had been engaged in his favorite pursuit when he saw the boat coming up the river; and just as he was, without a moment's compromise with the social amenities, had run to meet it. A covered basket, evidently, from confused bubblings and scratchings heard within, full of the spoils of crabdom, hung at his waist suspended by a strap; his pantaloons, rolled as far as possible, displayed a pair of fiery red sun-burned little snipe-legs; and he directed his own and the Doctor's steps to the spot where he had thrown his net down for greater ease in running. This being secured, Augustus exclaimed that he was ready to go to the house, and proposed the following programme.

"Now," said he, "we'll walk right into the parlor, and there I guess Kate and that old Lily-kid are alone together. I'll go straight up to him and say, 'Old Spindleshanks, you sha'n't have my sister!' and then you come close up behind me and say, 'No! *that* you sha'n't, you wicked man!' And then we'll call him all the names we can think of, and tell him just what he is, and if he tries to run away you can knock him down; and if Kate faints, why you can bring her to, can't you?"

"Not quite so fast, my dear boy! every thing in time. I want to look around a little this evening, and—"

"Look around! Thunder! Why, old Lily-kid's going to try and run away with my sister *to-morrow!* I heard him telling her that they'd take a sail up to Red Bank and do it, and then come back and ask mamma to ask papa to feel all right about it, and she didn't say she wouldn't! They were down in the grape arbor, and they didn't know I was up on the top of the steps and heard it all; but I did! What do you want to look around for? Don't you believe *me?* There ain't any time to look around; mamma puts me to bed at eight o'clock, and he'll have Kate to-morrow!"

"No he won't, Augustus, my boy! I've been getting all ready for him! Before your letter came I had gone to the station where your mamma found you, and heard enough said and got enough papers—they're here, in my breast-pocket—to stop all that very suddenly! Be patient now; don't say a word to any body, not even of my being here, till I say you may; and we'll attend to the matter just as it ought to be done. You shall be with me, too, when it happens; only don't spoil every thing by being in too much of a hurry."

Thus he pacified Augustus, and persuaded him to go up quietly to tea while he took his valise to the Pavilion next door, and, as he had said, looked around during the evening.

At eight o'clock the broad full moon rose out of the far border of the sea, and began to compete with the rear-guard of the sunset in making that whole American coast heaven as gloriously beautiful as any sky of Italy. In that mixed light the rushing, booming surf on the outer edge of the sand looked like the breaking upward into a freer air of some great genii-troubled mine of molten gold and silver. On their terraces toward the river the luxuriant trellised grape-vines fanned in the fresh salt wind, turning now the dark green surfaces of their leaves, and now the

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snowy under-side toward the light, and seeming thus to come and go like the ghosts of little children, or white-breasted birds who loved the sea border and dallied around it, unable to fly quite away. At the dock the Shrewsbury fleet of yachts, sail-boats, oyster-crafts, and fishing yawls lay, sharing on all their hulls, spars, and the sails of such of them as had not been reefed for the night, the beauty of the universal chastened silver—rocking gently between the sway of the down tide and the east wind, and all lifted out of their fairer or their meaner uses to one common level of a moon-glorified, fairy-land flotilla. And already far out on the measureless waters the golden feelers of the revolving lantern began to creep vastly, flashing now on the marble spread of distant ships that seemed motionless but were really bowling gayly on a scupper breeze; now on the pathless field of the hillocked sea; now athwart, and losing themselves in the causeway of silver which ran straight from the beach to the front portal of the moon. With a hundred and fifty other gentlemen smoking their cigars on the Pavilion terrace—two hundred ladies dreaming or chatting with no covering on their heads but the tiara of the moonlight—a hundred children of all ages frolicking away the thought that that kill-pleasure, bedtime, was sooner or later inevitable—Dr. M'Gregor Morris sat in his wicker arm-chair, and agreed with Nature that she was beautiful. His eye wandered to the other house across the ravine; presently there sauntered forth upon the porch two figures that he knew; a lithe girl's form, a tall, whiskered cavalier; and the minute hand of Destiny seemed to run up suddenly to striking point. It was time to "look around."

The Doctor cast one lingering glance on the beaming earth, ocean, and heaven; sighed, threw away his cigar, and repeated the words of the Missionary Hymn—

"'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile!'

Moon, I'd like to pay my respects to you a little longer, but really I haven't time. *Au revoir* for the present!"

Only a narrow ravine, wide enough to admit the passage of a steep cart-road down to the river-beach, separates the terraced lawns of the two houses. It is customary, of course, for gentlemen at the Pavilion to stroll as near the boundary fence of that resort as they please. Dr. Morris availed himself of this fact, and putting up his collar for an incognito, lit another cigar to appear as nonchalant as possible, and began pacing up and down the grassy border of the lawn that looked toward the porch of the next house. There was nothing in this act to awake suspicion in the two who sat there side by side, half in moonlight, half in shadow; they paid no attention to him whatever, as much because the sight of unknown gentlemen next door was usual as because they were preoccupied. Privacy in publicity is one of the many attainments easily acquired by the flirtations, to say nothing of more earnest affairs, of watering-place life.

Before the Doctor's cigar was smoked out he had come to the following conclusions: That the beautiful young girl on the porch was in the toils of the neighboring rascal, by force of one of those strange delusions which affect the simple and the high-minded alike. She believed she loved because she heard that she was loved. Her nature, in its first ardor of womanhood, feeling out into the new world for that necessary something to expend its powers of growth upon, to cling around, to climb up to, had unfortunately touched a villain. She was not to blame; in society, a man's true self is such a deep down substratum, so overlain by successive layers of constitutional caution, educational reserve, handsome physique, elegant manners, tailor-skill, and innumerable deceptive conventional circumstances, that it is hard for any one, however world-sharpened, to penetrate the crust and get at the basis of the human geological system. Much less for a young girl, utterly innocent, pure-hearted, unread in the book of man's hidden badnesses, who, moreover, had a father and mother as frank and unsuspicious of evil as two people could be, and live in a handsome free-stone house in an eligible city street, which must have been attained, as times go, by some slight measure of worldly keenness. She had not really loved yet, something within him made the Doctor particularly willing to believe *that;* she was only measuring the depth of her heart, and striking on a big slimy sea-snake that lay basking a little way down, thought her lead had touched the bottom. The Doctor was assured of this, and in corroboration he perceived that the gentleman was the chief actor in the *tête-à-tête* across the way. He gestured, he talked, he bent down over his beautiful victim, and altogether seemed putting forth his utmost power, like a traveling magnetizer exerting his will to get and keep his subject "en rapport." Kate listened to him, looked at him motionlessly as a snake-charmed bird; she was under a spell, which the Doctor was also willing to believe could be broken by some resolute third person with a will as strong as the fascinator and moral force a trifle greater.

Having "looked around" to his satisfaction, the Doctor retired to his room to refresh himself by sleep for the exigency of the morrow. Immediately after breakfast the next morning he dispatched, by one of the waiters, the following little note to Mrs. Jones:

"My dear Madam,—I am staying at the Pavilion for a few days, and would have taken a still earlier opportunity than this to pay my respects to you but for the fact that I am arranging a little surprise for one of my friends, and accordingly wish, for a few hours longer, to preserve my incognito. May I intrust the secret of my being here with you until I am able to call in person, and at the same time ask that my little friend Augustus may be permitted to spend the day with me, and, if it is pleasant, take a sail up the river with me this afternoon?

"Very truly your most obedient servant,

"M'Gregor Morris."

In twenty minutes the boy brought back this answer:

"My very dear Sir,—Your incognito is perfectly safe with me. It will give me the greatest pleasure to accept

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your very kind invitation for Augustus, and nothing, certainly, could be more delightful to him. I am afraid the child has very little to amuse him here; he is compelled to seek most of his pleasures alone, as it is perhaps hardly to be expected that a boy of his age and somewhat too roguish tendencies could prove very congenial company to a young lady like my daughter. His father is compelled to be a good deal in New York during the day, and I am not as vigorous a playmate as he needs. This afternoon, Kate, with a friend of hers staying here, is expecting to take a sail on the river, and I have been puzzling myself all the morning for some plan to interest my little boy in case, as is probable, it would be too much trouble to make him one of the party. Your invitation is, therefore, both extremely kind and *apropos;* and as soon as Augustus can be discovered, recalled from his crab-fishery, and put into presentable condition, he shall be sent over to your room. We shall make haste to give you a cordial welcome as soon as you find it convenient to make your promised visit.

"Sincerely and gratefully your friend,

"CATHARINE JONES."

This note was followed in about an hour by Master Augustus. The Doctor and he then descended together to the little wharf where all the pleasure-boats of the Shrewsbury fleet still lay moored, it being morning bath-hour, and all the lovers of "a wet sheet and a flowing sea" disporting themselves in the surf on the other side of the bar. The Doctor, therefore, had his pick of the flotilla.

Leading Augustus by the hand, he went up and down the wharf, surveying with critical eye the different crafts in respect to their points for fast sailing, and at length stood still above a cat-rigged boat, clinker-built, clean-sparred, compactly and sharply modeled, which bore on her stern the name *Shanghai*. For the benefit of those who do not go down unto the sea in cock-boats and behold the mighty wonders that are done, not only on the deep, but on shoals, with vessels drawing one foot water, I say, episodically, that the cat-rig boat is one which carries a main-sail only, and is a favorite on the Shrewsbury River, where the channel, in places, is so extremely narrow that the short tacks one is obliged to make would be much additionally shortened by the projection of a bowsprit, with the alternative of running that delicate piece of timber into the bank on either side. Moreover, the cat-boat can be managed by one man, in trolling for blue-fish or Spanish mackerel, with a wind on the bow; he can man his main-sheet with one hand, feel his squid-line with the other, and tend his tiller between his knees. If he carried a jib a second hand would be necessary to mind the fore-sheet; or in going about quickly it might foul, put him in the wind's eye, and set him drifting stern first, with an eight-pound blue-fish to help himself off the squid with natural alacrity.

"Do you know any thing about the *Shanghai?*" asked the Doctor of his companion.

"I guess I do!" answered the youth, enthusiastically. "She's the fastest boat on *this* little river. I'm going to buy her when I'm a man, and peddle clams, if mother 'll let me—that is, if I don't be a lawyer or saw wood."

"Then you've given up the idea, since I saw you first, of going into the bread business?"

"Shut up! What do you want to plague a fellow for? I was a little boy when I said *that*, and I've traveled a good deal since. There's such an *awful nice* man sails that boat! He showed me how to know soft crabs, and he's given me ever so many sails in the *Shanghai*. His name's Van Brunt, and I like him better than all the other captains put together."

"Well, Augustus, I guess, to please you, we'll take Van Brunt's boat for this afternoon."

So they hunted up the master of the *Shanghai*, were modestly corroborated by him in their opinion of the craft's fast points, and engaged her from dinner-time until they got tired or through, which, in the opinion of the Doctor and Augustus, would occur about simultaneously.

There are too many sources of amusement at Shrewsbury Highlands from which the two could have extracted pastime until three o'clock P.M. for me to chronicle here. At that hour, as the Doctor sat smoking his after-dinner cigar on the Pavilion Terrace, and Master Augustus stood at his knee learning how they cut people's legs off, for *his* post-prandial sedative, and very much disappointed to hear that the Doctor could not also add any description from eye-witness of the amputation of heads, Morris, who had been all the time watching the wharf "out of the tail o' his eye," saw Mr. Lilykid assist Miss Jones into the vessel known as *My Own Mary Ann*, and take the tiller in his hand. The captain of the craft proffered his assistance—seemed even disposed to come on board and sail the *Mary Ann* for them—but the man devoted to society waved him off with a courtly gesture of the hand, and signified his ability to manage for himself.

As soon as the *Mary Ann* glided from the wharf the Doctor told Augustus to follow him as quick as possible, and started with all speed for the *Shanghai*. Van Brunt had her ready for him, and, without losing a moment's time, the two tumbled aboard, and the lithe little cat ran out into the stream. Her captain, from the wharf, watched her for a moment, to be sure of the seamanship of the Doctor, and then retired perfectly satisfied to the little oyster and soft-crab stand at the foot of the Pavilion steps, where his cronies most did congregate. The wind was blowing fresh down the river—that is, toward its mouth at Sandy Hook, though Shrewsbury people persist in calling that direction *up*, referring all motion to New York as the head of things—but the tide was at the first quarter of a particularly strong flood, and it was very easy for a skillful hand to beat up as far as Minturn's Point—a bald promontory of the Highlands where the river divides, one branch bending at right angles westward to Red Bank, and the other keeping straight on to the southward to Branch Port, the point of debarkation for Long Branch. Once around the point, and a boat could lay her course, taking the southerly wind abeam and the favoring tide all the way to the Bank.

The boat that Mr. Lilykid had was a good

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sailer in good hands, but still not to compare with the *Shanghai*, which was of lighter model, from her clinker build "lifted quicker," spread more mainsail, and trimmed closer to the wind by several points. At the present time the *Mary Ann* was *not* in remarkably good hands, made her tacks irresolutely (on the second one from the wharf nearly missing stays as she went about), and did not take advantage of the flaws, but luffed when she ought to keep on. Morris was a good sailor for an amateur, and possessed what is an advantage to all but practiced professionals, a small pennant to steer by, while the object of his chase had none, and was compelled to watch the leach of his sail. So that the *Shanghai* overhauled him rapidly.

Still the old saw, that "a starn chase is a long chase," might have come true but for one little fact which Mr. Lilykid did not know, and whose knowledge the Doctor owed solely to that keen-eyed young observer of men and things, Augustus. About ten rods out from Minturn's Point a weedy shallow commences and runs in a south-easterly direction almost entirely across to the bar, compelling those who prefer the channel to getting aground to hug the point as closely as possible. The Doctor being put in possession of this bit of information made his last long tack completely across from the bar to the point and then luffed up a little to pass through the narrow channel. Mr. Lilykid being ignorant of it kept more away while he was still to windward of the *Shanghai*, expecting to make a clear run up the north bend of the river which now opened straight before him. So that just as Morris passed the point, Lilykid's ears were greeted by that ignoble and repulsive sound, the grinding of the sand upon his keel, and the next moment, with a prolonged groan and a dead thud, the *Mary Ann* became an unexpected guest in the eel-grass and mud bowers of the treacherous Shrewsbury amphitrite. Augustus gave a prolonged crow, and stood up on the centre-board to the imminent danger of his little shins' more intimate acquaintance with a jibing boom. The Doctor pulled him down directly, and told him to keep out of sight for the present, at the same time putting the *Shanghai* right into the wind's-eye to drift slowly with the tide, till he "looked around" a little further.

For the first time he now saw Kate plainly. She thought something dreadful had happened—feared that the *Mary Ann* had been stove in—and was leaning over the gunnel, very beautiful but pale as death. Mr. Lilykid, for his part, did all that was possible for a man to do; standing on his quarter-deck and calling with his might and main to the unknown crew of the *Shanghai* to "come *heah!*" Ah! he little knew how ready they were to answer that hail. The next minute the *Shanghai* had backed out of her narrow channel by the utmost exertions of the Doctor with a long sweep, and stood over to their shoal. Only the bows of the *Mary Ann* were grounded; her stern lay in such deep water that the *Shanghai* run her bow close up without danger of sharing the catastrophe. With a loose coil of the main-halliard Dr. Morris quickly made fast, and then in the calmest possible tone said, "Miss Jones, permit me to assist you on board our craft." She looked at him searchingly, recognized him, and the marble whiteness of her face changed to an intense crimson flush; but she leaped on board the *Shanghai*, and passed to the stern, where she sat down, just noticing Augustus, and hid her face in her handkerchief. With a cheerful, graceful step, acquired probably from practice in the Chasseurs during his life-long devotion to society, Mr. Lilykid next advanced, and was about to step upon the bow of the *Shanghai* when the hand of the Doctor gently kept him back.

"Excuse me, Sir, but there is no room for you on board this boat."

"Weally, Mistah, I don't know your name, but this is most extwa-awdinawy conduct! Not woom? Why, I've known that cwaft of youahs to cawwy twenty-five!"

"Really, Mister, I *do* know your *names*—this may be true—but were you ever cognizant of its carrying Mr. Lilykid and Lord Rocamblebury, and Pennyroyal Pike, and English Jiminy the Gentleman, and Andrew Redding? I put it to your good sense whether so many of you wouldn't sink us? I object, my dear Sir, to the *Shanghai's* having any thing to do with your transportation; this is *not* a convict ship, and *I* am not a police-officer. Though I have had the pleasure of knowing some who were intimately acquainted with you, and recollect being present on one occasion at —— Street Station, where you were detained from a little party, but found bail it seems. However, in going, let me advise you to keep clear of the Highlands, as soon as the tide rises, for there *may* be gentlemen here to see you by this evening's boat. I just drop the hint. Good-day."

As the Doctor concluded this long speech—somewhat *too* long to be put among the terse and remarkable sayings which have become immortal, but not too long for his object, which was delicately to enlighten Miss Jones as to the character of the man her innocence had trusted—he shoved off the *Shanghai* and sprang to the helm just in time, for as the little craft swung around on to the wind again, a puff came which nearly brought the water up to her lee combings. Just then the mute astonishment and rage of the devotee of society gave way to a fierce and undisguised expression of the same emotions; he uttered language which it is to be hoped he had never practiced in the depth of his elegant solitude, and wrenching out an awning-pin which stood at the bow of the *Mary Ann*, sprang for the deck of his foe. Sprang, but fell about three feet short, and as Kate cried out in terror not to let him drown, took that trouble for himself, wading back to the stranded vessel, a very wet but by no means a cool gentleman. To conclude forever this fragment of the Lilykiddian biography, let me say that as the tide rose the *Mary Ann* floated again, and putting her before

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the wind, her unfortunate captain sped for the coast that is nigh unto Keyport, and there running her ashore, departed for quarters unknown to those gentlemen of the detached service who came up to visit him on the evening boat. And the rest of the acts of Lilykid, are they not recorded in the unwritten imprecations of Jem Conkrite the craft's owner, who, with much expense of "hallowed sweat" and unhallowed breath, reclaimed the *Mary Ann* from the waters of Raritan Bay, with a broken gaff and a splintered centre-board, and after repairing the same got out a writ with innumerable aliases for his absconded debtor, which remaineth unserved unto this day?

In ten minutes from the shoving off of the *Shanghai* she was moored again at the Pavilion wharf. During that short trip the Doctor, yea, even Augustus, did all that lay in their power to arouse Kate from the terrible dream in which she seemed immured almost from all outer help. Morris, by the most assiduous, unobtrusive attention—by speaking, without apparent intention, of other things than those just present—attempted to make her feel that he could not possibly be in possession of her secret. And Augustus—if not yet quite fit to be an angel, and with the angels stand—proved himself worthy of belonging to quite as good a class of spirits, for our earthly purposes at least; namely, those who run about instead of standing among our human sinners and sufferers, and make them as comfortable as possible with all sorts of faithful kindness.

As the Doctor lifted Kate ashore she spoke almost for the first time:

"Is that man really all you told him he was?"

The Doctor bowed, and put into her hand a little package of papers containing the data of the police-office.

"Then God bless you!" said she, pressing his hand with a look of unutterable gratitude. "You saved Augustus; and now—you will never know on earth what good you have done *me!*"

IV. BEING A FEW FRAGMENTS FROM THE LIFE OF THE BOY AND HIS FRIENDS.

But the Doctor *did* know, and on earth, too (though his feet did not seem to be exactly touching it at the time), the good he had done, and was to do, for the little Brother's sister.

During the same summer, toward its close, a little bird, swinging on the twig of one of those trees which, at the upper point of Goat Island, look toward the Niagara Rapids, caught this little bit of a talk and brought it to me.

"And can *you* really—with all the jealous, unsharing, rival-hating heart of a man—still *love me? Me*, whose heart once went so bitterly astray, and was nearly wrecked forever?"

"Not your *heart*, Kate; your *head* only! You were merely feeling your depth—or, better still, merely trying your strength to mount. If you thought you had reached your full height, is not that what many do, and then sit sadly on the lower stairs, unsatisfied, pining, miserable; looking with despair through a whole life on the bright blessed height, far over them, to which they might have scaled; knowing that not their heart at all—but their young, untaught head—has brought this spell-bound wretchedness upon them? And shall I love you less for remembering the ladder on which you climbed up to a true man's soul—believing in my heart of hearts that you have now reached your height?"

"Yes, I *have* reached it."

"God bless my darling!"

There was a wedding in Twenty-third Street. Little Brother sat up to it, without doing the most trifling thing that was disagreeable. Indeed the little Misses Flummerie said he was charming! And he did both look and act as handsomely as any youth who longed to put away the *enfant terrible* part of boy character possibly could. His chief amusement, when not bringing up little girls by the hour together to kiss the bride, consisted in poking with his small finger the side of the groom's white satin waistcoat, and whispering, with most amiable inaudibleness,

"*Didn't* we dish him, old fellow?—*say!*"

About one o'clock A.M., when the little girls had gone and the big ones were going, Master Augustus yielded to Nature's kind restorer, and was surrendered to her in a state of most unreserved capitulation.

Just before the lights were turned off for the night, the new bride and bridegroom stole into the little bedchamber where the little Brother was sleeping, as he was wont to brag, "all alone by himself."

They both bent down and kissed the rosy cheek which, under its curly corn-silk, was lying on the little open palm; looked tenderly at him, and then at each other.

"Once you thought he was a little imp."

"And now I think he is a little angel."

And what they both thought was, that it was not such a bad thing to have a little Brother after all.

THE ALEXANDRIANS.*

ARISTOTLE occupied a middle ground between the pure speculation of the old philosophy and the rigid science of the Alexandrian school. He is the true connecting link in the history of European intellectual progress between Philosophy and Science. Under the inspirations issuing from his teaching, aided by the material tendencies of the Macedonian campaigns, there arose a class of men in Egypt who gave to the practical a development it had never yet possessed. For that country, on the breaking up of Alexander's dominion B.C. 323, falling into the possession of Ptolemy, that General found him-

* Extract from *A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, by JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Shortly to be published by Harper and Brothers.

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self at once the depositary of spiritual and temporal power. Of the former it is to be remarked that though the conquest by Cambyses had given it a dreadful shock, it still not only survived, but displayed no inconsiderable tokens of strength. Indeed it is well known that the surrender of Egypt to Alexander was greatly accelerated by hatred to the Persians, the Egyptians welcoming the Macedonians as their deliverers. In this political movement we perceive at once the authority of the old priesthood. It is not possible to tear up by the roots an ancient religion, the ramifications of which have solidly insinuated themselves among a populace. That of Egypt had already the growth of more than three thousand years. The question for the intrusive Greek sovereigns to solve, was how to coordinate this hoary system with the philosophical skepticism which had issued as the result of Greek thought. With singular sagacity they saw that this might be accomplished by availing themselves of Orientalism, the common point of contact of the two systems, and that by its formal introduction and development it would be possible not only to enable the philosophical king, to whom the Pagan gods were alike equally fictitious and equally useful, to manifest respect even to the ultra-heathenish practices of the Egyptian populace, but what was of far more moment, to establish an apparent concord between the old sacerdotal Egyptian party, strong in its unparalleled antiquity, strong in its reminiscences, strong in its recent persecutions, strong in its Pharaonic relics, which all men regarded with a superstitious or reverent awe, with the free-thinking and versatile Greeks. The occasion was like some other instances in history, some even in our own times—a small but energetic body of invaders was holding in subjection an ancient and populous country.

To give practical force to this project, a grand State institution was founded at Alexandria. It became celebrated as "The Museum." To this as to a centre philosophers from all parts of the world converged. It is said that at one time not less than 14,000 students assembled there. Alexandria, in confirmation of the prophetic foresight of the great soldier who founded it, quickly became an immense metropolis, abounding in mercantile and manufacturing activity. As is ever the case with such cities, its higher classes were prodigal and dissipated, its lower only to be held in restraint by armed force. Its public amusements were such as might be expected—theatrical shows, music, horse-racing. In the solitude of such a crowd, or in the noise of such dissipation, any one could find a retreat; Atheists who had been banished from Athens, devotees from the Ganges, monotheistic Jews, blasphemers from Asia Minor. Indeed it has been said that in this heterogeneous community blasphemy was hardly looked upon as a crime; at the worst it was no more than an unfortunate, and, it might be, an innocent mistake. But since uneducated men need some solid support on which their thoughts may rest, mere abstract doctrines not meeting their wants, it became necessary to provide some corporeal representation for the eclectic philosophical pantheism, and hence the Ptolemies were obliged to restore, or, as some say, to import the worship of the god Serapis. Those who affirm that he was imported say that he was brought from Sinope; modern Egyptian scholars, however, give a different account. As setting forth the pantheistic doctrine of which he was the emblem, his image, subsequently to attain world-wide fame, was made of all kinds of metals and stones—"All is God." But still the people, with that instinct which other nations and ages have displayed, hankered after a female divinity, and this led to the partial restoration of the worship of Isis. Accordingly the devotees of Isis outnumbered those of Serapis, though a magnificent temple had been built for him at Rhacotis, in the quarter adjoining the Museum, and his worship was celebrated with more than imperial splendor. In subsequent ages the worship of Serapis diffused itself throughout the Roman Empire, though the authorities, Consuls, Emperors, Senate, knowing well the idea it forthshadowed, and the doctrine it was meant to imply, used their utmost power to put it down.

The Alexandrian Museum soon assumed the character of a University. In it those great libraries were collected which were the pride and boast of antiquity. Demetrius Phalereus was instructed to collect all the writings in the world. So powerfully were the exertions of himself and his successors enforced by the government that two immense libraries were procured. It is said that they contained 700,000 volumes. In this literary and scientific retreat (supported in ease and even in luxury—luxury, for allusions to the sumptuous dinners have descended to our times) the philosophers spent their day in mutual culture by study, or mutual improvement by debates. The king himself conferred appointments to these positions, in later times the Roman emperors succeeding to the patronage, the government thereby binding in golden chains intellect that might otherwise have proved troublesome. At first, in honor of the ancient religion, the presidency of the establishment was committed to an Egyptian priest, but in the course of time that policy was abandoned. It must not, however, be imagined that the duties of the inmates were limited to reading and rhetorical display; a far more practical character was imparted to them. A Botanical Garden in connection with the Museum offered an opportunity to those who were interested in the study of the nature of plants; a Zoological Menagerie afforded like facilities to those interested in animals. Even these costly establishments were made to minister to the luxury of the times; in the Zoological Gardens pheasants were raised for the royal table. Besides these elegant and fashionable appointments, another of a more forbidding and perhaps repulsive kind was added: an establishment which, in the light of our times, is sufficient to confer immortal glory on those illustrious and high-minded kings, and to put to shame the ignorance and

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superstition of many modern nations; it was an anatomical school, suitably provided with the means for the dissection of the human body, this anatomical school being the basis of a medical college for the education of physicians. For the astronomers, Ptolemy Euergetes placed in the square porch an equinoctial and solstitial armil, the graduated limbs of these instruments being divided into degrees and sixths. Besides these, there were in the observatory stone quadrants, the precursors of our mural quadrants. On the floor a meridian line was drawn for the adjustment of the instruments; there were also astrolabes and dioptra. Thus, side by side, almost in the king's palace, were these noble provisions for the cultivation of exact science, and for the pursuit of light literature. Under the same roof were gathered together geometers, astronomers, chemists, mechanicians, engineers, and poets, who ministered to the literary wants of a dissipated city; authors who could write verse not only in correct metre, but in all kinds of fantastic forms, trees, hearts, and eggs. Here met together the literary dandy and the grim theologian. At their repasts occasionally the king himself would preside, enlivening the moment with the condescension of royal relaxation. Thus of Philadelphus it is stated that he caused to be presented to the Stoic Sphærus a dish of fruit made of wax, so beautifully colored as to be undistinguishable from the natural, and on the mortified philosopher detecting too late the fraud that had been practiced upon him, inquired what he now thought of the maxim of his sect, that "the sage is never deceived by appearances." Of the same sovereign it is related that he received the translators of the Septuagint Bible with the highest honors, entertaining them at his table. Under the atmosphere of the place their usual religious ceremonial was laid aside, save that the king courteously requested one of the aged priests to offer an extempore prayer. It is naïvely related that the Alexandrians present, ever quick to discern rhetorical merit, testified their estimation of the performance with loud applause. But not alone did literature and the exact sciences thus find protection. As if no subjects to which the human mind has devoted itself could be unworthy of investigation, in the Museum were cultivated the more doubtful arts, magic and astrology. Philadelphus, who toward the close of his life was haunted with an intolerable dread of death, devoted himself with intense assiduity to the discovery of the elixir of life and to alchemy. Such a comprehensive organization for the development of human knowledge never existed in the world before, and, considering the circumstances, never has since. To be connected with it was a passport to the highest Alexandrian society and to court favor.

To the Museum—and it has been asserted particularly to Ptolemy Philadelphus—the Christian world is thus under obligation for that ancient version of the Hebrew Scriptures, the Septuagint. Many idle stories have been related respecting the circumstances under which that version was made, as that the seventy-two translators by whom it was executed were confined each in a separate cell, and when their work was finished the seventy-two copies were found identically the same, word for word. From this it was supposed that the inspiration of this translation was established. If any proof of that kind was needed, it has been remarked that it would be much better found in the fact, that wherever occasion arises in the New Testament of quoting from the Old, it is usually done in the words of the Septuagint. The story of the cells underwent successive improvements among the early Fathers, but is now rejected as a fiction; and, indeed, it seems probable that the translation was not made under the splendid circumstances commonly related, but merely by the Alexandrian Jews for their own convenience. As the Septuagint grew into credit among the Christians it lost favor among the Jews, who made repeated attempts in after-years to supplant it by new versions, such as those of Aquila, of Theodotion, of Symmachus, and others. From the first the Syrian Jews had looked on it with disapproval, they even held the time of its translation as a day of mourning, and with a malicious grief pointed out its errors; as, for instance, they affirmed that it made Methuselah live until after the Deluge. For the rest, Ptolemy treated all those who were concerned in providing books for the library with consideration, remunerating his translators and transcribers in a princely manner.

But the modern world is not alone indebted to these Egyptian kings in the particular here referred to; the Museum at Alexandria made an impression upon the intellectual career of humanity so powerful and enduring that we still enjoy its results. This is not the occasion to pursue the statement to its details; it is sufficient merely to indicate the two chief directions in which that impression took effect. The first was Theological, the second Physical. The Dialectical spirit and literary culture diffused by the Museum among the Alexandrians prepared that people beyond all others in the world for the reception of the Christian Theology. This was especially the case in one respect, too important to be overlooked. For thirty centuries the Egyptians had been familiar with the conception of a Triune God. There was hardly a city of any note without its particular Trinity. Here it was Amun, Maut, and Khonso; there Osiris, Isis, and Horus. As soon, therefore, as Christianity reached Alexandria, it found a soil already prepared for its reception, and a people able to enter on the discussion of its highest mysteries. The great Trinitarian disputes which subsequently deluged the world with blood had their starting-point and focus in Alexandria. It was in that city that Arius and Athanasius dwelt; there originated that desperate conflict which compelled Constantine the Great to summon the Council of Nicea, to settle, by a formulary or creed, the essentials of our faith.

But it was not alone as regards theology that

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Alexandria exerted a power on subsequent ages; its influence was as strongly marked in the impression it gave to science. Astronomical observatories, chemical laboratories, libraries, dissecting houses, botanical gardens, zoological menageries, were not in vain. There went forth from them a spirit powerful enough to tincture all future times. Of the effects of this in the production of those great works following the elements of Euclid, and the discoveries of Archimedes, works without a parallel in Christendom till the time of Newton, I shall have more fully to speak hereafter. At present it is enough to indicate that these splendid intellectual achievements were accomplished in a country, and among a people, immemorially addicted to theurgy, magic, necromancy, where the popular maxim was that authenticity could be given to a teacher and demonstration to a doubtful doctrine by the working of a wonder; that a statement could be irresistibly proved by offering an astounding illustration of something else. Even with us a gipsy at once suggests fortune-telling, wonder-working, and necromancy.

Nothing like the Alexandrian Museum was ever called into existence in Greece or Rome, even in their palmiest days. It is the unique and noble memorial of the dynasty of the Ptolemies, who have thereby laid the whole human race under obligations, and vindicated their title to be regarded as the most illustrious line of kings—the tribute due to them has long been withheld in the obscurity of intervening ages. The Museum was, in truth, an attempt at the organization of human knowledge, both for its development and its diffusion. It was conceived and executed in a practical spirit worthy of Alexander. And though, in the night through which Europe has been passing—a night full of dreams and delusions—men have not entertained a right estimate of the spirit in which that great institution was founded and the work it accomplished, its glories being eclipsed by darker and more unworthy things which have intervened—the time is approaching when its action on the course of human events will be better understood, and its influences on European civilization more clearly discerned.

I have now to review, as far as their remains permit, the works that issued from this "divine institution," as Synesius worthily calls it; I have to introduce names that will not only live forever, but will extort increasing admiration in coming ages. Euclid, Apollonius, Archimedes, Eratosthenes, Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Herophilus, are the leaders of a grand movement, embracing Geometry, Physics, Practical Mechanics, Chronology, Astronomy, Geography, Anatomy, and Scientific Medicine. Their versatility, copiousness, and power are above all praise. All, from the smallest to the greatest, leave the same impression upon us, from the Psammites of Archimedes, who is undertaking to count the grains of sand required to fill the entire space within the sphere of the fixed stars, a book that is the sport of a geometrical giant wantonly amusing himself with his strength, up to the great treatise "On the Mathematical Construction of the Heavens," by Ptolemy, pronounced by the Arab astronomers as the grandest production of the genius of man, and only in the end to be superseded by the Principia of Newton and the Mecanique Celeste of Laplace.

* * * * * *

From the date of these wonderful works let us descend a few ages, and what has happened? Something has enervated the spirit of Science. A gloom has settled upon the Museum. Ignorance is reigning in high places, knowledge is denounced as profane, the observatories and libraries are doomed.

There is no difficulty in obtaining an explanation of this unfortunate condition. The talent that might have been devoted to the service of science was in part allured to another pursuit and in part repressed. Alexandria had sapped Athens, and in her turn Alexandria was sapped by Rome. From metropolitan pre-eminence she had sunk to be a mere provincial town. The great prizes of life were not so likely to be met with in such a declining city as in Italy, or subsequently in Constantinople. Whatever affected these chief centres of Roman activity necessarily influenced her; but such is the fate of the conquered: she must await their decisions. In the very institutions by which she had once been glorified success could only be attained by a conformity to the manner of thinking fashionable in the imperial metropolis, and the best that could be done was to seek distinction in the path so marked out. Yet even with all this restraint Alexandria asserted her intellectual power, leaving an indelible impress on the new theology of her conquerors. During three centuries the intellectual atmosphere of the Roman empire had been changing. Men were unable to resist its steadily increasing pressure. Tranquillity could only be secured by being still. Things were, by degrees, coming to such a pass that the thinking of men was to be done for them by others; or if they thought at all, it must be in accordance with a prescribed formula or rule. The moral condition of the world was in antagonism to scientific progress.

For the better understanding of the manner in which this ignorance in high places operated in restraining the advance of learning, and, in the end, put a stop to it, it will not be lost time if, examining the subject more comprehensively, we include in our consideration the political and theological elements of the times; for it was the union of those elements which wrought the ruin of philosophy. We have already related that, under the Emperor Dioclesian, it had become apparent that the self-governed Christian corporations every where arising were altogether incompatible with the imperial system. If tolerated much longer, they would undoubtedly gain such strength as to become politically quite formidable. There was not a town, hardly a village in the empire, nay, what was indeed far more serious, there was not a legion in which

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these organizations did not exist. Already the Christians avowed their inflexible intention of destroying all idolatry, and in view of the daily expected end of the world, exulted in their contempt or hatred of all worldly wisdom. The uncompromising and inexorable spirit thus animating them, brought on necessarily a triple alliance of the statesmen, the philosophers, and the polytheists, against them. These three parties composing or postponing their mutual disputes cordially united to put down the common enemy before it should be too late. We have seen that it so fell out that the conflict first manifested itself in the army. When the engine of power is affected it behooves a prince to take heed. The Christian soldiers in some of the legions refused to join in the time-honored solemnities for propitiating the gods. It was in the winter A.D. 302–'3. The emergency became so pressing that a council was held by Dioclesian and Galerius to determine what should be done. The difficulty of the position may perhaps be appreciated when it is understood that even the wife and daughter of Dioclesian himself were adherents of the new religion. It is needless to relate the events that ensued: how the Church of Nicomedia was razed to the ground; how an ominous retaliation was exacted by setting fire to the Imperial palace; how an edict was openly insulted and torn down. Things were such that an internecine conflict between the disputants was inevitable. But in the dark and bloody policy of the times the question was settled in an unexpected way. To Constantine, who had fled from the treacherous custody of Galerius, it was naturally suggested that if he should ally himself to the Christian party conspicuous advantages must forthwith accrue to him, for he would thereby gain reliable and energetic partisans in every portion of the empire and in every legion of the army. He took his course. The events of war gave him success. He could not be otherwise than outwardly true to the party who had insured him power, who continued to maintain him on the throne. But he never conformed to the ceremonial requirements of the Church until the close of his evil life.

This attempt to make an alliance with a great and rapidly growing party was nothing new. Maximin tried it, but was distrusted. Licinius, foreseeing the policy that Constantine would certainly pursue, endeavored to neutralize it by feebly reviving the persecution A.D. 316, hoping thereby to conciliate the Pagans. The numerous aspirants for empire at this moment so divided the strength of the state that, had the Christian party been weaker than it actually was, it so held the balance of power as to be able to give a preponderance to the candidate of its choice. Much more, therefore, was it certain to prevail, considering its numbers, its ramifications, and its compactness. As to its strength, force and argument and persuasion had alike proved ineffectual against it.

The course of political affairs had thus detached the power of the state from the Philosophical and Polytheistic parties, with which, as we have seen, it had been formerly allied. Joined to the new movement, it was not long before it gave significant proofs of the sincerity of its friendship by commencing an active persecution of Paganism and Philosophy. It is to be borne in mind that the direction of the proselytism which was thus leading to important results was from below upward. It was the common people who were first seized with the new fervor. From them it proceeded, working its way upward through society. As to Philosophy its action was in the other direction; its depository was in the few enlightened, the few educated, its course of action socially was from above downward. Under the circumstances it was obvious enough that the prejudices of the ignorant masses would find a full expression in the approaching conflict—that science would have no consideration shown to it, or be detested as mere magic—that literature would be looked upon as a vain, and therefore sinful pursuit. When once a political aspirant has bidden with the multitude for power, and still depends on their pleasure for effective support, it is no easy thing to refuse their wishes, or hold back from their demands. Even Constantine himself felt the pressure of the influence to which he was allied, and was obliged to surrender his friend Sopater, the philosopher. He was accused of binding the winds in an adverse quarter by the influence of magic, so that the corn-ships could not reach Constantinople, and the Emperor was compelled to give orders for his decapitation to satisfy the clamors in the Theatre. Not that such requisitions were submitted to without a struggle, or that succeeding sovereigns were willing to make their dignity tacitly subordinate to ecclesiastical domination. It was the aim of Constantine to make theology a branch of politics, it was the hope of every bishop in the empire to make politics a branch of theology. In later times Rome, to a great extent, realized this idea. The former principle did not prevail in the East without many bitter and bloody conflicts. Such incidents as the disputes with Athanasius, his expulsion by the troops from the church of St. Theonas, and the horrible cruelties perpetrated in connection with the affair of George of Cappadocia, show well the relations between the imperial and ecclesiastical parties. Already it was apparent, however, that the latter would, in the end, get the upper hand, and that the reluctance of some of the emperors to obey its behests was merely the revolt of individual minds, and therefore ephemeral in its nature. It was clear that as soon as emperors arose who not merely availed themselves of Christianity, but absolutely and sincerely accepted and adopted it, the popular wishes would be abundantly gratified.

The persecution which broke out under Valentinian and Valens against philosophers throughout the empire, on charges of divination and magic, and which was conducted with extreme severity in Rome, was therefore nothing more than the gratification of that instinct. A great party had

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attained to power under circumstances which compelled it to enforce the principle upon which it was originally founded. That original principle was pure faith, which, though it will answer very well for the humbler and therefore more numerous class of men, is unsuited for those of a higher grade. To influence these there must be added knowledge, either real or simulated. The policy of Constantine had opened a career in the state through the Church for men of the lowest rank. Many such, indeed, had already attained to the highest dignities. But they had come through other paths than those of true knowledge. A burning zeal animated them rather than profound learning, yet eminent position once attained no men stood more in need of the appearance of wisdom. Under such circumstances the course was very clear; to set up their own notions as final and unimpeachable truth, and to denounce as magic, theurgy, necromancy, or the sinful pursuit of vain trifling, all the learning that stood in the way. The hand of power gave efficacy to such proceedings. An imperial edict placed the so-called practice of magic on the same level as treason, and inflicted upon it the same penalties. In Rome a horrible persecution burst forth, the intent being to cut off every philosopher. Every manuscript that could be seized was forthwith burned. Throughout the East men in their terror destroyed their own libraries for fear that some unfortunate sentiment or expression contained in any of the books should involve them and their families in destruction.

At length Theodosius, a Spaniard, attained the imperial dignity. He was restrained by no doubts, for he was very ignorant, and it must be admitted was equally sincere and severe. Among his early measures we find an order that if any of the Governors of Egypt so much as entered a temple he should be fined fifteen pounds of gold. He followed this by the destruction of the temples of Syria. At this period the Archbishopric of Alexandria was held by one Theophilus, a bold, bad man, who had once been a monk of Nitria. It was the year A.D. 390. The Trinitarian conflict was at the time composed, one party having got the better of the other. To the monks and rabble of Alexandria the temple of Serapis and its library were doubly hateful, partly because of the Pantheistic opposition it shadowed forth against the prevailing doctrine, and partly because, within its walls, sorcery, magic, and other dealings with the devil had for ages been going on. We have related how Ptolemy Philadelphus commenced the great library in the aristocratic quarter of the city named Bruchion, and added various scientific establishments to it. Incited by this example, Eumenes, King of Pergamus, established out of rivalry a similar library in his metropolis. With the intention of preventing him from excelling that of Egypt, Ptolemy Epiphanes prohibited the exportation of papyrus, whereupon Eumenes invented the art of making parchment. The second great Alexandrian library was that established by Ptolemy Physcon at the Serapion, in the adjoining quarter of the town. The library in the Bruchion, which was estimated to contain 400,000 volumes, was accidentally, or, as it has been said, purposely burned during the siege of the city by Julius Cæsar, but that in the Serapion escaped. To make amends for this great catastrophe, Mark Antony presented to Cleopatra the rival library, brought for that purpose from Pergamus. It consisted of 200,000 volumes. It was with the library in the Bruchion that the Museum was originally connected; but after the conflagration thereof, the remains of the various surviving establishments were transferred to the Serapion, which therefore was, at the period of which we are speaking, the greatest depository of human knowledge in the world.

The Pagan Roman emperors had not been unmindful of the great trust they had thus inherited from the Ptolemies. The temple of Serapis was universally admitted to be the noblest religious structure in the world, unless perhaps the patriotic Roman excepted that of the Capitoline Jupiter. It was approached by a vast flight of steps; was adorned with many rows of columns: and in its quadrangular portico—a matchless work of skill—were placed most exquisite statues. On the sculptured walls of its chambers, and upon ceilings, were paintings of unapproachable excellence. Of the value of these works of art the Greeks were no incompetent judges.

The Serapion, with these its precious contents, perpetually gave umbrage to the Archbishop Theophilus and his party. To them it was a reproach and an insult. Its many buildings were devoted to unknown, and therefore unholy uses. In its vaults and silent chambers the populace believed that the most abominable mysteries were carried on. There were magical brazen circles and sun-dials for fortune-telling in its porch; every one said that they had once belonged to Pharaoh or the conjurors who strove with Moses. Alas! no one of the ferocious bigots knew that with these Eratosthenes had in the old times measured the size of the earth, and Timocharis had determined the motions of the planet Venus. The temple, with its pure white marble walls and endless columns projected against a blue and cloudless Egyptian sky, was to them a whited sepulchre full of rottenness within. In the very sanctuary of the God it was said that the priests had been known to delude the wealthiest and most beautiful Alexandrian women, who fancied that they were honored by the raptures of the God. To this temple, so well worthy of their indignation, Theophilus directed the attention of his people. It happened that the Emperor Constantius had formerly given to the Church the site of an ancient temple of Osiris; and in digging the foundations for the new edifice the obscene symbols used in that worship chanced to be found. With more zeal than modesty Theophilus exhibited them to the derision of the rabble in the market-place. The

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old Egyptian Pagan party rose to avenge the insult. A riot ensued, one Olympius, a philosopher, being their leader. Their head-quarters were in the massive building of the Serapion, from whence issuing forth they seized whatever Christians they could, compelled them to offer sacrifice, and then killed them on the altar. The dispute was referred to the Emperor, in the mean time the Pagans maintaining themselves in the temple fortress. In the dead of the night Olympius, it is said, was awe-stricken by the sound of a clear voice chanting among the arches and pillars the Christian Alleluiah. Either accepting, like a heathen, the omen, or fearing a secret assassin, he escaped from the temple and fled for his life. On the arrival of the rescript of Theodosius the Pagans laid down their arms, little expecting the orders of the Emperor. He enjoined that the building should forthwith be destroyed, intrusting the task to the swift hands of Theophilus. His work was commenced by the pillage and dispersal of the library. He entered the sanctuary of the God—that sanctuary which was the visible sign of the Pantheism of the East, the memento of the alliance between hoary primeval Egypt and free-thinking Greece, the relic of the statesmanship of Alexander's captains. In gloomy silence the image of Serapis confronted his assailants. It is in such a moment that the value of a religion is tried; the God who can not defend himself is a convicted sham. Theophilus, undaunted, commands a veteran to strike the image with his battle-axe. The helpless statue offers no resistance. Another blow rolls the head of the idol on the floor. It is said that a colony of frightened rats ran forth from its interior. The kingcraft and priestcraft and solemn swindle of seven hundred years is exploded in a shout of laughter; the God is broken to pieces, his members dragged through the streets. The recesses of the Serapion are explored. Posterity is edified by discoveries of the frauds by which priests maintain their power. Among other wonders a car with four horses is seen suspended near the ceiling by means of a magnet laid on the roof, which, being removed by the hand of a Christian, the imposture fell to the pavement. The historian of these events, noticing the physical impossibility of such things, has wisely said that it is more easy to invent a fictitious story than to support a practical fraud. But the gold and silver contained in the temple were carefully collected, the baser articles being broken in pieces or cast into the fire. Nor did the holy zeal of Theophilus rest until the structure was demolished to its very foundations—a work of no little labor—and a church erected in the precincts. It must, however, have been the temple more particularly which experienced this devastation. The building in which the library had been contained must have escaped; for, twenty years subsequently, Orosius expressly states that he saw the empty cases or shelves. The fanatic Theophilus pushed forward his victory. The temple at Canopus next fell before him, and a general attack was made on all similar edifices in Egypt. Speaking of the monks and of the worship of relics, Eunapius says: "Whoever wore a black dress was invested with tyrannical power; philosophy and piety to the gods were compelled to retire into secret places, and to dwell in contented poverty and dignified meanness of appearance. The temples were turned into tombs for the adoration of the bones of the basest and most depraved of men, who had suffered the penalty of the law, and whom they made their gods."

Such was the end of the Serapion. Its destruction stands forth an enduring token of the state of the times.

In a few years after this memorable event the Archbishop Theophilus had gone to his account. His throne was occupied by his nephew, St. Cyril, who had been expressly prepared for that holy and responsible office by a residence of five years among the monks of Nitria. He had been presented to the fastidious Alexandrians with due precautions, and by them acknowledged to be an effective and fashionable preacher. His Pagan opponents, however, asserted that the clapping of hands and encores bestowed on the more elaborate passages of his sermons were performed by persons duly arranged in the congregation, and paid for their trouble. If doubt remains as to his intellectual endowments, there can be none respecting the qualities of his heart. The three parties into which the population of the city was divided—Christian, Heathen, and Jew—kept up a perpetual disorder by their disputes. Of the last it is said that the number was not less than 40,000. The Patriarchate itself had become much less a religious than an important civil office, exercising a direct municipal control through the Parabolani, which, under the disguise of city missionaries, whose duty it was to seek out the sick and destitute, constituted in reality a constabulary force, or rather actually a militia. The unscrupulous manner in which Cyril made use of this force, diverting it from its ostensible purpose, is indicated by the fact that the Emperor was obliged eventually to take the appointments to it out of the Patriarch's hands, and reduce the number to 500 or 600. Some local circumstances had increased the animosity between the Jews and the Christians, and riots had taken place between them in the theatre. These were followed by more serious conflicts in the streets; and the Jews, for the moment having the advantage over their antagonists, outraged and massacred them. It was, however, but for a moment; for the Christians, arousing themselves under the inspirations of Cyril, a mob sacked the synagogues, pillaged the houses of the Jews, and endeavored to expel those offenders out of the city. The Prefect Orestes was compelled to interfere to stop the riot; but the Patriarch was not so easily disposed of. His old associates, the Nitrian monks, now justified the prophetic forecast of Theophilus. Five hundred of those fanatics swarmed into the town from the desert. The Prefect himself was assaulted, and wounded in the head

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by a stone thrown by one of them, Ammonius. The more respectable citizens, alarmed at the turn things were taking, interfered, and Ammonius, being seized, suffered death at the hands of the lictor. Cyril, undismayed, caused his body to be transported to the Cæsareum, laid there in state, and buried with unusual honors. He directed that the name of the fallen zealot should be changed from Ammonius to Thaumasius, or "the Wonderful," and the holy martyr received the honors of canonization.

In these troubles there can be no doubt that the Pagans sympathized with the Jews, and therefore drew upon themselves the vengeance of Cyril. Among the cultivators of Platonic philosophy whom the times had left there was a beautiful young woman, Hypatia, the daughter of Theon the mathematician, who not only distinguished herself by her expositions of the Neoplatonic and Peripatetic doctrines, but was also honored for the ability with which she commented on the writings of Apollonius and other geometers. Each day before her door stood a long train of chariots; her lecture-room was crowded with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria. Her aristocratic audiences were more than a rival to those attending upon the preaching of the Patriarch, and perhaps contemptuous comparisons were instituted between the philosophical lectures of Hypatia and the incomprehensible sermons of Cyril. But if the Patriarch had not philosophy, he had what on such occasions is more valuable—power. It was not to be borne that a heathen sorceress should thus divide such a metropolis with a prelate; it was not to be borne that the rich and noble and young should thus be carried off by the black arts of a diabolical enchantress. Alexandria was too fair a prize to be lightly surrendered. It could vie with Constantinople itself. Into its streets, from the yellow sand-hills of the desert, long trains of camels and countless boats brought the abundant harvests of the Nile. A ship canal connected the harbor of Eunostus with Lake Mareotis. The harbor was a forest of masts. Seaward, looking over the blue Mediterranean, was the great lighthouse, the Pharos, counted as one of the wonders of the world; and to protect the shipping from the north wind there was a mole three quarters of a mile in length, with its drawbridges, a marvel of the skill of the Macedonian engineers. Two great streets crossed each other at right angles—one was three, the other one mile long. In the square where they intersected stood the Mausoleum in which rested the body of Alexander. The city was full of noble edifices—the palace, the exchange, the Cæsareum, the halls of justice. Among the temples those of Pan and Neptune were conspicuous. The visitor passed countless theatres, churches, temples, synagogues. There was a time before Theophilus when the Serapion might have been approached on one side by a slope for carriages, on the other by a flight of a hundred marble steps. On these stood the grand portico with its columns, its checkered corridor, leading round a roofless hall, the adjoining porches of which contained the library, and from the midst of its area arose a lofty pillar visible afar off at sea. On one side of the town were the royal docks, on the other the Hippodrome, and on appropriate sites the Necropolis, the market-places, the gymnasium, its stoa being a stadium long; the amphitheatre, groves, gardens, fountains, obelisks, and countless public buildings with gilded roofs glittering in the sun. Here might be seen the wealthy Christian ladies walking in the streets, their dresses embroidered with Scripture parables, the gospels hanging from their necks by a golden chain, Maltese dogs with jeweled collars frisking round them, and slaves with parasols and fans trooping along. There might be seen the ever trading, ever thriving Jew, fresh from the wharves, or busy concocting his loans. But worst of all, the chariots with giddy or thoughtful Pagans, hastening to the academy of Hypatia, to hear those questions discussed which have never yet been answered, "Where am I?" "What am I?" "What can I know?"—to hear discourses on antenatal existence, or, as the vulgar asserted, to find out the future by the aid of the black art, soothsaying by Chaldee talismans engraved on precious stones, by incantations with a glass and water, by moonshine on the walls, by the magic mirror, the reflection of a sapphire, a sieve, or cymbals, fortune-telling by the veins of the hand, or consultations with the stars.

Cyril at length determined to remove this great reproach, and overturn what now appeared to be the only obstacle in his way to uncontrolled authority in the city. We are reaching one of those moments in which great general principles embody themselves in individuals. It is Greek philosophy under the appropriate form of Hypatia; ecclesiastical ambition under that of Cyril. Their destinies are about to be fulfilled. As Hypatia comes forth to her academy she is assaulted by Cyril's mob—an Alexandrian mob of many monks. Amidst the fearful yelling of these bare-legged and black-cowled fiends she is dragged from her chariot, and in the public streets stripped naked. In her mortal terror she is haled into an adjacent church, and in that sacred edifice is killed by the club of Peter the Reader. It is not always in the power of him who has stirred up the worst passions of a fanatical mob to stop their excesses when his purpose is accomplished. With the blow given by Peter the aim of Cyril was reached, but his merciless adherents had not glutted their vengeance. They outraged the naked corpse, dismembered it, and, incredible to be said, finished their infernal crime by scraping the flesh from the bones with oyster shells, and casting the remnants into the fire. Though in his privacy St. Cyril and his friends might laugh at the end of his antagonist, his memory must bear the weight of the righteous indignation of posterity.

Thus in the 414th year of our era the position of philosophy in the intellectual metropolis of the world was determined; henceforth science must sink into obscurity and subordination. Its

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public existence will no longer be tolerated. Indeed it may be said that from this period for some centuries it altogether disappeared. The leaden mace of bigotry had struck and shivered the exquisitely tempered steel of Greek philosophy. Cyril's acts passed unquestioned. It was now ascertained that throughout the Roman world there must be no more liberty of thought. It has been said that these events prove Greek philosophy to have been a sham, and, like other shams, it was driven out of the world when it was detected and could not withstand the truth. Such assertions might answer their purposes very well so long as the victors maintained their power in Alexandria, but they manifestly are of inconvenient application after the Saracens had captured the city. However these things may be, an intellectual stagnation settled upon the place, an invisible atmosphere of oppression, ready to crush down, morally and physically, whatever provoked its weight. And so for the next two dreary and weary centuries things remained, until oppression and force were ended by a foreign invader. It was well for the world that the Arabian conquerors avowed their true argument, the cimeter, and made no pretensions to superhuman wisdom. They were thus left free to pursue knowledge without involving themselves in theological contradictions, and were able to make the land of Egypt once more illustrious among the nations of the earth—to snatch it from the hideous fanaticism, ignorance, and barbarism into which it had been plunged. On the shore of the Red Sea once more a degree of the earth's surface was to be measured—but by a Mohammedan astronomer. In Alexandria the memory of the illustrious old times was to be recalled by the discovery of the motion of the sun's apogee by Albategnius, and the third inequality of the moon, the variation, by Aboul Wefa; to be discovered six centuries later in Europe by Tycho Brahe. The canal of the Pharaohs from the Nile to the Red Sea, cleared out by the Ptolemies in former ages, was to be cleared from its sand again. The glad desert listened once more to the cheerful cry of the merchant's camel-driver instead of the midnight prayer of the monk.

YET'S CHRISTMAS-BOX.

AFTER Dante, Miss Yuler found that it was hard climbing other people's stairs. With the exception of cousins, she had no relatives; with the exception of music, she had no education; with the exception of fifteen dollars, she had no money. Three half-eagles clinked in Miss Yuler's purse; they were the preceding month's wages for daily singing-lessons in a seminary. Two of them paid that month's board to a person who would not turn her out doors, but would be extremely glad to have her go and leave room for a larger figure in the receipts. The remaining one covered all other needs. Extravagant desires, luxurious tastes and fancies had Miss Yuler, totally unsatisfied; for she found it as hard to make both ends meet as Puck might have done had he endeavored to fulfill his celebrated threat. Nature had made her passionate and ideal; necessity improved the pattern, and made her sharp and practical.

One Monday morning a new preceptress, who combined in herself the solid and ornamental, entered the seminary. Miss Yuler was informed that her services were no longer required. She saw herself adrift in the world, with twenty-two years and a modicum of common sense. A very strange afternoon she passed. Her freedom seemed so novel that she only stared at it. She no more understood why she was not tallying crochets and quavers on the brains of little dunces than a somnambule understands why he is not awake. Shackling erratic fingers between bars, stamping signatures on blank memories, and beating huddled flocks of sound into their separate and peculiar time, had become a part of her mechanism. She appeared like one just waked from nightmare, but to whom nightmare is the normal condition. Tea gave her exhilaration and appetite; she found high spirits not incompatible with beggary; and turned over the *Evening Transcript* with the nonchalance of wealth and high-breeding.

WANTED—A MUSIC GOVERNESS.—A Lady in the Provinces desires to engage a person in the above capacity. Liberal salary, and the comforts of a home. Best of references given and required. Address J. V. V——, Nova Scotia.

Miss Yuler was merely glancing at the list of new publications when this advertisement met her eye. "The comforts of a home"—she had really a mind to see what that meant. The last mail had closed, there was just time to post a letter at the express train. This being done, Miss Yuler returned, yet bonneted sought a drawer, and unwrapped from layers of pink and white wool a bracelet of heliotrope, beryl, serpentine, malachite, and Oriental verd-antiques, choicely cut and pendant with old rose nobles of Raymond Lully's coinage in the Tower of London. She did not look at it twice, but covering it between her two hands went out and sold it at a jeweler's. Having parted with her sole heirloom and only ornament, and received a sum sufficient for her passage should her letter be successful, she came out with as light a step as her lover's would have been if he had bought their wedding-ring. For Miss Yuler had a lover.

A fortnight from that time brought a favorable answer. A little hair trunk was packed with all her possessions, her hired piano returned, the coach at the door, the train whistling behind the hill. There was nothing left to do but dismiss her lover. Being considered neither pretty nor learned nor amiable, she had received as yet but one offer, and that she had taken into consideration: it proceeded from an individual who had never offended her, who could and would have bought a hundred of her in a slave-market, who admired her immensely, and for whom, if the Red Sea had thrust a wave across continent and ocean and swept him under, she would not have shed a tear. Starvation or marriage or Nova Scotia were at her command.

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She chose Nova Scotia. Miss Yuler left a note for the lover, was hustled into the coach, hustled out at the station, checked off in the cars, and in exactly a month from the commencement of our story had been domesticated a week at the pleasant old country house of Madam Van Voorst, in the province of Nova Scotia, near the town of—. But if I should tell you, you would know.

The house was a low-roofed brick mansion, in basement, clear-story, and attic, all ascended by picturesque flights of steps without, and covering an extent of ground with that aggregate of gables which old houses are apt to acquire, when they have been long in a family whose generations one and all are given to architectural cobbling; far and near around were the farm-fields, and it was netted in wandering woodbine red as blood. The family consisted of Madam Van Voorst, her three orphan grandchildren, and the servants; add to these, a multitude of sons and daughters, and friends perpetually in and out from town and neighboring residences. It rained the first week of her arrival, a long, dull, blue rain; she was tired of the soaked fields, of the bay's rushing tides, of the monotonous household. It was pleasant vivid autumn the next week—with the same results; she was tired of the quaint dress and quainter *patois* of the peasant people, of the noisy visitors, of their familiarity, their clipped accent, their number countless as if she had unearthed a community of prairie dogs. She wished to Heaven she had married, had died, any thing; she was heartily homesick, for no home she had ever had. Her pupils and their guardian treated her with kindness and respect; the others with the indifference or slightly contemptuous condescension that awakens indignation or reserve. In the latter, Miss Yuler wrapped herself so impenetrably that nothing short of sunbeams could reach her. While the children were at school she practiced or assisted Madam Van Voorst. Every other moment of her time till sleep took their charge was devoted to them. At the end of two months no one of the *figurantes* on the Van Voorst stage had any closer acquaintance with their walking lady than on the day of her arrival.

One windy afternoon, as she sat sewing with Madam Van Voorst, she glanced listlessly out of the window—wishing she were a leaf as much as any thing that she might blow away—when she saw a little apparition advancing up the avenue toward the door. It was a young woman in a light frock flanked with flounces in plaid rainbows; she wore a large Turkish scarf of blue and red that the wind had twisted round her, and in the white ribbons of her summer hat she had wound a scarlet cable nearly the size of the telegraphic. Altogether, her appearance was that of half an enormous stick of candy, or rather, a flattened *gibralter*. She was scarcely seen laboring and tacking in the wind like a little Dutch gala-galleon (for she suggested all manner of similitudes) when the house shook with its concussant door.

"Goodness!" said a sharp voice in the hall. "It's hot enough here to scorch oysters. Open the door again, Jackson. The Yankee girl here? I've come to see her."

Up pattered a quick step on the oak stairs and entered the Confection.

"Oh, grandma—that you? Good-morning—afternoon, I mean. That Miss Yuler? How do you do? I'm Miss Van Voorst. There are a thousand Miss Van Voorsts, though; so in particular I'm Friday, short for Elfrida—somebody's queen somewhere, sometime. Isn't it horrid to go round labeled so, Miss Yuler? What if I should want to marry Mr. Robinson? Robinson Crusoe and his *girl* Friday it would be then.

"'And it's O poor Robinson Crusoe!
Ah, poor Robinson Crusoe!
A ringky ting ting, and a rangky tang tang,
And it's O poor Robinson Crusoe!'"

sang the girl, without a speck of voice or tune; while tearing off her hat and scarf, and rushing at her grandmother with a shower of kisses that rattled like hailstones, she seated herself afterward in the best arm-chair, put her feet on the fender, lifted her skirts out of the way of the sparks.

"Ask away, grandma," said she; "I'm all ready."

Miss Yuler surveyed the specimen in this chance; found she had black hair, and enough of it; black eyes, and too much of them; red cheeks, white teeth, and a pug nose; decided that she was a vixen with a spice of malice, and believed that she might be turned to account. This, while Miss Friday was reeling off a skein of gossip from Halifax.

"By-the-way, grandma," said she, "pa had a letter from Amsterdam yesterday. Cousin Van's coming home; thought he might be here for Christmas. Wonder what he'll bring me. Do you suppose he's made lots of money?"

"Money, child! He has his wage. He is simply supercargo."

"Dear me, grandma. What a damper you are. I was fancying he'd been in Sindbad's diamond valley, or somewhere. How the wind blows! Miss Yuler" (after a momentary pause), "will you give me lessons? I've a great mind to try. I heard an opera in Halifax—such a scratching round to fiddles! My trunk is coming with the carrier, grandma; I'm going to stay here till I go to school again. Sha'n't I?"

"Certainly, my love. I—"

"Miss Yuler, come into the drawing-room and play for me. Ma says you sing very prettily."

Miss Yuler put down her sewing at once, and rose. Friday dragged herself up slowly.

"Dear!" said she, "I'd no idea you were so obliging. Thought you'd have to be teased long enough for me to give myself a toasting."

Miss Yuler sat at the piano, while Friday stood leaning both elbows thereon and pulling a tassel to pieces.

"Do you know," asked she, suddenly break-

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ing through the Moonlight Sonata, "who cousin Van is?"

Miss Yuler shook her head.

"He isn't a blue-nose like the rest of us. He was born in Haarlem; his mother's father played the organ there. He don't resemble the Van Voorsts; he's as poor as a crow—not worth a stiver; he's very well-looking, though. He'll marry into the firm, I suppose—the great Van Voorst firm of Amsterdam, you know—and then I mean to visit him—he'll live in Europe. Why don't you go on playing?"

Miss Yuler played a Polonaise now.

"Have you any relatives, Miss Yuler?" commenced Friday again before the first half-dozen bars. "No? How queer! Why *I* have—dear me! all the people for twenty miles round here who don't write *De* or *Le* before their names write *Van*. You're such a forlorn looking thing, I thought maybe you had a million meddling friends. You aren't *obliged* to teach, are you, Miss Yuler? You've had some scrape with your relatives, and cleared out and left them in an independent manner. Maybe you had a lover, eh?"

Miss Yuler laughed. "I have no friends," said she. "I teach because I am poor. When I am superannuated I shall be sent to Tewksbury alms-house."

"What queer things you play! Why don't you do some rattling, slashing stuff?"

Miss Yuler dashed off a band march.

"That's good!" said Friday. "I want you to make a noise so that grandma won't hear us talk."

If noise was her object, it was attained by a storm of little voices as the chorus of children escaped from school broke through a door.

"There's an end!" said Friday. "Those—"

Miss Yuler rose. "I must go to them," said she; and Friday was left as unconcernedly as if she had been a doll.

"Oh!" muttered she; "coming the dignified, are you?"

That was all Miss Friday said; but there was a world of meaning in her silence.

A week, during which Miss Yuler made herself busy and Miss Friday made herself sulky, passed rapidly, and great things were put in progress toward Christmas Eve. The children talked of nothing else; Madam Van Voorst talked of all the Christmases since Columbus. Friday talked of nothing at all. From every point of the compass flocked troops of friends, and found shelter in the warm walls of home, and it was Christmas Eve. Nobody could describe the gayety and bustle in the house. Every room was full and lighted; voices, laughter, and singing poured out of the upper doors; and below stairs such a rattling of dishes and smoking of viands as the Devil and Michael Scott never raised in the kitchen of the King of France. A knot of sorry carolers was feasting in the servants' hall; another singing outside the doors. The town chimes came faintly on the wind; the great bell of the country church was ringing out in the clear, crisp air; when sharp and loud through the mellow peal clattered a double knock. Suddenly singing, shouting, laughing ceased.

"That's Van!" cried the keen Miss Friday; and in a moment a great slam of trunks resounded on the stone floor, a firm, free foot came leaping up the stairs, and Van was among them.

If he had been the Prodigal Son instead of Franz Van Voorst he could not have received a warmer welcome. His little sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and remoter friends, all crowded upon him with the gladdest, most cordial greeting.

"Science is wrong!" exclaimed a clear, gay voice from the very centre of this swarm of embraces. "The Queen of the Bees is a King, and I am he!"

Miss Yuler, sitting at the piano, looked up as he spoke, caught his eye a breathing space, and looked down again. There was nothing more to be said or done. He stepped impetuously out of the circle and came toward her.

"*You* have not welcomed me," he said. "Is it another cousin?"

"Hush, Van!" murmured Miss Eleanor at his sleeve; "it's the governess."

At this point Madam Van Voorst herself came up from the carolers.

"Do you see how fond grandma is of Van?" whispered Friday to Miss Eleanor, who would be the first bride of the new year. "She'll never let him go. Why should she care because the entail cuts him off? Does it, Elle?"

Miss Yuler heard the words, and resumed playing waltzes for the children. After an hour's indefatigable dancing they clustered again round Van, who had been relating his experiences to their elders. There was a brief consultation among them, and then one put her best foot forward:

"Van brought us something?" said she, half rogue, half craven, sidling with her blushes under her curls till another took up the tale with a blunt "Friday says so."

Van tossed her in his strong arms to the ceiling.

"Brought her something?" said he. "Brought his Bert a plum? Now if we could only open a great box in the entry!"

"Knife?" suggested Bert, as a bivalve weapon, and, throned on his shoulder, vanished through the door-way. Directly afterward she reappeared, as Elfrida said, in the van of a triumphal procession of chests and boxes.

"Bless us!" said the latter damsel; "how did all these come?"

"Came in the van," said he, by way of retort. "But if Miss Elfrida had accompanied them, in the baggage-wagon, I should say—"

"Vanity has the advantage," was her rejoinder.

Therewith he knelt to open them, assisted by a bunch of little heads and hindering fingers. While he was thus engaged another knock was heard below, and a second gentleman joined them, perhaps for the pleasure of contrasting

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himself with the former. He was followed by his own servant, bearing a large basket, and with the grace of an elderly and obese Adonis he distributed its contents among the younger company, ending with a long string of Ceylon pearls for Miss Eleanor, and for Friday an ivory fan, of Chinese workmanship, that harmonized with her extraordinary toilet as it would have done with that of a Fiji princess. Having exhausted his basket he rubbed his hands and looked about more leisurely. Miss Yuler, dropping a great candied cherry into Bert's mouth, and laughing as she did so, arrested his attention. He wondered he hadn't observed her before during his frequent calls, who she really was, and that impertinent young Van Voorst had beckoned her to help him; took his pocket-book, wrote a few words on a leaf, which he tore out and gave to his servant, and directly afterward heard that functionary galloping like Roland back to town.

By this time Van had entranced Bert over a great music-box; Sue in a nest of atomic singing-birds, covered with more brilliant plumage than ever flew between the tropics, and opening their throats with a dozen silver tinkles all at once; while little Bessy was brimmed with content to clasp a family of crying babies.

"I hope you've brought home noise enough," said Elfrida, looking over as Miss Yuler's deft fingers loosened a harlequin, who showered a rain of chimes from every joint. "Bells on her fingers and bells on her toes. What a racket you institute!"

"You think there were belles enough in the family before? to say nothing of tongues. Elle! be prodigal of blushes now; here is a wedding-present from the firm:" and as Miss Eleanor approached to receive it he suddenly shook a snowy ripple from a tiny parcel held in his hand above her head, till she was covered with a fog of Flanders lace. In a moment after every body found themselves in masquerade: Evelyn Van Voorst was wrapped in a mantle of green Genoa velvet, edged with ermine; Jane muffled in chinchillas; Elfrida turbaned with a scarlet scented Indian shawl; and over Madam Van Voorst's shoulders and arms, still trailing a stiff length on the carpet, was thrown a dress-pattern of heavy black silk, brocaded and damascened in golden vine leaves.

"My dear spendthrift!" cried the latter lady, "have you been living on *bouilli* the last two years?"

"And do I think you a squaw to indue such a dazzle? No, no; so spare this tempest of thanks, my good friends: they're none of mine, but sent by your cousins, my masters."

Of course Miss Yuler had conspired with him to effect the instantaneous metamorphosis of the place into a green-room. She was amused and pleased; the splendor of the gifts delighted her fancy; she answered their sparkle in her expression; and while the others had merely changed their toilet she had transformed her face. Mr. De Lacy was amazed at himself for not having detected what had never before existed.

Miss Yuler, as I have said, was called plain; that was because her nose was large, her mouth wide and grave, and she had no color. Perfectly pale, with large light-hazel eyes whose haughty drooping lids seldom let loose their lustre, delicate brows, and hair of that indefinite neutral dark known as brown—there was, nevertheless, beauty in the face for whoever could awaken it. But at the instant of her first glance at Van the quickened blood flashed a clear red into her cheek, the heavy mouth broke into smiles, and as she knelt among the children beside the chest—a tray of toys and sweetmeats half lifted in her hands—and looked up at Van, Mr. De Lacy saw that the teeth were small, white, and even as dainty kernels in an ear of corn—that, under their raised, shadow-throwing lids, the wide yellow eyes were shining with soft color, suffused with warmth and satisfied with light. Unconsciously basking, for once, in the present, Miss Yuler was too keen to overlook it, too prudent to repeat it.

"Do you know, Van," said Friday, gayly, "we all thought you'd be wrecked, coming on the coast in December?"

"You thought so many magnets on shore would draw the nails from the ship, as they did in the story?"

"But it is dangerous," said Madam Van Voorst. "You mustn't repeat it."

"Dangerous, yes," and he looked into the clear eyes below. "I did not know how dangerous," he murmured, stooping to relieve Miss Yuler of the tray. Directly afterward he was scattering its contents among the small people, together with as many jests and quips as if it had been another person than the utterer of the last sentence.

Meanwhile Mr. De Lacy had himself been pelted with *confetti* in the shape of watch-cases, guards, slippers, smoking-caps, invisibles, and such tokens as an old family friend gratefully receives on occasion, whether wanted or not; and, moving here and there at his ease, had finally edged toward the door. He retained his senses perfectly, and detected the approaching gallop. In a few moments his servant, who had ridden into town and back during the hour, put a very superb bunch of flowers into his hand and retreated, unperceived. Mr. De Lacy, cumbered with his acquisitions, now made way toward Miss Yuler.

"May I venture, on so brief acquaintance," said he, "to beg Miss Yuler's acceptance of a bouquet?"

The ochres gloomed into browns in Miss Yuler's eyes, while the white lids fell; she woke from her little dream of bliss, rose slowly, and took the flowers with a low cold bow, but no syllable of thanks.

"Perhaps I may have the pleasure of finding her here another year, when it will not be so presumptuous in me to offer a less perishable token of friendship," added he, retiring.

Miss Yuler's instinct taught her that she was not of sufficient consequence to be remembered,

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an hour ago; she intended her manner should tell him so. Injured pride is as effective as a siren's song. Not that Miss Yuler is to be accused of concerted schemes, but she perfected every opportunity as far as it allowed, and held herself ready for every catastrophe.

"Are all Yankees so eucharistic?" asked Van, as Mr. De Lacy disappeared. "You are a Yankee, you know."

"I am not ashamed of my name."

"What *is* your name, Miss Yuler?"

"Henrietta."

"Henrietta," he repeated; "we call that Yet down here. Yet Yuler—who gave you that name?"

"My sponsors in baptism," she replied, as if at catechism.

"Now, if I should ask if you ever mean to change it, I suppose you would reply again out of the Prayer-book, 'That is my desire?' Don't you see," said he, as she laughed, "that since I am to be in the house with you all winter it will be impossible to go on calling me Nothing, and there are a dozen Mr. Van Voorsts; so a title will not serve me, and I don't see why you should keep your dignity and I lose mine; and so—and so—you'll be affronted.

"If a body meet a body,
Need a body fret
If a body greet a body
By the name of Yet?"

hummed Van. "Is that a bargain?"

"My name is at your service, Meinheer."

"Roland for Oliver! Dutchman for Yankee! Neat little revenge."

"Oh, Miss Yuler," said Friday, forgetting her ill-temper, "who gave you those beautiful flowers? Isn't it a mistake? Aren't they for me? Won't you give them to me?"

Miss Yuler pulled out a white camelia.

"You may have the rest," said she.

"Greedy Friday! No, Miss Yuler—I mean, Yet—give them to me."

"They are not mine now," she answered, and Elfrida danced away with them, having secured the reserved camelia as well.

"What do you mean by treating Mr. De Lacy's present in such a manner?" asked Van. "I understand; but you are very proud and naughty."

"Neither. When people ignore one of your traits, or two of them, you must assert them."

"At all events, you don't care about flowers," said Van.

"Don't I? But fragrant flowers a gift to me! That is discord."

Van made a grimace, and Miss Yuler commenced folding Friday's shawl that had been tossed on a chair, while its owner skipped by in a polka for which Evelyn supplied the tune.

"Friday," said Van, "aren't you going to give me any of the flowers?"

"Nary one," responded that elegant young lady, pausing to take the time.

"Nor even a bud?"

"Nor even a bud."

"But the white camelia, then?"

"That would be 'dangerous.'"

Miss Yuler flashed her a glance that might have fused agate. Van laughed.

"Are you so pale because you're provoked, Miss Yuler?" asked Friday, oscillating as the time came round. "You must have been born on Monday: Monday's child is fair in the face."

"And which day's child is full of grace?" retorted Van, as her first step overset a chair and precipitated her at his feet.

"Isn't Monday a good day to begin the world on?" she said, struggling up before his assistance, rather red and rather angry. "Perhaps you were born on Saturday, Miss Yuler. Let's see. Wednesday's child is sour and sad. Thursday's child is merry and glad—"

Van held an open palm for the camelia, while he pleaded,

"Friday's child is loving and giving."

"And Saturday's child shall work for its living!" summed up the little vixen, making Miss Yuler a courtesy and flinging Van the coveted flower, while she dashed off in the dance, flirting streamers enough for a fleet's pennants.

"Do you waltz?" asked Van, as if nothing had been said.

"I don't know how," she replied, quite unmoved at Friday's sally.

"Isn't it strange that the most phlegmatic people in existence should have the most nervous dance?"

"Oh, the waltz isn't nervous. It is lazy, swimming, luxurious. Waltz-music is the most dreamy in the world."

"I forgot; you teach music. And sing?"

"Yes. Your aunt says I sing 'very prettily.'"

"Very prettily! What a capital Geyser you'd make. And what a world of suppressions you'd live in! Here I've seen you just three hours, and am better acquainted than all these who have known you three—years, for all I can say. Are you a murderess? or a traitress? Do you know what makes volcanoes?"

"Either of those agents? Your natural history is alarming."

"Perhaps you have the second-sight. Your eyes are clairvoyant."

"You mean *sibillant*, polite for snake in the grass? So far as the next five minutes, yes. Madam Van Voorst ends the dance; comes on a refection of cakes and ale; follows a chapter in Matthew."

"I am as good a one myself. Plainly, you shall not tell my fortune."

"No?"

"I return to my former supposition; don't be disturbed. I never shall tell the good people here that you were an actress."

"An actress? This the play. Cue:

"'I see a hand you can not see,
That beckons me away.'"

And therewith Miss Yuler left him to get the great Bible for Madam Van Voorst and take her own seat at the instrument. None of those present, except Elfrida (who did not know a fid-

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dle from a fife by the sound), had heard Miss Yuler in any but the most trifling airs; and when, at the conclusion of the reading and Christmas hymn with the children, she paused a moment till the room was perfectly still, and then suffered her voice to soar in the ecstatic "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion!" surprise and pleasure sealed their lips. All angelhood rings in the clear soprano; it seems to comprehend the blue arch of day, the sweet and penetrating sunlight, the free full firmament—a sky of sound. Miss Yuler did not know what force she threw into the music—she could not have interpreted it in its holy rapture; but resolved to her own individuality, it throbbed with a possible personal joy sinking to a certain personal pathos. The religious sentiment in Van only waited to be vitalized; if he had possessed the nicest perception, musical or otherwise, he would have detected Miss Yuler building her little identity within this great song and filling the rest with lofty hollowness. As it was, when she ceased and rose she found him standing behind, his face pale and rapt and his dark eyes outlined with an inner light. Miss Yuler was frank; she dropped her curved lids, pale and proud. "I don't care for the words, you know," said she, and moved away. Van started, but it was too late for her to tell him she was a ghoul, or had one arm withered, or was sealed to Satan. Some temperaments, glowing and impressionable, an hour stamps as vividly as a year. At her first glance, and now at her singing, he had not merely fallen in love, but leaped, albeit a leap in the dark. And Miss Yuler? was a prudent young woman, and if for an hour she had yielded to the rush and current of her blood, she may be pardoned because so soon regaining the slow motion of the shallows.

Bert climbed upon the music-stool and put her arms round Van's neck.

"Van," she said, "isn't it Santa Claus for her? Didn't you bring Miss Yuler a Christmas-box?"

Van lighted a candle from the tray just brought in.

"Would you have treated mine as you did Mr. De Lacy's?" asked he, in demi-voice, handing but not relinquishing it to Miss Yuler. "Will you let me bring you one another time, Miss Yuler? May I give you a Christmas-box next year?"

She laughed and extended her hand. "You may give me the candlestick now," she said.

"You'd better give her yourself, Van," whispered Friday, in his ear.

But he still held the thing just beyond her reach.

"What shall it be, Yet?" he asked, as if it were a pleasant fancy, and he liked to play with it. "A diamond?"

"Diamonds are vulgar," was the sententious response.

"Vulgar! Why?"

"Oh, because."

"Exactly, I dare say."

"Well, then, they're gaudy, and every body has them."

"Isn't a sunset, then, because it is gaudy and every body sees it? Can beauty ever be vulgar? Oh, Miss Yuler, to call a drop of lustre that has crystalized into itself all the finest essences of the planet vulgar! A thing that flashes into your eye, and spits sheets of broken tints! Do you know, I imagine that when generous summer heavens have poured more light into the earth than she can hold in solution, she precipitates it in these precious cubes and sparkles along her choice caves and crevices!"

"It seems you are fond of diamonds."

He gave her the candlestick, letting its little flame dip a moment into a ring upon his finger.

"I wear one," he said. "You don't."

Perhaps Miss Yuler understood the possibility he implied, perhaps not, for without reply she marshaled the children before her from the room. Evelyn turned to Madam Van Voorst as Miss Yuler disappeared.

"You have been fortunate, grandma," she remarked. "The girl seems to have talent."

"I hope not!" was the answering exclamation. "I would send her back to-morrow. But she has a sweet disposition and great dignity."

"Oh yes," said Miss Friday. "Dignity's her dodge. You can't touch her with a ten-foot pole."

"Elfrida," said Van, "if my diamond's not vulgar I know who is. It was promised that I should find a scapegrace turned lady."

"Some folks," retorted Miss Friday, irately, wiping her infinitesimal nose with an inch of linen and a web of lace, "some folks kindle their Christmas fires with a *Yule* log and some with a *Yuler!*" and thereon whisked off to bed.

"Van knows his expectations and obligations too well to be disturbed by such innuendoes," said the extremely aristocratic Evelyn, following slowly, "and grandma will be displeased if you mention such an idea again."

If we invaded Miss Yuler's seclusion on this eventful twenty-fourth of December, I do not doubt but we should find there the pivot upon which all her future turned. It consisted in the brief but fixed definition of the position of two gentlemen. Franz Van Voorst, as a penniless orphan required to advance his fortunes by marriage, the displeasure of whose friends would seal his destiny: Mr. De Lacy, as— But who was Mr. De Lacy?

The son of an Englishman and an Acadienne, he had begun life with the euphonious and congruous label of De Lacy Chubbs, but on attaining manhood was made the possessor of a large fortune by the death of his mother's brother, on condition of assuming his matronymic, sinking the paternal monosyllable in a noble plurality. Doubly De Lacy'd, and fortified with gentility, he became, as life rotated, dapper and dandy, rotund and rubicund. He had a prim little body in a blue coat and buff waistcoat; and I suppose he had a soul. For the great Van Voorst house in Holland he was factor; of large coal mines and

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plaster lands in the Cape Breton he was proprietor; of every winter he spent a portion in the neighboring town to arrange an extensive lumber business. A bachelor, a millionaire, a gray and gracious gentleman, Mr. De Lacy de Lacy was, and had been any time these thirty years, as Elfrida informed Miss Yuler, a match for the first lady in the Province.

Miss Yuler was not a person to deliberate long. She commenced her toilet directly on entering her room. As she laid a long bunch of brown hair away in a box to await its resurrection on the morrow, and tucked the remaining wisp into her cap, her decision was taken. The flower sprung up so rankly in one night was to be uprooted from the soil. She was, all at once, well enough pleased with her situation as governess to keep it forever; but when the children were grown up—what then? She sincerely hoped Mr. De Lacy would not propose; but if he did, she would accept him. This being arranged, Miss Yuler blew out her candle, pulled aside the curtains to see the crisp sparkling snow, the clear dark hanging over the wide fields, and the starlight; said to herself that she was very content, and ought to be very grateful; tried to hum a stave of the Bayadère; and with an odd inconsistency hid her face in the pillow and nearly stifled in a fit of passionate weeping. Grief or suffering sometimes so accumulates that when tears come they are a river of relief; but you know some rivers are lost in the desert.

The next morning, after a gay breakfast, the family proceeded *en masse* to church. A square building with staring square windows, staring white walls, a little maple pulpit perched under the ceiling, and a curate's desk below. Its only ornament was a gift of the Van Voorsts, a fine organ whose power had never been tested. Miss Yuler did not like the effect of the solitude of a devout crowd; she anticipated a long and dismal morning, for certain frames of mind are not adapted to worship, and after a precarious resolution no one desires time for reflection. There came stealing through her mood a low, trembling organ-note, vibrant and thrilling, unwinding its theme with slow intimations of unreached melody, and braided with pure harmonies, just a toccata of Bach's that rose and swelled and burst into blossom with the Christmas chant that followed. But the chant was a sad failure, as it tossed and fluttered helplessly on the great current of sound beneath; and Miss Yuler, who had found herself silently weeping at the strangely joyful prelude, now in vexation and amusement thanked the fates that had restored her to the real. Church over, Van overtook her.

"You didn't know I played when you took the time *à la breve* at home this morning, did you?" said he.

"That was you?"

Van answered by another question,

"You liked it?"

"What an admirable choir you sustained!"

"They that have ears, let them hear," said he.

"And they that have no ear, you must hear for them."

"And that takes a long ear," he subjoined. "Yes, it's asinine enough to undertake accompanying such a set of rusticuses:" here Van looked at her askance under his lashes. "But then that organ would tempt St. Cecilia to *attempt* it."

"An organ is your prerogative, Mr. Van—"

"What? Oh! He isn't here," innocently.

"Who?" looking up.

"My uncle, Mr. Van Voorst."

"I spoke to you."

"You're not a covenant-keeping young lady, Miss Yuler."

"I haven't made any covenant."

"Perhaps you think a covenant is some kind of holiday sweetmeat, pie or turnover—as soon as made to be made away with?"

"I shall not venture to propose another then?"

"That this winter you and I should practice together? Sing, I mean. Organists' fingers are not the thing for the piano-forte."

"You forget that I have no time; the children commence lessons again in a week. And the house is too full."

"What of that? We shall have this hubbub only till after Twelfth Night, when every body treats us to a good-by. But I stay till Easter."

"No. Madam Van Voorst will not like it. It is out of the question."

"I don't mean to put it in question; take it as a right, rather, the moment we are alone in the house together."

At this point Mr. De Lacy joined them and offered Miss Yuler his arm, and Van, who, with all his audacity, had not dared this trivial courtesy, left the dialogue, conducted by him with a gay eagerness that only added another degree to her frigidity, and strode on in advance.

The festivities at last were swallowed in their great event, Miss Eleanor's wedding, and after that a round of balls and parties in town and country-houses developed the resources of Friday's toilet alarmingly. At none of these did Miss Yuler assist, and yet before the promised Twelfth Night she found herself a person of importance in the little community. Perhaps this was owing to the deference which Van exacted from every one for her—perhaps to the quiet attention paid her by Mr. De Lacy, intercepted and begrudged as it might be. Mr. De Lacy drank wine with Miss Yuler; at table, when he was assigned to Evelyn, did not scruple to take his place beside the other; carved her dishes, enforced her orders, held the door as she passed, suffered her to do nothing for herself that he could do for her. He took the children long drives that she might finish the novel he produced, left her the English periodicals, and became subscriber to a paper from the States, which every third night he brought out and laid yet damp on her little work-table.

"You will have a melancholy satisfaction in reading the next number, Miss Yuler," said Van one night, as she unfolded it, "the last mail-

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carrier was devoured by wolves, and I think of applying for the *post*."

"The good die young," said the young lady with significant indifference.

"As well die by the sword as the famine," he muttered.

"Then you'd lose your Christmas-box, Miss Yuler," said Friday, fluttering by in a frock like a conflagration.

Of course all these silent kindnesses, if unnoticed by some were not by Van, who gave every motion its interpretation and its thwart, and prowled round the house like a savage. If Miss Yuler walked with her pupils, Van made himself chevalier; if she remained at home, he mounted guard again; if she conversed with her admirer, he became a very dragon of the Hesperides. His fertility of invention was tasked by the other's pertinacity; frank as light and true as steel, he told more fibs than an Indian and manœuvred like a woman. Gay with trial and hope, his laugh rung every where in the house; and if he once succeeded in making Miss Yuler lift her eyes and fling a smile upon him, he had light enough for the day, although the smile was against her will; but if I had been he I should have liked it better because it was against her will. Nobody could be angry with Van, so kind as he was to every one else, so unconsciously mischievous, so unacquainted with himself, impulsive and varying, merry to-day, to-morrow sad—even Mr. De Lacy could not hate him, but he found him a terrible nuisance. Was the elder gentleman reading aloud that very entertaining disquisition on the correct width of phylacteries, the younger invariably came to Miss Yuler with a glove or some such trifle to mend, was in a great hurry, was very particular to match the silk, insisted on showing her how, all with a great deal of hushing and much show of silence, hunted himself through her work-basket till she remonstrated, succeeded in overturning it with all its implements pell-mell upon the floor, then scrambled with her to gather them, begging pardon and laughing; and if by that time a visitor had not entered, or Madam Van Voorst was not called away on some household occasion, having prayed the reading might be discontinued till her return, a new device was found at a new paragraph, and all elocution successfully prevented till Van could secure the volume from future observation. Love transformed Jupiter into a cuckoo, Van into a thief. The children, however, were his reliance. They were sent on perpetual pretexts to Miss Yuler, they were daily dismissed from school, they were delayed long past their bedtime, he demanded a constant and minute attention from her to them; no task-master bound his slave more abjectly. In fact, he did not quite intend to worry Miss Yuler to death, but rather than another should make her happy preferred himself making her unhappy. He was not at all peculiar; that is one of the *Cosas de España* in the nationality of lovers.

Just before sunset, Twelfth Night, Mr. De Lacy blustered into the hall, leaving a peal of sleigh-bells at the door, and, as he entered the drawing-room, sent a servant for Miss Yuler. Van was idly descending the stairs. "Miss Yuler?" he asked of Jackson. "She has walked into town to post a letter," he added, with a face of such unwinking sobriety that Jackson fairly believed him, although where they stood they could hear her singing scales with Bert, and Van knew she had not a correspondent in the world. Miss Yuler was not popular with the servants; Van could have walked over them rough-shod. Off whirled Mr. De Lacy in hopes to overtake her, and the other proceeded to infest the kitchens, spere concerning the great cake and its ring, open spice-boxes till their pungent dust made tropics of the pantry, capture great bunches of forbidden raisins for Bert, and satisfy himself cursorily that all had gone right below stairs since he made his examinations a year ago. Soon bustle spread throughout the large low house; the candles were lit, the fires heaped, and, more than all, sundry theatrical preparations received their last touch before the evening's performance, by Miss Elfrida and her peers, of scenes from the "Winter's Tale." Miss Yuler was called into requisition, and assisted behind the scenes in binding the heavy purple-black braids of Evelyn's hair. Thus employed, Van, in his Florimel suit, stole in, and with cousinly freedom lifted the great tresses admiringly and hummed an air from the "Barber of Seville." As she felt his touch Evelyn sprang up, snatched the brush from Miss Yuler.

"Two people at work on another's hair!" she cried, with tragic earnestness. "One of us will die before the year's out!"

"Isn't there any counter-charm?" laughed Van.

"Marriage," said Miss Friday, with merry malice. But just then the prompter's bell rang, and—the scene shifted.

The guests were numerous, the dresses gay. Miss Yuler's steel-colored silk, with neither flower, nor gem, nor lace, nor ribbon, made her only grayer and graver than ever; but when one has once seen the possible beauty of another's face it is always stamped there; and if she had been the Fairy Maimouna, perhaps she would have been no fairer in Van's eyes. The performance over and customary toilets resumed, Evelyn went to cut the cake, throwing her ermined mantle over Miss Yuler's shoulders; sidewise on her hair, at the same moment, Elfrida tossed Perdita's wreath of flowers, and, transfigured and laughing, she looked up at Van across the room, the color of the carnations reflected in her cheek, and the yellow of the daffodils warily painting itself in her eye. Miss Yuler rather enjoyed her unexpected splendor; she folded the mantle closer about her and robbed a vase of its dark clustering wealth; for she knew Van would remember Laura, as Petrarch did, in her gown of green velvet with violets. The next instant she saw

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Mr. De Lacy, tipped the wreath into her hand, replaced the violets in their vase, and dropped Evelyn's mantle on Friday. The gay vision, with its color and radiance and varied grace, was all absorbed again into the pale Miss Yuler of steel-gray uniformity. Evelyn, accompanying the servants with their loaded salvers, having waited upon the others, now left a plate in her hands and passed to the children. The search for the ring grew very merry, no one claimed to have found it, every body accused their neighbors, little wagers were whispered under the breath; altogether, such punning and laughing and health-drinking resounded that Madam Van Voorst rustled her satins and pronounced it a very successful Twelfth Night.

Van drew near Miss Yuler.

"Why don't you eat your cake?" she asked.

"I can't eat my cake and have it, you know," he replied.

"You are going to keep it to dream on, as Miss Friday says?"

"No. I want, as *your* friends say, to swap. Will you change plates, Miss Yuler?'

"Will I change plates, Mr. Van? No indeed. I might have the ring."

"Yes, you might—if there were two—but *I* have got the ring."

"Have you? Is it a pretty one?"

"The prettiest ring in the world—it is a wedding-ring." Van dropped his eyes like a girl as he said this, then looked up with a roguish contortion of countenance. "It must be worn, too, by the prettiest hand in the world; it is too small for a Dutch finger. Do Yankee girls have pretty hands, Yet?"

"Not often."

"Why not?"

"Oh, you know the old story of the lass who spun gold; but it made her thumb broad."

"You don't spin gold, then; but will you wear it? Yet, will you change plates with me?"

Miss Yuler drew back with a little hauteur from the serious eyes now so earnestly bent upon her.

"Don't tease, Mr. Van," she said. "There comes Elfrida; she will wear it."

Van slipped across to Mr. De Lacy, who had set his plate on the table behind him while he untied a knot for Bert, withdrew that, substituting his own, and made off again undetected. Mr. De Lacy turned, took up the deputy, and proceeded to break off a rich morsel. Something too hard for the citron and too yellow for the icing opposed his unctuous finger-tip.

"Ah!" said Mr. De Lacy. "Ah!" Looking about the room, shortly afterward he stood before Miss Yuler.

"Shall I slip the Twelfth Night ring on Miss Yuler's finger?" he asked, with his courtliest bow.

"Why, Sir, are there two? Mr. Van said he had it," answered Henrietta, opening her wide eyes.

"Mr. Van is a hoax, I fear. I am permitted?" He stooped and slid the slender hoop on her finger. "You have made me very happy," he murmured.

"Certainly I put the ring in!" exclaimed the voice of Evelyn at the centre-table.

"I am very sure I saw you do so," answered Madam Van Voorst.

"Well, nobody's got it," added Friday. "I asked Miss Yuler five minutes ago when she was talking with cousin Van, and Mr. De Lacy when he was untying Bert's cat's-cradle; and I asked Van just now, and he said, 'Hang the ring! Somebody's swallowed it, somebody that was born with a gold spoon in their mouth!' Where *do* you suppose it is? Any body made an Arabian Nights' fish of themselves? This must have been one of the gold pills we hear of in the advertisements!"

Poor Madam Van Voorst turned over the crumbs, loath to confess, after all, that the Twelfth Night was a failure. Miss Yuler lifting her fingers to her hair, felt Van's eyes branding a scarlet on her cheek. Her hand was heavy with the trinket's weight; she pulled it off and dropped it again into Mr. De Lacy's palm.

"You are too kind, Sir," she said, "I can not wear it here. Keep it for me," and, gathering the children, left the room. Van stood just without the door.

"It is my ring, not his, that you wear," he whispered, sharply. She extended her hand and showed him that it was bare. He snatched it to his lips, but she swept past him like a wind.

The next day several friends paid their farewell call, the circle grew smaller, the family more quiet, and, the holidays over, the children again went to school and Miss Yuler practiced undisturbed. Once a week Eleanor, with her husband, and Evelyn, and the other Van Voorsts, dined at the Farm. Van manifested little inclination to accept their civilities in return, Elfrida was always the accident of the day, and Mr. De Lacy did not neglect his opportunities. Miss Yuler was playing for Van one twilight, during this season, when he said, abruptly:

"Why don't you wait to be urged, Yet? Don't you know how much it decreases the value of a young lady's performance to have it given cheerfully?"

"Madam Van Voorst directed me to play for her grandchildren whenever they asked it. That is my duty."

"Oh, it is not a kindness then. You are paid for it. I thought— There's De Lacy's knock; he prosecutes his siege with vigor. Do you know, Yet, it is the siege of Acre to me?"

Yet might have replied that his bad pun answered as well for her, had she chosen; but just then Mr. De Lacy began to mount the stairs, and Van rang for lights, went to seek his grandmother, and muster the children. Mr. De Lacy could not stay long, he was just sending teams into the woods, but had driven out to leave them tickets for a play next night in town. He knew (though he did not say so) that Miss Yuler could not otherwise attend, and he never gained

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any chance to see her alone now. Forgot, when he started, that they couldn't accept because it was Lent. Evelyn came with him and remained. Van reclined in an easy-chair, his eyes shut in a sublime indifference, and played tricks with the cards for the children; while Mr. De Lacy showed the young ladies a new map of his residence in the Cape Breton, directing his personal explanations entirely to Miss Yuler. By-and-by it struck the hour, and Mr. De Lacy retired.

"Van," said Bert, "Miss Yuler can tell fortunes with the cards. She—"

"Can you, Miss Yuler?" said Van. "Tell mine."

"And mine," said Friday.

"Do, Miss Yuler, please," begged Evelyn, condescendingly.

She came and took the cards, shuffled them rapidly. "I can not tell fortunes," she said, "only the aspects of fortunes." She looked at Van, and threw them on the table. "Violets and parsley and rue," she murmured.

"With the first they crowned the Greeks in games. But the other— What is yours, Yet?"

"Rue."

"Just rue—barren and bitter as an olive—no color, no scent."

"What absurdity!" said Evelyn, and ordered Miss Yuler to the piano-forte, where, with Friday's help, she set up a duet which might have been called their own composition, so little resemblance did it bear to the author's.

"What a lovely house!" exclaimed Friday, suddenly, dropping her part. "And what a nice map!"

"Yes," said Van. "In the Cape Breton, county of Inverness, town of Strethelsae. I've been there myself, and may go there again. Mr. De Lacy's mansion is a magnificence; it is granite, Miss Yuler, strong, solid, a fortress if it weren't a palace, full of every delight—carpets like heath, ceilings like skies, paintings like travels, statues like gods—it stands on a cliff, among higher cliffs, and the great Bras d'Or foams up under the very windows."

"That's your price, Evelyn," said Friday. "Wouldn't you sail through those long rooms like—"

"Be quiet, Elfrida!" was the angry and conscious rejoinder.

"But if I should queen it there instead!"

"What has made you puff Mr. De Lacy, Van?" asked Evelyn, loftily. "I thought you didn't like him."

"My dear Evelyn! I never dreamed you were so stupid. What if the house *is* fit for a prince! Don't you know that whoever sits at the head of his sumptuous table he sits at the foot? That the same walls that inclose the Apollo with his drawn bow, the Venus rising dripping with her sea-dews, the Erard, the draperies, and porcelain, and jewels, inclose also the wretched little De Lacy?"

"For shame, Van!"

"He's not so very little," said Friday.

"*I* think he is, very little."

"Why, Van, he's prodigal, he is so generous," remonstrated Evelyn, "and honorable as—"

"Honorable! I wouldn't trust him as far as I could see him!"

"I would. Trust him to the world's end—to Greenland—to Australia!"

"Exactly. To Botany Bay. So would I, in a government conveyance."

"Who suspected you of such meanness?" exclaimed Evelyn, turning away.

Miss Yuler lightly and almost unconsciously played the air: "An auld man, an auld man came wooing o' me," then ceased with a crimson face. Van stepped and stood behind her with folded arms, and sung in response,

"O my love is like the red, red rose
That newly springs in June,
My love is like the melody
That sweetly plays in tune."

"That's a prettier song," he said. "There, Eve, I recant; De Lacy's every thing you say, and I believe it, and never knew a thing against him. But because he is the nicest old gentleman in the Province is no reason why he should marry the—"

"Who talked of my marrying him!" said Evelyn, tartly.

Van laughed; he had not intended her.

"People tire of fine houses, even if they stand on a cliff of the Bras d'Or," he said. "When all the beautiful objects have grown familiar, they find their hearts are empty. People can not live without love. Do you think they can, Miss Yuler?"

"Miss Yuler wasn't asked!" said Evelyn, pettishly.

"Miss Yuler?" demanded Van.

"People can determine whether they will be happier with love and nothing, or with wealth and nothing."

"And you? I know what Evelyn thinks. But you?"

"Me? Oh, I should like to rustle in Italian silks, or steal round, soundless as snow, in soft French wools. I should like to set my feet in the deep pile of empurpled carpets, to look through long windows whose crystal opposed nothing between me and these rich clear skies, to have my table sparkle like an altar with silver and frost, to surround myself with curves of light and elegant grace, with luxury and beauty and ease and the power that wealth gives. That is not noble, you think; but it is simply a matter of temperament and choice between two gratifications. Moreover," Miss Yuler added, laughing at her homily, "if one does not love very much, the other does, and one is sure then to be taken care of. For my part I should like to be taken care of. I never have been."

Van looked at her under his lids an instant and gave half a little sigh.

"And it does not cost your heart an ache to insert this wedge of Achan there?" he asked then, lightly.

"What a fool Van makes of that girl!" whispered Evelyn to Friday.

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"It is fortunate every body don't think alike," concluded he, "or we should have all the young ladies in Nova Scotia pulling caps for Mr. De Lacy."

"How absurd, Van!"

"Well, if I don't like him, I'm glad others do; and we needn't have any trouble, since I am going so soon again to Holland."

"Holland's Van's standing threat," said Friday. "There! *I'm* going to bed, good-night!"

Here Madam Van Voorst came in. Van sprang to get her a chair and sate the rest of the evening at her feet, more gay and cheerful and entertaining with varied power than she had ever known him. When the others all were gone his grandmother put her hand on his head and bent it back till she could see the frank, handsome face with the eyes persistently vailed.

"My dear child," said she, "are you so very happy?"

"My dear grandmamma, happiness is arbitrary."

"Yours makes mine, Van, so preserve it."

She drew the head upon her breast, and reading the face with her old tear-washed eyes bowed above it. Wordless prayers ascended over it, wordless blessings hovered about it. Because the heart that beat beneath her hand was more sensitive than any girl's, she cherished it as she had never done her own sons'; because it was tender, she would have thrown herself between it and all its arrows; she knew it to be valiant; she believed it to be noble. The clock struck midnight, the candles flared and fell, the fire was low, and still she bent above it; there was such quiet in the house, such rest, outside so bathed in the white moonlight, inside so full of silent sleep. Let other love be turbulent and false, here there was peace and fullness. The brand fell in a white ash, the great Angola cat crept round and arched her back at them. Miss Yuler with a velvet footfall came down for a vial of balsam, folded in her loose white wrapper, hung a moment on tip-toe and regarded them. A great sigh tore its way up from her heart; on the landing her cough broke the stillness. The sleepers started, Van threw up his arms and laughed; his grandmother unclasped her embrace; she put the embers together, while he took a coal, and with its red glare on his face gayly blew a light. Madam Van Voorst brought a glass of wine; they drank each other's health, with the blaze flickering in the ruby depths of the glasses.

"Filial affection is an opiate, it seems," said Van; "I shall tell the future Van Voorsts how my grandmother and I drank deep into the morning."

Madam Van Voorst put her stately hand on his head again. "God bless you, my dear boy!" she said, sealing his forehead by her kiss, and marched with her heavy step to her own apartment. Van threw another log on the fire, wrote foreign letters till morning, and when the early mail-sledge slipped by with its bells in the keen, frosty, four o'clock air, the stars still sparkling above, the silence of night yet broken by nothing but the long swell and split of heaving ice, Van caught it, and ere the red sunrise was far on his way to busy forgetfulness in Halifax.

Five weeks in the lonely house now taught Miss Yuler what the preceding weeks had been; but those who are endowed with great power of endurance may be assured that it is theirs to use, not to waste, and her resolution remained impregnable. Mr. De Lacy was neither to be hated nor detested; it was impossible to cherish an unkind feeling toward him; he seemed to become omnipresent till a kind Providence laid him up with a broken leg.

The long winter passed. March blew down warm gales that thawed the ice; the snow melted away; in April the bare willow boughs reddened like flames; spring came early across the fields, and with the spring came Passion-week. It was Good Friday; after church Miss Yuler walked on an errand for Madam Van Voorst to the village beyond, and, the day being so balmy, took her way along the shore. She had very seldom followed this path, her walks had always been in another direction—for to people who have a narrow, personal melancholy the sea is never grateful; and, except to watch the picturesque tides of the Bay of Fundy, she had no fancy now for looking over its stretches of color and foam. The tide was out; she walked rapidly, reached the village, and performed her errand.

Meanwhile, as Madam Van Voorst opened the dining-room door on her return, Van, surrounded by an army of dishes and condiments, with Bert, and Sue, and Bessy, all mounted on high chairs about him, met her outraged eyes. "Why, Van," was her salutatory, "it is Good Friday!"

"Can't help it, grandma," he replied. "I fasted over night. I'm going out to England, Monday. Pass the pepper, Sue?"

"And then to Amsterdam?"

"Maybe I shall come back first; if not, you won't see me till next winter, so look your last and don't grudge me a morsel of meat now. Another piece of ham, Bert? Where's Miss Yuler?"

"Gone to Belcove on an errand."

"She timed the tide, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

A pause, filled by sandwiches and French mustard, dashed with sherry.

"How's De Lacy?"

"Nicely. He will be well enough to return to the Cape before the fishing fleet sails."

"Glad to hear it. Any news?"

"No. And how do you do?"

"Capitally; never was better: fagged to death; but that's no harm."

"You must be careful of yourself."

"There's no manner of need of it; I've got you to cosset me."

But Van's looks did not say so much as his words for the Halifax régime; he was thinner than ever, and wore the same eager watchfulness as before he went. He lingered, talking with

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Madam Van Voorst half an hour or so, then went up stairs for a nap.

It was about two hours past noon when, bathed and refreshed, Van came down stairs. He looked into the drawing-room to see his grandmother sitting there, her spectacles dropping from her nose, the Prayer-book in her lap, the April sun overlying her as she nodded away to the tune of her dream.

"Grandma!" he cried, abruptly, "where's Miss Yuler?"

"Which?" said the old lady, giving her shoulders a little shake and righting herself.

"Has Miss Yuler got home?"

"Not that I know of. Why, what's the matter?"

"What time does the tide full?"

"About four."

"It wants a quarter. Good God! she'll be overtaken!" And he dashed out to the stable. Madam Van Voorst followed quickly.

"What are you about?" she cried, as he flung the saddle on Fautour. "You are not going to cross the sands now? Van! Van! you'll be drowned!"

He flung her off like a rain-drop, sprang to the saddle, and was away like the wind.

As is very well known, it is impossible for any one to cross the head of the bay when the roar of the distant tide has once been heard; the rushing torrent overtakes the adventurous runner, and the fleetest horse can not escape its speed. As Van's Fautour leaped down the rocks to the sand and opened a hard gallop along the edge, a whisper like the rustle of wind in the pine tops shivered through the air. Van's eyes grew fiercer, he turned the spurs in and flew forward. The whisper crept hoarsely on his ear; it became voluminous and panting; it gathered and swept its swift sighs, and swelled, and broke into a low roar, as if a lion shook his bristling mane and glared around his distant den. Still Van bounded on; the horse was stung with fright; the sand shook with shocks of sound; he stood in the stirrup and strained his sight along the shore, the wind of the advancing tide blew in his uncovered hair. Suddenly, at a third of the distance across, Fautour swerved and stood with a quiver. Miss Yuler was standing quietly before him on the beach, her bonnet in her hand. She appeared to have been running, but must now have been motionless for several minutes; she had found it useless to make any farther effort, and had abandoned the idea of life. Whatever grace of nature enriched her soul she had in this moment surrendered herself to its sway. On her face shone the awful pallor of those who confront Death and await him. There was, besides, some eagerness in her glittering eye to catch the beauty of her destroyer. She saw Van; the color rushed up again into her cheek and lip; he gave his foot for a step, without a word, seized her hands, lifted her before him, turned Fautour about with a savage rapidity, and flew back. It was better to die so than alone. His eyes were fastened on her; she only looked out and down the bay; neither spoke. It was now a race for life. On, spear's length by spear's length, bounded the horse; on, rushing and seething, chased the tide: its chill breath stole across them, its damp swathed them, white wreaths of mist curled over their heads: at the right the banks and crags seemed awaiting its flood, at the left a narrow line of low waves crept sinuously, peering into the bay, and tossing their snowy crests like troops of wild horses. Fautour felt the danger, and did not need the red spur; with his double burden he doubled his strides and left his shadow behind him. On they raced, an element raced after. The dull and muffled tone broke in full and sonorous; the separate hiss and splash became distinct; scenting their prey, three feet at a time the waves came leaping in, receding and foaming, and eddying up again till a wall of chrysoprase transparency towered between them and the western sky, and rolled, in shattered light and fusing volume, to fill its destined depth of fathom, with the noise of many waters and the speed of wind. Off from the trembling sand to the rocks sprang Fautour; up he clambered from steep to steep; the early sunset was bathing all summits in soft crimson warmth, the pale gold of the orbed moon hung in the east with all her portent influences, foam-flakes fell heavily on their hair; another step would save them. A plunge—the crest curled under them, and the last wave sent its spent torrent to cool the burning hoofs that were planted rigid as iron, and the tide was full.

The whole household had poured out to watch the catastrophe. Miss Yuler stepped coolly to the ground again. Van dismounted, and replying curtly to their shower of interrogatories, gave the bridle to a servant and strode toward the house. Whether he thought the life he had saved belonged to him or not, he was not the one to take advantage of Miss Yuler's first impulse of gratitude, if any such impulse found room in her heart, and in less than an hour every thing was restored to its usual quiet.

After tea, the children put to sleep, every body was going into town to hear a service at the Catholic Cathedral—every body but Miss Yuler; the carriage at the door, and they were waiting for Van. Down he came at last, his face very pale, his dark eyes full of lustre, and his bright hair drenched with *eau de Cologne*. He had a headache, he said, and was not going; but the scarlet lips wore tense curves that belonged only to his mood, and his eyes shivered off the light as they never did in illness. The coach rolled away, and he turned into the drawing-room, where Miss Yuler, who had been singing hymns to Madam Van Voorst, was now rendering a portion of Pergolese's Stabat Mater. Van stood at one end of the piano, and after a moment began singing with her, his voice being sufficiently flexible to twist into the soprano duets. Full and clear through the white air of the moonlighted room the perfect strain arose and fell; its unutterable melancholy stole away, its sweetness lingered after it; the melody clung round

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them, the whole soul of the music escaped and brimmed the place. But it exalted them neither to calm nor to devotion; every tone, every phrase filled them with unrest; its lofty sorrow became passionate; they suffered it to die away in long, unbroken sighs. By-and-by a spray of old-remembered tunes gushed out; jet after jet of summery song swelled on the silence; the fragment of a southern air, heavy with scents and spices, glimmering with wide, rich blooms, with tropic isles sphered in the purple night of sea and sky, with breath of balsam and wealth of shadow; and then a long arpeggio went wandering up the keys. His eyes were glooming in the amethystine reflex of the hangings; he bent forward, met her own fearless, forgetful, impassioned gaze, held her with a long, glowing pressure of his lips. A moment—then a clanging chord flashed up under Miss Yuler's hand; she pushed back her seat abruptly, rose, and swept by his open arms from the room.

Miss Yuler was seen no more that night. The next morning she had gone into town on business for Madam Van Voorst. She did not return all day; staid at Eleanor's, he heard. Sunday—it was Easter, and all the spring in its festal array—Van walked to meet her; she had followed another path. At least he should see her in the evening at the gathering in honor of his departure. But a servant had taken a fever; Miss Yuler was shut up in the sick room, and he found it impossible to obtain even a glimpse of her. The next day he suffered the early mail to go by, and waited for the noon one. Certainly she would come to bid him farewell. His first summons had been disregarded. Again he had dispatched Bert—this time the bearer of a faded old camelia. Elfrida, attired as usual like a salamander for a masquerade, was crying heartily in a corner; the servants were posted all along the way as self-appointed scouts. The family and friends clustered round the open door; the coach dashed by and drew up at the foot of the garden, with a crack of the whip and a boisterous demand for haste. Miss Yuler's skirt fluttered round the baluster; Bert came springing down stairs before her. He wondered if one night's watching could have sunk her eyes in that purple hollow, and stepped quickly to address her his first sentence since the winter. She did not raise her lids, or look askance, or extend her hand.

"I will write to you from London," he said.

"Do not give yourself that trouble," was the haughty reply.

"I will write you from London," he resumed, regardless. "It will depend upon you whether I return in August or in December."

Bert caught the word.

"Oh, Van!" she said, "don't forget Miss Yuler's Christmas-box."

"Yet's Christmas-box?" he asked, lifting her lightly. "Oh no! Yet shall have her Christmas-box. She shall have it when I come."

He put the child down and offered his hand. "Good-by!" he said. Her own arms hung sullenly by her side, her head thrown back, her eyes down. She did not mean to raise them. Suddenly compelled, slowly and reluctantly she lifted them, and revealed to him the world of sorrow and longing and resolution they inclosed. Another second and she had moved away; and Van, more buoyant than any thing but that gaze could have made him, was bounding down the garden and clambering up the coach, answering his grandmother's last caution against the wintry coast by a triumphant wave of his hand.

If Madam Van Voorst, or any of her daughters-in-law, had watched that parting with interest, very little satisfaction they obtained; and now that he was gone, the slight anxiety that they had cherished lest a Van Voorst should misally himself might safely be laid away.

Again the old routine began and continued. Miss Yuler became a cipher apart from her pupils. Mr. De Lacy returned home, Elfrida to school, and the stagnation of the autumn fell upon the spring. The season was very forward; all the seed was soon in. As the farm business increased with butter-making and cheese Miss Yuler made herself of great use, and found that she actually took pleasure in helping Madam Van Voorst superintend the arrangements and results. In summer she went gathering wood-strawberries with the children, and in summer Elfrida's school-building was burned down, and she returned to her grandmother's. In summer, also, Mr. De Lacy de Lacy once more presented himself in the neighborhood, and several of the family came on their semi-yearly visit.

"Letters from home, grandma," said Friday, entering the drawing-room, and shaking a little bundle in her hand; for the Provincials always give that title to the mother-country, whether they have ever set foot on its shores or not.

"A letter from home, Miss," said Jackson, putting one into Miss Yuler's hand as she passed him. Miss Yuler was going out; she took it with her. From home—that sounded oddly. It was a foreign letter to her, written on thin, rustling foreign paper, stamped with foreign post-marks—a strange, alien thing. With one exception Miss Yuler had never had a letter. She held it in her hand, divining its contents, a long time without opening it. The seal was so fair, the superscription so honest, she did not care to go further.

Whether Van's letter bore all the ardent burden of his heart or not, whatever it contained, she read it through till the words were burned in on her memory, then tore it to the finest shreds and scattered them over the little brook that ran down and emptied in the bay. As she turned she met Mr. De Lacy, and they walked home together.

"Grandma," said Elfrida, as she saw them enter the garden, "Jackson says Miss Yuler had a letter from Van."

"My dear, you are mistaken," said Evelyn's mother.

"No, he said so; he knows the handwriting."

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"Do you believe it?" asked the former lady.

"It will be best to see," replied another.

"It ought to be inquired into. An intrigue with a governess is my abhorrence," continued a third.

"It is only a friendly thing," apologized Madam Van Voorst; "they sang a good deal together."

"A good deal too much," addended Evelyn.

"Van was rather taken," threw in Friday.

"What will you do about it, mother, if it is—"

"I'm sure I don't know. Advise me."

"Dismiss her directly," was the advice.

"There she is now," said Evelyn, "and, really, Mr. De Lacy with her. Yes, dismiss her directly."

"And the sooner the better," concluded the sly Friday. "Eh, Eve?"

As Miss Yuler joined the group Madam Van Voorst cleared her throat, colored, and then giving herself a double allowance of breath, said,

"You have had a letter, Miss Yuler?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Can I see it?"

"I haven't it about me."

"Humph!" from a Van Voorst female.

"Can you procure it for me?"

"I prefer not."

"But will you tell me what it contains?"

"It can not interest you, dear Madam."

"Not interest me? I am very sorry; but if I can not see it, I must surmise the contents are such as I should not be pleased to learn."

There was no response.

"Miss Yuler, excuse plain speaking. I shall regret losing your services; but if you are planning a future marriage with my grandson—"

"With your grandson, Madam!" said Miss Yuler, drawing up in her utmost hauteur. "I have promised to become the wife of Mr. De Lacy."

A thunder-bolt could not have fallen with more effect among the worthy dames. Evelyn nestled in her chair and took a stitch half-way across her canvas. Elfrida, agitating all her head-gear of black ribbons and barberry-bunches, danced out and seized Miss Yuler's hand.

"Well, I'm the first to congratulate you!" she exclaimed.

"Thank you," said Miss Yuler, coolly.

Madam Van Voorst followed her to her room. "My dear child," she said, when there, "forgive me for talking as I did—I thought it necessary. But is this true?"

"Yes."

"You are not satisfied with your situation?"

"Perfectly."

"Then you are not marrying Mr. De Lacy to escape it. You have been happy here?"

"Very."

"And will you be happy there?"

"As happy as I can be."

Madam Van Voorst looked at her steadily; the poor girl would have given the world to open her heart to the kindly old lady. "She would only be glad if she knew," she thought, and so received her kiss in silence. Once alone, she bolted her door; turning, the room swam and grew dark around her; she staggered and fell. As the first tea-bell rang she woke from her swoon; sick and desolate, wished a moment it had been death, arranged her toilet, and descended.

Miss Yuler replied to Van's letter with wedding-cards.

Madam Van Voorst, after the feminine instinct for paraphernalia, demanded the summer for preparations. Evelyn and Elfrida could not resist the attractions of a *trousseau*; and, spurred with emulation, the diagnosis of the latter's dress exhibited strong symptoms of spontaneous combustion, now and then checkering off the universe in colored cross-bars till it resembled a sunset behind prison-grates. After every thing was concluded Miss Yuler consented to remain till the arrival of her substitute, who had fallen ill. The leaves reddened to their fall; the family began to look for Van now, he had hinted of an early return. All through the equinoctial gales Miss Yuler sat sewing and looking out upon the drenched fields, the shivering boughs, the driving, low-hung clouds. The sea fascinated all her thoughts — caves of green darkness in its heart—long under-tides shifting through masses of fresh wet weed and bending boughs of fan-coral—island peaks piercing its equatorial expanses, feathered with spray and speared with sun-light. She recalled perpetually a phrase she had seen in bills of lading—that one bit of romance in all trade—the dangers of the seas only excepted. She sung none but Dibdin's wild ballads, and sailor-choruses heard in sea-port towns. Strange, deathly pictures floated before her eyes—Sappho as she plunged, Lycidas half-drowned, Shelley wrapped in storm. At last came the fine weather again; the soft Indian Summer hazes vailed all the landscape; the resin of the pine woods breathed down in balmy winds. Autumn passed; a letter from the firm announces that Van would return at the customary period, as supercargo of the *Wing and Wing*. The wedding was arranged for the week before Christmas.

On the morning of that day Mr. De Lacy greeted Miss Yuler as bridegrooms should. He held a little box in his hand—a little box whose ivory surface was cased in gold filigree, and whose enameled lid sprang back on the pressure of a band of pearls.

"My dearest love," he said, "there has been a great deal of jesting about a Christmas-box. This is it. Yet's Christmas-box, is it not? Last year I begged I might bestow a gift of value in another twelvemonth. There is nothing more precious than this."

He opened the little box; there lay in the white cushion a tiny marriage circlet. It was Van's Twelfth Night ring.

Madam Van Voorst declared that she regarded Yet as a daughter of the house; a grand affair was made of the wedding. There were guests

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and bridemaids, and cake and favors. Evelyn yielded her pretensions with a scornful grace. Elfrida, in an array of embroidered muslins that left on the brain the impression of a storm of whirling snow-flakes, made a Danaïd of herself by attempting to weep into her sieve of a handkerchief. A Reverend Van Voorst performed the ceremony; a secular Van Voorst gave the bride away. The year's work was done. Mrs. De Lacy received her farewells without a sigh, drew her furs round her regally as the door shut and the white fields and hedges slid by, and left, in every town through which the bright winter-equipage passed, an echo of musical bells and motions on her way to the Cape Breton.

There stepped into the coach that day a blithe brilliant girl. There came to the great house of Strethelsae a grave and pallid mistress. Such a silent, stately woman, such a strange, still thing. Except at some seaward window she was never seen, at church and funerals. She had no smiles, few words—seldom showed the dark unbroken sadness beneath her heavy lids. She was frigid, reticent, ascetic; no Christmas cheer ever illumined her parlors; no voices of light gossip ever stirred their morning air; no children's murmur, lullaby, or laughter; no singing gushed through the opening doors; the great house-organ gathered rust and damp unheeded—she would have shivered at its silvery thrill and throb; her influence banished such rolling, tremulous sound from the village choir. She did not steal round in soft French wools, nor rustle in Italian silks; the spare, stern woman in the great pew of a Sunday wore only sodden gray—sodden gray that soon matched the early ashes of her hair. More quiet than a cloud, more chill and sombre, she diffused her presence. She entertained her husband's guests faultlessly, she made no friends of her own. She was a despotic housekeeper, an exemplary wife; every body wondered at Mr. De Lacy's choice, but every body saw he was suited.

Yet such a woman had not always presided over the great house of Strethelsae. There entered it one day and received her guests the next a sennight's bride. Three days of northeast storm had cleared away in crisp air and blue heaven; healths were drunk and cake was broken, music and merriment rippled down the broad staircase. Soft dark hair, wide eyes beaming with pleasured pride, and full as an autumn afternoon of yellow sunlight; lip and cheek flushing scarlet and breaking into either's curves, brilliant with excitement and some strange foreboding; shining silk, clustered pearls, and hoar-frost lace as became a bride—let them look their last at the radiant vision, it was never to be seen in Strethelsae again. And so toward twilight the remaining guest departed, ignorant and reckless, with the rare and novel beauty still dazzling his fancy.

Mr. De Lacy had been called down into the dining-room on some unexpected business with his chief clerk. Mrs. De Lacy walked to and fro alone, and saw her snowy phantom slide behind her in the mirrors. She thought of her past years, of her future ones; she turned the wedding-ring upon her finger. Little incidents of their stormy journey recurred and made her smile; then she remembered tempestuous sheets of sea that they had met, spreading from sudden outlets of the way, and shuddered. Again the sad pictures of a while ago began to fill her mind; she thought of strong hurricanes grinding along the coast, of lonely sleety storms at sea, of the giant steamers that had broken in these dreadful waters. She saw great icebergs drifting down to dissolve in summer currents with all their blue and deathly magnificence, bowing their lustrous peaks and crashing across fated ships; midnight wrecks that sunk silent in untraveled seas; fierce showers of rain that slanted up and whistled over angry tracts—great hulks that, breathless and crowded from stem to stern, drove where the breakers combed the darkness white as wool. Minute-guns she heard, unanswered cries, shattering spar and settling bows; and then all her bewildered fancies gathered at one point, rising slowly in the bosom of dark emerald heaps that towered and powdered their foamy crests above, falling slowly with the long rhythm of the waves, rocking forever on the seething surge, heaving only with subsiding tides, one bright prone head, one flashing hand, one fair form drowned and dead. Mrs. De Lacy started: another man's wife had no business with the cold dew on her forehead. She went to look at the pictures on the walls—it was too dark, and their sea-green tint chilled her; she moved to the piano—nothing but notes like wreaths of spray fell from her fingers; she gazed from the window where a red sunset faded into purple peace beneath one still unwavering planet; restless and nervous she opened the door, listened a moment, and then ran gayly down to the dining-room with all her airy gear about her. Mr. De Lacy was giving some final direction to his clerk; he came to her at once.

"I am sorry to sadden the house so soon, my dear," said he. "But there has been a bark driven into the straits during the storm, and wrecked in this cruel Bras d'Or. They fear it is the *Wing and Wing;* and, in view of our connections with the family, and all the circumstances, I have given orders that if young Van Voorst be among the drowned he should be brought here."

Mrs. De Lacy stared, without reply, at the great flames rolling up the chimney and dancing lightly in the dark wainscot—dancing in the table whose mahogany was black with age, and in the silver, frosted and crusted with richness that cumbered it, the flames that flickered here and there and filled and overflowed the room with ruddy warmth. She moved down the slippery floor, took up a *sèvres* cup, crushed it in atoms, folded her hands before her, and floated to the window. In the cold twilight they were lifting something down from a vehicle, bringing it in. She heard their heavy careful tread, the muffled sound as their burden grazed a corner, the opening door,

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the resonant clang as they deposited it before her.

Instinctively she saw the white frozen vacant thing within.

Her husband came to lead her away, her bridal silk brushed by it, her shrouding vail overlaid it, her orange blossoms fell upon it. Yes, her year's work was done.

This was Yet's Christmas-box.

D——'S REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

I WAS walking up Broadway one day at about four P.M., as is my custom.

Given a clear day, not too hot or cold or windy, and Broadway is to me, at that hour, the grandest sight in the world—eulogists of nature to the contrary notwithstanding. Talk of your lordly Hudson or castled Rhine; but give me the exhaustless tide of life, beauty, and fashion, silks, furs, and modes—the wealth of continents, that flows majestically between ornamental cliffs of brown stone and marble. Prate about the thunder of Niagara or Newport; but leave me the monotonous yet ever-varied roar of wheels with the ringing tramp of horses. Quote "sermons in stones," etc.; but vouchsafe me homilies in countenances and libraries in toilets. In short, take every thing rustic, but leave me the Russ.

But all this has nothing to do with what I was about to mention. Which was, that, going up as aforesaid, and having emerged from the mixed and turbid stream that flows below Canal Street, and ascended to the neighborhood of the St. Nicholas, I observed standing inside of the throng, close to a shop window, and staring persistently in thereat, my friend D——.

D——'s slender limbs were then, as usual, enveloped in the expansive amplitude of "pegtop" pants of Titanic pattern. The cervical portion of his anatomy was in ambush behind a neck-tie of the latest and largest style. The scattered hairs on the lateral regions of his face were marshaled into the most formidable representation of side whisker possible. The efforts of his optics were assisted by a quizzing-glass which he habitually uses, although I am not aware that there is any defect in those organs beyond a constitutional weakness of expression. Altogether, D—— looked as English as rather untoward circumstances would admit of.

D—— is a young gentleman of considerable wealth, but questionable intellect.

By a curious but well-known law of nature, a man or boy has only to stand five minutes on Broadway, gazing in one direction, to be surrounded by a crowd of men or boys all eagerly gazing in the same direction. A perfect flight of stares was consequently directed into the shop-window which was the object of D——'s attention.

I saw nothing there more remarkable than some rich novelties of feminine wearing apparel, temptingly displayed on a figure with a wax face of artistic color and feature and staring glass eyes.

"I see they've a new beacon up," remarked Riggs, a bachelor of forty with whom I was walking.

"Beacon?" I said.

"Yes, a beacon to warn young men off the breakers of matrimony." With that he pointed at the figure's fur cape, conspicuous on which was a card with the price mark, $300.

As we walked on, Riggs, who, by-the-by, is a cockney, and always churlishly critical on every thing American, aired his British ill-nature and conceit by suggesting points of resemblance between the New York ladies who (literally) swept by us in the gorgeousness of promenade attire and the aforesaid figure. He had gone so far as to call them "unsympathetic," "heartless," "artificial," when high words occurred between us, and we parted in mutual disgust. I would scorn to repeat his remarks. Besides they have nothing to do with my narrative.

As I walked up Broadway the next day I saw D—— standing in the same place, and occupied as before.

I elbowed up to him and touched his arm.

He started, turned, looked at me over his glass, then looked at me through his glass, and at length, like one awaking from a trance, held out his hand, remarking, "Ah, is it you, Mr. Podhammer?"

"Quite a neat figure," I remarked, referring to the one in the window.

"Neat? Perfect! See what a bust she has, and what an arm, and how gloriously she carries her head, and what a queen-like *ensemble!*"

I looked at the fellow in astonishment.

"And you might walk up and down Broadway without seeing another such pair of eyes."

I now perceived, sparkling through his quizzing-glass, a phosphorescent gleam that might be love, and might be insanity. Knowing D—— well, I attributed it to a combination of both.

"Mr. Podhammer," he said, mysteriously, "I have had a very strange experience—a very remarkable one!"

Here he clutched spasmodically at his head, deranging the position of his hat, then pressed his hand over his heart and sighed profoundly.

These phenomena somewhat aroused my curiosity (I don't concede the monopoly of that commodity to women); I consequently affected incredulous indifference. At this his air of mystery changed to one of irrepressible confidence. He took my arm and drew me to Florence's Saloon, where, having taken seats and cigars, he proceeded, after some preliminary sighs and ejaculations, to relate his remarkable experience.

"I was coming up Broadway yesterday," said he, "when I was suddenly brought to a stand-still by seeing, for the first time, the vision of loveliness we have just been contemplating. Although I knew it to be an inanimate image of purely mercantile and mercenary character, yet I confess its incomparable beauty sent a thrill through

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my bosom such as I don't recollect ever to have experienced.

"You smile; but why not admire a figure and complexion that are all art as well as those that are partly so? It's the style—the taste displayed—that one considers more than the reality.

"I gazed at her in rapt admiration until—one of the clerks mistaking me for a customer—I found I had stood there an hour by my watch.

"I proceeded homeward, but the vision haunted me.

"After dinner an irresistible attraction drew me down Broadway, and I again found myself standing gazing at her.

"I had been thinking of Pygmalion, and had addressed to Venus the best Latin and Greek invocations I could muster, when suddenly the color in the cheek faded to white, and then deepened to a glowing blush. The eyes beamed with an expression of love, and I distinctly saw them wink. Then the lips parted in an angelic smile.

"I at once rushed into the store, purchased an expensive mantilla, and while the clerk was folding it up seized the opportunity of slipping my card into her hand. I thought her fingers returned the gentle pressure I ventured to give.

"Immediately after the store was closed, and I reluctantly returned home.

"I had sat alone in the parlor some time (the family were gone out to a party) brooding over this strange but delightful occurrence. 'If it be a fantasy,' I exclaimed, 'I will cherish it! Better such a fantasy than any other reality!'

"Just then I heard a carriage stop in front and a ring of the door-bell. Presently the servant opened the door, and eying me suspiciously, said, 'A lady to see you, Mr. Adolphus.'

"I was just rising when a figure entered, at sight of which I became so faint that I sunk back again in my seat. It was the figure from the window!

"She glided toward me with the same erect and confident air that you observed in her. 'Good-evening, Mr. D——,' she said, with a slight inclination of her head. 'You did not expect to see me so soon? Are you shocked at the impropriety of my visiting you at such an hour? I trust that you will pardon the breach of etiquette.' She rattled this off rapidly, and with a peculiar shrill, reedy tone, such as I heard once in the speaking automaton." (This brought unpleasantly to my memory a sweeping remark Riggs had made about the voices of American ladies.) "She accompanied it with a bewitchingly tender glance that penetrated my very heart.

"I interrupted her by falling on my knee, seizing her beautifully-gloved hand, and murmuring as well as I might my admiration and love.

"She frankly acknowledged a reciprocal sentiment.

"Receiving this encouragement, I ventured to rise, throw my arm about her beautifully-modeled waist (it seemed a frame of whalebone stuffed with cotton), and press my lips to hers in an ecstatic kiss—ecstatic, notwithstanding a slight scent of paint that attended and followed it.

"I then conducted her to a sofa, where I seated her, and sitting down beside her and holding her hand in mine, besought her to solve for me the strange mystery of her being and nature.

"'That would be impossible,' she said, 'for it is in a great degree a mystery to myself. However, I will tell you what I can.

"'It may surprise you, Adolphus,' she proceeded, 'to know that I, whom you have admired as a work of art, am of human though highly respectable origin. My parents now hold a distinguished position in New York society.

"'No pains or expense was spared in my education. When I graduated at Madame C——'s finishing-school, two years ago, Madame pronounced me the most thoroughly "formed" young lady in New York. She had reason to be proud of me; for I think no natural trait or sentiment remained in me, except an intense love of admiration which had been cultivated at the expense of all the rest.

"'When I was brought out my success was so great that this passion was for a time fully gratified. Of all New York belles I was most admired by your sex and criticised by my own.

"'My mother anxiously cautioned me against the weakness of falling in love, assuring me that nothing else could prevent my making a brilliant match.

"'I was a most obedient daughter, for I brought suitor after suitor to my feet only to discard him, and proceed to new conquests. If ever I felt a pang of remorse or pity I hastened to smother it. It was my ambition to become quite heartless if I was not already so.

"'In the mean time my love of admiration strengthened daily, until even my mother was alarmed at it. I was no longer happy except at balls or operas, or on the most frequented promenades. I was especially fond of a drive or walk down Broadway, watching the effect of my beauty on the throngs of beholders. Thus although my mother remonstrated with me earnestly, saying it was "not the thing" at all, I used to improve every opportunity to appear on Broadway.

"'I was walking there one day with a cousin of mine, a poor poet who loved me, and who, strange as it may seem to you, had come nearer awakening love in me than any others of my admirers. He had written verses in my honor in which he had called my hair "silken night," my eyes "argent diamonds," and my teeth "Orient pearls." How delightful would it be, I had thought, to have a husband who should devote his life to thus celebrating my charms! But then I had remembered that he could not support an establishment and had discarded him. "Carrie," he exclaimed indignantly, in response to some trifling remark of mine, "you are as heartless as that image!" pointing to one in a modiste's window. "I wish I were that

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image," I replied. "How delightful to stand on Broadway behind a square of plate-glass from morning till night, receiving a continual homage of admiring glances from the passers by!" He muttered a wish that I might be gratified, and left me.

"'From that moment the desire that I had so thoughtlessly expressed haunted me by day and night. It gradually took sole possession of my mind and became a frenzy—a monomania.

"'So intense was it that my nature changed in conformity to it. My ambition to be heartless was literally gratified, and pulsation ceased. My person became rigid and inanimate; my face, though it retained its beauty, cold and firm as wax; and my eyes fixed and hard as glass. In short, I became the image you saw in the window to-day.

"'This phenomenon occurred to my mother's intense grief, just as she had fixed upon a match for me—a Brazilian hidalgo, who possessed inexhaustible diamond mines.

"'But as I was thus disqualified for the matrimonial market, my mother, with the true philosophy that always characterized her, consoled herself for the disappointment as best she might by disposing of me for a considerable sum to the proprietor of the establishment where you saw me.

"'I have now been there a week. For the first few days my enjoyment of my new position was intense. But then with that fickleness which characterizes my sex, I began to tire of its sameness. Besides, I suffered greatly from a deprivation that must cause great discomfort to all feminine statues—the impossibility of talking.

"'Yet I might, perhaps, never have been freed from my irksome situation, had I not been reanimated by the power of love. Your marked admiration, my dear Adolphus, your distinguished air and dress, and my recollection that you had formerly been pointed out to me as a young gentleman of fortune, combined to awaken in me a new sentiment. I felt a thrill and a throb where my heart had formerly been, and was once more able to smile. When the store was closed I got possession of the keys, made my way out, and,' she added with a heavenly smile, 'hastened hither to testify my gratitude to my liberator.'

"'Prove it,' I exclaimed, 'by consenting to our speedy marriage.'

"With a look of ineffable love, she replied, 'I will, dear Adolphus, on certain conditions.'

"'Name them,' I cried, in rapture.

"'Well,' she murmured; 'I'm to have a first-class house in a fashionable location and the finest furniture in New York; I'm to have carriage, horses, and servants to correspond; I'm to have the most splendid set of diamonds Tiffany can furnish; I'm to have a regular allowance of a hundred dollars a week for spending-money, besides as much more as I may want at any time, and I'm to be allowed always to do just as I please without being questioned.'

"These conditions staggered me. Although I have considerable fortune, to comply with them would ruin me.

"'You hesitate!' she screamed, her expression changing from love to scorn and anger. Then her features again became fixed and her eye glassy, and before I could recover from my astonishment she had glided out of the room.

"I rushed wildly after her to assure her that I would accept her conditions at all hazards; but she was gone.

"To-day I am in despair. I have spent the whole morning—not having even tasted food—standing in front of her and endeavoring in every way to convince her of my contrition and compliance; but thus far in vain. I fear the flame I so rudely quenched can never be rekindled. Oh! Mr. Podhammer, I am the most unhappy of men."

I advised D—— not to give it up, adding an original remark about the efficacy of perseverance; whereupon he returned to the window and I proceeded homeward.

I have not met D—— since.

I observed a few days after the above conversation that the figure in question had disappeared from the window.

Not long afterward I received wedding-cards from D——. His bride was Miss Carrie ——, said to be a distinguished belle.

I could not attend, but have met a friend who did.

"How was the bride?" I inquired.

"Beautiful, splendidly dressed, and very statuesque—remarkably statuesque."

I saw D—— the other day in a carriage on Broadway. Beside him was a figure that looked astonishingly like the one formerly in the window.

THE LITTLE ART-STUDENT.

A LITTLE girl, with a basket full of plaster images on her arm, had just succeeded in crossing an open square where several streets came together. It had not been an easy task, for the cars and carriages were coming along very rapidly, and the drivers, thinking that such a little thing had nothing to do but to get out of the way, did not slacken their speed on her account.

With a timid, frightened look—for she had never been in that part of the city before—she placed her basket on the sidewalk, and sat down by it a moment to see if any of the images had been broken in that difficult crossing; but the Cupids and Madonnas were not half so much disturbed as herself, and were standing or leaning properly on their soft bed of cotton where she had placed them early in the morning. It was now nine o'clock, and she had been an hour coming from her distant home to this place, which, now she had reached it, seemed to promise no extraordinary sales for her wares. She had sat down in the shadow of a tall brown-stone building, and as it looked larger than any of the houses around she dared to venture up the broad

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steps and try if she might dispose of one or two little things inside. It was as much as she could do to push open the heavy door, and it banged after her with such a noise that it shook all the contents of her basket again, and made her fear a second time to see an array of headless trunks and severed limbs; but the family in the basket were quiet enough, and, after carefully removing the dust from them with a little bunch of feathers, she started ahead once more.

The large deep hall into which she had entered, with its multitude of doors on either side, at first quite bewildered her; but as she tripped cautiously along, and the great round clock that was ticking at the end of it told her how late it was growing, she looked around hurriedly to see where she had better go first. In the farthest room of all, and through an open door, she saw a man seated at a desk writing, and as this room looked the most promising she stepped softly inside. Now there were scores of vagabonds coming to this place every day to see if they could pick up any thing, and as her little form appeared beside his desk he waved her away impatiently without looking at her; the child retreated without a word, but as she reached the door she turned around again and looked appealingly at the man. It did not seem as if the look would do any good, however, for he got up with a determination to lock out all such intruders; but something—maybe it was the pretty intelligent face of the child, which looked without speaking first at her images and then into his eyes, or it might be something else, for he had not been given to such weaknesses—made him dive suddenly into his vest pocket and bring out a sixpence, which he invested in a miniature cat that lay at the bottom of her basket. She thanked him gratefully, and, his heart growing still larger, he said to her, "There's a drawing-school up stairs, child, maybe they will buy some of your things there;" and after watching her on her ascent he went back to his desk and laughed at himself for doing such a foolish thing as buying that ridiculous cat.

The little girl, whose heart always lightened as the weight of her basket decreased, went briskly up the stairs, thinking that she should no doubt make her fortune if the people in the drawing-school once saw her treasures, and, stopping at the first landing, she looked for some one to whom she might speak. She peered into a large room where people sat reading at long tables, and further on into a picture-gallery, which she longed to enter; but as she saw no one drawing she turned about and went up another wearisome flight of stairs, and after a little more gazing and wondering she paused, breathless, at last before a closed door, where, on a sign in large gilt letters, she read: "School of Design for Women." She did not know whether she had come to the right place or not; but she had not seen the word "school" any where else up stairs, so she gave a low, timid knock with her little hand. She might have applied her whole fist that morning without being heard; but as she knew nothing of what was going on inside, she waited patiently until the door should open for her.

There had been an unusual delay in the school that morning—the model who was to sit for the class in water-colors having failed to fulfill her engagement; so that the director was perplexed as to who or what he should put in her place, and the girls chipped their pencils impatiently, or went around the room from one to another making complaints about the missing model. They had grown tired of their custom of sitting for each other, and the director was considering what novelty he could devise for them, when, turning toward the door, he spied the little image-seller's round bright face, which had at last summoned up all its courage and was peeping in at the half-open door. There she stood, her childish figure draped in a gray dress over which a faded scarlet sack hung loosely, her hood fallen back from her head, and her pretty rosy face set in a perfect frame-work of tangled wavy black hair; there she stood with one hand resting on the door, and the other holding her basket, the most picturesque object in the world. It was no wonder that every shadow of perplexity disappeared from the director's face, or that all the difficulty of the morning lesson seemed removed when he saw her, and stopping just an instant to take in all the grace and beauty of the figure before him, he exclaimed, half aloud, "The very model of models; we must have her this minute!"

As he went toward her she advanced to meet him, holding up a curious looking angel to tempt him to purchase; but he did not see her images—nothing but herself—and he removed abstractedly the basket from her arm and set it down on a table, while he attempted to explain to her what he wanted her to do, and how she should have sufficient compensation if she would be their model that morning. He was afraid that she would find it a difficult task to stand long enough; but before he had half finished his explanations she exclaimed, eagerly, "A model! oh yes, I can be a model! Sometimes I sit two or three hours for my father, when he wants to make a new angel. He made all those images in my basket. Don't you think they're pretty?"

The director answered in a way that satisfied the little girl, although the miserably moulded things before him could not elicit much praise, and then he took her hand and led her through the rooms until they reached the one where she was going to stand. "Here is our model for this morning," said the director, quietly; and an audible exclamation of delight came from every girl as they caught the first glimpse of a subject so unusually pleasing. Her basket was lightened of its contents so as not to weary her by its weight, and only a Cupid and a fox's head were left looking out of it. As to the child herself she was as much delighted as any one, and the novelty of her position and the attractive appearance of every thing about her, made the hour which she stood seem a very short one.

The girls were extremely interested in their morning's work, and when their sketches were

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finished, and partly colored, they passed them around to the little girl, and asked her if she should have known their pictures. It was all enchantment to the child, who knew nothing of the art outside of her father's little room, where he worked from morning until night upon his distorted figures. She had soon told her history to the girls—that her name was Rosa Clyde, and that she was the only daughter of the image-maker whose work she was trying to sell. But although she listened to their questions and answered them properly, her bright restless eyes were roving all about her, and gazing delightedly on every hand or foot or bit of plaster that was near her. The director had noticed all along the intelligence of her face, and now he came and asked her to go through the rooms with him and tell him what she liked best; so clinging gladly to his hand, they walked together down the long arcade out of which opened six or seven rooms like alcoves in a library.

Bursts of delight which, for their very heartiness, it was impossible to check, came in rapid succession from the eager child, and she would have lingered over every bust and cast and picture that she saw if the multitude of them had not bewildered her; but here she showed wonderful discrimination: while she did not think of finding fault with any thing, she selected with real artistic taste the better from the poorer, and astonished every one who heard her by her careful judgment.

They went through all the rooms, making the tour of each deliberately, and when she had seen the designers, the modelers, the painters, and the engravers, the director brought her back again and gave her a silver half dollar for being their model. She replaced the things in her basket as she prepared to go, and turning around to him, she said, "I thank you very much indeed, Sir, for letting me see all these beautiful things. I shall never forget them, for I never had such a pleasant morning before."

"And would you not like to come here every day and learn to draw and paint like the other girls?"

In a minute there would have been a crash, for the basket was slipping from the powerless hand from which amazement had taken all its strength; but it happily poised upon the seat of a chair and the angels and Madonnas were saved from ruin. There had never come a question so startling to her before—never a proposition that seemed so unreal—and when she finally comprehended all that it implied she sprang forward, and with breathless eagerness inquired, "Did you mean that, Sir? *Could* I come and study?"

"Why yes, I think you could; you are twelve years old, I believe you said, although you hardly look it, and I have one pupil younger than yourself. She is a bright little girl, too, and draws much better than many of the older scholars. Perhaps you would do well also; and when you go home you may tell your father about this school, and ask him to come with you some morning and enter you as a pupil."

There was a world of speechless gratitude in the eyes that looked up into the director's face, and she started for home with the lightest heart in the world, while the girls in the school went to work again to finish their picture of the little image-seller.

The School of Design was a department of a noble institution, founded by the munificence of a large-hearted citizen, for the gratuitous education of the poorer classes of people in practical art and science. Its founder was himself once a poor boy, who, by industry and perseverance, had accumulated a large fortune, and his appreciation of the advantages of education, together with his sympathy for those poor and struggling as he had himself been, led him early in life to conceive this grand idea. The School of Design was the first and favorite feature in the practical working of the system, and was intended for the elevation of woman in the scale of society, by a thorough education in such branches of art as she might be enabled to pursue with success. The plan was appreciated by the public from the first, and the demand for places was so great that the school was always full; while the pupils themselves, aware of the advantages offered them, worked industriously and harmoniously to qualify themselves for responsible situations in life. From nine o'clock until three the airy, pleasant rooms were filled with eager scholars, whose busy fingers knew no rest until their work was satisfactorily completed. In one room a row of girls designed with careful minuteness delicate bits of foliage or dainty figures on whitened boxwood blocks, and some had arrived to such perfection in the art that orders for similar designs were constantly coming in; so that even while they studied their work was remunerative. In other rooms there were classes drawing from still life, from the bust or full-length figure; and yet beyond were groups of painters with pallet and brushes in hand, working with ever-increasing interest and surprise over their fascinating studies in color. There were modelers and engravers, too: this latter art, from its practical character, being the most reliable.

It was no wonder that the place was so delightfully attractive to little Rosa, who, young as she was, had often dreamed of doing better things herself than those she had been accustomed to see in her father's work-shop. It was as much as she could do to keep from running every step of the way home to tell him of her good fortune; but her basket had been threatened with so many mishaps that day that she determined she would carry it steadily now. The image-maker was at work on a marvelous Venus, when Rosa came in with a vehemence so unusual that, in turning around to look after her, he completed the absurdity of the figure before him by hastily sticking the head on backward.

Rosa did not stop to take off her hood and sack, but pulling her father away from his half-finished work, she seated him on an old bench and perched herself comfortably on his knee. What a pity that the girls could not have

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made a picture of her there, with her home surroundings!—the scantily-furnished room, whose only embellishments were the shelves full and chairs full of funny things in plaster; the gratified expression of the poor but fond father, who only earned enough to support himself and this little bit of sunshine on his heart by his much-loved but unprofitable profession; and Rosa herself, with her dark eyes dilated, telling him of her wonderful experience that day!

Her father listened with absorbing interest to his child's vivid description of all that she had seen; but happening to cast his eyes upon her basket, from which only a single object was missing, he asked, in a disappointed tone, why they had not bought some of his statuettes at that grand school. Little Rosa did not know what answer to make him. She saw that his artist vanity was wounded, and she could not bear to hurt him further by telling him that his plasters were very inferior to those used there; but to soothe him she said, "But they had so many, father."

The excuse was sufficient, and the little feeling of wounded pride which he had suffered passed away as Rosa continued her narrative. There was no question in his mind as to whether she ought to accept that unexpected and advantageous offer; there was only one drawback—could they afford even that? Rosa had always made the largest sales; and where would the money come from if her basket lay idle at home all day? But he would not discourage her, when the brightest prospect she ever had was making her so happy.

The next morning he woke her very early, and with a proud fondness for his bright little daughter, he undertook the task—an unusual one to him—of smoothing down her dark hair, and making ringlets of it, as her mother used to do when she was living. Rosa laughed quietly to herself as his unaccustomed fingers tried to make bows in her apron-strings, and at her having it all to do after him when he was not looking; but she would not tell him that he had not done it all properly.

Punctually at nine o'clock the child and her father presented themselves before the director, who had half feared that she might disappoint him, and when the image-maker himself saw the great advantages within Rosa's reach he no longer hesitated about leaving her. She should come one half of every day at least, and do the best she could at selling her images in the afternoon, so from that hour she was installed a protégée of the institute. She had not learned to write very well yet; but she made her name in round, intelligible print upon the attendance book, and her eyes sparkled every time she looked toward it, and thought that "Rosa Clyde" had never been written in such a prominent and important place before.

"I will give you a seat next to Georgie for the present," said the director, as he beckoned Rosa to follow him, and they went into a room where, much to the child's astonishment, she saw a little girl no larger than herself copying from a difficult cast, and bringing down her pencil in broad and sweeping strokes upon her paper as if to draw such subjects was the easiest thing in the world. Georgie had been the *rara avis* of the school heretofore, and visitors had expressed great surprise at the skill and talent of the childish figure who sat on the high stool working so successfully; but hereafter there would be two of them, and Rosa took her seat by Georgie with unbounded admiration for the little girl's genius. Then she commenced her studies, beginning with simple lines and forms, and Georgie, who had taken her under her patronage and protection, volunteered a wise remark or two, or a word of counsel occasionally, all of which Rosa took with the sincerest appreciation of Georgie's superior knowledge of the art. She worked with a great deal of enthusiasm; and when she saw the ears, eyes, and nose growing up under her hand, she felt as if she were accomplishing wonders. But it was not all so easy as it had looked at first, and she had repeatedly to make several drawings of the same thing before she won any commendation from her teachers. Sometimes, too, she grew discouraged when her copies, in spite of all her efforts, would not look like the model; but she never ceased her diligence for a single moment, and her love for the art grew more and more every day.

The hours in the morning seemed all too short, and her afternoon occupation grew very distasteful to her; but she would not complain, for she knew her father had to work hard to spare her even so much of the day. Rosa's progress was very pleasing to him, and one night, when her drawing had been particularly well executed, he said to her, by way of encouragement, "Never give up, child; maybe you will be able to help me some day."

Rosa turned her head away, and her eyes resting upon the deformed and distorted plasters at her feet, she smiled a queer, peculiar smile, as if she were already feeling, though her father, in his amiable vanity, had not attained to that knowledge, that his works were not among the master-pieces of art.

She was a model of punctuality in the school, and her seat was never vacant except when her father was ill and needed her care at home. She had gone beyond simple lessons now; and she showed such unmistakable signs of talent that she was soon promoted to drawing from the round—as artists call the bust or figures in relief—and it so happened that Georgie and herself often had the same model to copy from. One day a new supply of plasters was brought to the school, and the director brought one of them—a figure without either head or limbs—and placed it before the two little girls, bidding them do the best they could with it. Rosa commenced her work as usual, and was soon interested in it, but the figure was a puzzle to Georgie; she had never seen any thing like it, and she looked inquiringly first at Rosa, with her head bent down over her growing sketch, then at her own untouched

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paper, and back to the model again. At last she burst out with,

"I wonder what this is, Rosa?"

"This what?" said the little girl, who had not noticed Georgie's abstractions.

"Why, this woman without any head and down to the knees."

"Oh, it's a torso," said Rosa, laughing so merrily that the director had to shake a warning finger at her for disturbing the school. Georgie was not at all satisfied with this explanation; but supposing torso to be some classic myth that she had never heard of, she looked curiously at her informer, asking,

"How do *you* know?"

"My father has some of them; why, don't you know that is what they call bodies without any head or arms or legs?" Georgie was vanquished this time, and fell to work with a new and profound respect for Rosa.

About this time Rosa began to improve rapidly; she had conquered the first difficult lessons, and was working with so much skill that she promised in a short time to eclipse every body at the school, when her studies were suddenly interrupted. The image-maker had sold nothing for a long time, and one day he was turned out of his house because he could not pay his rent. This was a great trial to Rosa, who, after they had taken a dark little room in an obscure part of the city, had to resume her former occupation of selling images. It was a bitter disappointment, coming as it did when she was getting along so well and growing so ambitious; but for three long, tedious months she threaded the streets again, crying her images, and getting only a little while in the evening to practice her beloved art. Her sudden disappearance from the school surprised every body, and she was inquired for all over the city; but she left no clew to where she had gone, and her unfinished drawing remained as she had left it, standing all neglected against the wall. At the end of that time, however, the little protégée came to light, having been discovered by one of the pupils, leaning disconsolately against a lamp-post where she had stopped a moment to relieve herself from the weight of her basket.

"Oh, Rosa," she exclaimed, "are you found at last!" and in her delight at the discovery, and without waiting to hear a word of explanation, she dragged the child along until she brought her into the school again, where all possible rejoicings were made over her reappearance. Poor Rosa did not know what to do. On seeing the old familiar faces and objects around her she burst into tears, and although she was not ashamed to tell of their poverty, the prospect of ever coming back seemed so distant that her feelings overcame her, and for a long time she could not speak at all. Little by little, however, her story came out, and as hers was an unquestionably deserving case, the generous-hearted girls went directly to devising some means to get her back once more. Her growing fame in the school had interested a large number of people in her, and the Lady Managers easily collected a sufficient sum to enable her to devote herself to study another year or two in the school.

It was with the greatest delight that she took her old place again; but now she felt as if she must employ herself as much as possible on work that would sell, as many of the cleverer pupils were doing. Other girls were earning money by their industry, and why should not she?

The director encouraged her wish, and gave her some of the easiest work in the school to try her skill upon. It was an entirely new process to her; but as the aid she received enabled her to employ her entire day in study, she worked always from noon until dark in drawing on wood, while her mornings were spent, as before, in studying the living or the antique model. It was a great tax upon her skill and imagination, and if she had not possessed a real love for it she would have become completely discouraged at her slow progress; but however slow it was at least sure, and at the end of the year she received her first compensation for work. And now, slowly, she grew to be known, and orders came in for her to execute, until, after a while, she earned enough to help her father pay his small expenses, and relieve the kind people of their generous care of her.

She seemed to grow successful now in every thing she undertook, and she plied the brush or the pencil with constantly increasing skill; but neither painting nor drawing were destined to make her famous. Sculpture was the art above all others that she loved, and every leisure moment was given to modeling: it did not promise so great returns to her, but she could not conquer her passion for it. It had been born in her; her father's broken images had been her first toys, and from her earliest infancy she had been accustomed to seeing the clay, even under his unskillful fingers, assume definite shapes and figures.

She had been in the school nearly three years, and notwithstanding her youth—for she was now only fifteen—she had made herself so well acquainted with the anatomy of the human figure that she was competent to undertake subjects that seemed far beyond her years. She had a little corner to herself in one of the larger rooms of the school where she worked with her tools upon her clay, and her row of arms and hands and feet were the theme of constant wonderment to all who saw them. Her father, whose image-making grew more profitless than ever, came in to watch her progress occasionally, and once he said to her, half proudly, half sadly, "Ah, Rosa child, you're going ahead of your father; those fingers and toes beat mine!" But if he grew less satisfied with his own work, as his little conceits left him, he was not the less gratified with her success.

The girls had frequent access to valuable works of art, and every year they received an invitation to attend the great exhibition of the National Academy. To Rosa these occasions were the bright oases of her life, and her remem-

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brance of them a perpetually recurring feast. The beautiful paintings had a charm and fascination about them which drew her to them continually; but however great the pleasure they afforded her, they did not appeal to her soul and leave her spell-bound before them as the statuary did. These were irresistible; she felt at home among them, and she would gaze and gaze on every line and feature of the almost speaking faces, or trace with eager delight the exquisite chiseling on some finely cut cameo, until she almost fancied that her hands were fashioning the sculptor's work after him, and that she was creating works like his. She had grown a critic too in her quiet, undemonstrative way, and her correct eye and fine feeling could easily detect a fault; but even the imperfections were a study to her, because they kept her thinking how she would alter them to make them life-like.

She was walking slowly home one day after one of these visits to the Academy, thinking how delightful it would be if she could become a real sculptor—if she could see forms and faces growing into beauty under her own fingers, and by-and-by to make something really praiseworthy, and perhaps get a little corner for it in the Exhibition. Full of her castle-building Rosa trudged along, her slender figure and her bright, thoughtful face attracting the attention of many a passer-by. She was no longer the little Rosa, in the picturesque costume, watching her images at the foot of the high stone building, but a tall, graceful girl, with the same rosy cheeks maybe, but her tangled hair brought smoothly down over her face, and falling in a knot of curls at the back of her head: her dress was modest and quiet in its tone, and her manners as refined as those of any lady.

Her connection with the school had been of great service to her in other ways than in her art. She had enjoyed the society of intelligent, companionable girls; she always had access to the valuable library; and as her mind was ever ready to receive knowledge, she stored it with useful lore, and made eager use of all her opportunities.

But Rosa was going home, and the twilight coming on rapidly she hurried along until she reached the well-known door-way, and passing under it she found herself at last in the little work-shop. Her father was eking out the daylight, and working on an angel more preposterous than ever—at least so Rosa, who had just come from seeing those beautiful things, could not help feeling—but he regarded it as a very triumph of art, and believed that he had finally commenced a master-piece. He had been so absorbed by it that he had even forgotten to buy any thing for Rosa's supper; and thinking now that he would get her a bit of something nice, he drew on his slouched hat and went out to the market.

Rosa was still gazing at the frightful little angel, and, as the clay looked invitingly yielding, without thinking what she was doing she took up her father's tools, and before he returned she had hastily remodeled the entire figure. She was so intent upon her work that she did not hear his step when he entered, nor see him as he stood speechless behind her chair, while her rapid fingers wrought such a marvelous transformation. At last he could watch her no longer, and catching her in his arms he exclaimed, "Rosa, my child, it is you who are a true artist: your father could never do any thing like that; and it is you who will be the famous one, not me!"

A little bit of a sigh came from the image-maker's heart as he looked back upon what he feared had been misspent time to him: but he was too fond of his daughter, and too proud of her proficiency, to be the least envious; and Rosa had no idea, as he talked to her of her good fortune in having had such an education while she was young, of the little struggle there had been in the quenching of this last spark of her poor father's innocent vanity.

A year later, and Rosa began to think in earnest of doing something for the Exhibition. She was still at the school; and when she confided her plan to the director, he did not discourage her in what he considered a laudable ambition. They consulted together on a subject, and as he thought she would work with more interest upon something she had been familiar with, he proposed that she should take some little episode in her own history.

"Yes," said Rosa, eagerly; "I'll make myself when I was a little image-girl." The suggestion was a pleasing one to her who cared but little whether the world should know her story or not, and she instantly set to work about a model of a child with a basket of images as she remembered herself years ago. From week to week, and from month to month, she bent all her energies to the work before her, employing every leisure moment that she could spare during the day, and sometimes half the night, in designing her study upon paper; when she had finished this to her satisfaction, she began to model the clay in her *bas-relief*. She had no recollection of her own features at that early period of her life, so she made an entirely fancy head, and so the wavy hair, the falling hood, the sloping shoulders, and, finally, the arm with the basket upon it, developed one after the other; she grew so excited over it that she nearly spoiled it several times by her impatience to see it finished. The modeling in clay was a very long process, an intricate and delicate piece of work for young hands to undertake, and great difficulties had to be surmounted and mishaps guarded against with more than usual precaution. Then came the casting of the work in plaster, which was all that Rosa aspired to this year; she dared not attempt chiseling from the block when she felt so little surety of success; but as she removed, piece by piece, the mould that covered the precious work of that whole year, and as the figure of the image-seller revealed itself gradually to her anxious gaze, an exquisite and beautiful creation, she bowed her head upon her hands and wept for very joy.

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The Exhibition was almost at hand. There was nothing more to be done to Rosa's *bas-relief;* and the old image-maker, who valued it more highly than its weight in gold, boxed it up carefully, and took it with his own hands to the Exhibition rooms. And now commenced Rosa's trepidation; she had staked so much upon this venture, determining that its reception by the public should decide for her whether she should be a sculptor or not, and now, and the very supposition was fraught with extremest pain it might not be accepted.

Oh, if she had only known what a time the "Hanging Committee" made over it, would not her heart have fluttered? If she had seen the looks of surprise that came from those grave judges, or heard the words of compliment of those wise connoisseurs, she would not have been leaning against the casement thinking that Rosa Clyde would, perhaps, be a nobody after all. First came the "Private View" night; but notwithstanding her invitation Rosa did not dare to set her little foot in those crowded rooms, and encounter the gaze of so many strange eyes. Her *bas-relief* had not come back at any rate, and after waiting impatiently at home a day or two, she put on a thick green vail and went out one afternoon to the Exhibition rooms. She tried very hard to appear unconcerned, but she had no sooner reached the head of the stairs than she heard a gentleman say to a lady near him, "Do look in your catalogue and see who did No. 42."

The leaves went over with a little rustle, and as Rosa passed by, the lady read: "No. 42. The little image-seller—Rosa Clyde."

The girl was almost petrified at hearing her name sounded so audibly in those beautiful rooms; but looking up, with a half-startled gaze, she saw her "Image-Seller" just above her head, and a group of people gathered about it discussing its merits in spirited, lively tones. The discovery quite overpowered her, and she hurried out of doors without waiting to look at another thing, and walked home at a very rapid pace. She found her father surrounded by a pile of newspapers which he had just purchased for their articles on the Exhibition; and as she came in he rushed at her exclaiming, "Here, Rosa, just read that—and that—and that!"

Even the severest critics had a word of praise for the young sculptor; and though the faults of her work were by no means omitted, and she was cautioned against being too well satisfied with her present success, yet there was such encouragement in every thing she read that from that time her vocation in life was chosen. Her father almost entirely gave up his image-making, and found more profitable employment in working on cornices and centre-pieces, which did not require so much imagination; and having a little more money to spare now, they took some better rooms, and Rosa screened off a little corner of his work-shop, behind which slight partition she had her own studio. She worked here all day now, only visiting the school occasionally to study the new models as they came in, or to see her old friends. And now, gradually, she came into notice; her latent talent was developed into brilliant success. The romantic story of her sudden transition from the poor image-seller to the protégée of the Institute, from thence to an exhibitor on the walls of the Academy, and now a sculptor by profession, interested every one who heard it, and it became desirable to those who could afford the luxury to have something of Rosa Clyde's.

Visitors came to see her from far and near, and by-and-by she found it in her power to go abroad and to visit the schools and art-treasures of the old world. It was a wonder that all the praise and commendation she received did not spoil her; but her heart remained as fresh and young and untainted as ever—and looking back, as she always did, with gratitude upon the patrons of that school, who had taken her up and educated her, and whose pride she had been ever since, she never forgot to look up those whose circumstances were similar to what her own had been, and by her bounty and kindness to give them the means of a like education. They took a little home by the sea—a real artist nook—and when her father, in his second childhood, went back to his beloved angels and Madonnas, Rosa, in her beautiful womanhood, was receiving the greatest connoisseurs in the land to her far-famed studio.

People wondered sometimes to see a broken, discolored basket standing in a conspicuous place among the exquisite creations of her hands. Very few ever knew its history; but to Rosa it was above all price, for it carried her back to the toilsome days when she was but the poor image-seller; and thus linking her in sympathy with the world about her, it made her the tender-hearted, loving woman no less than the dreaming artist. Ever keeping nature and truth humbly and reverently before her as her model and standard of excellence, she never, in her highest success, grew presumptuous or vain, but always remained the little Art-student.

AN ICY FLAME.

SOMEBODY told me there was sport on the ice at the Central Park. I needed novelty of entertainment, and went thither in a red car. The distance was long, and the horses were slow. I fell asleep, and was roused, weary and cold, when I neared my destination. I wished myself at home again.

On a frozen field, dingy, but dangerous to the unwary tread, large crowds swarmed in slippery discomfort. There were ceaseless hurryings to and fro, which never terminated any where in particular. In one place awkward skaters scarred the ice as they gracelessly glided, and prominent portions of their frames as they fell loosely about. In another, men of Scottish turn of mind played games involving the reckless throwing around of huge smooth stones, and threatening injury to passing toes. Beyond this all was dull.

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I was not ravished. Disappointed and cheerless, I wandered vaguely away over the broken ground, until, arriving at the summit of a little acclivity, I discovered a snug, secluded bit of ice held sacred to feminine occupation. I approached with some curiosity.

A hundred gentle, timid, shrinking creatures, mostly protected by big brothers or the like, were making earnest though generally futile endeavors to preserve the rectitude of their position. They glowed continually, some with the flush of resolute enthusiasm, some with the mortification of incapability. They struggled earnestly to attain a good standing among their fellows, but the universal backsliding testified that the uses of adverse skates were not sweet to them. Courage, certainly, was not wanting. There were, indeed, incessant sharp shrieks of apprehension, and not infrequent wails of anguish, but no evidences of intimidation. Every fall was sure to be succeeded by a spring. Big brothers (or the like) would offer kindly words of encouragement, sage maxims of instruction, and would start bravely off, with views of teaching by example; but when lovely woman stooped to follow,* feet would diverge widely, knees betray, and total prostration ensue. Of garments rent, and bonnets crushed, and sensibilities disturbed by unforeseen disclosures, there were no end; and yet through all vicissitudes hope brightly bloomed with ever freshened radiance. I was proud of the women of America.

The scene was very animating. It was wonderful how that bit of ice warmed up my sympathies. I would have joined the lively throng and mingled in their tumbles but for the interference of a policeman with brass buttons and an iron determination, who explained that gentlemen unattended by ladies were subject to rigorous exclusion. I felt that it was just.

I was about to go. As I cast a farewell glance about me I noticed that the crowd at the opposite extremity of the pond had ceased disporting, and was turning its attention to a central point. Presently murmurs, as of admiration, arose. I looked for the reason. I discerned it.

It was—how can I say?—to me it seemed a fragment of a rainbow glittering with many-colored light, trimmed into female form, and flashing with sprightliest zeal from point to point, reckless of surrounding groups, recognizing no obstacles. To dispassionate observers, I was informed, it was a gay young girl, attired in all the rich variety of genuine skating costume, dazzling and startling by-standers by the boldness and rapidity of her movements, defying all attempts at emulation.

For many minutes I stood and gazed, trusting that some lucky chance would bring her near me; but it never did. At last she disappeared behind a wretched knoll that intruded itself into the landscape, and the glory of the day was gone. I appealed to the guardian in blue with eloquent exhortations, and even employed moderate fibs respective of my relations toward certain ladies whom I carefully pointed out; but, obdurate and unconvinced, he winked denial.

I followed the shore, in hope of arriving at the point where she should land. I must have been too late, for I saw her no more at that time.

The multitude began to disperse. I lingered and was sad. Dusk approached, and the last loiterers retired. When every body had left me I abandoned myself to sorrowful reflections, and went away too.

I thought of Isidora. I had fancied that I loved Isidora. I had even gone so far as to tell her so. For this rashness I now suffered. My imagination was filled with visions of divinities on skates, and Isidora, I was sure, was not one of these. If skating had been one of her accomplishments I could not have remained ignorant of it. What should I do? I had deceived myself. I had deceived her. My heart was fixed upon a pair of skates, and traveling rapidly away from Isidora. I mourned my own inconstancy. I strove to conquer it. Why was it that I had no power to do so?

It was the witching hour of half past six. I concluded to go to Isidora. The influence of her presence might bring me back to my better self. Precarious as my moral condition had become, there might yet be restoration in her gentle voice and her soft smile.

"Isidora," said I, "you must not view me with a critic's eye, but pass my imperfections by."

"Bless me, Dick, what is the matter?" said she.

"Isidora," said I, "it is nothing. Let it pass. Give me another cup of tea."

"A dozen, Dick, if you like."

"Heaven forbid," said I, sighing.

I don't know why I sighed. I did not mean to. I tried to drown the sorrowful expression in my tea-cup, but her quick perception caught it and rescued it uninjured.

"Why, Dick," she asked, tenderly, "what is wrong? Now tell me what is your mind resting upon?"

I could not say that it was resting upon a pair of skates, which was the truth, so I made no answer. Then Isidora was grieved, and I essayed impotent jests. They fell flat as the majority of the amateurs I had that day seen.

"There is a lady, Isidora, who skates," said I.

"There are a great many, I think," she answered.

"There are many who attempt," said I, "but there is only one who does it."

"Indeed!" said she.

"Verily," said I, "there is only one. Do you know her?"

"Why, Dick, what a question!" she said; "I really think you are very foolish."

Of course I was foolish, and I was unreason-

* Not Oliver Goldsmith's notion.

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able. That I was a bad thing, too, I did not dare to doubt. The peculiar significance with which I asked for information concerning the fair skatress accounted for the confusion and embarrassment with which Isidora answered. It was, then, possible that she probed the meaning of my inquiries. And then, notwithstanding my self-convictions of infidelity and the reproaches of my conscience, I yielded to new weaknesses.

"Will you go to the skating-ground upon the Central Park with me?" I asked.

"Indeed I will, dear Dick," she answered, gladly.

"Will you go to-morrow?"

"Any time you choose."

"At four o'clock to-morrow, then," said I. "Have you skates?"

"Yes, Dick, I have."

"How many?"

"Why, two, of course."

I was abstracted, and that was the reason I asked how many. It is disagreeable to remember the other ridiculous remarks I made. When I said good-evening, Isidora bade me sleep well, and look less dejected the next day. I know I looked dejected. There was lack of honesty in my face. I had lost my self-respect; therefore I could not keep my countenance. But I think Isidora suspected me of having dined too bibulously.

Now the invitation I had offered Isidora was the most villainous thing I had done; for what I wished was an opportunity to get access to the reserved pond, not to give that innocent darling pleasure. I thought, the following morning, when the enormity of my sinfulness came over me, that it would be a pleasure and a propriety for me to seek out some votary of the P. R., and expose myself for a lengthened period to his manipulations; but it afterward occurred to me that my heart smote me sufficiently.

Toward afternoon I became greatly excited. I resolved to break my four o'clock engagement with Isidora. I broke it. I made another resolution to forego the Central Park. I broke it. To my shame, I shattered it so that it left no peace within me.

The pond, the bustling crowds, the merry human panorama, were before me. Likewise the pitiless policeman. I demanded of him information as to whether the brilliant meteor of the preceding day had again flashed before the wonder-stricken eyes of the populace. He stared vacantly, and I degraded my diction to his understanding.

"If she comes, policeman," said I, "you must let me pass by. I tell you I know her; she expects me."

"Can't be done," said he, decisively.

I endeavored to sway him with arguments of future cock-tails, also lucre. He seemed touched, but hinted that he was not alone on duty, and it would be observed if he permitted me to pass. For this reason he was compelled to announce that his integrity was unflinching, and that as for bribes he spurned them.

"Policeman," said I, "listen to me."

"No use, Sir," said he.

"Policeman," said I, "were you ever madly in love?"

"You'd better stand back, Sir," said he.

At that moment I heard myself called by name, and, turning about, I saw a young lad break from the circle of skaters, and glide beside me. It was a brother who belonged to Isidora.

"Well, Dick," he said, "you are here at last. Izzy waited for you long enough, she thought."

"Is she at home?" I asked, fully determined to seek her at once, and humble myself as I best knew how.

"At home! Not a bit, Sir. She's here. She's putting on her skates. Come, walk round, and I'll show you."

Strange doubts and humiliating suspicions began to possess me.

Was it—?

Could it—?

The rainbow vesture that had so bewildered me, that had thrown my senses into turmoil, and caused my truest impulses to swerve, was before me. Beaming with the same lustre, in form delicate and graceful as ever.

More than ever to me, for it was Isidora.

She left off doing something to her little feet as I drew near, and rose from the bank on which she had been sitting. She stood upon skates, and though her frame was in consequence somewhat unsteady, her fond gaze at me was firm as need be.

"Ah, Dick," she said, "how could you disappoint me?"

I was on the point of answering, when (if I may use so unpoetic an expression respecting so exquisite a being as Isidora then was) she toppled a little. It was not illness, it was the skates; and it made us both laugh. From that moment I supported her.

"Forgive me," said I, "something has just put me into a wild state of delight. So do forgive me, but don't ask any explanations."

The small brother, with unexampled generosity, offered me his skates. Protesting that I could not dream of trespassing upon his enjoyment, I put them on at once. Meanwhile, Isidora said:

"Do you know, Dick, you were *so* mysterious last night. I thought you had discovered that I had been skating here, and weren't pleased."

"Oh, Isidora!"

"Indeed I did. But it was not so."

"Far from it. As far as possible from it."

"But you thought something strange, Dick."

"Never mind; let us skate."

"Well, let us skate."

We darted along together, sometimes hand in hand, and always near one another. Who was ever more comfortably disposed toward his fellow-creatures than I? I smiled on all, especially on those who fell about the most. I skimmed airily near unto my unpersuasible policeman, and

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tossed defiance at him from the tips of my fingers.

Every body paused to look at Isidora. "How well they go together!" said one young lady, hearing which I lost my self-possession, and fell on my back. But that was nothing, and I felt no bruise. What I felt was that we ought to go unseparated, through the remainder of our lives, upon skates.

I shall never forget that afternoon. Perhaps I shall not divulge too much if I say that I have a constant reminder of it before me. It is a little pair of golden skates which Isidora wears as charms upon her watch-chain.

ON TWO CHILDREN IN BLACK.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

MONTAIGNE and Howel's Letters are my bedside books. If I wake at night I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again. I read them in the dozy hours, and only half remember them. I am informed that both of them tell coarse stories. I don't heed them. It was the custom of their time, as it is of Highlanders and Hottentots, to dispense with a part of dress which we all wear in cities. But people can't afford to be shocked either at Cape Town or at Inverness every time they meet an individual who wears his national airy raiment. I never knew the "Arabian Nights" was an improper book until I happened once to read it in a "family edition." Well, *qui s'excuse. . . .* Who, pray, has accused me as yet? Here am I smothering dear good old Mrs. Grundy's objections before she has opened her mouth. I love, I say, and scarce ever tire of hearing, the artless prattle of those two dear old friends, the Perigordin gentleman and the priggish little Clerk of King Charles's Council. Their egotism in nowise disgusts me. I hope I shall always like to hear men, in reason, talk about themselves. What subject does a man know better? If I stamp on a friend's corn, his outcry is genuine—he confounds my clumsiness in the accents of truth. He is speaking about himself, and expressing his emotion of grief or pain in a manner perfectly authentic and veracious. I have a story of my own, of a wrong done to me by somebody, as far back as the year 1838: whenever I think of it, and have had a couple glasses of wine, I *can not* help telling it. The toe is stamped upon: the pain is just as keen as ever: I cry out, and perhaps utter imprecatory language. I told the story only last Wednesday at dinner:

"Mr. Roundabout," says a lady sitting by me, "how comes it that in your books there is a certain class (it may be of men, or it may be of women, but that is not the question in point)—how comes it, dear Sir, there is a certain class of persons whom you always attack in your writings, and savagely rush at, goad, poke, toss up in the air, kick, and trample on?"

I couldn't help myself. I knew I ought not to do it. I told her the whole story, between the entrées and the roast. The wound began to bleed again. The horrid pang was there, as keen and as fresh as ever. If I live half as long as Tithonus, that crack across my heart can never be cured. There are wrongs and griefs that *can't* be mended. It is all very well of you, my dear Mrs. G., to say that this spirit is unchristian, and that we ought to forgive and forget, and so forth. How can I forget at will? How forgive? I can forgive the occasional waiter, who broke my beautiful old decanter at that very dinner. I am not going to do him any injury. But all the powers on earth can't make that claret-jug whole.

So, you see, I told the lady the inevitable story. I was egotistical. I was selfish, no doubt; but I was natural, and was telling the truth. You say you are angry with a man for talking about himself. It is because you yourself are selfish that that other person's Self does not interest you. Be interested by other people and with their affairs. Let them prattle and talk to you, as I do my dear old egotists just mentioned. When you have had enough of them, and sudden hazes come over your eyes, lay down the volume; pop out the candle, and *dormez bien*. I should like to write a night-cap book—a book that you can muse over, that you can smile over, that you can yawn over—a book of which you can say, "Well, this man is so and so, and so and so; but he has a friendly heart (although some wiseacres have painted him as black as Bogey), and you may trust what he says." I should like to touch you sometimes with a reminiscence that shall waken your sympathy, and make you say, *Io anche* have so thought, felt, smiled, suffered. Now, how is this to be done except by egotism? *Linea recta brevissima.* That right line "I" is the very shortest, simplest, straightforwardest means of communication between us, and stands for what it is worth and no more. Sometimes authors say, "The present writer has often remarked;" or, "The undersigned has observed;" or, "Mr. Roundabout presents his compliments to the gentle reader, and begs to state," etc.: but "I" is better and straighter than all these grimaces of modesty: and although these are Roundabout Papers, and may wander who knows whither, I shall ask leave to maintain the upright and simple perpendicular. When this bundle of egotisms is bound up together, as they may be one day, if no accident prevents this tongue from wagging or this ink from running, they will bore you very likely; so it would to read through Howel's Letters from beginning to end, or to eat up the whole of a ham: but a slice on occasion may have a relish: a dip into the volume at random, and so on for a page or two: and now and then a smile; and presently a gape; and the book drops out of your hand; and so, *bon soir*, and pleasant dreams to you. I have frequently seen men at clubs asleep over their humble servant's works, and am always pleased. Even at a lecture I don't mind, if they don't

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snore. Only the other day when my friend A. said, "You've left off that Roundabout business, I see; very glad you have," I joined in the general roar of laughter at the table. I don't care a fig whether Archilochus likes the papers or no. You don't like partridge, Archilochus, or porridge, or what not? Try some other dish. I am not going to force mine down your throat, or quarrel with you if you refuse it. Once in America a clever and candid woman said to me, at the close of a dinner, during which I had been sitting beside her, "Mr. Roundabout, I was told I should not like you; and I don't." "Well, ma'am," says I, in a tone of the most unfeigned simplicity, "I don't care." And we became good friends immediately, and esteemed each other ever after.

So, my dear Archilochus, if you come upon this paper, and say, "Fudge!" and pass on to another, I for one shall not be in the least mortified. If you say, "What does he mean by calling this paper *On Two Children in Black*, when there's nothing about people in black at all, unless the ladies he met (and evidently bored) at dinner were black women. What is all this egotistical pother? A plague on his I's!" My dear fellow, if you read Montaigne's Essays, you must own that he might call almost any one by the name of any other, and that an essay on the Moon or an essay on Green Cheese would be as appropriate a title as one of his on Coaches, on the Art of Discoursing, or Experience, or what you will. Besides, if I *have* a subject (and I have), I claim to approach it in a roundabout manner.

You remember Balzac's tale of the *Peau de Chagrin*, and how every time the possessor used it for the accomplishment of some wish the fairy *peau* shrank a little, and the owner's life correspondingly shortened? I have such a desire to be well with my public that I am actually giving up my favorite story. I am killing my goose, I know I am. I can't tell my story of the children in black after this; after printing it, and sending it through the country. On the first of the next month these little things become public property. I take their hands. I bless them. I say, "Good-by, my little dears." I am quite sorry to part with them; but the fact is, I have told all my friends about them already, and don't dare to take them about with me any more.

Now every word is true of this little anecdote, and I submit that there lies in it a most curious and exciting little mystery. I am like a man who gives you the last bottle of his 25 claret. It is the pride of his cellar; he knows it, and he has a right to praise it. He takes up the bottle, fashioned so slenderly—takes it up tenderly, cants it with care, places it before his friends, declares how good it is, with honest pride, and wishes he had a hundred dozen bottles more of the same wine in his cellar. *Si quid novisti*, etc., I shall be very glad to hear from you. I protest and vow I am giving you the best I have.

Well, who those little boys in black were I shall never probably know to my dying day. They were very pretty little men, with pale faces, and large, melancholy eyes; and they had beautiful little hands, and little boots, and the finest little shirts, and black paletots lined with the richest silk; and they had picture-books in several languages, English, and French, and German, I remember. Two more aristocratic-looking little men I never set eyes on. They were traveling with a very handsome, pale lady in mourning, and a maid-servant dressed in black, too; and on the lady's face there was the deepest grief. The little boys clambered and played about the carriage, and she sate watching. It was a railway-carriage from Frankfort to Heidelberg.

I saw at once that she was the mother of those children, and going to part from them. Perhaps I have tried parting with my own, and not found the business very pleasant. Perhaps I recollect driving down (with a certain trunk and carpet-bag on the box) with my own mother to the end of the avenue, where we waited—only a few minutes—until the whirring wheels of that "Defiance" coach were heard rolling toward us as certain as death. Twang goes the horn; up goes the trunk; down come the steps. Bah! I see the autumn evening: I hear the wheels now: I smart the cruel smart again: and, boy or man, have never been able to bear the sight of people parting from their children.

I thought these little men might be going to school for the first time in their lives; and mamma might be taking them to the doctor, and would leave them with many fond charges, and little wistful secrets of love, bidding the elder to protect his younger brother, and the younger to be gentle, and to remember to pray God always for his mother, who would pray for her boy too. Our party made friends with these young ones during the little journey; but the poor lady was too sad to talk except to the boys now and again, and sate in her corner, pale, and silently looking at them.

The next day we saw the lady and her maid driving in the direction of the railway station *without the boys*. The parting had taken place, then. That night they would sleep among strangers. The little beds at home were vacant, and poor mother might go and look at them. Well, tears flow, and friends part, and mothers pray every night all over the world. I dare say we went to see Heidelberg Castle, and admired the vast shattered walls, and quaint gables; and the Neckar running its bright course through that charming scene of peace and beauty; and ate our dinner, and drank our wine with relish. The poor mother would eat but little *Abendessen* that night; and, as for the children—that first night at school—hard bed, hard words, strange boys bullying, and laughing, and jarring you with their hateful merriment—as for the first night at a strange school, we most of us remember what *that* is. And the first is not the *worst*, my boys; there's the rub. But each man has his share of troubles, and, I suppose, you must have yours.

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From Heidelberg we went to Baden-Baden: and I dare say saw Madame de Schlangenbad and Madame de la Cruchecassée, and Count Punter, and honest Captain Blackball. And whom should we see in the evening but our two little boys, walking on each side of a fierce, yellow-faced, bearded man! We wanted to renew our acquaintance with them, and they were coming forward quite pleased to greet us. But the father pulled back one of the little men by his paletot, gave a grim scowl, and walked away. I can see the children now looking rather frightened away from us and up into the father's face, or the cruel uncle's—which was he? I think he was the father. So this was the end of them. Not School as I at first had imagined. The mother was gone, who had given them the heaps of pretty books, and the pretty studs in the shirts, and the pretty silken clothes, and the tender—tender cares; and they were handed to this scowling practitioner of Trente et Quarante. Ah! this is worse than school. Poor little men! poor mother sitting by the vacant little beds! We saw the children once or twice after, always in Scowler's company; but we did not dare to give each other any marks of recognition.

From Baden we went to Basle, and thence to Lucerne, and so over the St. Gothard into Italy. From Milan we went to Venice; and now comes the singular part of my story. In Venice there is a little court of which I forget the name; but there is an apothecary's shop there, whither I went to buy some remedy for the bites of certain animals which abound in Venice. Crawling animals, skipping animals, and humming, flying animals; all three will have at you at once; and one night nearly drove me into a strait waistcoat. Well, as I was coming out of the apothecary's with the bottle of spirits of hartshorn in my hand (it really *does* do the bites a great deal of good), whom should I light upon but one of my little Heidelberg-Baden boys!

I have said how handsomely they were dressed as long as they were with their mother. When I saw the boy at Venice, who perfectly recognized me, his only garb was a wretched yellow cotton gown. His little feet, on which I had admired the little shiny boots, were *without shoe or stocking*. He looked at me, ran to an old hag of a woman, who seized his hand; and with her he disappeared down one of the thronged lanes of the city.

From Venice we went to Trieste (the Vienna railway at that time was only opened as far as Laybach, and the magnificent Sömmering Pass was not quite completed). At a station between Laybach and Grätz one of my companions alighted for refreshment, and came back to the carriage saying:

"There's that horrible man from Baden, with the two little boys."

Of course, we had talked about the appearance of the little boy at Venice, and his strange altered garb. My companion said they were pale, wretched-looking, and *dressed quite shabbily*.

I got out at several stations, and looked at all the carriages. I could not see my little men. From that day to this I have never set eyes on them. That is all my story. Who were they? What could they be? How can you explain that mystery of the mother giving them up; of the remarkable splendor and elegance of their appearance while under her care; of their barefooted squalor in Venice, a month afterward; of their shabby habiliments at Laybach? Had the father gambled away his money, and sold their clothes? How came they to have passed out of the hands of a refined lady (as she evidently was, with whom I first saw them) into the charge of quite a common woman like her with whom I saw one of the boys at Venice? Here is but one chapter of the story. Can any man write the next, or that preceding the strange one on which I happened to light? Who knows: the mystery may have some quite simple solution. I saw two children, attired like little princes, taken from their mother and consigned to other care; and a fortnight afterward, one of them barefooted and like a beggar. Who will read this riddle of The Two Children in Black?

ORIANA INN: A DISPUTED POSSESSION.

LEAST welcome of all men was Mr. Wade in Mrs. Lincoln's kitchen. But he entered as if not doubtful of the reception he should have; apparently making no allowance for the fact of his long absence; expecting that he should find all things as he left them five years ago. The purpose of his visit required concealment of the fact that he came with deep anxiety; that he had traveled far out of his way in order to reach this mountain inn; and that his presence concerned immediately the woman standing before him.

It was almost dark when the Pioneer arrived. Mr. Wade was the only passenger; and he sat on the stage-box with the driver, that his view might be unobstructed as, in the windings of the road, the hill and valley land unfolded before him.

"Lord! he was like a child," said the driver to his wife, when telling her of Father Wade's arrival at the Oriana Inn. "There was ne'er a man, woman, or child within twenty mile that he wasn't asking for as if they was his own; and he says it's the hope of him to get back among us some day."

"Bless his soul! Did you tell him of the goings on at the tavern?"

"Yes."

"What did he say to that, Dick?"

"Ne'er a word. He looked a wonderful sight, though."

"He was good friends with Karin Crysler."

"Yes; but he was for equal rights as much as any man I ever heard speak."

"Isn't the tavern hern?" cried the wife.

"Isn't Lincoln her husband?" demanded Driver Dick.

And now they were fairly entered on that

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most vexed of questions discussed in Oriana. Let them work their way through and out of it. Good luck to them!

A boy stood at the inn-door waiting for the stage, but Lincoln, the inn-keeper, was nowhere in sight. He perhaps had gone from home. Father Wade hoped it might be so. Leaving his traveling-bag in the boy's charge, he passed, without heeding directions, with quick steps but observant eyes, through the little square entry, and the passengers' room, and the dining-room beyond; never hesitating till he stood in the door-way of the kitchen. There he paused, for he saw a well-known figure, that could be none other than that of Mrs. Lincoln, moving about the orderly place. It was almost dark, and her face was turned from him, but he did not doubt the recognition that would follow when he said,

"The stage has brought you a passenger, madam."

She started as she would not have done at the sound of any stranger's voice. She turned toward him. He perceived that her hair was gray, her face was thin—its expression wholly changed since he saw her last. She advanced a step toward him, but did not speak till he asked,

"Can you give a tired man some supper?"

"I think's likely, Father Wade," was the answer; and the next moment the two were shaking hands, and making mental comments; one, "Dear me! what ill luck sent *him* here?"—the other, "Changed! She's seen trouble. Poor Karin!"

Father Wade had once preached on a circuit that took in the hamlet of Oriana, and during three years his head-quarters had been at the Oriana Inn, kept by Widow Crysler.

The man whose widow Karin was had an eye to the beautiful in selecting a site for the house, and in building. Approaching either from the north or south the inn presented a picturesque appearance, and was hailed by every stranger with a greeting of delight.

Nor when one crossed the threshold was the expectation excited by the whitewashed exterior and the vine-covered porch exchanged for disappointment and disgust. The floors were innocent of carpet—tables and chairs of any extra covering mistaken for embellishment. The walls were whitewashed twice a year. The fare was always inviting. Morning-glories bloomed around the windows of the quiet house the whole summer long. The flower-bed in the yard was never destitute of blossoms until winter. The Balm of Gilead cast a pleasant shade on the ground and a delightful odor on the air. Grand were the tulip-trees. I gratefully record these not mean attractions of Oriana Inn.

In this house Mrs. Crysler had nursed her husband through a long and fatal illness; and in his last days Parson Wade came to her assistance.

Having been appointed to his circuit, it was needful that he should find lodgings in the most accessible quarter, and he had been recommended to this house. Better counselor or friend she could not have had in her emergency. He was with the sick man in his last hours, and proved to him and to his wife a source of strength and consolation.

It was Crysler's wish that after his death his wife should continue to live in the old place and keep the tavern. What else could she do? Besides, he had wished it. So now, instead of David, it was Widow Crysler whose fame went abroad as inn-keeper of Oriana; and he was a bold man who imagined that this woman would ever be tempted to yield name, fame, and position for any other supposable prosperity.

But in the third and last year of Father Wade's residence under her roof Jeremiah Lincoln came back to the inn. Years ago he was in the habit of spending the summer months in this vicinity; and now, after long absence, he returned to remain. He had visited, he said, all the fashionable places of summer resort, and found none that suited him like Oriana. There were no streams, no forests, that haunted him like these.

Lincoln was of middle age, quiet, not communicative, even when most fluent in speech. With books, or fishing, or a pipe, he seemed content to spend his days. Still he had brought with him a fine stock of goods, and renting half an acre of the widow, as she would not sell any portion of "poor Crysler's farm," he proceeded to build himself a store-house; for, he said, he must feel that he had some kind of business, in order to get his own consent to this sort of life he meant to live.

He was as unlike the deceased Crysler in person as in character. A handsome man, who valued his good looks; a quiet man, who loved his ease; a determined man, moreover, who cherished his opinions; but such a man as never yet went voluntarily into the forest, axe in hand, to make a home for himself. And because thus unlike Crysler, he approached the widow more nearly than any person bearing resemblance to the deceased man could have done.

Often Karin was repeating to Father Wade the story of Crysler's hardships; the struggles through which they had passed together; the helpmates they had proved in poverty and in prosperity. No day passed that did not give the dead man to her thoughts. But in spite of this the preacher's steady conviction was that Karin would again become a wife. He was, therefore, not surprised when she said to him, one day,

"Father Wade, I want to get your advice."

"You! *my* advice!" But he saw that she was greatly in earnest, and added, kindly, "You shall have it, my friend."

She did not now hesitate. Having resolved on a step, that step must be taken. The only point was to secure her purpose; then neither fire nor flood could hinder her. Witness the tremendous scar on her right arm—she received that searching for a neighbor's child when the

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house was in a blaze, and no man would venture in among the falling walls. You must go to Oriana, would you know all the heroic deeds of daring Widow Crysler has achieved. And now she had to say, having secured the promise of advice,

"Mr. Lincoln wants to marry me. What do you think of it?"

"I think you will marry him."

"*Shall* I? That's the point."

"Do you really mean to be guided by my advice?"

Understanding the spirit of this question, she replied,

"You promised to advise me."

"Do you love him?"

This question offended Karin. She would have answered sharply had she not controlled the feeling uppermost.

"Perhaps."

And she really felt the doubt thus expressed; did not understand that no ordinary hinderance could have possibly prevented the marriage in question.

"The man a woman loves," said Mr. Wade, gravely approaching at once the most obvious difficulty of this subject, "she will submit to. You have been your own mistress a long time now, Mrs. Crysler."

"I shall be yet. He expects that, of course. He says so."

"Do you think it can be possible?"

"Why not?"

"I could not satisfy you by my answer; but I have my doubts."

"He's to keep his store, of course; and I my house, of course, Father Wade."

"You will carry on a separate business, then?"

"Something so."

"That's an experiment to be made. I'm a plain speaker. You'll let me say I'm glad it isn't my experiment."

"Do you think a sensible man and woman would act like two fools, and never know which side of the house they belonged to?"

"A man and his wife make one, not two. You know what Scripture says about a house divided against itself?"

"You don't understand the matter," said the widow, sorry that she had asked his advice.

"I was only thinking how well off you are, and how ill off you might be. It takes a pretty powerful love to keep all right in a home; and the woman's part is obedience. That's all I have to say. I can't look into your heart and see how you feel. If you love Lincoln, marry him by all means. I am glad if you do love him. A woman without love is like a world without God; and the more there is of her to be destroyed the worse."

The conversation was interrupted here, and not resumed. Mr. Wade would not intrude his counsel, and the widow did not desire to hear these things repeated. And, after all, what could a bachelor know of such matters?

He was, however, not taken by surprise when, one Sunday night—the last Sunday of his ministration in the district—he found Widow Crysler and Mr. Lincoln waiting his return in the porch. The hour was late, for he had been delayed at the meeting, and the place where it was held was distant from the inn. On arriving, he put up his horse before approaching the house—not expecting to find any one astir. But when he came to the door he found these two in the porch. Mr. Lincoln addressed him:

"You will be going away so early in the morning, Mr. Wade, I have prevailed on Mrs. Crysler to let you marry us to-night."

"Without witnesses?" said the minister.

This was the only evidence of surprise that escaped him. The question was natural enough, and even the tone of it did not betray dissatisfaction.

Mrs. Crysler stepped within and summoned her man-servant and maid-servant, who never waited for a repetition of her call. They came quickly; she was their sense of time. Mr. Wade meanwhile brought from his room a marriage certificate, prepared for signatures, and in five minutes the relict of David Crysler became Mrs. Lincoln, and held in her hand the testimony that should henceforth lie between those Bible pages where Crysler had entered a fact on the Family Record twenty years ago.

In view of this alliance, many of the neighbors said it was a pity that so sensible a woman should not be content to let well enough alone. But the parties concerned loved each other.

How, then, was it that questions ever arose which seemed impossible of solution—namely, who owned Oriana Inn? and who kept it? How happened it that a *mine* and a *thine* became the subject of dispute?—that this pair found themselves on the banks of the Rubicon, intent on a passage that could only prove fatal? How was it that interests once supposed to be identical should ever prove to be opposed? What meant the discord that presently began, and continued, and gave no signs of ending? How was it that the Right side of the house could not be ascertained or determined by the two—that they should ever be unable to maintain it? Alas! for Karin, and alas! for Jeremiah!

For the quarrel was not one that either could keep secret, or indulge in privately, as a luxury too costly for exposure to common daylight and the neighborhood. It was the source of much dissension, and of discussion without end, in all the country round.

Some loves, true and real, may yet be overwhelmed, as Pompeii. Yet such ruins are not the worst. The city did not at least invite the fiery mountain to an exhibition.

Shut up in the crystal through three thousand years is the drop of water that became a prisoner when the flood raged over Noah's world. Deprived of use, shut away from its divine capabilities, yet is it water still, and pure and bright. Thus with some loves.

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If ever the divinest sentiment was evoked from the heart of Karin Lincoln — if in the "Kingdom of Use" a sweet flower had unfolded so gay, so fine that it could not be mistaken for any thing less or other than its royal self, as was really the fact—what had become of it? Had the wind torn it away? Were its roots dried in the sun? It was at least hid from sight.

The disastrous influence that was perverting Mrs. Lincoln's judgment and her heart wrought many unhappy changes in her person and her conduct. A sharp, harsh tone became inextricably entangled in her voice; her speech was hasty, and often gave offense. She resisted with anger any thing that looked like an invasion of her "rights"—a word most easy to the tongue of selfishness; she became suspicious of old friends; and quite lost the dignified authority of her old position.

Yet Karin did not fail to justify whatever step she took. Was she not mistress in her own house? The house that Crysler toiled for—Crysler, whose wife she was? Crysler, whom she had watched and nursed, month after month, through all his dreary illness? Was not this the property which David Crysler left her? What had another man to do with it? Had not she and Lincoln married with express stipulations? And who could ever accuse her of not keeping to her own side of the house?

I have to say, however, that Lincoln's disappointment in the result of the marriage exceeded his wife's. He believed in Karin. He had been proud of her—had loved her. If she could only once be made to perceive his rights as a man. But to succumb to a woman! To *seem* to live on her bounty! To submit to her management! How unreasonable a demand on her part! How impossible that he should yield to it!

When Mr. Wade came down to Oriana he found report was true—love really caught in the abominable net, and lying insensible, apparently dead.

As I said, no man could have been less welcome to Mrs. Lincoln's eyes; for the same reason, probably, that the demoniacs resisted their healer.

But it was long since a face so bland and a voice so cordial appeared and spoke to Karin. She was invited to forget herself when he sat down in the kitchen or in the porch to talk with her, as in the good old times.

Neither by word nor look did he betray that his errand hither was to learn the truth of the report that Karin Lincoln and her husband were quarreling their lives out—that he had come forty miles out of his way to ascertain whether such report were possible.

Indeed he had no need to ask a question. One look, one word sufficed. Love had not conquered pride; face and voice gave up this testimony; and hers was pride that could destroy a soul.

Yet, also, he saw that no distracting influence of a third person or power had come between the man and woman; and he believed that God had brought him to the inn. His work, of course, was to be done—if done at all—with the woman, whom he, with some others, held to be the root of all offending, the source of all hope and of all restoration in this world. When left alone with him the next morning after his arrival Karin was ill at ease. No duty did she neglect that would prevent the possibility of a connected conversation; she had the conviction that, though he appeared last night to observe nothing of the constraint under which she felt herself to be, he understood the position of affairs. How carefully did she avoid all reference to herself; how constantly she kept him speaking of his own doings and experience! Right there! Her blind guidance he would accept, believing it to be inspired beyond her knowledge by wisdom.

It was surely natural that Karin, who had seen the preacher conducting sacred service in school-houses and in barns, in the tavern parlor and in the open air, should feel curious to hear about his church in the town.

So he told her of the brick edifice, with its cushioned seats for twelve hundred persons; its carpeted aisles, altar, and pulpit; the sofa, and the desk, and the crimson decorations. Of chandeliers and the great Bible; of organ and choir; the fine bell; of class-meetings, love-feasts, sewing societies; of prayer meetings, and the revival—nothing was forgotten. Karin was a good listener; and these matters interested him.

But for another reason he spoke on, and spoke well. Among the thousand members of his congregation were some characters that had made a deep impression on him. Men and women were they of large and strange experiences. He would speak of these. He could never forget the country. All he found there was most dear to him. But he would not dictate. And it was not to be denied that one must live in the town if he would know much of man's life. These remarks produced a wrong impression.

"You'll never be for coming back to the country, then; I see that, Father Wade. You are too well satisfied."

Mrs. Lincoln was vexed because of her conclusion, and she delivered it with authority. Why should he deceive himself about it?

"As the Lord directs," he answered. "But you must not wrong me. I am always coming back to the country. I don't believe a day passes, summer or winter, but I am running over these hills. And these skies are always bright as I see them—these trees are always *full* of leaves and birds. Nothing fails or fades in the country, as I have it in my little parsonage. Oh yes, I have it surely!"

The smile in his kind eyes seemed to certify that no fair prospect was excluded from them.

"I am glad. I expected you would be thinking of it often. When I knew you was living in the city I was curious to know how you would take it. But I knew you would take it easy. Every thing goes smooth with you. You are an easy man."

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"Yes," he replied, taking only such heed of these remarks as seemed best to him. "No matter how dry and dusty the streets are, or how distracting the racket and confusion, I have my radiant country mornings, my still noons, and charming nights. They are always real, and really mine. Yet one gets a knowledge of his kind in the city which he don't get elsewhere, as I said before. There's a dreadful deal of folly and rioting, and labor and want, and sorrow unto death there; but you come, now and then, on such peaceful, holy lives, Mrs. Lincoln! You wonder, till you remember that God's spirit is every where, and that he who asks receives it; till you remember, also, what the natural fruit of that blessed spirit is. But, alas! what iniquities abound there too! You would hardly believe me were I to tell you all."

"I don't know," said Karin, with a sigh. "I can believe almost any thing in these days, Father Wade."

"I've seen some women who might be called saints, they were so long-suffering, patient, full of faith. It was a sight no man could see without thanks to Him who gives the victory."

"It's a dreary kind of pleasure, seems to me. It must be dreadful queer, Mr. Wade, to be a-hunting about for enjoyment on such a track."

"Still, since offenses must be, thanks to Him who gives the victory over them!"

Karin listened uneasily. Finding that she must speak, she said,

"There's too much trouble at home, the most of folks find, I guess, without looking abroad for it. They *say* every back is fitted for its burden. I don't know. It's best not to expect much in this world."

"In loving much and in doing our duty, I suppose these are the ways of peace and righteousness," responded Mr. Wade. "Love is the only sufficient strengthener of heart and hand."

"You're a bachelor," replied Mrs. Lincoln, dryly.

"So you think I speak at random?" he smiled. "No, no! Love is the best word I know of; and perhaps a bachelor is able to speak the truest truth about it."

"H'm!" said she; "how do you make that out?" Yet the woman's heart bent toward him to listen, craving his utterance. Her aspect was scornful. But she hearkened in quite another mood.

"He has never been deceived about it by his own folly, or any mistakes of his own."

"It's *all* a mistake."

"No, no!"

"Try it, and see."

"Maybe I will. But let me tell you some things I have seen. For instance, a woman—two women—both of whom seemed to be on the broad road to destruction, suddenly stopped, and turned aside from the precipice, at a point where no eyes *but* theirs could discover a chance of escape. God showed it to them; and they have wrought out salvation where only ruin was to be expected."

"Yes, you say so. What was the salvation though?" she asked, with impatience, by which she sought to conceal her apprehensions.

"Return to the relation, true and natural, that should exist between a man and woman. Surrender of little points, in order to gain the greatest: a proved desire for peace; willingness to make sacrifices in order to obtain it." With what awful deliberation he spoke! "I've seen women, from a state of despair, find their way back to the regions of peace and joy by these means. But, of course, it was never yet done without painful self-sacrifice. Pride and selfishness must go into banishment; they can not be trusted with liberty; they must be exiled as traitors. There's no other way under heaven. A hard way it must be. Yet I suppose that a woman who has once lived a happy life would be willing to make sacrifices in order to live it again—to sacrifice a self that was not her real, true, upright, honorable self. Would she not, Mrs. Lincoln?"

Karin did not answer, but got up and walked into the kitchen in such haste that one might have expected her to perform some more important work when she arrived there than merely to look out from the window into the yard. Now and then a suspicion had crossed her mind that Father Wade was speaking of these matters, not to satisfy her curiosity, but for her edification; and these last words had satisfied her of the fact.

And now what of it!

Was he a magician, to produce great effects by methods so simple? He had merely spoken a few good words: and what are words?

The day was now ending. The good man had little to do except depart; for no further chance of conversation with Karin Lincoln should he have; and this he perceived.

She managed to keep herself busily occupied, and beyond his reach, so that he was glad when the farmer at length made his appearance who was to convey him many miles up into the country ere he slept; for by the next sunrise he must make good the time *lost* by this visit at Oriana Inn!

He blessed Karin when he went away, and assured her again, that, the Lord willing, she would certainly see him returning to his old charge ere long.

And was it possible that she let him go without a word of that which filled her heart so full? But what had she to tell him? She argued this point as such a woman might, on such a question, argue with herself.

During his last moments in the house what words were on her lips! what requests in her heart! She would have his counsel. She would have his prayers. Was she worse than all those women of whom he spoke, who had recovered their lost state? Where lay the great difficulty? How could it be removed? Was it possible that she and Lincoln were foredoomed to destruction? elected to work out each other's ruin! She longed to tell him how wickedly and worthlessly her life was passing: in what pain, shame, misery. She

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longed to ask him if in their case there was no remedy short of separation. To confess to him that, while many a time she had resolved to go away privately, and find for herself another home, careless of the "*property*" she left behind her, willing to sacrifice all "poor Crysler's hard earnings," all the results of her own thrift, and to encounter any hardships, if so she might not lose her soul, the thought (hardly could she name it a hope) that possibly they might yet be reconciled, that the former times might yet be restored, had stayed her.

But after all she let him go without having spoken a word of this.

She must then take counsel of herself; of her solitary heart, of her proud will. Has never woman before Karin Lincoln, has never woman since, found herself in such an evil strait—so beset behind, before?—so afflicted in the confusion wrought by voices of conscience and of pride?

Where was Right? What was Right? What was Love, or Duty? What was worth the doing? Oh, if but a path, such as Father Wade had spoken of, unseen by every eye but hers, revealed to her by God, would open suddenly! Was this desire *prayer?* was this longing *love?*

When that night Lincoln returned to the Inn and found that Father Wade had gone his ways, he did not ask about the minister. This annoyed Karin. He was only thus indifferent in regard to the visit because he knew her friendship for the preacher; *and* because—for around this fact her proud misery revolved—he had known her when, as Widow Crysler, she was mistress of all she surveyed! Or—*who* could account for it?—she merely knew that it was like Jeremiah Lincoln to imagine all sorts of evils against her, and then sit up in judgment. Karin was unjust. Many times this day had her husband recalled the preacher's words—for while Lincoln harnessed his horse, Mr. Wade had stood by and talked of nothing but blessed Oriana, and the model Inn, and the good wife Karin. More than once since then had he honestly endeavored to put himself in the preacher's place, and regard the woman with the eyes of an uninterested person—but it must be owned that he said in the end, "The devil's to pay in spite of all."

For, oh! inexplicable blindness of a wronging as well as wronged self! he could not see that the blame rested any where except on Karin, who, day by day, for years now, had humiliated him. And as he looked hastily from the sinful wretched past, it seemed to be with the desperate purpose of one who will leap a tremendous chasm.

Was there a way opened for Karin, as sometimes Alpine travelers find when they stand on the verge of destruction, their path at an end?

It happened next day that Lincoln found a surprise awaiting him, when, long after sunset, he came in from the harvest fields. His men had preceded him by half an hour, and he calculated rightly that by this time their supper would be over, and he should not meet them in the house.

He was thinking of any thing except pleasure when he came in, tired and heated, to a table that astonished him—for it was spread freshly, and especially for him, as if he had been a bridegroom; for certainly, in four years no such reception as this had awaited him. And, wonderful beyond all else, he found before him that favorite dish which Karin so much disliked that she would not even permit it to appear upon the public table. There it stood, fresh and fine, smoking hot, and emitting an odor delicious to his nostrils. He looked at it in silence. Karin watched him closely. He ate of every other dish and left that conspicuously untouched. His suspicions in regard to it he kept to himself. Well that he did so. His suspicions! so inconceivable was any mark of consideration or regard from Karin he would soonest think that she had some designs on him placing that dish thus before him! How then was he surprised when she—could Karin have suspected his suspicions?—drew the dish toward her, and ate it without a word! Well—if thou canst, smile or yawn over this homely scene.

For this was but the beginning of an end. The first steps of a path that should lead upward to the very mount of God from the bottomless abyss.

Karin was a resolute woman, and from the time when she determined on peace between herself and her husband he stood before her in a new aspect. He could not understand it. He was doomed to repeated surprises; when she left the accounts of travelers to be settled by him; circumscribed herself within the narrowest limits of her household affairs, refusing to pass them as if she had given parole; when in any needful conference she would give her opinion, but he should decide the matter; when her voice grew gentler, her movements milder, and the expression of her face was wholly changed. More than to the extent of her transgressions would Karin retract, and further than he would have had her—for by her humiliation was he called on for abasement—did she retreat.

How exceedingly absorbed she seemed to be in household duties—knitting, sewing—things so simple, duties so obscure! And her husband did not understand at once that her will had changed in its ambition, and that these were merely signs. Nor was he yet prepared to say that he who rules himself is greater than he who takes a city.

Karin's great aim heretofore had been to maintain and prove herself in the right through all difference and dissension. In a dispute she would go all lengths to secure her end, so that men used to say of any impracticable thing, "You could as soon talk down Karin Lincoln!"

But now vile persons ceased to find this manner of refreshment in Oriana Inn. It was only in the stables that beasts were fed—according to the sign-board.

How, then, did they settle the "possession?" If the neighbors said at length that Lincoln's wife could lead him by a thread, they might

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have added as truly, that the wife was her husband's crown of rejoicing.

But if you deem that the seed planted by Father Wade came to bloom and maturity without much careful watching, and much prayerful fear—that the danger of flood and of drought did not seem imminent at times—that without God's patience and Love's most vigilant endeavor the harvest was gathered in, how have you misread newspaper paragraphs and the human heart! How have you misinterpreted many a wife's mild countenance and ways—many a man's reverent deference to woman!

THE LOST STEAMSHIP.

"HO, there! Fisherman, hold your hand!
Tell me what is that far away—
There, where over the Isle of Sand
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife—
Tell me what is it, Fisherman, pray?"

"That, good Sir, was a steamer stout
As ever paddled around Cape Race;
And many's the wild and stormy bout
She had with the winds in that self-same place;
But her time was come; and at ten o'clock
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,
And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
Tell me about her all that you can;
And here's my flask to moisten your lip.
Tell me how many she had aboard—
Wives, and husbands, and lovers true—
How did it fare with her human hoard;
Lost she many or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
Already too moist I feel my lip;
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,
And spin you my yarn about the ship:
'Twas ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
When she struck the breakers and went ashore;
And scarce had broken the morning's light
Than she sank in twelve feet of water, or more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,
And the Captain called all hands to prayer;
And solemnly over the ocean's boom
The orisons rose on the troublous air.
And round about the vessel there rose
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,
Like angels in their ascension clothes,
Waiting for those who prayed below.

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"So these three hundred people clung
As well as they could to spar and rope;
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
But there was no blubbering weak and wild—
Of tearful faces I saw but one,
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
And not for himself, but the Captain's son.

"The Captain stood on the quarter-deck,
Firm, but pale, with trumpet in hand;
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—
'Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow, with his bride,
Standing amidships upon the wreck;
His face was white as the boiling tide,
And she was clinging about his neck.
And I saw them try to say good-by,
But neither could hear the other speak;
So they floated away through the sea to die—
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,
Who went his way in a sea she shipped;
All the while holding upon his breast
A little pet parrot, whose wings were clipped.
And as the boy and the bird went by,
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,
They were gripped by a man, with a drowning cry,
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
Some with gladness, and few with fear;
Cold and hardship such work had done
That few seemed frightened when death was near.
Thus every soul on board went down—
Sailor and passenger, little and great;
The last that sank was a man of my town,
A capital swimmer—the second mate."

"Now, lonely Fisherman, who are you,
That say you saw this terrible wreck?
How do I know what you say is true,
When every mortal was swept from the deck?
Where were you in that hour of death?
How did you learn what you relate?"
His answer came in an under-breath—
"Master, I was the second mate!"

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

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LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH I PLAY THE SPY.

THE room to which Bedford conducted me I hold to be the very pleasantest chamber in all the mansion of Shrublands. To lie on that comfortable cool bachelor's bed there, and see the birds hopping about on the lawn; to peep out of the French window at early morning, inhale the sweet air, mark the dewy bloom on the grass, listen to the little warblers performing their chorus, step forth in your dressing-gown and slippers, pick a strawberry from the bed, or an apricot in its season; blow one, two, three, just half a dozen puffs of a cigarette, hear the venerable towers of Putney toll the hour of six (three hours from breakfast, by consequence), and pop back into bed again with a favorite novel or review, to set you off (you see I am not malicious, or I could easily insert here the name of some twaddler against whom I have a grudgekin): to pop back into bed again, I say, with a book which sets you off into that dear invaluable second sleep, by which health, spirits, appetite are so prodigiously improved: all these I hold to be most cheerful and harmless pleasures, and have partaken of them often at Shrublands with a grateful heart. That heart may have had its griefs, but is yet susceptible of enjoyment and consolation. That bosom may have been lacerated, but is not therefore and henceforward a stranger to comfort. After a certain affair in Dublin—nay, very soon after, three months after—I recollect remarking to myself: "Well, thank my stars, I still have a relish for 34 claret." Once at Shrublands I heard steps pacing overhead at night, and the feeble but continued wail of an infant. I wakened from my sleep, was sulky, but turned and slept again. Biddlecombe the barrister I knew was the occupant of the upper chamber. He came down the next morning looking wretchedly yellow about the cheeks, and livid round the eyes. His teething infant had kept him on the march all night, and Mrs. Biddlecombe, I am told, scolds him frightfully besides. He munched a shred of toast, and was off by the omnibus to chambers. I chipped a second egg; I may have tried one or two other nice little things on the table (Strasbourg pâté, I know, I never can resist, and am convinced it is perfectly wholesome). I could see my own sweet face in the mirror opposite, and my gills were as rosy as any broiled salmon. "Well, well!" I thought, as the barrister disappeared on the roof of the coach, "he has *domus* and *placens uxor;* but is she *placens?* *Placetne* to walk about all night with a roaring baby? Is it pleasing to go to bed after a long hard day's work, and have your wife nagnagging you because she has not been invited to the Lady Chancelloress's *soirée*, or what not? Suppose the Glorvina whom you loved so had been yours? Her eyebrows looked as if they could scowl; her eyes as if they could flash with anger. Remember what a slap she gave the little knife-boy for upsetting the butter-boat over her tabinet. Suppose *parvulus aulâ*, a little Batchelor, your son, who had the toothache all night in your bedroom?" These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind as I helped myself to the comfortable meal before me. "I say, what a lot of muffins you're eating!" cried innocent Master Lovel. Now the married, the wealthy, the prosperous Biddlecombe only took his wretched scrap of dry toast. "Aha!" you say, "this man is consoling himself after his misfortune." O churl! and do you grudge me consolation? "Thank you, dear Miss Prior. Another cup, and plenty of cream, if you please." Of course, Lady Baker was not at table when I said, "Dear Miss Prior," at breakfast. Before her ladyship I was as mum as a mouse. Elizabeth found occasion

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to whisper to me during the day in her demure way: "This is a very rare occasion. Lady B. never allows me to breakfast alone with Mr. Lovel, but has taken her extra nap, I suppose, because you and Mr. and Mrs. Biddlecombe were here."

Now it may be that one of the double doors of the room which I inhabited was occasionally open, and that Mr. Batchelor's eyes and ears are uncommonly quick, and note a number of things which less observant persons would never regard or discover; but out of this room, which I occupied for some few days, now and subsequently, I looked out as from a little ambush upon the proceedings of the house, and got a queer little insight into the history and characters of the personages round about me. The two grandmothers of Lovel's children were domineering over that easy gentleman, as women—not grandmothers merely, but sisters, wives, aunts, daughters, when the chance is given them—will domineer. Ah! Glorvina, what a gray mare you might have become had you chosen Mr. Batchelor for your consort! (But this I only remark with a parenthetic sigh.) The two children had taken each the side of a grandmamma, and while Master Pop was declared by his maternal grandmother to be a Baker all over, and taught to despise sugar-baking and trade, little Cecilia was Mrs. Bonnington's favorite, repeated Watts's hymns with fervent precocity, declared that she would marry none but a clergyman, preached infantine sermons to her brother and maid about worldliness, and somewhat wearied me, if the truth must be told, by the intense self-respect with which she regarded her own virtues. The old ladies had that love for each other which one may imagine that their relative positions would engender. Over the bleeding and helpless bodies of Lovel and his worthy and kind step-father, Mr. Bonnington, they skirmished, and fired shots at each other. Lady B. would give hints about second marriages, and second families, and so forth, which of course made Mrs. Bonnington wince. Mrs. B. had the better of Lady Baker, in consequence of the latter's notorious pecuniary irregularities. *She* had never had recourse to her son's purse, she could thank Heaven. She was not afraid of meeting any tradesman in Putney or London: she had never been ordered out of the house in the late Cecilia's lifetime: *she* could go to Boulogne and enjoy the *fresh air* there. This was the terrific whip she had over Baker. Lady B., I regret to say, in consequence of the failure of remittances, had been locked up in prison just at a time when she was in a state of violent quarrel with her late daughter, and good Mr. Bonnington had helped her out of durance. How did I know this? Bedford, Lovel's factotum, told me: and how the old ladies were fighting like two cats.

There was one point on which the two ladies agreed. A very wealthy widower, young still, good-looking and good-tempered, we know can sometimes find a dear woman to console his loneliness and protect his motherless children. From the neighboring Heath, from Wimbledon, Roehampton, Barnes, Mortlake, Richmond, Esher, Walton, Windsor, nay, Reading, Bath, Exeter, and Penzance itself, or from any other quarter of Britain over which your fancy may please to travel, families would have come ready with dear young girls to take charge of that man's future happiness: but it is a fact that these two dragons kept all women off from their ward. An unmarried woman, with decent good looks, was scarce ever allowed to enter Shrublands gate. If such an one appeared, Lovel's two mothers sallied out, and crunched her hapless bones. Once or twice he dared to dine with his neighbors, but the ladies led him such a life that the poor creature gave up the practice, and faintly announced his preference for home. "My dear Batch," says he, "what do I care for the dinners of the people round about? Has any one of them got a better cook or better wine than mine? When I come home from business it is an intolerable nuisance to have to dress and go out seven or eight miles to cold *entrées*, and loaded claret, and sweet port. I can't stand it, Sir. I *won't* stand it" (and he stamps his foot in a resolute manner). "Give me an easy life, a wine-merchant I can trust, and my own friends, by my own fireside. Shall we have some more? We can manage another bottle between us three, Mr. Bonnington?"

"Well," says Mr. Bonnington, winking at the ruby goblet, "I am sure I have no objection, Frederick, to another bo—"

"Coffee is served, Sir," cries Bedford, entering.

"Well—well, perhaps we have had enough," says worthy Bonnington.

"We *have* had enough; we all drink too much," says Lovel, briskly. "Come into coffee?"

We go to the drawing-room. Fred and I, and the two ladies, sit down to a rubber, while Miss Prior plays a piece of Beethoven to a slight warbling accompaniment from Mr. Bonnington's handsome nose, who has fallen asleep over the newspaper. During our play Bessy glides out of the room — a gray shadow. Bonnington wakens up when the tray is brought in. Lady Baker likes that good old custom: was always the fashion at the Castle, and she takes a good glass of negus, too; and so do we all; and the conversation is pretty merry, and Fred Lovel hopes I shall sleep better to-night, and is very facetious about poor Biddlecombe, and the way in which that eminent Q.C. is henpecked by his wife.

From my bachelor's room, then, on the ground-floor; or from my solitary walks in the garden, whence I could oversee many things in the house; or from Bedford's communications to me, which were very friendly, curious, and unreserved; or from my own observation, which I promise you can see as far into the millstones of life as most folks, I grew to find the mysteries of Shrublands no longer mysterious to me; and like another *Diable Boiteux*, had the roofs of a pretty number of the Shrublands rooms taken off for me.

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For instance, on that very first day of my stay, while the family were attiring themselves for dinner, I chanced to find two secret cupboards of the house unlocked, and the contents unvailed to me. Pinhorn, the children's maid, a giddy little flirting thing in a pink ribbon, brought some articles of the toilet into my worship's apartment, and as she retired did not shut the door behind her. I might have thought that pert little head had never been made to ache by any care; but ah! black care sits behind the horseman, as Horace remarks, and not only behind the horseman, but behind the footman; and not only on the footman, but on the buxom shoulders of the lady's maid. So with Pinhorn. You surely have remarked respecting domestic servants that they address you in a tone utterly affected and unnatural—adopting, when they are among each other, voices and gestures entirely different to those which their employers see and hear. Now, this little Pinhorn, in her occasional intercourse with your humble servant, had a brisk, quick, fluttering toss of the head, and a frisky manner, no doubt capable of charming some persons. As for me, ancillary allurements have, I own, had but small temptations. If Venus brought me a bedroom candle and a jug of hot water—I should give her sixpence, and no more. Having, you see, given my all to one wom—Pshaw! never mind *that* old story. Well, I dare say this little creature may have been a flirt, but I took no more notice of her than if she had been a coal-scuttle.

Now suppose she *was* a flirt. Suppose, under a mask of levity, she hid a profound sorrow. Do you suppose she was the first woman who ever has done so? Do you suppose because she has fifteen pounds a year, her tea, sugar, and beer, and told fibs to her masters and mistresses, she had not a heart? She went out of the room, absolutely coaxing and leering at me as she departed, with a great counterpane over her arm; but in the next apartment I heard her voice quite changed, and another changed voice too—though not so much altered—interrogating her. My friend Dick Bedford's voice, in addressing those whom Fortune had pleased to make his superiors, was gruff and brief. He seemed to be anxious to deliver himself of his speech to you as quickly as possible; and his tone always seemed to hint, "There—there is my message, and I have delivered it; but you know perfectly well that I am as good as you." And so he was, and so I always admitted: so even the trembling, believing, flustering, suspicious Lady Baker herself admitted when she came into communication with this man. I have thought of this little Dick as of Swift at Sheen hard by, with Sir William Temple: or Spartacus when he was as yet the servant of the fortunate Roman gentleman who owned him. Now if Dick was intelligent, obedient, useful, only not rebellious, with his superiors, I should fancy that among his equals he was by no means pleasant company, and that most of them hated him for his arrogance, his honesty, and his scorn of them all.

But women do not always hate a man for scorning and despising them. Women do not revolt at the rudeness and arrogance of us their natural superiors. Women, if properly trained, come down to heel at the master's bidding, and lick the hand that has been often raised to hit them. I do not say the brave little Dick Bedford ever raised an actual hand to this poor serving girl, but his tongue whipped her, his behavior trampled on her, and she cried, and came to him whenever he lifted a finger. Pshaw! Don't tell *me*. If you want a quiet, contented, orderly home, and things comfortable about you, that is the way you must manage your women.

Well, Bedford happens to be in the next room. It is the morning-room at Shrublands. You enter the dining-room from it, and they are in the habit of laying out the dessert there, before taking it in for dinner. Bedford is laying out his dessert as Pinhorn enters from my chamber, and he begins upon her with a sarcastic sort of grunt, and a "Ho! suppose you've been making up to B., have you?"

"Oh, Mr. Bedford, *you* know very well who it is I cares for!" she says, with a sigh.

"Bother!" Mr. B. remarks.

"Well, Richard, then!" (Here she weeps.)

"Leave go my 'and!—leave go my a-hand, I say!" (What *could* she have been doing to cause this exclamation?)

"Oh, Richard, it's not your '*and* I want—it's your ah-ah-art, Richard!"

"Mary Pinhorn," exclaims the other, "what's the use of going on with this game? You know we couldn't be a-happy together—you know your ideers ain't no good, Mary. It ain't your fault. *I* don't blame you for it, my dear. Some people are born clever, some are born tall: I ain't tall."

"Oh, you're tall enough for me, Richard!"

Here Richard again found occasion to cry out: "*Don't*, I say! Suppose Baker was to come in and find you squeezing of my hand in this way? I say, some people are born with big brains, Miss Pinhorn, and some with big figures. Look at that ass Bulkeley, Lady B.'s man! He is as big as a Life-guardsman, and he has no more education, nor no more ideas, than the beef he feeds on."

"La! Richard, whathever do you mean?"

"Pooh! How should *you* know what I mean? Lay them books straight. Put the volumes together, stupid! and the papers, and get the table ready for nussery tea, and don't go on there mopping your eyes and making a fool of yourself, Mary Pinhorn!"

"Oh, your heart is a stone—a stone—a stone!" cries Mary, in a burst of tears. "And I wish it was hung round my neck, and I was at the bottom of the well, and—there's the hupstairs bell!" with which signal I suppose Mary disappeared, for I only heard a sort of grunt from Mr. Bedford; then the clatter of a dish or two, the wheeling of chairs and furniture, and then came a brief silence, which lasted until the entry of

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Dick's subordinate Buttons, who laid the table for the children's and Miss Prior's tea.

So here was an old story told over again. Here was love unrequited, and a little passionate heart wounded and unhappy. My poor little Mary! As I am a sinner, I will give thee a crown when I go away, and not a couple of shillings, as my wont has been. Five shillings will not console thee much, but they will console thee a little. Thou wilt not imagine that I bribe thee with any privy thought of evil? Away! *Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück—ich habe —geliebt!*

At this juncture I suppose Mrs. Prior must have entered the apartment, for though I could not hear her noiseless step, her little cracked voice came pretty clearly to me with a "Good-afternoon, Mr. Bedford! Oh dear me! what a many—many years we have been acquainted. To think of the pretty little printer's boy who used to come to Mr. Batchelor, and see you grown such a fine man!"

BEDFORD. "How? I'm only five foot four."

MRS. P. "But such a fine figure, Bedford! You are—now indeed you are! Well, you are strong and I am weak. You are well, and I am weary and faint."

BEDFORD. "The tea's a-coming directly, Mrs. Prior."

MRS. P. "Could you give me a glass of water first—and perhaps a little sherry in it, please. Oh, thank you. How good it is! How it revives a poor old wretch!—And your cough, Bedford? How is your cough? I have brought you some lozenges for it—some of Sir Henry Halford's own prescribing for my dear husband, and—"

BEDFORD (*abruptly*). "I must go—never mind the cough now, Mrs. P."

MRS. P. "What's here? almonds and raisins, macaroons, preserved apricots, biscuits for dessert—and—la bless the man! how you sta—artled me!"

BEDFORD. "DON'T! Mrs. Prior: I beg and implore of you, keep your 'ands out of the dessert. I can't stand it. I *must* tell the governor if this game goes on."

MRS. P. "Ah! Mr. Bedford, it is for my poor—poor child at home: the doctor recommended her apricots. Ay, indeed, dear Bedford, he did, for her poor chest!"

BEDFORD. "And I'm blest if you haven't been at the sherry-bottle again! Oh, Mrs. P., you drive me wild—you do. I can't see Lovel put upon in this way. You know it's only last week I whopped the boy for stealing the sherry, and 'twas you done it."

MRS. PRIOR (*passionately*). "For a sick child, Bedford. What won't a mother do for her sick child!"

BEDFORD. "Your children's always sick. You're always taking things for 'em. I tell you, by the laws, I won't and mustn't stand it, Mrs. P."

MRS. PRIOR (*with much spirit*). "Go and tell your master, Bedford! Go and tell tales of me, Sir. Go and have me dismissed out of this house. Go and have my daughter dismissed out of this house, and her poor mother brought to disgrace."

BEDFORD. "Mrs. Prior — Mrs. Prior! you *have* been a-taking the sherry. A glass I don't mind: but you've been a-bringing that bottle again."

MRS. P. (*whimpering*). "It's for Charlotte, Bedford! my poor delicate angel of a Shatty! She's ordered it, indeed she is!"

BEDFORD. "Confound your Shatty! I can't stand it, I mustn't, and won't, Mrs. P.!"

Here a noise and clatter of other persons arriving interrupted the conversation between Lovel's major-domo and the mother of the children's governess, and I presently heard Master Pop's voice saying, "You're going to tea with us, Mrs. Prior?"

MRS. P. "Your kind, dear grandmammas have asked me, dear Master Popham."

POP. "But you'd like to go to dinner best, wouldn't you? I dare say you have doocid bad dinners at your house. Haven't you, Mrs. Prior?"

CISSY. "Don't say doocid. It's a naughty word, Popham!"

POP. "I *will* say doocid. Doo-oo-oocid! There! And I'll say worse words too, if I please, and you hold *your* tongue. What's there for tea? jam for tea? strawberries for tea? muffins for tea? That's it: strawberries and muffins for tea! And we'll go into dessert besides: that's prime! I say, Miss Prior?"

MISS PRIOR. "What do you say, Popham?"

POP. "Shouldn't you like to go into dessert?—there's lots of good things there—and have wine? Only when grandmamma tells her story about—about my grandfather and King George the what-d'ye-call-'em: King George the Fourth—"

CIS. "Ascended the throne 1820; died at Windsor 1830."

POP. "Bother Windsor! Well, when she tells that story, I can tell you *that* ain't very good fun."

CIS. "And it's rude of you to speak in that way of your grandmamma, Pop!"

POP. "And you'll hold *your* tongue, Miss! And I shall speak as I like. And I'm a man, and I don't want any of your stuff and nonsense. I say, Mary, give us the marmalade!"

CIS. "You have had plenty to eat, and boys oughtn't to have so much."

POP. "Boys may have what they like. Boys can eat twice as much as women. There, I don't want any more. Any body may have the rest."

MRS. PRIOR. "What nice marmalade! I know some children, my dears, who—"

MISS P. (*imploringly*). "Mamma, I beseech you—"

MRS. P. "I know three dear children who very—very seldom have nice marmalade and delicious cake."

POP. "I know whom you mean: you mean

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Augustus, and Frederick, and Fanny — your children? Well, they shall have marmalade and cake."

CIS. "Oh yes, I will give them all mine."

POP. (*who speaks, I think, as if his mouth was full*). "I won't give 'em mine: but they can have another pot, you know. You have always got a basket with you; you know you have, Mrs. Prior. You had it the day you took the cold fowl."

MRS. P. "For the poor blind black man! Oh, how thankful he was to his dear young benefactors! He is a man and a brother, and to help him was most kind of you, dear Master Popham!"

POP. "That black beggar my brother? He ain't my brother!"

MRS. P. "No, dears, you have both the most lovely complexions in the world."

POP. "Bother complexions! I say, Mary, another pot of marmalade."

MARY. "I don't know, Master Pop—"

POP. "I *will* have it, I say. If you don't, I'll smash every thing, I will."

CIS. "Oh you naughty, rude boy!"

POP. "Hold your tongue, stupid! I will have it, I say."

MRS. P. "Do humor him, Mary, please. And I'm sure my dear children at home will be better for it."

POP. "There's your basket. Now put this cake in, and this bit of butter, and this sugar on the top of the butter. Hurray! hurray! Oh, what jolly fun! Here's some cake—no, I think I'll keep that; and, Mrs. Prior, tell Gus, and Fanny, and Fred, I sent it to 'em, and they shall never want for any thing as long as Frederick Popham Baker Lovel, Esquire, can give it them. Did Gus like my gray great-coat that I didn't want?"

MISS P. "You did not give him your new great-coat?"

POP. "It was beastly ugly, and I did give it him; and I'll give him this if I choose. And don't you speak to me; I'm going to school, and I ain't going to have no governesses soon."

MRS. PRIOR. "Ah, dear child! what a nice coat it is; and how well my poor boy looks in it!"

MISS PRIOR. "Mother, mother! I implore you—mother!"

MR. LOVEL *enters*. "So the children at high tea! How d'ye do, Mrs. Prior? I think we shall be able to manage that little matter for your second boy, Mrs. Prior."

MRS. PRIOR. "Heaven bless you—bless you, my dear, kind benefactor! Don't prevent me, Elizabeth: I *must* kiss his hand. There!"

And here the second bell rings, and I enter the morning-room, and can see Mrs. Prior's great basket popped cunningly under the table-cloth. Her basket?—her *porte-manteau*, her *porte-bouteille*, her *porte-gâteau*, her *porte-pantalon*, her *porte-butin* in general. Thus I could see that every day Mrs. Prior visited Shrublands she gleaned greedily of the harvest. Well, Boaz was rich, and this ruthless Ruth was hungry and poor.

At the welcome summons of the second bell Mr. and Mrs. Bonnington also made their appearance; the latter in the new cap which Mrs. Prior had admired, and which she saluted with a nod of smiling recognition: "Dear madam, it *is* lovely—I told you it was," whispers Mrs. P., and the wearer of the blue ribbons turned her bonny, good-natured face toward the looking-glass, and I hope saw no reason to doubt Mrs. Prior's sincerity. As for Bonnington, I could perceive that he had been taking a little nap before dinner—a practice by which the appetite is improved, I think, and the intellect prepared for the bland prandial conversation.

"Have the children been quite good?" asks papa of the governess.

"There are worse children, Sir," says Miss Prior, meekly.

"Make haste and have your dinner; we are coming into dessert!" cries Pop.

"You would not have us go to dine without your grandmother?" papa asks. Dine without Lady Baker, indeed! I should have liked to see him go to dinner without Lady Baker.

Pending her ladyship's arrival, papa and Mr. Bonnington walk to the open window, and gaze on the lawn and the towers of Putney rising over the wall.

"Ah, my good Mrs. Prior," cries Mrs. Bonnington, "those grand-children of mine are sadly spoiled."

"Not by *you*, dear madam," says Mrs. Prior, with a look of commiseration. "Your dear children at home are, I am sure, perfect models of goodness. Is Master Edward well, ma'am? and Master Robert, and Master Richard, and dear, funny little Master William? Ah, what blessings those children are to you! If a certain willful little nephew of theirs took after them!"

"The little naughty wretch!" cried Mrs. Bonnington; "do you know, Prior, my grandson Frederick—(I don't know why they call him Popham in this house, or why he should be ashamed of his father's name)—do you know that Popham spilt the ink over my dear husband's bands, which he keeps in his great dictionary, and fought with my Richard, who is three years older than Popham, and actually beat his own uncle!"

"Gracious goodness!" I cried; "you don't mean to say, ma'am, that Pop has been laying violent hands upon his venerable relative?" I feel ever so gentle a pull at my coat. Was it Miss Prior who warned me not to indulge in the sarcastic method with good Mrs. Bonnington?

"I don't know why you call my poor child a venerable relative," Mrs. B. remarks. "I know that Popham was very rude to him; and then Robert came to his brother, and that graceless little Popham took a stick, and my husband came out, and do you know Popham Lovel actually kicked Mr. Bonnington on the shins, and butted him like a little naughty ram; and if you think

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such conduct is a subject for ridicule—I *don't*, Mr. Batchelor!"

"My dear—dear lady!" I cried, seizing her hand; for she was going to cry, and in woman's eye the unanswerable tear always raises a deuce of a commotion in my mind. "I would not for the world say a word that should willingly vex you; and as for Popham, I give you my honor, I think nothing would do that child so much good as a good whipping."

"He is spoiled, madam; we know by *whom*," says Mrs. Prior. "Dear Lady Baker! how that red does become your ladyship." In fact, Lady B. sailed in at this juncture, arrayed in ribbons of scarlet; with many brooches, bangles, and other gimcracks ornamenting her plenteous person. And now her ladyship having arrived, Bedford announced that dinner was served, and Lovel gave his mother-in-law an arm, while I offered mine to Mrs. Bonnington to lead her to the adjoining dining-room. And the pacable kind soul speedily made peace with me. And we ate and drank of Lovel's best. And Lady Baker told us her celebrated anecdote of George the Fourth's compliment to her late dear husband, Sir George, when his Majesty visited Ireland. Mrs. Prior and her basket were gone when we repaired to the drawing-room: having been hunting all day, the hungry mother had returned with her prey to her wide-mouthed birdlikins. Elizabeth looked very pale and handsome, reading at her lamp. And whist and the little tray finished the second day at Shrublands.

I paced the moonlit walk alone when the family had gone to rest; and smoked my cigar under the tranquil stars. I had been some thirty hours in the house, and what a queer little drama was unfolding itself before me! What struggles and passions were going on here—what *certamina* and *motus animorum!* Here was Lovel, this willing horse; and what a crowd of relations, what a heap of luggage had the honest fellow to carry! How that little Mrs. Prior was working, and scheming, and tacking, and flattering, and fawning, and plundering, to be sure! And that serene Elizabeth, with what consummate skill, art, and prudence had she to act, to keep her place with two such rivals reigning over her! And Elizabeth not only kept her place but she actually was liked by those two women! Why, Elizabeth Prior, my wonder and respect for thee increase with every hour during which I contemplate thy character! How is it that you live with those lionesses, and are not torn to pieces? What sops of flattery do you cast to them to appease them? Perhaps I do not think my Elizabeth brings up her two children very well, and, indeed, have seldom become acquainted with young people more odious. But is the fault hers, or is it Fortune's spite? How, with these two grandmothers spoiling the children alternately, can the governess do better than she does? How has she managed to lull their natural jealousy? I will work out that intricate problem, that I will, ere many days are over. And there are other mysteries which I perceive. There is poor Mary breaking her heart for the butler. That butler, why does he connive at the rogueries of Mrs. Prior? Ha! herein lies a mystery, too; and I vow I will penetrate it ere long. So saying, I fling away the butt-end of the fragrant companion of my solitude, and enter into my room by the open French window just as Bedford walks in at the door. I had heard the voice of that worthy domestic warbling a grave melody from his pantry window as I paced the lawn. When the family goes to rest, Bedford passes a couple of hours in study in his pantry, perusing the newspapers and the new works, and forming his opinion on books and politics. Indeed I have reason to believe that the letters in the *Putney Herald* and *Mortlake Monitor*, signed "A Voice from the Basement," were Mr. Bedford's composition.

"Come to see all safe for the night, Sir, and the windows closed before you turn in," Mr. Dick remarks. "Best not leave 'em open, even if you are asleep inside—catch cold—many bad people about. Remember Bromley murder!—Enter at French windows—you cry out—cut your throat—and there's a fine paragraph for papers next morning!"

"What a good voice you have, Bedford," I say; "I heard you warbling just now—a famous bass, on my word!"

"Always fond of music—sing when I'm cleaning my plate—learned in Old Beak Street. *She* used to teach me," and he points toward the upper floors.

"What a little chap you were then!—when you came for my proofs for the *Museum*," I remark.

"I ain't a very big one now, Sir; but it ain't the big ones that do the best work," remarks the butler.

"I remember Miss Prior saying that you were as old as she was."

"Hm! and I scarce came up to her—eh—elbow." (Bedford had constantly to do battle with the aspirates. He conquered them, but you could see there was a struggle.)

"And it was Miss Prior taught you to sing?" I say, looking him full in the face.

He dropped his eyes—he could not bear my scrutiny. I knew the whole story now.

"When Mrs. Lovel died at Naples, Miss Prior brought home the children, and you acted as courier to the whole party?"

"Yes, Sir," says Bedford. "We had the carriage, and of course poor Mrs. L. was sent home by sea, and I brought home the young ones, and—and the rest of the family. I could say, *Avanti! avanti!* to the Italian postillions, and ask for *des chevaux* when we crossed the Halps—the Alps—I beg your pardon, Sir."

"And you used to see the party to their rooms at the inns, and call them up in the morning, and you had a blunderbuss in the rumble to shoot the robbers?"

"Yes," says Bedford.

"And it was a pleasant time?"

"Yes," says Bedford, groaning, and hanging

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down his miserable head. "Oh yes, it was a pleasant time."

He turned away; he stamped his foot; he gave a sort of imprecation; he pretended to look at some books, and dust them with a napkin which he carried. I saw the matter at once. "Poor Dick!" says I.

"It's the old—old story," says Dick. "It's you and the Hirish girl over again, Sir. I'm only a servant, I know; but I'm a—. Confound it!" And here he stuck his fists into his eyes.

"And this is the reason you allow old Mrs. Prior to steal the sherry and the sugar?" I ask.

"How do you know that?—you remember how she prigged in Beak Street?" asks Bedford, fiercely.

"I overheard you and her just before dinner," I said.

"You had better go and tell Lovel—have me turned out of the house. That's the best thing that can be done," cries Bedford again, fiercely, stamping his feet.

"It is always my custom to do as much mischief as I possibly can, Dick Bedford," I say, with fine irony.

He seizes my hand. "No, you're a trump—every body knows that; beg pardon, Sir; but you see I'm so—so—dash!—miserable, that I hardly know whether I'm walking on my head or my heels."

"You haven't succeeded in touching her heart, then, my poor Dick?" I said.

Dick shook his head. "She has no heart," he said. "If she ever had any that fellar in India took it away with him. She don't care for any body alive. She likes me as well as any one. I think she appreciates me, you see, Sir; she can't 'elp it—I'm blest if she can. She knows I am a better man than most of the chaps that come down here—I am, if I wasn't a servant. If I were only an apothecary—like that grinning jackass who comes here from Barnes in his gig, and wants to marry her—she'd have me. She keeps him on, and encourages him—she can do that cleverly enough. And the old dragon fancies she is fond of him. Pshaw! Why am I making a fool of myself?—I am only a servant. Mary's good enough for me; *she'll* have me fast enough. I beg your pardon, Sir; I am making a fool of myself; I ain't the first, Sir. Good-night, Sir; hope you'll sleep well." And Dick departs to his pantry and his private cares, and I think, "Here is another victim who is writhing under the merciless arrows of the universal torturer."

"He is a very singular person," Miss Prior remarked to me, as, next day, I happened to be walking on Putney Heath by her side, while her young charges trotted on and quarreled in the distance. "I wonder where the world will stop next, dear Mr. Batchelor, and how far the march of intellect will proceed! Any one so free, and easy, and cool as this Mr. Bedford I never saw. When we were abroad with poor Mrs. Lovel, he picked up French and Italian in quite a surprising way. He takes books down from the library now: the most abstruse works—works that *I* couldn't pretend to read, I'm sure. Mr. Bonnington says he has taught himself history, and Horace in Latin, and algebra, and I don't know what besides. He talked to the servants and tradespeople at Naples much better than *I* could, I assure you." And Elizabeth tosses up her head heavenward, as if she would ask of yonder skies how such a man could possibly be as good as herself.

She stepped along the Heath—slim, stately, healthy, tall—her firm, neat foot treading swiftly over the grass. She wore her blue spectacles, but I think she could have looked at the sun without the glasses and without wincing. That sun was playing with her tawny, wavy ringlets, and scattering gold dust over them.

"It is wonderful," said I, admiring her, "how these people give themselves airs, and try to imitate their betters!"

"Most extraordinary!" says Bessy. She had not one particle of humor in all her composition. I think Dick Bedford was right; and she had no heart. Well, she had famous lungs, health, appetite; and with these one may get through life not uncomfortably.

"You and Saint Cecilia got on pretty well, Bessy?" I ask.

"Saint who?"

"The late Mrs. L."

"Oh, Mrs. Lovel—yes. What an odd person you are! I did not understand whom you meant," says Elizabeth the downright.

"Not a good temper, I should think? She and Fred fought?"

"*He* never fought."

"I think a little bird has told me that she was not averse to the admiration of our sex?"

"I don't speak ill of my friends, Mr. Batchelor!" replies Elizabeth the prudent.

"You must have difficult work with the two old ladies at Shrublands?"

Bessy shrugs her shoulders. "A little management is necessary in all families," she says. "The ladies are naturally a little jealous one of the other; but they are both of them not unkind to me in the main; and I have to bear no more than other women in my situation. It was not all pleasure at St. Boniface, Mr. Batchelor, with my uncle and aunt. I suppose all governesses have their difficulties; and I must get over mine as best I can, and be thankful for the liberal salary which your kindness procured for me, and which enables me to help my poor mother and my brothers and sisters."

"I suppose you give all your money to her?"

"Nearly all. They must have it; poor mamma has so many mouths to feed."

"And *notre petit cœur*, Bessy?" I ask, looking in her fresh face. "Have we replaced the Indian officer?"

Another shrug of the shoulder. "I suppose we all get over those follies, Mr. Batchelor. I remember somebody else was in a sad way too"—and she looks askance at the victim of Glorvina. "*My* folly is dead and buried long ago.

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I have to work so hard for mamma, and my brothers and sisters, that I have no time for such nonsense."

Here a gentleman in a natty gig, with a high-trotting horse, came spanking toward us over the common, and with my profound knowledge of human nature I saw at once that the servant by the driver's side was a little doctor's boy, and the gentleman himself was a neat and trim general practitioner.

He stared at me grimly, as he made a bow to Miss Bessy. I saw jealousy and suspicion in his aspect.

"Thank you, dear Mr. Drencher," says Bessy, "for your kindness to mamma and our children. You are going to call at Shrublands? Lady Baker was indisposed this morning. She says, when she can't have Dr. Piper, there's nobody like you." And this artful one smiles blandly on Mr. Drencher.

"I have got the work-house, and a case at Rochampton, and I shall be at Shrublands *about two*, Miss Prior," says that young doctor, whom Bedford had called a grinning jackass. He laid an eager emphasis on the *two*. Go to! I know what two and two mean as well as most people, Mr. Drencher! Glances of rage he shot at me from out his gig. The serpents of that miserable Esculapius unwound themselves from his rod, and were gnawing at his swollen heart!

"He has a good practice, Mr. Drencher?" I ask, sly rogue as I am.

"He is very good to mamma and our children. His practice with *them* does not profit him much," says Bessy.

"And I suppose our walk will be over before two o'clock?" remarks that slyboots who is walking with Miss Prior.

"I hope so. Why, it is our dinner-time; and this walk on the Heath does make one so hungry!" cries the governess.

"Bessy Prior," I said, "it is my belief that you no more want spectacles than a cat in the twilight." To which she replied, that I was such a strange, odd man, she really could not understand me.

We were back at Shrublands at two. Of course we must not keep the children's dinner waiting: and of course Mr. Drencher drove up at five minutes past two, with his gig-horse all in a lather. I who knew the secrets of the house was amused to see the furious glances which Bedford darted from the sideboard, or as he served the doctor with cutlets. Drencher, for his part, scowled at me. I, for my part, was easy, witty, pleasant, and, I trust, profoundly wicked and malicious. I bragged about my aristocratic friends to Lady Baker. I trumped her old-world stories about George the Fourth at Dublin with the latest dandified intelligence I had learned at the club. That the young doctor should be dazzled and disgusted was, I own, my wish; and I enjoyed his rage as I saw him choking with jealousy over his victuals.

But why was Lady Baker sulky with me? How came it my fashionable stories had no effect upon that polite matron? Yesterday at dinner she had been gracious enough; and turning her back upon those poor simple Bonningtons, who knew nothing of the *beau monde* at all, had condescended to address herself specially to me several times with an "I need not tell *you*, Mr. Batchelor, that the Duchess of Dorsetshire's maiden name was De Bobus;" or, "You know very well that the etiquette at the Lord Lieutenant balls, at Dublin Castle, is for the wives of baronets to—" etc., etc.

Now whence, I say, did it arise that Lady Baker, who had been kind and familiar with me on Sunday, should on Monday turn me a shoulder as cold as that lamb which I offered to carve for the family, and which remained from yesterday's quarter? I had thought of staying but two days at Shrublands. I generally am bored at country-houses. I was going away on Monday morning; but Lovel, when he and I and the children and Miss Prior breakfasted together before he went to business, pressed me to stay so heartily and sincerely that I agreed, gladly enough, to remain. I could finish a scene or two of my tragedy at my leisure; besides, there were one or two little comedies going on in the house which inspired me with no little curiosity.

Lady Baker growled at me, then, during lunch-time. She addressed herself in whispers and hints to Mr. Drencher. She had in her own man Bulkeley, and bullied him. She desired to know whether she was to have the barouche or not; and when informed that it was at her ladyship's service, said it was a great deal too cold for the open carriage, and that she would have the brougham. When she was told that Mr. and Mrs. Bonnington had impounded the brougham, she said she had no idea of people taking other people's carriages; and when Mr. Bedford remarked that her ladyship had her choice that morning, and had chosen the barouche, she said, "I didn't speak to you, Sir; and I will thank you not to address me until you are spoken to!" She made the place so hot that I began to wish I had quitted it.

"And pray, Miss Prior, where is Captain Baker to sleep," she asked, "now that the ground-floor room is engaged?"

Miss Prior meekly said, "Captain Baker would have the pink room."

"The room on my landing-place, without double doors? Impossible! Clarence is always smoking. Clarence will fill the whole house with his smoke. He shall *not* sleep in the pink room. I expected the ground-floor room for him, which—a—this gentleman persists in not vacating." And the dear creature looked me full in the face.

"This gentleman smokes, too, and is so comfortable where he is, that he proposes to remain there," I say, with a bland smile.

"Haspic of plovers' eggs, Sir," says Bedford, handing a dish over my back. And he actually gave me a little dig and growled, "Go it—give it her."

"There is a capital inn on the Heath," I con-

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tinue, peeling one of my opal favorites. "If Captain Baker must smoke, he may have a room there."

"Sir! my son does not live at inns," cries Lady Baker.

"Oh, grandma! Don't he, though? And wasn't there a row at the Star and Garter; and didn't Pa pay Uncle Clarence's bill there, though?"

"Silence, Popham. Little boys should be seen and not heard," says Cissy. "Shouldn't little boys be seen and not heard, Miss Prior?"

"They shouldn't insult their grandmothers. Oh my Cecilia—my Cecilia!" cries Lady Baker, lifting her hand.

"You sha'n't hit me! I say, you sha'n't hit me!" roars Pop, starting back, and beginning to square at his enraged ancestress. The scene was growing painful. And there was that rascal of a Bedford choking with suppressed laughter at the sideboard. Bulkeley, her ladyship's man, stood calm as fate; but young Buttons burst out in a guffaw; on which, I assure you, Lady Baker looked as savage as Lady Macbeth.

"Am I to be insulted by my daughter's servants?" cries Lady Baker. "I will leave the house this instant."

"At what hour will your ladyship have the barouche?" says Bedford, with perfect gravity.

If Mr. Drencher had whipped out a lancet and bled Lady B. on the spot, he would have done her good. I shall draw the curtain over this sad—this humiliating scene. Drop, little curtain! on this absurd little act.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

IN Congress, the Post-office deficiency bill having passed the House received several amendments in the Senate, the most important being one which abolished the franking privilege. The House refusing to concur in this amendment, the Senate receded, and the bill was passed.—In the Senate a bill abolishing the franking privilege has been passed.—In the House Mr. Sherman, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill reducing the mileage of members from forty cents a mile to twenty, and computing the distance in a straight line instead of by the route actually traveled; the bill passed in the House by a vote of 154 to 21.—Upon motions by Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Hoard, of New York, Committees have been appointed in the House to investigate certain charges of corruption and bribery made against the Administration.—In the Senate Mr. Wigfall proposed an appropriation of $1,100,000 for the support of a regiment of mounted volunteers to defend the frontiers of Texas.—The subject of the enormous expenditures for Public Printing has occupied considerable attention in both Houses.

In the Senate Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, presented a series of seven resolutions which had been drawn up in a caucus of the Democratic Members. They affirm: 1. That in the adoption of the Federal Constitution the States acted as sovereigns; and that any attempt by any State, or the citizens thereof, to interfere with the domestic institutions of another is in violation of the Constitution, and tends to weaken and destroy the Union. 2. That negro slavery, as it exists in fifteen States of the Union, is an important portion of their domestic institutions; that no change of opinion in the non-slaveholding States, in relation to this institution, can justify them or their citizens in open or covert attacks upon it, with a view to its overthrow; and that such attacks are a manifest breach of faith, and a violation of the most solemn obligations. 3. That the Union of the States rests on the equality of rights and privileges among its members; and that it is the special duty of the Senate, which represents the States in their sovereign capacity, to resist all attempts so to discriminate in the Territories between the person or property of citizens of the States. 4. That neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature possesses the power, directly or indirectly, to impair the right of any citizen to take his slaves into any Territory and to hold them while the Territorial condition remains. 5. That if at any time experience should prove that the Judiciary and Executive authority do not possess the means to secure protection to constitutional rights in a Territory, and if the Territorial governments should fail to provide the necessary remedies, it will be the duty of Congress to supply the deficiency. 6. That the inhabitants of a Territory, when they rightfully form a Constitution to be admitted as a State, have, for the first time, a right to decide whether Slavery shall be maintained or prohibited; and if Congress admit them as a State, they shall be received with or without Slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission. 7. That the provision of the Constitution for the rendition of fugitives from service of labor, and the laws to secure its execution, should be faithfully observed; and that all acts of individuals or State Legislatures to defeat or nullify that provision or those laws, are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effects.—Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, who had offered a series of resolutions upon the same subject objected to the fourth and fifth of these resolutions. He thought that Congress ought not to wait for any further experience in regard to necessary action. He argued that slaves were property in the same sense as sheep and oxen, yet thousands of slaves were annually run off to Canada. If he had his way, he would file an immediate notice to the British Minister that unless Canada yielded up the stolen negroes, this Government would use all legal means to force her to do so, and in case this was not sufficient, would go to war.

Mr. Seward presented to the Senate the memorial of the Legislature of Kansas, praying for admission into the Union; supporting it in an elaborate speech setting forth his views upon slavery as a political issue, and the position of the Republican and Democratic parties in relation to it. He reiterated at length his well-known views in relation to the institution. In the Slave States, he said, the laborer was regarded not as a person, but as capital; in the Free States, he was invested with the rights of personality, and generally of citizenship. In the one case, capital invested in slaves becomes a great political force; in the other, labor, thus enfranchised

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and ennobled, becomes the dominating political power. Hence he would denominate the one "capital States," and the other "labor States." He then reviewed the history of the national legislation and compromises between the "labor" and "capital" States, affirming that it showed that while it was easy to combine the former in defense of even external interests, it was hard to unite the latter in a common policy; and that while the latter have a natural loyalty to the Union, the former have a natural faculty for alarming that loyalty by threats of disunion. The Whig party, he said, being generally an Opposition party, had practiced some forbearance toward the interests of labor; while the Democratic party, not without indications of dissent, was generally found sustaining the policy of capital. At length the Compromise of 1850, collated with the Ordinance of 1787, the Missouri Prohibitory Law of 1820, and the Articles of Texas Annexation, disposed by law of slavery in the Territories, and was considered a final and absolute settlement of all disputes concerning it under the Federal authority. The people accepted it by majorities before unknown. But hardly had this adjustment been accepted before it was stricken down by the assumption that the Compromise abrogated the Missouri Prohibition. The Democratic party adopted this view, and the Whig representatives of the capital States concurred. The Whig party went down, never to rise again, and the Republican party was formed. Between the principles of this and those of the Democratic party was now the only choice of the nation. The Democratic party, according to Mr. Seward, now holds the principle that "both Territorial Governments and Congress are incompetent to legislate against slavery in the Territories, while they are not only competent, but obliged, when it is necessary, to legislate for its protection there." Of the Republican party he says: "I know of only one policy which it has adopted or avowed, namely: The saving of the Territories of the United States, if possible, by constitutional and lawful means, from being homes for slavery and polygamy." Mr. Seward then proceeded to defend the Republican party from the charge of being sectional. It was no more so than the Democratic party. The one prevailed in the House sometimes, the other in the Senate always. Which was the most proscriptive? "Come," he said, "to the Free States, hold your conventions, nominate your candidates, address the people, you will have hospitable welcome, with ballot-boxes open for all the votes you can win. Extend to us the same privileges, and I will engage that you will soon have as many Republicans at the South as we have Democrats at the North." He denied that his party proposed to introduce the equality of the negro and the whites at the South, or to force upon the South its system. "We are," he says, "excluded justly, wisely, and contentedly from all political power and responsibility in the capital States. You are sovereigns on the subject of slavery within your own borders, as we are on the same subject within our borders. The whole sovereignty on domestic concerns within the Union is divided between us by unmistakable boundaries. You have fifteen distinct parts; we eighteen parts equally distinct. Each must be maintained in order that the whole may be preserved. If ours shall be assailed, within or without, by any enemy, or for any cause, and we shall have need, we shall expect you to defend it. If yours shall be assailed, in the emergency, no matter what the cause or the pretext, or who the foe, we shall defend your sovereignty as the equivalent of our own."—Referring to the Harper's Ferry affair, Mr. Seward said: "While generous and charitable natures will probably concede that John Brown and his associates acted on earnest though fatally erroneous convictions, yet all good citizens will nevertheless agree that this attempt to execute an unlawful purpose in Virginia by invasion, involving civil war, was an act of sedition and treason, and criminal to just the extent that it affected the public peace, and was destructive of human happiness and human life." Mr. Seward closed by disclaiming all apprehensions of disunion or the overthrow of the Government.

Mr. Douglas replied to this speech of Mr. Seward, particularly to that portion of it which related to the Kansas-Nebraska bill and the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise. This repeal, he said, was necessary, because the majority of the Northern States refused to carry out that compromise in good faith, by defeating in the House, after it had passed the Senate, the enactment to extend the Compromise to the Pacific Ocean. He was willing so to extend it, and to abide by it forever; the entire South in the Senate, with but a single exception, were willing so to extend and abide by it; but the Free Soil element in the North was so strong as to defeat that measure, and thus open the slavery question anew. The Democratic party having been defeated in this, carried in lieu of it the compromise measures of 1852, and had remained faithful to the new adjustment, which established the principle of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the Territories. He arraigned the argument of Mr. Seward as proceeding upon the assumption that by the Divine law the negro and the white man were equal, and hence, that all laws and constitutions which violated this equality were in violation of the law of God. Mr. Douglas reaffirmed the opinion he had so often expressed, that this government was made by white men for white men and their posterity forever, and should be administered by white men and by none others. He would not, where he had the Constitutional right to prevent it, allow any negro to vote or hold office. As for slavery, he would have each State maintain or exclude it, as they pleased—it was their business, not his. Mr. Douglas criticised Mr. Seward's new classification of "capital" and "labor" States as framed for political effect, and intimated that the shoemakers' strikes in the New England States had induced its author to coin the terms, in order to gain votes on the presumption that he took the part of labor against capital. The strike was caused, said Mr. Douglas, by the distress of the New England mechanics, which was occasioned by the sectional agitation which had driven away Southern customers.—Mr. Douglas challenged the Republican party to endeavor to carry out to their logical conclusion the principles laid down in the "Philadelphia Platform." They had a majority in the House; would they bring forward a bill to "prohibit in all the Territories those twin relics of barbarism, Slavery and Polygamy?" They were afraid to bring in a bill abolishing the slave code in New Mexico, lest they should drive conservative men from their party. Mr. Douglas animadverted sharply against what he affirmed to be the principles of the Republicans to obey the Constitution only as interpreted by themselves; asserting that the radical difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties was, that "we stand by the Constitution as our fathers made it, and by the decisions of the constituted authorities, as they are pronounced

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in obedience to the Constitution. They repudiate the instrument, substitute their own will for that of the constituted authorities, annul such provisions as their fanaticism, or prejudice, or policy may declare to be in violation of God's law, and then say 'We will protect all your rights under the Constitution, as expounded by ourselves, but not as expounded by the tribunal created for that purpose.'"—The debate was continued by other Senators of both parties.

No action has been taken in respect to the treaty with Mexico, negotiated between Mr. M'Lane and the Juarez Government. By this treaty Mexico grants a perpetual right of way over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, by any route which may be found advisable; both Governments to protect and guarantee its neutrality. Ports of deposit are to be established on both sides of the Isthmus; and no duties to be levied on goods not intended for consumption in Mexico. The right of way is also secured from the Rio Grande to the Gulf of California. Religious liberty is assured to American citizens in Mexico. Armed intervention by our Government is allowed in case it should be necessary to secure the enjoyment of the provisions of the treaty. For these concessions the United States are to pay $4,000,000, one half of which it is to retain in its own hands, for the purpose of meeting claims by our citizens upon Mexico.——Letters from the coast of Africa assert that the vessels now engaged in the slave trade amount to dozens; that most of them are Americans, having regular custom-house clearances from New York, many of them claiming to be engaged in the palm-oil trade. One of these vessels, the *Orion*, was twice detained by the American cruisers, but dismissed for want of proof. She then proceeded to the Congo River and took in a cargo of slaves; on her return voyage she was captured by a British cruiser, and taken into St. Helena. When captured she had on board 874 negroes, of these 146 died before reaching St. Helena. ——The steamer *Hungarian*, on her voyage from Liverpool to Portland, was wrecked on the 20th of February, on Sable Island, Nova Scotia. It is believed that every soul on board perished. The crew numbered 74; the number of passengers is not as yet ascertained, but it is supposed that there were about 140, making a loss of 214 lives.——The working shoemakers in Massachusetts have to a great extent "struck" for higher wages. The strike has thus far been accompanied with little violence.——Mr. C. G. Memminger, who was appointed by South Carolina as Commissioner to solicit the State of Virginia to meet the other Slaveholding States in a General Convention, for the purpose of devising measures for the maintenance of their rights, reports to the Governor of South Carolina the results of his mission. It amounts, in brief, to this: that he was received with great courtesy; but that at present the State of Virginia was not prepared to take the lead in such a measure, the majority of her people apprehending that the proposed Conference must lead to disunion, while they believed that the rights of the South could be maintained within the Union.——The Mexican and Indian outrages upon the frontiers of Texas threaten a war with Mexico. Governor Houston, of Texas, under date of February 15, writes to the Secretary of War, deploring the condition of the southern frontier of his State, and asks the interposition of the Federal Government. Should this not be granted, he will be compelled to resort to the right of self-defense, not only to defeat the enemy, but to prevent the recurrence of disorders upon the borders of the State. In thirty days Texas can muster 10,000 men, eager to make reclamation upon Mexico for all her wrongs. The Secretary of War writes to the President that there is great contrariety of opinions among those who have the best opportunity of knowing concerning the state of affairs upon the borders; but that, upon the call of the Governor of Texas, he has ordered a concentration upon that frontier of all the forces which the exigencies of the service would allow.

EUROPE.

The British Parliament met on the 24th of January, the Royal Speech being delivered by the Queen in person. Referring to the affairs of Italy, she says that she had accepted the invitation to be represented at the European Congress; but that circumstances had arisen which led to a postponement of this Congress, without any day being fixed for its meeting; but, whether in Congress or in separate negotiation, she would endeavor to obtain for the people of Italy freedom from foreign interference, by force of arms, in their international concerns.—She had vainly endeavored to prevent a rupture between Spain and Morocco.—In China, the French and English forces had sustained a severe check; and she was preparing, in concert with the Emperor of the French, an expedition to obtain redress and the fulfillment of the stipulations of the treaty of Tien-tsin; she hoped that the prompt acquiescence of the Emperor of China with the moderate demands of the allied plenipotentiaries would obviate the necessity for the employment of force.—The threatening difficulties with the United States, growing out of the San Juan affair, had been adjusted by the forbearance of her naval and military officers on the spot, and by the equitable provisional arrangements proposed by the Government of the United States; she trusted that the question of boundary would be amicably settled.——The English budget for the coming year is considered very favorable. The estimated expenditures were £70,100,000, and the income from existing sources £60,700,000. The apparent deficit of £9,400,000 was proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to be met by an income tax of tenpence per pound on all incomes exceeding £150 per annum, and sevenpence on those below that sum, which would give a surplus of half a million.

The affairs of Continental Europe present no prospect of an immediate solution. There are no indications of an immediate meeting of the European Congress. Numerous signs point out that the Emperor Napoleon does not intend to interfere by force, nor to consent to any forcible interference by others, in the affairs of Italy; but will withdraw the French troops from Rome as soon as possible, leaving the Pope to arrange with his revolted States. In the mean while the French ultra-Catholic journal, *L'Univers*, has been suppressed, upon the representation of the Minister of the Interior that it had become the organ of a religious party whose designs were in direct opposition to the rights of the State—tending to alarm consciences, dominate over the clergy, agitate the country, and undermine the bases upon which the affairs of the Church and civil society rest. In other words, the paper has advocated the claims of the Pope to an authority which the Emperor is not willing to concede.——The Austrian Empire is greatly troubled. Discontent prevails throughout her remaining Italian possessions; and in Hungary the old ill-feeling has become prevalent. Kossuth, it is said, has of late been missing from his London haunts, and it is suspected that he has made his way to the neighborhood of Hungary, with the design of aiding in a new uprising against Austrian dominion.

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Literary Notices.

Life in Spain, Past and Present, by WALTER THORNBURY. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Spain, the land of romantic tradition, inspiring scenery, and chivalrous associations, presents an attractive field to modern tourists. Its quaint and beautiful features, its unique social character, its poetical mountains and streams, have been described with admirable freshness by several recent writers; but the theme is by no means exhausted, and every new explorer discovers still unwrought materials for inviting picturesque narrative. The author of this volume is one of the gay, rollicking, loquacious travelers who love to hear the sound of their own voice, is ever ready for a frolic or an adventure, has a quick eye for the ludicrous or grotesque, and is little troubled with any modest scruples in the relation of his experience. "A boat, a boat to cross the ferry, for we'll go over and be merry, and laugh, and quaff, and drink good sherry," is the motto on his title-page, and it gives a true prophecy of the spirit of his book. He is always in good-humor, always satisfied with himself, and with a versatile, impressible nature, easily takes the hue of surrounding objects, which he reproduces in his garrulous sketches with lively and brilliant local coloring. They are so completely Spanish in their expression that you at once take him at his word when he tells you that "his notes were written on cigarette-paper, with ink made of orange-juice and liquorice."

His arrival at Lisbon immediately opens the vials of his good-natured, self-complacent communicativeness. He lands near the great arsenal, where the Portuguese seamen of an imaginary war-fleet are drilled into discipline. A neat little tropical square is surrounded by spiked aloes, and orange and pimento trees, in tubs and oil-jars. In the centre is the marble pillar where merchants sit and enjoy their cigarettes, and rough sea-captains stand discussing the rig of their ships in the Tagus bay. All round this square are lodging-houses, country houses, and hotels, where men sit poring over books, cigar in mouth and pen in hand. Ascending from this mosaic-paved square, its flowers, and chattering, smoking groups, into the sloping city, you meet jolting oxen leaning against each other, and drawling along with a heavy wooden slab which was meant for a cart; you see piles of cafés, shops, and dwelling-houses, here and there crossed by alleys, with the river hot and blue in the rear. Some negresses, with their black faces bound up with yellow handkerchiefs, pass you; all of a sudden they look up, while through the grating of a convent, like a perfume, glides some hymn of the Church, sung, according to the author's high-flown fancy, "as by imprisoned angels." While standing, all ear, entranced and petrified with expectancy, a storming Badajoz diligence sweeps by, almost making an omelette of the votary of Church music. This immense hearse of a diligence is steered by a post-boy, a little fellow in immense jack-boots, which seem to be slowly swallowing him up, and a large hairy white hat that quite extinguishes his face. Making his way up a side street, our brave adventurer finds the gentlemen's houses with stables on the ground-floor, emitting unsavory odors, and hears the horses dragging at their chains, or pounding with restless feet at the straw. Those men standing in a row, with small barrels on their shoulders, at the long, manger-like fountain under the wall, are the toiling Gallegos, the serfs and Gibeonites of the Lisbon gentry, the drudges who hew their wood and draw their water, looking forward to the time when they shall have money enough to go back to the green hills of Vigo and get married. No genuine Portuguese likes to stain his hands with servile work. Ask one of the natives to carry your carpet-bag to the boat at the landing, and he will say, "I am not a Gallego." A popular proverb runs: "God made the Portuguese first, and then made the Gallegos to wait on them." You see them in the steep side streets of a morning going off to supply their family with water. There are more than three thousand of these simple-hearted, quiet, brave-working fellows in Lisbon, and they do all the porters' and water-carriers' work for the lazy Portuguese.

The special charm of Lisbon, apart from its orange-trees, public gardens, and rows of red, coral-berried pimentoes, is its Oriental character. There is a tropical glow of color all about the city. The roofs are tiled with a quaint sort of article, and go up into pagoda-like crescents that are quite Chinese and fantastic. The shop-walls facing the street are frequently paneled with blue porcelain tiles, which seem just fresh from Canton. Some of the private houses, too, big as palaces, shine with these rude blue mailings. They are gay with green and gilt balconies, on every third or fourth tier of which there is a row of large red oil-jars, forming the base to a thicket of oleanders, gorgeous with a profusion of purple blossoms. Half-way up, in a gilt cage, hangs a Brazilian parrot, green and red, or gray and scarlet, chattering, listening, or thoughtful. The shops have a curious country town look, generally uniting several trades in one, like an old-fashioned village store in the United States. The pastry-shops sell port-wine, and the grocers fire-wood.

But to dally no longer in the fantastic Portuguese capital, let us follow our traveler to the principal scene of action, and take up our residence for the time in the ancient city of Cadiz. The first morning after our arrival we make an early plunge into the streets. The houses are marked with curious little badges of the figure of the Virgin. Every thing seems thrown together in promiscuous confusion, without the slightest attempt at order or arrangement. On one side of a public walk is a hotel; next to it, on one side, is a nobleman's house; and on the other a blacksmith's shop; not far off is a nunnery; and still nearer, a nest of suspicious, thievish-looking houses, where faces always watch you from behind the striped mat that is flung out, tent-wise, over the strip of projecting balcony. In this narrow passage, where no one particularly seems stirring, there are heaps of white, unslaked lime lying just as the mules have shook it down from their panniers. The gutter, that runs down the centre of the street, is heaped with melon-rinds, cigar-stumps, and dusty refuse swept out of the houses. Just as you cross into the square you cut in two a religious procession filing down the street. It is some brotherhood, two and two, in white and yellow dresses, carrying candles; then a drawling individual, with a blunderbuss of a bassoon tucked under his arm, representing a band of music; and near the last, a slow-paced priest, in a three-pointed black cap, and in a cloth of gold robe, carrying the Host under a portable canopy. Every one bows and takes off his hat as the procession meanders carelessly by. The square you now enter is trellised round with half-dead, dusty vines, sapless and juiceless, the fruit

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shriveled and withered for want of moisture. Even at this hour, in the soft, growing heat, there are gossiping loungers on the benches round the square, talking over the paper, or the last bull-fight at Seville. There is no crash or roll of vehicles. The city is as quiet as the country, but more cheerful and sociable. The servants, in their light jean jackets, exchange civilities, proverbs, and repartees as they brush about in a playful, careless, Spanish way, at their masters' doors. Even at this early hour you find the easy-burgesses playing at dominoes in the cafés; and as you sit at your coffee you are pestered with the peddlers, who tease you to buy their wares. But here come two Spanish ladies, going to early mass, with the inevitable old duenna at their heels. They are in full dress, according to the Spanish fashion; their hair is as glossy as a blackbird's wing; the mantilla gathers its dark folds around their shoulders; and their black fans work and winnow in that enchanting manner which it is the lesson of at least seven years to learn. The Cadiz foot is a proverb, and these ladies float along as if walking on clouds.

But Cadiz has other scenes besides its fine central street of green and gilt balconies and pillared courts. There are long defiles of pleasant streets, where shops in the open air tempt you with rusty antique carbines, dinted powder-horns, rows of scallop-shell castanets, tinsel fans, broad bead combs, golden-brown strings of dried flaky fish, old shoes, necklaces, relics, and rosaries. Here the sailors drink aniseed and fire-water, and fortify their vehement opinions by emphatic expressions; and here country girls stop and barter and gossip. In another quarter you witness the extreme of poverty and misery which belong to Spanish low life. Here one thousand beggars noddle their beards daily over their messes of smoking soup. You will find every note in the long gamut of poverty—from the robust fisherman, who seems hammered out of steel, to the little old man, shriveled and burned up by the sun till he looks like an Indian idol hewn out of a black-red mahogany log.

Taking the Saint Mary steamer, we now make a little excursion to Xeres, the native place of the generous Amontillado. The boat is full of little cane cages of emerald-necked pigeons; frails of grapes, covered with vine-boughs, already drooping with intense heat; and prodigious melons, which have gained the proportions of an alderman beneath the ripening Spanish sun. The deck is crowded with people—neat, thin, rather short men, in light summery jackets and canvas shoes. All have the red sash and the round turban cap. The richer, with white linen jackets and Leghorn hats lined with black, sit on their portmanteaus smoking. A few Andalusian dandies figure in puce-colored and chestnut-colored jackets, their gaiters hung with leather fringes, like Indian moccasins, knives in their bright red sashes, and their leggins embroidered with bright colors. The women have no bonnets—nothing but the graceful, nun-like mantilla, drawn jealously over the face or streaming over the neck. Here is one from whom you can not keep your eyes. How beautiful she is, to be sure!—not beautiful with the rose-blood of English beauty, but with a pale, spiritual light in her colorless brown face. Her profuse black hair is braided in loops around her ears, which are pink as sea-shells. A great gold pin, below her high comb of pierced tortoise-shell, fastens up her back hair. There are blood-red cloves in her hair, and she trifles back the lace folds of her mantilla with her fan to prevent their being ruffled. But it is now time to leave the steamer at Saint Mary's, which is the shipping port of the wine district of Cadiz, and take the rail for Xeres.

We will not follow our lively traveler any further, but bid him good-by at the house of Don Sanchoz Montilla, the great sherry-wine merchant, of whose establishment he gives a luscious description. Our readers who decide to pursue the journey through Spain in his company, we assure them, will certainly not lose their time.

A Dictionary of the English Language, by JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D. (Published by Hickling, Swan, and Brewer.) The assiduous labors of Dr. Worcester as an English lexicographer are brought to their culminating point in this work, which for a series of years has been the object of his industry, research, and critical vigilance. Its general characteristics are similar to those of his well-known dictionary, published in octavo, in 1846; although the plan has been greatly expanded, the vocabulary enriched by the addition of many new words, and the improvements in science and art, to a very recent date, made the basis of new and important definitions. Indeed it may be thought that the size of the work has been increased by the attempt to give a superfluous, and in some cases an embarrassing, completeness to the vocabulary; terms are frequently introduced that hardly require an explanation; or are so rarely used, or of such an uncouth and fantastic character as to justly claim no place in literature. In orthography, Worcester follows the generally received system of English writers, without adopting the innovations which have been recommended to the public by different lexicographers within the last half century. His method in respect to pronunciation exhibits the various modes of eminent orthoepists, in cases that admit of a difference of opinion, with the authority for each. He does not, however, disguise his own preferences, which are usually marked by sound judgment, and probably indicate the actual usage of the highest standards and the most cultivated circles of society. As an etymologist, Dr. Worcester evidently aims at accuracy rather than novelty. He has no taste for ingenious or far-fetched derivatives, and is slow to adopt the suggestions of recent explorers of the subject, even when they appear to have the weight of evidence on their side. He rarely departs from the authority of Richardson, and the sources on which he relied; while he makes little, if any, use of the valuable materials which are furnished by the modern researches in comparative philology. It would have been a useful and interesting addition to his work had he given the historical order of the kindred and conradical words in other languages, so that the various changes might be distinctly traced backward to the earliest and simplest form, or forward from the root through its successive modifications. The definitions given by Dr. Worcester are, for the most part, succinct and comprehensive, though not remarkable for philosophical precision or neatness of expression. There are occasional instances of careless and slovenly statement, and a want of appropriateness in the citation of authorities, which present an unfavorable contrast to the prevailing character of the work. On the other hand, the instances are not unfrequent of a singularly happy elucidation of a meaning, showing an acute discrimination and a rare power of skillful adaptation. The definition of technical and special terms is often exact and felicitous, though sometimes

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based too implicitly on inferior authorities. The work is brought out in a very attractive style of typography. The page is distinct and beautiful; the judicious selection of a variety of type, and the skillful distribution of the matter into convenient paragraphs, aided by excellent spacing, afford a grateful assistance to the eye, while they are in no small degree pleasing to the taste. The introduction of cuts into a verbal dictionary may be deemed by many of questionable utility, as they occupy room which might perhaps be more advantageously devoted to explanatory details, and must necessarily be on so small a scale as to present but a meagre representation of the object delineated. They are employed, however, in this work with great profusion, and can not fail to gratify the reader who has a taste for this kind of illustration.

Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, in the years 1857, '58, *and* '59, by LAURENCE OLIPHANT, ESQ. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The special mission of Lord Elgin to China and Japan, which extended over a period of two years, had its origin in the political rupture with the Chinese Commissioner Yeh, which occurred at Canton during the autumn of 1856. The embassy took its departure from England in the month of May, 1857, arriving at Hong Kong on the 6th of July. The progress of negotiation, in the midst of formidable difficulties and obstacles, until the signing of the treaty of Tientsin, June 26, 1858, is copiously described by Mr. Oliphant, forming a narrative of intense interest, abounding in rare and curious information, and written in the flowing and graphic style which characterizes the former popular productions of the author.

After accomplishing the purposes of his mission in China, Lord Elgin proceeded to Japan, and arrived at Nagasaki on the 2d of August. The main interest of the volume commences at this point, furnishing the most recent accounts of the wonderful people, who have become the object of such interest to the civilized world, and portraying their manners, customs, and institutions with a fidelity and minuteness which presents them in vivid panorama to the eye of the reader.

The first impressions of Japan received by the author were in a high degree favorable. The contrast with China was so striking, the evidences of an advanced state of civilization so numerous and unexpected, that not a little excitement and enthusiasm was called forth. Each day gave proof of the amiable and generous character of the inhabitants. Each moment of the day furnished some new fact worthy of notice, and not a single disagreeable association occurred to cloud their reminiscences of the delightful country. Sights and scenes crowded on each other with a painful rapidity and variety, overtasking the powers of observation. On landing at the factory, early in the morning after their arrival, the travelers found it crowded with British purchasers, both at the Dutch and Russian bazars; lackered and china ware, bronzes, and delicate basket-work, of the most surprising beauty and elegance, were arranged in tempting display. The Russian bazar is a paved square, surrounded with small wooden houses and verandas, full of articles for sale. The entrance gate-way is guarded by a number of officials, who, in fact, take little heed of the visitor, and always seem to be engaged in making servile obeisances to one another, and drinking hot tea out of very curiously constructed steamers. On making his first tour of exploration in the town, Mr. Oliphant came upon a fashionable resort for the young bloods of Nagasaki, where they assembled for the purpose of equestrian exercise. It was a large inclosure, containing fifteen or twenty men on horseback, which was their favorite afternoon amusement. They were all men of fortune and family, princes and nobles of the land. They were mounted on fiery little steeds, about fourteen hands in height, which they delighted in riding full gallop and pulling up short, after the manner of the Arabs. The saddles were like the Chinese, but with less padding. The stirrup-leathers were short, and the stirrups, like huge slippers, made of leather. The bit was powerful, and the reins, though made of muslin, were very strong. The riders wore hats of a curiously odd construction. These were like shields, almost perfectly flat, made of lacker, and fastened on the head by a variety of lashings. Two strings crossed each other at the back of the head, two crossed under the nose, and two more under the chin. It is as much trouble to tie on a Japanese hat as to put on a pair of skates, and when it is done the face looks all laced over, as if it had been the subject of some surgical operation. The city of Nagasaki is on a site of singular beauty. It nestles at the base of wooded hills of exquisite form, which are dotted every where with temples and tea-houses. These, though ostensibly devoted to different purposes, in fact possess nearly the same character. In Japan religion is not used, as in some countries, to conceal immorality, but rather to give it countenance and support; so that practically there is very little difference between a temple and a tea-house. Both are situated in delightful grounds, the landscape gardening of the Japanese excelling that of every other nation in the world. Both are resorted to as agreeable retreats from the turmoil of the city. The most charming arbors, the choicest dishes, and the softest music are provided equally at one and the other. There are not less than sixty-two temples, and seven hundred and fifty-two tea-houses, on the hills round Nagasaki, all offering to the Japanese in search of repose delicious tea and extensive landscapes. These hills are well worth climbing. Old moss-grown steps ascend the steep side, and you pass through venerable gate-ways, and up more massive flights, to a fairy-like wooden structure perched on a projecting point, and backed by terraced gardens and cool, shady groves that lead to grottoes, where sparkling water gushes from native fountains. The building is constructed with a view to the prospect it commands. The bare, softly-matted rooms are surrounded with deep verandas, and from every angle a fresh scene of beauty meets the eye. The whole family, from sire and matron to the chubby children, are here for "a good time." Now comes brave dinner on. It is spread out upon the floor in lackered boats, and occupies the greater portion of room. There is raw fish, thinly sliced, and salted ginger; there are prawns piled up with a substance like molasses candy; there are pickled eggs, and rock leeches, and pieces of gristle, belonging to animals unknown, to be eaten with soy; yams, pears, and various sorts of fruits and vegetables, complete the light array; while a more substantial dish is presented in a huge bowl of rice. But for details of peculiar interest, with regard to the domestic arrangements and social policy of the Japanese, we refer our readers to the volume itself, in which, we can promise them, will be found a rich store both of entertainment and instruction.

Edgar Poe and his Critics, by SARAH HELEN

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WHITMAN. (Published by Rudd and Carleton.) The character of the weird and subtle poet to whose defense this little volume is devoted was concealed by the cloud of mystery which rested also on his life, and which was such a favorite element in his productions. Few men have had more fervent admirers or more bitter enemies. The spell of his genius cast an enchantment around even his most erratic courses; and those who suffered the most at his hands have often been the most eloquent in his eulogy. On the other hand, his faults and errors have furnished ample materials to detraction, and kindled the fires of suspicion and jealousy into fiercer flames. The author of this volume has engaged in the task of exculpation as a duty of tender charity. She has essayed to spread a silvery vail over the form of the departed, to explain his actions where they needed illustration, and to present a kindly excuse where they were incapable of defense. Her poetic spirit, her womanly ingenuity of argument, and her affectionate admiration of the genius in whose behalf she has enlisted, have done the utmost to redeem the memory of Edgar Poe; but they will probably have little effect to change his place in public opinion.

The neat editions of *Horace* and *Æschylus*, issued by Harper and Brothers, present an agreeable attraction to the lovers of classical learning. They are in a form convenient for pocket use, and can thus easily be made the companions of a journey, a stroll in the woods, or a ramble by the sea-shore. The type is exquisitely beautiful, the paper clean and substantial, and the text of the original is presented without note or comment. The amateur of these immortal poets will find this a favorite edition for constant use. ——The same house have published a new volume of the "Classical Library," containing the *Satires* of *Juvenal*, *Perseus*, *Sulpicia*, and *Lucilius*, literally translated into English prose, with notes and chronological tables. The translation is by the Rev. Lewis Evans; and Gifford's well-known metrical version of Juvenal and Persius is added to the volume. The notes are selected from the best authorities, together with a considerable proportion of original matter from the pen of the editor. The student of these ancient satirists—so poignant in invective, and often so obscure in allusion—will find in this edition a valuable aid in the comprehension of their writings.

Biographical Studies, by GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. (Published by G. P. Putnam.) The essays composing this scholar-like volume are devoted to Cooper, Cole, Crawford, and Irving. With each of these distinguished men the author was on terms of more than common intimacy; and from his own literary and artistic cultivation was well qualified to form an appreciative estimate of their characters. His book evinces a critical spirit alike catholic and discriminating, a lively sense of the beautiful in nature and art, a profound sympathy with the eminent men whose virtues he commemorates, and a rare power of graceful and vigorous expression. Nor is it confined to critical analyses, but abounds in personal recollections of great interest. As a just and feeling tribute to excellence of character and high intellectual endowments, the volume can not fail to gratify a large circle of readers and to enhance the reputation of the writer.

Notes on Nursing: What it Is, and What it is Not, by FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. Such a collection of hard, sound, practical common-sense, expressed in the plainest terms afforded by the vocabulary of the English language, without the slightest attempt to soften down the homeliest realities, can hardly be found elsewhere in the compass of a single volume. Miss Nightingale is no sentimentalist. She takes hold of the most repulsive matter-of-fact details in the conduct of the sick room without shrinking. She tells what she knows of the condition of disease without reserve or circumlocution. Her large experience enables her to speak with authority. Her keenness of observation, her ready wit, and her wonderful practical sagacity give great weight to her authority. She disclaims the intention of writing a manual either of nursing or cookery; but no one concerned with the care or the diet of the sick could fail to profit by her explicit instructions. In spite of the subject the volume is by no means unreadable. On the contrary, the off-hand, colloquial character of the style, the piquant vivacity of statement, and the frequent touches of sarcasm which enliven the discussion of the most forbidding themes, attract the reader, and gild the pill which he is bound to swallow. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

Stories from Famous Ballads, by GRACE GREENWOOD. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) It was a happy thought of this favorite writer for young people to found a series of popular stories on some of the old English ballads, which possess such an enduring charm for readers of all ages. She has executed her plan with entire success, and her little book will doubtless find a welcome in every juvenile library. Among the ballads of which she has given a spirited prose version are Chevy Chase, The Saracen Lady, Auld Robin Gray, Fredolin, and others. The volume is embellished with several spirited engravings, among which is a beautiful specimen of infanthood, to whom the stories are dedicated.

Lucy Crofton, by MRS. OLIPHANT, is the reprint of a popular English novel, in the form of an autobiography, remarkable for its just delineations of character as well as its simple beauty of style. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Answer to Hugh Miller and Theoretic Geologists, by THOMAS A. DAVIES. The author of this work boldly throws his glove into the ring, in mortal challenge of the modern geologists, who, in his opinion, throw discredit on the Scriptures by their alleged discoveries. He maintains the literal interpretation of the Mosaic record, and contends that the apparent fossil remains are of the same date with the present animal and vegetable kingdom, having proceeded directly from the hand of the Creator, without the previous existence of organic life. (Published by Rudd and Carleton.)

Lectures on the English Language, by GEORGE P. MARSH. (Published by Charles Scribner.) Few volumes have been recently published presenting such strong claims on the enlightened student of philology as this able and elaborate work. Its profound disquisitions on the sources, formation, development, and intrinsic genius of our mother-tongue are richly freighted with information, and clothed in language as admirable for its polished simplicity as its expressive vigor. Apart from its unpretending wealth of erudition, the composition of the volume forms one of the best studies for acquiring a correct knowledge of English. Its nice and discriminating use of words shows a rare mastery of the resources of our language, and presents a model for imitation of certainly equal value with the didactic suggestions which compose a large portion of its contents. The sobriety of discussion, sagacity of perception, wide reach of thought, and exactness of knowledge, as well as the modesty of tone which characterize its pages, give it an indisputable place in the highest ranks of American literature.

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Editor's Table.

DUTIES OF THE CITIZEN TO CIVIL GOVERNMENT.—We devote this article, not to the general subject of patriotism—not to the discussion of any specific act of legislation—not to the matter of slavery, so prominent at the present time in the legislative halls of the several States and the National Confederacy—but distinctively and exclusively to the topic already announced—the *duties of every citizen to the Government* under which he lives.

The number of passages in the New Testament relating to this subject must convince us what prominence it holds in the inspired code of duty. The importance of the subject must be admitted by all. Those, especially, who wish to order their conduct in all relations and on all occasions by Christian principles, will regard with interest an exposition of our duties in this specific relation, so vital to human welfare.

If the subject is important, it is not without its difficulties. We have reason to believe that the minds of good men are at times seriously embarrassed in regard to it. The passages in the Scriptures which relate to the subject are of two classes, which *appear* to be opposed one to the other. Some of them require implicit obedience to the ruling powers. Others record the conduct of certain of the apostles, on a particular occasion, who met the magistrates with a point-blank disobedience and defiance. Every man, admitting the necessity and duty of obeying the civil authority, knows that, somewhere, at some time, in some way, there is the right, the religious, Christian right and duty of disobedience; otherwise he puts a brand of infamy on the apostles of Christ, on the noble army of the martyrs, upon the heroic patriots who have shed their blood in opposition to despotism, and thus attaches the bend of illegitimacy to our own coat armorial. Ask these very persons for a statement of the ethical principles by which courses apparently so incongruous can be justified to the teaching of the Scriptures, and they will confess themselves greatly perplexed. This is what our present article undertakes, even to state the rules of Christian ethics which should govern our conduct toward the civil power. We ask no deference to our notions as theorists, as political economists, claiming no more than to be honest interpreters of the inspired Scriptures, which we acknowledge as the standard of supreme authority. So copious are the materials which pertain to this subject, that it would be easier to write a volume than serve an ephemeral article in an editorial repast; but we bespeak the patience of our readers while, in the briefest compass, we endeavor—without reference to any thing local or temporary; without the least subservience to political partisanship—to group together those Christian principles that should govern every Christian citizen in his relations to civil magistracy, and which should be understood and practiced by none more than by the people of our own Republic.

The first assertion of the New Testament on this subject is, that government is a *Divine ordinance;* and, as such, is to *be honored and obeyed.* This principle is asserted so frequently, so explicitly, and so emphatically, that there is no room for doubt. "The powers that be are ordained of God; whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." For the Lord's sake, we are required to "submit ourselves to every ordinance of man, whether it be to kings or governors." This language was used, bear in mind, when Nero was the incumbent of the imperial throne. Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius, with their abominable cruelties and oppressions, were his predecessors. In what sense, then, are we to understand that a government of this description was God's ordinance? Is God the patron of wrong? Was Nero God's representative and minister in such a sense that all his acts were to be approved by God and man? Far from it. The teaching of the Scripture is, that *government*—without describing its forms, its limitations, its defects, its errors, or its improvements—government itself is a Divine ordinance. Not that those who represent and execute it may not do that which is wrong, or may not hold their office by a questionable tenure; but government is a necessity, and, as such, is to be recognized as a Divine ordinance. The very worst government that ever existed is better than no government at all. Even despotism is preferable to anarchy. There must needs be, in the very nature of things, a government of some kind, which will hold the individual will in restraint, and put a limit to human passions. Human nature is deflected from that which is right, and thus the necessity for such restraint is increased. Surely there is nothing in the New Testament which affirms that any one form of government alone has the Divine sanction, or that one form of government which is defective may not be changed for another which is better. The New Testament puts forth no statute affirming the legitimacy of one government compared with another. It makes not one allusion to any of those theories which political writers have propounded concerning the organization of government, as a social compact, or otherwise. Its short, simple, direct assertion is, that the necessity for a civil government lies in an ordinance of God. Not that it merely exists in the Providence of God—as all things, good and evil, come to pass—but that things were so constituted by the Supreme that a government of some kind, some ruling power that shall bear the sword—a power armed with the means of protecting and coercing—is an absolute necessity in its relations to human existence and human welfare. Without it, there could be no such thing as society. Without it, the weak could not live in the presence of the strong. Without it, it were impossible to lead quiet and peaceable lives.

Admit the manifold wrongs and sufferings which have been inflicted by unjust, cruel, and despotic governments; they are not to be mentioned by the side of those universal and illimitable ills which would fill the earth in the absence of all government. The flames of the pit would inadequately symbolize the horrors of the scene if every ruling power were abolished, and the passions and will of every individual were let loose without restraint, and property, and person, and life were held only by him who should prove himself the mightiest. Admitting that the true idea of government has never yet been realized in its perfection; that the law of development has not yet reached its climax, as we shall yet realize it more and more in the advance of Christian truth; yet government, as a restraint on individual passions, is a necessity, and its existence is based on Divine benevolence. It looks to human welfare. There underlies it the great law of love. It is not the property of those who administer it; it is intended solely for the good of those who live under it. Based on this benevolent provision for human happiness, it will be easy to explain, in the right place, the

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only instances in which disobedience or revolution are to be justified on Christian principles.

So many are the occasions on which individuals dislike the persons or the measures of those who administer government, that the habit has acquired great prevalence, which the New Testament specifically rebukes, "speaking evil of dignities." Men talk flippantly, slightingly, of government, until they lose out of mind the benign idea which the word imports. It seems to them a kind of unclean necessity which is to be tolerated, instead of a Divine blessing which ought ever to be regarded with loyalty, with honor, with respect, and with obedience. If this was the teaching of inspiration in reference to pagan, imperial, and despotic governments, how much more pertinent and proper is the principle now that Christianity has gradually infused so much of her own spirit of justice, and liberty, and love into the civil power, securing to us a government of CONSTITUTIONAL LAW!

Constitutional law—the voluntary compact of intelligent freemen, representing a new style and development of educated humanity, improving, as they have thought, on other methods of government, with prescribed forms for yet further improvement—for change when change is needed, for redress when wrong prevails! Constitutional law! what mortal can measure the ineffable blessings which are included within those two words? We have enjoyed the light and the warmth of the great sun so long that we pause not to consider our indebtedness to the glorious orb. Consider what occurred in the silence and darkness of the past night. A vast and heterogeneous population laid down and slept in peace and safety. Gentle women, young and tender children, without one thought of fear, with not so much as one apprehension of peril, committed themselves to the oblivion of sleep. It was not because there were no elements of evil and danger proximate to their persons. Did it never occur to you, when your eyes were held waking in the hours of the night, what terrific powers of mischief were congregated in the purlieus of this very city, ready, like blood-hounds from the slip, to spread carnage and woe throughout the land? And what, under God, is the only thing that holds them in restraint? That invisible thing which we call law—that very thing, constitutional government, which the word of Christ bids us reverence and obey as the very wing of God.

Such being the idea of government—so needful, so benignant, justifying its claims to be designated as the ordinance of God—the duty of every citizen is to regard it with all honor and loyalty. Let it not be spoken of disparagingly. Let no man trifle with it, or count it a vain thing, or "despise" it.

That terrible disaster which, a few months ago, appalled so many hearts—the falling of a crowded edifice—ruin, flames, and death—offers but a faint image of what a continent would suffer if constitutional government should topple over, and there were no power but that of individual will and passion.

In this general requirement of obedience to the civil power the New Testament specifies several things—such as the payment of tribute, the rendering on our part of all things necessary to the sustenance of government. Some would consider it a feat of cleverness to defraud the post-office, the custom-house, or any other department of government, who would shrink from dealing unjustly with an individual. Not to be prolix in the specification of the several acts which are enjoined by Christian duty in this relation, they may be summarily expressed in one word, a good and great word, LOYALTY—that combination of fidelity with respect which expresses the high estimate which we place on the ruling power, as God's ordinance for our protection. Our Divine Lord paid tribute to the Roman governor. How easy would it have been for him, having declared that the children were free, to have disputed the right of a foreign power to exact tribute, and to have kindled a spirit of mutiny throughout Judea, which would have accomplished no good, but boundless suffering and mischief! Who that has read the Acts of the Apostles with a careful eye has failed to notice the dignified courtesy of the Apostle Paul in the presence of the civil magistracy? When arraigned before them, he did not question nor resist their jurisdiction, but his speech and manner evinced his respect for the ruling power. He appealed his own case by the proper process, even to a heathen emperor. So strong was his sentiment of loyalty that he, in words the pertinency of which is not obsolete in our day, declares, "If any man teach otherwise, he is proud, a fool, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth."

We are accustomed to smile at the grotesque customs of the Chinese in the administration of government. But those requirements of court etiquette which seem to us Occidentals so absurd, and which thus far have succeeded in keeping aloof the proudest nations of European civilization more effectually than would any wall of masonry—these, at which the ignorant and superficial laugh, lay bare the principle which lies as the foundation of that immense empire, and has given such amazing strength to the government of one-third of the human family. No man is qualified to judge of Oriental life who does not know that this primal, fundamental law is respectful subordination. The authority of father is supreme. Filial disobedience is a capital crime. Their gods are their deified ancestors; and so complete and thorough is their sense of graduated respect for authority, that no number or degree of bowings, kneelings, or prostrations can adequately express their reverent deference to the supreme power. We have much to learn from these Oriental customs, which to the unthinking afford simply material for merriment. The foundations of human society are laid by the Almighty in the first commandment of the second table of the law, "Honor thy father and thy mother"—that is, the subordination of self to the first being we meet on the shores of time, which will express itself in proper forms and manners in all other relations of existence. Precisely here is our national weakness and peril. Every thing about us even in childhood tends to foster independence and self-assertion, and this to a degree which, if it were not so unlovely and terrific, would provoke a smile. Very little reverence have we in our national character. And this is the more to be regretted, since in the progress of Christian civilization our form of government is the creation of intelligent preference, and a self-governed people should never fail in the sentiment of respect and loyalty, which is a better strength and protection to our institutions than standing armies. The greatest danger that menaces us consists in the spirit of self-assertion, which would protrude the individual will above and beyond those legal forms which are God's ordinance for general security and peace.

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On this part of our subject we will not enlarge. The example and words of Christ and his apostles instruct us unmistakably as to this first duty of every citizen to think, speak, and act in reference to civil government with loyalty, obedience, and gratitude, as, in divine appointment, a benignant necessity for the preservation of life, and property, and order.

We pass now to another part of our subject. Admitting the Divine sanction of government, and approving all things whatsoever which government decrees and executes, are different things.

To affirm that no such thing as disobedience to civil government is justifiable, and compatible with Christian principles, is to censure indiscriminately all those reforms and revolutions which have delivered nations from tyranny, given security to liberty, and advanced the civilization of the world to its present hopefulness. On the one hand, we read that he "who resisteth the power resisteth God," for "the powers that be are ordained of God;" and, on the other hand, we have the conduct and teachings of the apostles themselves, who refused obedience to the magistracy in *certain cases*, holding themselves ready, meekly and patiently, to bear the consequences. Wherein lies the consistency?

Human government being a Divine ordinance, instituted for human welfare, we are justified in withholding our obedience whenever this government requires of us what is opposed to the explicit and positive commandments of God; or when it is made to appear that, according to the law of love, which underlies the necessity of all government, such disobedience will better promote that general welfare which is the object and end of all government. The latter refers, as is evident, not so much to the resistance of individuals, as to that combination of numbers, which describes what is generally understood by revolutionary action.

The first case is that exemplified by the apostles themselves, when forbidden to preach the gospel. Here the edicts of magistracy were in direct antagonism to the positive directions of their Divine Lord. He had given to them this explicit commandment: "Go and preach my gospel to every creature." Their duty was not an inference from general principles, a deduction of their own, through any process of reasoning; it was expressed in such definite terms as to allow no possible evasion. Such a conflict was there between the requirement of Christ and the interdict of man, that they were compelled to a decision between the two. That decision commends itself to all reason and religion: "Whether it is right in the sight of God to hearken unto God rather than unto man, judge ye." They could not do otherwise than follow the highest of all laws, the specific direction of their Divine Master. The will of God is the supreme law of all human obligation. There can be no difference of opinion among religious men on that point. They knew for a certainty what the will of God was; and so they knew of a certainty what their duty was. There is no room for debate, for indecision, for regard for consequences, when once we are in possession of the explicit commandment of God. Sometimes great words are bandied about in political circles till they are soiled by irreverent associations, and then, according to that fine saying of Lord Bacon, "like a Tartar's bow, they shoot backward, and mightily entangle the judgment of those who use them." That there is a law higher than any act or ordinance of civil government admits of no question on his part who believes in the supremacy of that Being by whom Kings rule—the author of all government. The only thing which admits of question is, whether this or that measure *is* the will of God—a question not to be assumed but proved. Let no mistake intrude into this chapter of Christian ethics. When the youthful Daniel, in the Court of Babylon, was commanded by the King not to pray to his God, he went into his chamber—he who was so loyal and obedient on other occasions—and opening his windows wide, that his decision might be known, three times a day knelt and prayed to the God that made him. His justification was, that God had commanded him to pray, and never to bow the knee to any idol; and there was no room for vacillation. Precisely the same was the position of Peter and John before the Sanhedrim. The direction of Christ was so explicit, so authoritative, that no inferior direction could turn them aside. Let us but know, in any case, what the will of God is, and we too would do it, even if it carried us, like Daniel, into the lion's den, or, as the apostles, to their glorious martyrdom. But mark! When we take our position on this ground, as did these model men on great occasions, we must be sure that we have the will of God authorizing that particular act in terms explicit, positive, and indubitable as those which were given to Daniel and the apostles. We must be especially careful not to assert and assume that our personal opinion, or our personal preferences, our intuition, our reason, our conscience, are the exposition of God's will, unless we can appeal to the very letter of his commandment prescribing the very act. It is a poor renown to make one's self a martyr by mistake. When heathen despotisms required believers to renounce and forswear the name of Christ, they calmly and resolutely refused to deny Him who had required them to believe and confess Him; and so they said to the magistrates, before whom they had walked so meekly, so peaceably, "We have considered our course, taken our ground, and we will not deny Jesus, the Son of God. We have no intention to raise a sedition, we will not raise a hand to resist your edict by violence, but if you persist in the requirement that we should deny our Master, we are ready to meet the consequences." Show a Christian man at any time that he must choose between obedience to the civil power and the positive direction of the Almighty, such as that which prescribes prayer or the confession of Jesus, and his course is plain. But before any man can enter this high plea as an excuse for disobedience—"We ought to obey God rather than man"—it is for him to show unmistakably that the commandment of God requires that act. A common sophistry by which individuals and communities have frequently been misled is to assume that certain opinions and courses are the will of God, and this without any proof; and then assert, in their behalf, all the authority of a divine edict.

We proceed now into a broader domain. It is admitted that the *specific* requirements and interdicts of God, such as those now referred to, in primitive martyrdoms are comparatively few in number. God does not govern men by innumerable statutes, like those of human legislation—a specific requirement for every supposable case. He gives us principles, great Christian principles; and our effort should be to educate ourselves, by exercising our judgment in putting them in practice in all the changing experience of life.

There have been, and there may be, acts of disobe-

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dience to civil government, and revolution of the same, in the absence of a specific Divine direction, which, nevertheless, may be justified on Christian principles, as there have been other acts of disobedience, and sedition, and revolutionary resistance which can not be so explained and defended. What is the ethical law which should be our guide and authority in these questionable cases? It admits of an easy and accurate statement.

We start with the fundamental, rudimental truth, that government is a benignant ordinance, under the law of divine love for human welfare.

That being the case, we are not authorized to dissolve, disobey, or overturn it because of evils which are *incidental* and *subordinate*. Imperfections pertain to every thing human. We do not say imperfections, but evils, wrongs, mischiefs, oppressions existed in and under the Roman Government in the time of Christ and his apostles; but those were so much fewer and smaller than the evils which would have flowed from the disruption of all government, and its fracture into heterogeneous, incongruous parts, that they were to be tolerated for the sake of a greater good, until such time as Christian truth and Christian love should work their correction. Surely Christ and his apostles did not look with complacency or indifference on the oppressions and the wrongs of Roman imperialism. Nevertheless, you will not find in the sayings of the former, or in the writings of the latter, one word which looks like counseling an assault upon the dominant power—not one word. The tares, says Christ, are not immediately to be pulled up, lest the wheat be pulled up with them. You would not kill a man to get rid of a cancer on his face. The greater good, notwithstanding the lesser evil. Such is the Christian law, exemplified in the conduct and inculcated in the doctrine of Christ, while he planted in the heart of the world those new forces which, working like leaven, were destined, after long patience, to acquire ascendency. Such is the principle according to which God administers his own government in the world. Evils enough exist to excite our wonder and elicit our tears. But God does not burn up the world, and create another which is perfect, for the sake of exterminating the evils pertaining to this, which are incidental to the ultimate intentions of His benevolence. Admit the evils, manifold and vast, pertaining to any form of civil government or constitutional law—the ethics of the New Testament will not sanction any measure which looks at the breaking up or revolutionizing the government, until it appears that the evil is so general and incurable as to outweigh all the advantages and benefits which are secured by the continuance of that government, or until it appears that such disobedience, disruption, or revolution will result in a greater amount of that welfare of all concerned which is the specific object of all government. Talk of doing right without regard to consequences! The very question in the case before us is, What is right? That question is not to be answered by your intuition, your sentiment, your blind and rash impulses. When we have a specific command of God to direct us, we know what is right, come what may; but in cases where no positive direction from God is given us, we would like to know whether the weighing of consequences is not one act of that religious love which seeks the general good, in accordance with the example and the doctrine of the Son of God. Such language as this may easily be perverted by any one so disposed; but we take it for granted that we address candid and honest minds, with no disposition to pervert. The general welfare being, under God, the object of government, that government, notwithstanding incidental evils, is to be sustained and obeyed, until it is evident that the general good will be better promoted by its disruption than by its continuance. Here you will bear in mind the distinction between the resistance of individuals and that of organized numbers, representing a community itself.

Such, as we believe, is the Christian law. Men may be mistaken in their judgment in particular cases. But the ordinances of God do not pause to save individuals from the consequence of their mistakes. Do men know the meaning of their words when they speak of secessions and revolutions, the disturbance and dissolution of that power which is our common guardian? We ought to value our civil and religious liberties, when we remember at how great a price they have been purchased. There are times when sufferings, hardships, battles, and bloodshed, those inevitable attendants on revolution, are wisely incurred for the sake of the greater good they are sure to obtain. They are a resort, but the last resort, of absolute necessity—a resort justified by Christian ethics, not when adopted by whim, caprice, passion, ambition, or willfulness, but only when the case is made out to calm intelligence, to reason, looking before and after—that the ulterior good of all is so sure to be promoted, that benevolence itself is ready to pay the price of intermediate suffering. He who plants himself on this ground must hold himself ready, of course, to bear, even unto death, the consequences of his conviction. Whether he judges wisely in the premises or not, is the main fact. That will be decided by the necessities of the case, the common reason of mankind, and the issues of Providence. Whether his conduct can be vindicated by Christian wisdom and Christian love, or whether it is condemned by the same, makes the precise difference between the Apostle Paul and Don Quixote; between the Christian martyr who braves fire and torture in testimony of his sagacious fidelity to truth and duty and the fanatic who scatters abroad fire-brands, arrows, and death, with no possibility of good. Just that makes the distinction between the great men, whose names are on the lips of grateful liberty and religion, and the crazy-brain and the fool; between the old Puritan of England, brave, wise, praying, making sacrifice of all which his heart held dear, for God and liberty (as Jephthah sacrificed his own daughter), trailing in the dust the royal banners of England, proud with Norman heraldry, displacing one government by another which was better, and all those *émeutes* and seditions, and commotions, of which history can furnish so many—born of mistake, of ambition, of crime—the insurrection of Daniel Shay, the forays of the filibuster, and the raid at Harper's Ferry. Rules can not be given for revolution. Since resistance and revolution are allowable only at the last necessity, it follows that no rule but the general one will apply. If the evil complained of be of lesser moment, then it is to be borne with patience rather than to endanger all those interests involved in the vast, tremendous struggle of a revolution. But if the evil be mortal—so general, so complete, so overpowering—as to dissolve the very life of the State by destroying all the benefits the State should secure, then, and then only, all other efforts having failed, Christian benevolence puts forth her gentle hand and points to the last resort. But a Christian citi-

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zen never can be a seditionist. No one should respect every ordinance of government more than he. If a law be enacted which the dictates of his conscience compel him to disobey, then must he meekly bear the consequences. If the question changes to this, as it must, "Was my conscience right in the premises?" to prove that it was he must show that it is enjoined and sanctioned by the Supreme; or in the absence of a positive Divine statute, that the act of disobedience was the wisest, the best, because the necessary means of securing that common good, which is the object and intention of all government. Till that is demonstrated, in accordance with the law of love, the conscience that prompts to commotion and disobedience, in any latitude for any cause, is as truly at fault as was that of Saul when on his way to Damascus.

Other duties to civil government await our consideration too grave to receive justice in the closing paragraphs of this article. Let us group them in a few words.

Duties are incumbent on *us* in this relation which had no existence in the days of Roman imperialism. Through the leavening process of Christianity modifying all the thoughts and customs of society, the world at length has reached a form of government which is constituted by a free and intelligent people for themselves. The theory which prevailed for centuries, even subsequent to the Christian era, was that kings alone governed by a divine right. This text from the Epistle to the Romans—"They that resist shall receive to themselves damnation"—the precise meaning of which is, they shall incur guilt, and so merit punishment, was one of the famous mandamus texts of the Stuarts. We could occupy pages simply with reciting the names of books written in the interest of hereditary monarchies, like that of Sir Robert Filmer, the sole object of which is to prove that *kings* alone rule in accordance with the *jus divinum*. With the explanation which we have given of government as the ordinance of God, we must believe in the Divine right of presidents, governors, mayors, justices, and police-officers quite as much. But these changes in the form of the ruling power do not lessen its necessity nor its sanction, but rather increase them. The seat of responsibility is changed from the one to the many—not destroyed. The principle of our government is, the least restraint upon individual educated liberty which is consistent with public order and security. If that restraint is not imposed by arbitrary force, then it must be by the citizen himself. This, then, is our national theory—not the absence of restraint (for this would be flaming fire), but the restraint imposed in another way, even by the citizen on himself. The only security of a republic, therefore, is in the intelligence and virtue of a self-governed community. Lest liberty, then, should run into licentiousness which shall consume the entire fabric, this self-imposed restraint should be obeyed with the quickest instinct and most decided purpose. Just this is all that stands as a breakwater between us and the raging waves of the sea. It follows, therefore, that every citizen should be vigilant in regard to all that relates to the welfare of his country. It is not merely his right, but his duty, to form and express his own opinion in all legitimate methods concerning any thing and every thing which threatens evil to the power which protects us. That citizen is derelict in duty who refuses to do his part in the election of proper persons to administer the government, which is not less the ordinance of God because created by the people. The apathy of good men in this province is a great peril. So many have been active therein from ambitious, selfish, partisan ends, that multitudes, in disgust, leave their own duty unperformed. Who, then, shall perform them in their stead? If good, intelligent, independent, virtuous, Christian citizens do not execute their trust and responsibility in electing good and honest men to office, and calling them to account for their representative conduct, then indeed the foundation has fallen out from our Republic, and our government is a failure. The theory of our government is certainly admirable. Its practical operation and perpetuity depend on this contingency—whether there shall be intelligence and virtue enough to furnish the basis for the play of the whole mechanism. We do not intend to speak despondingly. Neither patriotism nor religion would allow the habit. But it is well that the peril which menaces us should be under our eye. If the town-clerk of Ephesus was right in advising the crowd in the theatre to refer matters to legal authorities, where beneath the firmament is our security, if not in the constitutional powers which alone can redress wrong and protect the good? Our fear is not because of mere excitement on any subject, but it is because the moral tone of the country is too low. It is because there is so much of false reasoning in ethics, and so much of bad temper taking the form of malignant passion, of selfish greed, and angry willfulness. We have no apprehension from what men will do thoughtfully and deliberately, but only from the flames which may be kindled by madness. There is no evil among us from which we would apprehend danger, if it only were faced by a Christian temper. The Apostle Paul, a Christian citizen, under auspices very different from our own, counseled his fellow-Christians to *pray* for kings and all in authority, "that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives." To secure this is the object of government. Ten thousand other things there are, in the interest of virtue and religion, which are not within the province of government at all. The exhortation is, that we should pray for all that are in authority, that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives. We have a vast deal of objurgation in regard to our rulers, but very little prayer. We have plenty of angry recrimination, of jealousy, of ambition, of partisanship, filling the troubled air, but scarcely any of that united waiting on God which is the offspring of a magnanimous spirit, and which the New Testament prescribes as the duty of every Christian citizen. Our hope is less in legislation than in that dependence on God which implies duty, truth, love, kindness, meekness, patience, and whatever else there may be hopeful and Christian, which insures the order, stability, and peace of society. There never can be the higher good without the lower and the lesser. Therefore Christianity begins with that which is the highest of all—the rightful condition of the heart with God. Enthusiasm is a noble quality. Fanaticism in Church or State always has in it an element of malignity. It would strike, and bite, and devour. Christianity lends her sanction to nothing which is evil, but her mode of removing evils is according to her own Divine process. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Had *this* been the executive agent for good, what a perfect world this would have been long ago! The genius of Christianity is at once conservative and progressive. When Isaiah predicted the coming of Christ, he described him as a compound of power and

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gentleness, energy and mildness—his voice not being heard in the street, as a shouting man of war. His mighty renovations work still and safe as the air and light, encompassing the globe, and flowing into the wounds of every bruised reed. Give us this spirit of Jesus Christ, this spirit which includes and involves so much, that kingdom of God, which is love, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and which will lead every citizen to desire and do just that which is the best that can be done—which, in the spirit of a large-hearted faith and piety, oblivious of all personal ends, looks only to the highest welfare of the whole country—give us of this Christian spirit in largest measure, and there is not one cloud in our horizon from which danger is to be apprehended.

Our appeal, therefore, is not to political zealots, not to partisans of any name or latitude, but to Christian citizens who love their country, their fellow-men, and their God. We have not indulged in flights of patriotism, nor in eulogies of our form of government. In regard to this, we have held feeling in reserve, and confined ourselves to the simplest statement of what we believe to be Christian ethics in reference to the relation of the citizen to the civil government. We might remind ourselves what a procession of centuries—what a length of time, what a heavy price of pain, and cost of endurance, what martyrdoms, what conflicts, what patience—have been expended, to give to us that form of self-government which is the legacy of our fathers. We might remind our readers what great hopes of the world are involved in our prosperity. But we forbear. If we have given a truthful and honest interpretation of the New Testament teaching on this one subject, here we are content to rest. The prayer which the Son of God has taught us, "Thy kingdom come," makes good men always calm, always hopeful. That desire uppermost in the soul, kindness, fidelity, patience, righteousness, and peace are sure to follow. And when this temper and law of Christ shall prevail, then are the august visions of prophecy realized; the tabernacle of God shall be with men; nor shall there be any thing to hurt nor molest in all His holy mountain.

Editor's Easy Chair.

EVERY body who has passed the summer at Lenox (don't all speak at once!) remembers the romantic mountain road to the Shaker village at Lebanon. It is a drive of only eight or nine miles—just far enough for a pleasant afternoon excursion in summer, when the days are long—just far enough to come loitering homeward in the golden twilight which baptizes the heart in sacred peace—just far enough for the busy sun to tuck himself up with his purple clouds in the west, and leave the world to moonlight and to lovers, before the wagon or the horse stops at the tavern (is it a tavern still, or a hotel?), and there is dismounting and disrobing, and redness of cheeks and fluttering of hearts, perhaps—because? Because we have been to the Shakers. Ask any of the red-cheeked damsels whom you see so gayly flitting upward to the chamber, so rustlingly descending to the dining-room, if it be not so—

"Mary, how red your cheeks are!"

"Oh yes, dear aunt. We have been to the Shakers."

Yes—but lately the Easy Chair went to the Shakers in winter. You know there are so many mean stories told by the world's people about the cleanly, quiet disciples of Mother Ann Lee. If you find their shops and front entries so clean, says Skepticism, with an insolent sneer, suppose you look into the kitchen and bedroom! Suppose you peep into places where they never allow any body to peep, and see how you like that! How perfectly typical this remark is of the character of that old woman Grundy! If every thing she sees is comely and pleasant, she sniffs and insinuates—"Oh yes; but how is it where you don't see?" How is it where we don't see, you demoralizing old woman! Why, it is ten thousand times purer and sweeter than your heart, into which we can not see. "Because she has none," whispers Agnes Lamb, as we knock at the door of the "Office" on a soft February afternoon.

Do you know Agnes Lamb? Do you know any of the family? If you do not, how happy you are going to be some day! If you do, you know what those clear, calm, deep-hearted, blue days of June mean—days that seem to be brooding over you, and appealing to you dumbly as if they had something so sweet to say. Of course they have. They want to say Agnes Lamb. And they do say it when you know her.

A great many girls I know would like to have been Rachel, or Queen Elizabeth, or even Grisi; but they are the kind of girl who give their words of praise to Agnes Lamb as if they were giving her alms or cold victuals. Fancy the Princess who dines daily on ambrosia being summoned into old Gunnybags's kitchen, and told by Selina Gunnybags to eat the broken pieces of family mutton. That is what I always think of when I hear Selina speaking of Agnes Lamb. She is one of the people who seem to live in the House Beautiful, and occupy one of the chambers looking to the south.

But here we are, knocking at the door of the great, clean, ugly house, opposite the clean, large church, and with the word "Office" upon the sign above.

Have you ever been to the Shakers? That is the form in which the question is always asked—the word visit being understood. If you have not, you hardly know what absolute cleanliness is. Every thing is perfectly plain, but it shines with neatness. There are every where the signs of incessant scrubbing; but who ever saw a Shaker scrubbing? They must do it very early in the morning, when the world's people are fast asleep, and can not pop in upon them. The entry, into which we stepped, although the roads were full of soft February mud, was unexceptionably tidy. Directly behind the door was a white marble sink, mutely inviting us to wash our hands, or at least, by suggesting water, hinting at carefulness. But the burnished spotlessness of the wood and paint did that. Before the doors of the rooms there were the trim Shaker mats, but no carpet of any kind. In the office the only furniture were some chairs, made by the society, straight backed, with plaited straw seats, sometimes with a Shaker cushion of the same workmanship as the mats, and very comfortable. A clean iron stove in the middle of the floor warmed the room. The walls were plain white plaster. Do you suppose Agnes Lamb looked for a mirror? No, indeed! And if she had she would not have found one. But there was something that seemed an equal vanity. What do you think it was that hung upon the wall? What is as vain as a mirror upon a Shaker wall? A copy of rhymes! Nothing less. There, in a black wooden frame, hung something in the guise of poetry. But it was only a hollow masquerade. It was a rhyme in praise of punctuality, or some virtue of

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that kind. While we were reading it, and surveying the comely room, for cleanliness is always comely, an old Shaker came in, gray-haired, in a long homespun gray coat, and the broad-brimmed hat upon his head. He gave us a cheerful greeting; said "yee" for yes, and "nay" for no, and "surely" for indeed. He was benignly ascetic of aspect; but somehow it was dispiriting to look at him. It seemed so hopeless to talk of any thing of current interest. What could he possibly know of a Speaker, or a dissolution of the Union, or of any question about which we world's people were all quaking and quarreling?

While we talked about the weather the door opened, and two of the sisters entered. Were they really women? Are we all so befooled by clothes and habit? Here were two honest, capable, pretty women, and your emotion was an uncontrollable sense of pity and laughter. Why should we pity them? Why laugh at them? They wore perfectly scant skirts, that fell around them like a meal-bag, and Agnes Lamb had an ample circumference, and I knew, and every body knows, for we have all walked in Broadway, and have seen the cages hanging in the doors of shops—I knew that under it all there was a structure of steel, and whalebone, and canvas, and an enormous and intricate machinery (did you ever watch a shop-boy folding one of them?) to produce that generous fullness. Was there any thing more essentially ridiculous in the simple scant skirt of the Shakers than in the mysterious cage in which Agnes Lamb was imprisoned? Is it not curious to reflect that every lovely lady who drives over from Lenox and returns, as aforesaid, probably laughs at the "scrimpiness" of the Shaker skirts just in the degree of the fullness of her own? The larger the hoop the louder the laugh. Then I observed that the material of the Shaker dress was substantial, though homely, and that the dresses were spotlessly clean. The dress of Agnes Lamb was silk, of exquisite hue, and of modest taste in the style, and of equal spotlessness. But why are plain linsey-woolsey stuffs more ludicrous than silks? The severest Quaker handkerchief for the neck, and muslin caps of the straitest sect for the head, completed the costume of the Shaker women. How we smiled at the prim neckerchief and at the trim cap! And yet we see old Mrs. Gunnybags nodding about with Marabout feathers in her hair, and Selina with strips of lace and streamers of bright ribbon, and we do not laugh in the least—no more than when we used to hear old Doctor Doldrum's sermons on Mammon-worship—the Doctor having worn out his life in raising the wind for all his enterprises.

So it must be that we are befooled by fashion, after all. For will any philosopher dare to assert and defend the thesis that a dress based upon hoops is essentially more beautiful than one founded upon nothing in particular? The test is always at hand. Let Selina Gunnybags wear to the next ball the dress her grandmother was married in. The whole room would roar. Then let her lay away the most exquisite success among all her dresses of this winter for her grand-daughter to wear some fifty years hence, and it will produce the same roar from the crowded ball-rooms of 1910.

I said as much to Agnes Lamb, who immediately asked me how I should like to see her dressed in the Shaker style. Frankly, I should not like it. For I am not denying that there is a profound power in fashion. Habit—why, it is our tyrant of tyrants! Do you remember those coal-scuttle bonnets? They were worn not so very, very long ago. You had to look for the pretty face at the bottom of them, as the poets used to look for truth in a well. Who would wish his sister to wear one now? Yet they kept the sun out of the eyes—and the sons too, sometimes, perhaps.

No, I do not say I should like to see Agnes in the skirts of these good sisters. And yet at a fancy ball, if Agnes Lamb went as a Shakeress, I do believe she would be a greater belle than ever.

The good sisters led the way into the shop, saying that they did not keep it warmed in winter, so few strangers came that way. We entered the room, which was perfumed with extracts and wood-work. It was all in confusion; but there were the nests of boxes, and the delicate baskets, and the white table-mats, and the yellow silk-winders, and the floor-mats, and rocking-chairs, and the very ugly and probably inconvenient, but immaculate, little work-stands, upon which, as destitute of every æsthetic charm, the good, scant-skirted sisters seemed especially to doat. We looked at them all; and the kindly sister, whose face has been familiar at Lebanon for twenty years or more, handed out every thing that they made, and promised to do what was not yet done to complete any chair or cushion that pleased Agnes's fancy. There was a slight nasal cadence in the yee and nay of the sisters, but not marked enough to be disagreeable. And there was something of the woman yet smouldering in the ashes of renunciation in the way in which the younger of the twain held up to me the work-stand and said, looking at Agnes (with whom I have only the most Platonic acquaintance), "Thee wife would find it pretty!" But my nay was nay that time.

After a little while they asked us up into the work-room to see a chair which was not quite completed. It was a bedroom—although the little white curtain in the corner behind which the bed was turned up told no tales. The same clean little iron stove, the same white walls, and shining floor, and burnished doors were cheerful to behold. You could have eaten your dinner off the floor or any part of the house; and I stole a look out of the back windows as I sat, while Agnes talked about toweling, which they do not make any more. *Eheu! eheu!* The yard, or the grounds in the rear, were as well swept and garnished as any other part of the region. The steps and walls were regular and tidy. The barns were lofty and spacious. Every thing looked thrifty. There was none of that indescribably hopeless and helpless litter and filth which are almost universal among farms and in country districts, and which are only a melancholy ignorance made evident to the eye.

The day was passing, and we came down stairs again to the door. The sisters were cheerful. They talked pleasantly and smiled sweetly, and although they had renounced love forever, they did not seem very envious of us who were not yet saintly enough for such renunciation. Their life must be poor indeed. For they do not mingle with the world. They have no time nor taste for study, nor is education fostered by the spirit of the society. The only books we saw were some dry-looking treatises in Shaker theology. Instruction among them is limited to the branches most essential for trade. The Shakers are held to be very shrewd, and the prices of their manufactures are very high. They are reputed good neighbors; sober, industrious, domestic, regular, and successful. They were putting up an immense barn, which is to cost them twenty-five thousand dollars,

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and they own vast tracts of the hills on the line of New York and Massachusetts. They also invest in Railroad stocks, and are generally wise in their generation. Their expenses are never for luxuries. Their method of living is simple. They eat little animal food, but chiefly vegetables and fruits; and one of their settlements is always a cheerful object from its extreme neatness and air of thrift. The whole world seems dirty when you come away; and if the neighboring farmers who smile at them would only emulate their care and cleanliness they would be happier and richer, and the country would be more attractive.

But the number of Shakers is constantly decreasing. They are mainly recruited from the poor-houses, from which they take the children and mould them, telling them that if they venture beyond Shaker bounds the earth will yawn and swallow them. One little girl who had been instructed by them in this way, persuaded some of her companions to run with her to the edge of the domain, and there they sat looking and longing. The grass was as green, the woods waved as kindly, upon the distant fields as upon the chosen land. Somehow it seemed to them that it was more likely the straight sad men and women in the village would tell falsehoods than the woods and fields.

"I am willing to try it," she said to her hesitating companions.

"Oh, but we shall be swallowed up like naughty sinners!" murmured the little girls.

"I am going," she said, as she looked far away into the distance, as if she heard resistless voices calling her. "Good-by."

Away she went, skimming the ground, flying for liberty and life and love. The appalled children watched her, expecting to see the angry earth open and ingulf that swift sinner. But the earth seemed to grow elastic under her springing step and to help her to bound forward. Suddenly, with one impulse, the eager children sprang forward and followed after. Mother Ann Lee lost the tender younglings, but a wiser and greater mother found them. Let us hope that somewhere, in happy homes, they are themselves mothers now, and are teaching such little girls as they once were, that the earth nowhere opens to ingulf children who are flying from so harsh and unkindly a slander of nature and the heart as that which underlies the Shaker system.

And yet Agnes Lamb insists—and do you suppose this Easy Chair gainsays her?—that if Selina Gunnybags had half the sweetness, simplicity, industry, cheerfulness, and neatness of either of the sisters we saw, Society would be much richer. That is doubtless true; but then Selina is not Society. When I whispered this with a smile to my companion as we ascended slowly the mountain road, and saw the happy valley of Lebanon lying at our feet, with the sunset light streaming across it, and touching its church, the prettiest and most graceful country church I know any where, I say, as I whispered that Selina Gunnybags was not "Society," what do you suppose Agnes Lamb answered?

She replied, "*Are you sure of that?*"

You may be sure I thought of that question when I recently received an invitation to dine, in the following form:

"Mr. Gunnybags requests the pleasure of the Easy Chair's company at dinner on Thursday, February 30, at six o'clock."

An acceptance was promptly dispatched, and the hour and the man arrived together at the stately mansion of Solomon Gunnybags. I had had a pair of gloves cleaned for the occasion; and had inked all the white seams in my old dress coat, for we Easy Chairs are not in the habit of dining in high society, and I was anxious to look as presentable as possible. The servant who opened the door was certainly a very splendid person, and I felt a profound awe as I saw his smooth, white, semi-Berlin gloves. I was a little nervous and flustered, I suppose, for he looked at me as much as to say "How the—the—the rats, did you get here?"

"Is Mr. Gunnybags at home?" said I.

"Of course, Sir," he replied, with well-bred contempt mingled with pity, so that I felt my four legs actually shaking.

I was quite in a perspiration when I stepped into the library, where there was an earlier comer, a large man with a bald head and round eyes, stomach, and watch-seals. He was apparently sufficiently done on one side, for he was toasting the other, and stood directly before the fire. It seemed to me as I entered as if he were a large, round apple-dumpling, and ought to sputter.

But he did not. He merely surveyed me with the great eyes, and said nothing. But when somebody else entered I learned from the conversation between them that it was to be a dinner of the choicest people. Upon which I again perspired freely.

I suppose there were thousands of people who would have gladly exchanged places with me—not for the dinner, which was as good as cookery and money could make it—but for the company, which I suppose was also as good as tailors, mantua-makers, and money could make it. For when we were fairly seated I glanced around the table and contemplated the choice people.

First, there was Solomon Gunnybags himself, an uneducated, shrewd, coarse, testy, rich man; who came to town when he was twelve years old, went into the mill, and had now ground himself out fine, so to say, at sixty. He had in his house every thing that money could buy. Opposite him sat his wife, a few years younger. She was a fat, easy, good-humored soul, uncertain in her grammar, but an affectionate mother—a kind of large nurse—a Cybele. Then there was Miss Selina, superbly swathed in silk, with many gems and exquisite lace. But when I spoke to her, she replied with such an air of—I don't know what. It was not disdain. It rather seemed to imply that she had rather be spoken to by some one else.

Well, the guests were, first, Mr. and Mrs. Absalom. He is enormously rich, and she is his wife. His fortune was left him by his uncle, and he devotes himself to taking care of it. His uncle was a sailor and a miser. Mr. Absalom is a perfectly ordinary man. If he were poor he would be a respectable clerk somewhere. His wife is a quiet, religious woman, who gives largely to well-accredited charities. Next, there was Mr. Fawn Groat and his wife. He is a shrewd, ignorant, mean snob. If I mentioned his business you would say that I was personal. Very well. You are right—he does sell molasses; and the number of flies that he sticks with it is marvelous. His conversation is an affectation of what he supposes to be the talk of knowing men in England, as his life and dress are an imitation of theirs. He is profoundly ignorant of every thing—except molasses. His wife is an utterly silly woman. He despises her, of course, and does not try

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to conceal his contempt. How can I describe weakness, absolute negation?

And next, there were Colonel and Mrs. Yankee Doodle. The family name is familiar to you, of course. It is to all of us. The Yankee Doodles have filled very conspicuous and important positions. But the Colonel never has and never could. He is simply Colonel Yankee Doodle. He is a name—*vox*, etc. He reads the safe newspapers, and has no extreme opinions. Indeed he has no opinions. His mind, being hollow, merely reverberates and echoes other people's opinions. He is on Mr. Absalom's side in every thing. His "world" is seated at this very table. He has a fine fortune, a fine house, a fine carriage, a fine wife, and gives fine entertainments. He goes regularly to Saratoga and Newport, and has been to Europe, of course, two or three times. Lords bring him letters from their bankers, and he gives dinners to them, with a serene conviction that like always seeks like in this world, and therefore Lords naturally gravitate toward the Yankee Doodles. His wife is a cold, handsome, fine woman. She married him because he was a Yankee Doodle. That is to say, if he had not been one she would no more have thought of marrying him than of marrying her father's coachman. She also is of an old family: she was a Tubbyhook. She dresses richly and well; is a strict housekeeper, and a disciplinarian in the nursery; has perfect *aplomb* in society; smiles just enough, and just in the right way; knows every body's position; understands whom to favor; has learned the secret of keeping a secret and her complexion; has no enthusiasms; is well read, floating along with the general drift of literature and affairs; never stays too late; commits no excesses; and is as well preserved as grapes on ice. If she outlives the Colonel her widowhood will be a study for its correct costume and conduct. She knows perfectly well that Fawn Groat is a snob and his wife a fool. Every time that Mrs. Gunnybags says, "I done a very good thing yesterday," she perceives it; but Mrs. Gunnybags has no more idea of it than that she herself has made a mistake. Do you ask why, in the name of common sense, Mrs. Yankee Doodle dines with such people? So do I—but she does.

Then we had the Theodore Bottoms. He was a poor boy in New Hampshire, and went early into the "store" of Wimsquatta, the Indian name of the village in which he was born. There he sold yards of tape and sticks of candy; and by regular ascension arose from yards of calico to pieces, and from pieces to cases, until, by steady thrift and industry, and by keeping his very near-sighted eye toward the morally doubtful side of transactions—which was the same as if he had been stone-blind on that side—he acquired a handsome property. He owns real estate now, and deals in matters of thousands of dollars; but he has the old retail smirk and nervous shop smile in his manner. He views wholesale transactions from the retail point of view. He is hard and parsimonious, and economizes not in a simple and manly way, but in a cowardly manner, as if he had a habit of meanness. His wife, Mrs. Theodore Bottom, was a cousin of the Tubbyhooks, and married Bottom because, upon the whole, he was the most available person at a time when she did not dare to defer marriage any longer. She had the old family name of Goshen and the Tubbyhook connection, which Theodore considered matrimonial capital enough; so they were married. They have never quarreled. She cultivates all her friends and cuts all his; and in the incessant movement of the social waters his retail antecedents have sunk quite out of sight, and even Mrs. Colonel Yankee Doodle talks, in her highly burnished tone, of the Theodore Bottoms as if she were speaking of the Percys or the Howards.

There was also Reginald Raser, the lawyer—a man of the best practice, but of the worst possible principles. He was very devoted to Mrs. Colonel Yankee Doodle, who listened and looked at him with her cold, polished, black eyes, knowing perfectly well that Reginald was trying to earn the entrée of her house. He knew that she knew it; but he also knew that he would carry his point. For he is very agreeable, very audacious, very "knowing," and professes the principles which the lady considers to be the only respectable principles. Mrs. Yankee Doodle has no daughters, so she had no particular reason to be unwilling that he should visit at her house. Reginald Raser takes it as he does other successes. It is only another point in his game—a game in which he has no especial interest, but which he supposes that every body is playing, so he must play. In the nature of things ambition can never be satisfied. There is always something beyond. Alexander wept for fresh worlds when he had conquered the old. No poet is happier in the applause of the world than in the private smile of the first woman to whom he reads his verses.

And, to balance Raser, there was Mary Medici—sharp, sour, and rich. No man ever dared to marry her, although a great many had tried. Some rich women are like easy chairs. Reginald Raser says, you have nothing to do but to sit down and be comfortable. Others are like fires—they also make you comfortable, but you must look out for them.

To balance Selina Gunnybags, there was little Tom Bobby, who is a toady pure and simple. His special pleasure is to be every where, and know every body who is any body. He carries Mrs. Yankee Doodle's shawls, and helps her to her carriage at Stewart's. He is an innocent soul, living upon a moderate income, and paying all his bills punctually, and on good terms with the whole world. He bowed kindly to me—cleaned gloves and all—as if he were in the habit of meeting me every day at dinner. Nobody could speak an ill word of him. He lives in the smile of society, but you might as well try to pinch a mote in a sunbeam as to be sharp upon Tom Bobby. He disarms you at once. War respects women and children.

Now what possible pleasure could there be in meeting such a party? Of course, individually, this Easy Chair was only too glad once in a year to get a good dinner. But wasn't the price high? For when you came to the point, what was it? Was it not money? There was no particular intelligence, or wit, or charm in those people. They were not related to each other by any special sympathy, or friendship, or affection of any kind. If they had not been rich, all of them, they would not have been dining together; and not one of them had any hearty enjoyment of the meeting. The week before they had all dined at Fawn Groat's. The next week they would all dine at the Theodore Bottoms—the next at the Absaloms—and not get nearly as much fun out of it as a boy or girl from driving hoop between school and home. Take away Fawn Groat's thirty thousand a year, and from all the others their incomes; let Mr. Absalom be precisely the same heavy, dull, well-meaning man he is, less his vast fortune, and do you suppose Reginald Raser would want to dine with him? Do you be-

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lieve that even so sensible a man as Marchmont Quiver would be willing to pass a great deal of his time in going to eat the dinners of such people, and asking them to eat his, as he does now—even speaking with a kind of pride of the fact that he dined yesterday at the Gunnybags, to meet the Groats, and is going to the Theodore Bottoms next week, to meet the Gorillas?

Come now, honestly: is there any thing funnier among the Shakers than that? And do you wonder why I pondered that question of Agnes Lamb's, whether Selina Gunnybags is not, after all, Society?

Poor "Society!" how it catches it! How all we fellows in magazines, Easy Chairs and all (who, as you justly remark, are glad enough to go and see the people and eat the dinners that we abuse), from Michael Angelo Titmarsh down, how we do fire away at "Society!" And how well it stands it! However, there is one comfort. It does not stand fire a bit better than we all do preaching. Think how the ministers exhort and denounce us! How they expose the sin and scarify the sinner every week! Well, do you find the net amount of sin reduced? Brotherly love is the doctrine of Christianity. Selfishness—called, delicately, self-interest—is the practice of mankind. Is it less so in the individual case now than it was a hundred years ago, probably? If it be about the same thing, do you therefore argue that preaching is useless? This Easy Chair does not believe you do. For the fact certainly shows the toughness of sin quite as much as the weakness of preaching. And if it be so, it turns the edge of your sneer that Society stands the scorching pretty well. Do you therefore advise that the fires should be put out or the guns silenced? No, you do not. For you know that the pen of the writer is not half so sharp as the tongue of the speaker in drawing the outline of Fawn Groat, for instance. You might perhaps get his name out of print—but what are you going to do with conversation? The men, and a good many women, who smile upon Groat, and chat pleasantly with him, know that he is a vulgar snob, who is faithless to his wife, obsequious to every rich man in town, and with whom you would be very sorry to see your son intimate.

Are we all in the same box? Are we all poor, miserable, halting sinners?

Amen! Amen! good friend, and therefore under these harmless names has the Easy Chair spoken of classes, not of persons: of traits, not of individuals: of tendencies to whose dangerous results we are all liable. But because we are all sinners, are we never to speak of sin? Because we are all weak, are we never to speak of the perils of weakness? Because we do love money, and our own interests, and the smile of Absalom, and the invitation of Mrs. Colonel Yankee Doodle, are we to hold our tongues, and play that they are really noble and worthy objects of desire? No, no. Let us turn to and paint Satan as he is, even when he is delicately booted and gloved, and see if it be not possible to put him under our feet. The world abounds with the noble and generous, with whom intercourse is really society, who may truly be companions of our best aspirations, whose lives, and words, and universal sympathy bid every man and woman, who is trying to be and not to seem, to help others as himself. God speed, friend, God speed!

It is only fair that we should stretch a hand of friendly greeting to the new Magazine across the water—the *Cornhill*, of which the author of "Lovel the Widower" (see the body of this number) is the editor, and which promises to be not only very cheap for an English periodical, but very excellent. It is of very comely appearance, and its contents, although not very many in a number, are well varied. There are stories, travels, poetry, literary essays, intelligent gossip about natural history, timely articles upon some matter of public interest, which admits a treatment that is not partisan. With this material, and an editorial chat at the end, the *Cornhill* will hardly lag in the great race of periodical literature. It is evidently its purpose to avoid political discussion, except in a general and allowable way. And that is perhaps the true policy of a Magazine. If the contributors wish to treat questions upon which there are serious differences of opinion, there are always plenty of opportunities open to them. For surely a writer is not always bound to say all he thinks upon every subject whenever he writes. If he is discoursing of hen's eggs, he is not held in honor to lay down his views of moral liberty. He may talk with his neighbor about a common pasture, and yet be entirely guiltless—may he not?—even if he say nothing about the candidate for assessor, in regard to whom they differ.

Thackeray's own views upon this subject are very plainly expressed in a letter to a contributor which commences the first number of the magazine. "If we can only get people to tell what they know pretty briefly and good-humoredly and not in a manner obtrusively didactic, what a pleasant ordinary we may have, and how gladly folks will come to it. . . . . There are points on which agreement is impossible, and on these we need not touch. At our social table we shall suppose the ladies and the children always present: we shall not set rival politicians by the ears: we shall listen to every guest who has an apt word to say, and, I hope, induce clergymen of various denominations to say grace in their turn."

Such words as these are always timely and sensible; and the Easy Chair commends them to the thoughtful consideration of all Magazine readers. For they state the precise "platform" of *Harper's Monthly*. It is a monthly feast to which we all sit down: some older, some younger: of all denominations in religion, of every party in politics; but the fare is wholesome, and of a kind for which nobody can have a distaste. Cheerful sketches of travel, vividly illustrated; humorous tales; love stories; novels; literary essays; bits of pleasant prosing and of pretty poetry; a copious summary of events and kindly criticisms upon passing events and famous people; in fact, agreeable, well-bred, intelligent, racy conversation of the higher kind. Why! what kind of man is he who objects to this? What kind of things does he like? If he does not take great care he will be laughed away from the table by the whole company.

Our Foreign Bureau.

KICKING dead lions is a congenial business for some critics: a late writer in the *Daily News* has fine game of this sort, and attacks it with a wonderful zest and intrepidity. He floors the late Lord Macaulay through a column and a half. The drawback to his success in Parliament was, he says, "his want of accuracy, and especially in the important matter of historical interpretation. If he ventured to illustrate his topic in his own way, by historical analogy, he was immediately checked by some clev-

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or antagonist, who, three times out of four, showed that he had misread his authorities (!), or, more frequently, had left out some essential element, whose omission vitiated the whole statement or question."

"For a moment the genuine reformers believed that they had gained the most eloquent man in Parliament to their cause; but it was not for long. They soon found how thoroughly deficient he was in moral earnestness, and how impressible when the interest or impulse of the hour set any particular view, or even principle, brightly before him."

Again he speaks of a later time "when his health and spirits were declining, and his expectations began to merge in consciousness of failure."

Of the "Lays of Rome:" "He was no poet, it was clear, though he had given us a book delightful to the unlearned." Of his "History:" "The sober decision already awarded by time is that the work is not a history, and that it ought never to have been so called while the characters of real men were treated with so little regard for truth." Is this some mad Radical whose idols of the past Macaulay has broken down with his mace; or some aggrieved "of kin" to the Hon. Wilson Croker, who does not forget his flaying in the *Edinburgh*, when his bare hide was stretched upon the pages of the northern quarterly; or has Macaulay inadvertently somewhere spit upon this man, who now kicks so vigorously at the dead lion?

There are men, says Lord Bacon, "*scientiæ tanquam angeli alati;*" and there are men, too, "*tanquam serpentes qui humi rept ant.*"

We are not disposed to idolize the rare, dead Englishman (we had almost said Scotchman), or to declare his style the best of all possible styles, or his judgment the most unprejudiced of all possible judgments; yet the glow of his language, and the vigor of his thought, and the earnestness of his study, and the fullness of his life, make us indignant when we see literary vermin nibbling away at the gorgeous raiment he wore, and which we have a pride in cherishing.

Poor Venice! Another Enid in faded silk: shall she see the killing of Earl Doorm?

When are we tired of hearing what the desolate city by the sea finds to kindle hope? And how eagerly we read the mournful story of her sufferings and her aspirations, succeeding, day after day, like the tides that ride over her acres of sedge, and make one mirror of placid calm—all the lagoon; then fall away, and show the slimy rushes yielding, and slanting, and staggering against each other.

We talk in these days of wide travel, as if all our readers had dreamed that sweet dream of Dickens (about Venice) in sober earnest; as if their eyes had scanned the soft blue horizon which hangs over the Adriatic Sea until the towers touched them with their images—towers aslant—towers barbaric—towers square as the brick and mortar of England—towers full of tales—towers of wondrous lightness, under whose archèd openings doves glide and float—towers pyramidal, that crown the rest, and stand in the blue, printed sharp against sea and sky.

Well, you have not been there. Our talk then is idle. Yet in some book upon your shelves, in some picture of your port-folio, there must lie some crude presentment of what makes the sea-city the most wondrous of cities. There they are, the people who swim through their streets in boats!

Every where, over them and round them, tokens of a wealth and splendor which they or their fathers created, but which is no longer theirs. This is easy to write down, but not easy to appreciate.

Broadway is a nice street, and enjoyable; but let Americans who rejoice in its splendor fancy every public building surmounted with the arms of Russia or Austria; Taylor's and Thompson's and Delmonico's overrun with a soldiery, talking strange language, and thrusting them from all the more enjoyable tables; let them fancy that every open show of resentment would be met by seizure and imprisonment, every proud house upon the Avenue the lodging-place of masters, their very language prostituted by hirelings into advocacy of the foreign tyranny (for weak Venetian publicists have fallen to bribes); let them fancy insult and taxation doing their worst to break down courage and impoverish home, and they may form a remote idea of the present condition of Venice.

And they may further be in condition to read appreciatingly this letter from a friend there:

"It seemed worst a year ago; but the worst is not yet. God only knows where the worst lies!

"The Fenice, which you remember redolent of a little lingering cheer (for the singers were Italian, and the music was Italian, and the sweetest faces around the circle were Italian faces), has been all the year closed and dull. The moneys we would have paid to lighten our death in life, by that tri-weekly burst of song and gayety, we have hoarded for the bitter fight which may be in store. Since Solferino and its inauspicious peace (for us) we have been a changed people. Through all past gloom a little hilarity (as you know, who have seen) has broken forth at intervals, to gladden the hearts of our children, if not ours. But we can summon it no longer. The foretaste of liberty we drank when Milan was rescued and the swift battles of Lombardy won has depraved our taste. Who, being hungry, can eat whip-syllabubs when they have snuffed the sirloin?

"Just now there has been an election—by the Municipal Council, numbering sixty—of three important officers, nominated by Austrian influence; and it will tell you how much our old names of honor have fallen from their pride when you find among the three a Count Bembo and a Count Zeno; the first an old employé of our oppressor, and the last a man of wealth, whose soul is measured by his prospective gains.

"Of the sixty municipal councilors thirty-five refused attendance or complicity on the night of confirmation. They have since handed in their resignations. Threats of assassination against the obnoxious officers have been placarded upon the walls. The Austrian police has been active in their destruction; but every morning found a new growth, repeated by hundreds: '*Morte à Bembo! morte à chi accetterà d'esser Podestà! non vogliomo podestà Austriaci!*'

"The consequence has been that the Podestà nominated under favor of Austria have asked permission of the august Emperor to decline the nomination. The Lieutenant-imperial, Bissingen, was furious at this, and immediately ordered a new convocation of the Municipal Council of Venice. The streets were filled with anxious talkers, and groups were gathered upon the Place of St. Mark to watch those Venetians who should be ignoble enough to obey the summons. None came. The police attributed the non-attendance to the rain; and a new Imperial edict was issued. The weather was beautiful, the city squares full as before; but, of the sixty coun-

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cilors, only eight made their appearance. Of these, three left before any show of organization; and the remaining five voted that, since the city wished no Podestà of their nomination, the Council would make none.

"At present, therefore, Austria must govern through her own foreign instruments, and can not push her exactions under the cover of a municipal and native officer prostituted to her designs. Thus much, at least, of gain.

"But what will westerners in England and in France, who speak hopefully of Austria, say to the New-Year's speech of our Imperial lieutenant? As usual, he received the formal visit of the local authorities of Venetia. 'I am charmed,' he says, 'with your presence here; and feel persuaded that your intention is, in this way, to pay homage to our august Emperor, and to declare your fidelity to the empire. Do not, gentlemen, allow yourselves to entertain revolutionary illusions. His Majesty, with whom I have had the honor of a recent personal interview, expressed to me his resolve that Venetia should never be ceded, nor sold, nor separated in any manner whatever from his empire, so long as a single gun remained for its defense.

"'His Government will persevere in their present system, recognizing no need of change.'

"The time, however, when such language would have kindled indignation is gone. We know the spirit of our masters, and we bide our time.

"The Opera long since was voted down; and now the theatres are breaking one by one. Here and there some *equivoque*, counting against the Austrian, draws a crowded house and a round of *vivas*. An old comedian of San Benedetto, taking his benefit not long since, made appeal to the generosity of his brother Venetians for aid to pay his way into Lombardy, and the appeal was listened to. Crowds came thronging to the ticket-office, paid for their places, and—true to their resolve to forego all gayety till the hated Austrian should go—left the house. The benefit was a bumper, but the audience consisted only of fifteen.

"Another incident will tell you how we stand. You know the Place of St. Mark, and what favorite promenade it has always been of a Sunday afternoon; but by common agreement, latterly, so soon as the Austrian music has commenced, the lingering *flaneurs* of our dismal city have moved away, and passed over to the Quay of the Zattere. This is a pretty walk, you know, and looks out upon the broad Giudeca Canal. The Austrian officers, piqued at this, passed over last Sunday, in a company of fifty, their sabres clashing on the steps of the bridges, to share the Zattere promenade with the Venetian ladies; but no sooner had they made their appearance than the crowd greeted them with a shower of hisses and taunts, before which they were compelled to retire."

When shall they retire in earnest? When shall Enid see the killing of Earl Doorm?

THERE is something always pleasant in gossip about publishers, and their relations to their authors — pleasanter often than the relations themselves. Yet on the French side the Channel there is good understanding between those who print and those who write. Only a little time gone and Thiers, and Guizot, and Houssaye, and scores of the others, gathered round the tomb of some honest man (whose name you would not know), who had made his type carry their thought to the world, and so treated them the while as to make them his friends and mourners. Why not such friendships? Must partners in trade quarrel? Must the man who sails the ship maintain a sort of polite hostility against the furnisher of the cargo? Are not the interests kindred? Are the publishers niggards? Yet how many among them, going to market with their last show-bill (we mean their grave-stone), is attended by a great company of mourning authors whom they have befriended? Will you count such for us on your fingers? Could there be any more natural bond of interest and attachment? On one side, capital and experience to give rare thoughts and fancies publicity; and on the other, hopeful workers of such thoughts and fancies eager for publicity.

All this is suggested by certain gossipy accounts, latterly appearing in a London journal, of the old publishing house of John Murray. We take from them this pleasant notice of certain celebrities who used to meet in Albemarle Street, and who did honor to the sagacity of the publisher.

"It was there, through John Murray's intervention, and by his introduction, that Scott met not only Byron but Wilkie, and Southey for the first time saw Crabbe. You sent your MS. to John Murray, and perhaps he published it. If it made a hit and your social position was a tolerable one, you became a 'four o'clock visitor'—were introduced to the literary magnates of the day—asked to meet some of them at dinner—and finally, if you were very eminent, you were requested to sit for your portrait, to be added to Mr. Murray's collection. Among the artists whom John Murray delighted to honor were Lawrence, Phillips, Hoppner, Newton, Pickersgill, and Wilkie; and among the portraits in the drawing-room of Albemarle Street, for which the originals sat, were and are those of Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Southey, Gifford, Hallam, Lockhart, Washington Irving, and Mrs. Somerville. No Tory exclusiveness here. Byron, Moore, Campbell, were Liberals; Hallam was a Whig of the Whigs; Washington Irving a Republican. Irving, by-the-way, was originally one of John Murray's chief misses; but how amply he made up for it afterward! When the first volume of the 'Sketch Book,' originally published in America, made its appearance in London, it was declined at first by John Murray, and Irving was about to publish it at his own risk. The printer failed, and the author was at sea. Lockhart had praised the book in *Blackwood*, and Scott with his quick eye recognized its worth, and with his usual kindliness pressed its merits upon Murray. He of Albemarle Street gave Irving £200 for it, which was liberally increased to £400 when it proved successful. Not long afterward, and without having seen the MS., he offered 1000 guineas for 'Bracebridge Hall,' gave £2000 for the 'Chronicle of Granada,' and no less than 3000 guineas for the 'Life of Columbus.' If John Murray did make you an offer, it was always of the most liberal kind, and you were in danger if you went elsewhere. When the Rev. Mr. Crabbe came to town in the summer of 1817, he was soon a visitor of Mr. Murray's, whom he describes as 'a much younger and more lively man than I had imagined.' For his 'Tales of the Hall' and the copyright of his prior works, Murray offered the reverend gentleman the munificent sum of £3000. Some friends, however, thought this to be too small a price, and began negotiations with another eminent firm. The other eminent firm, however, offered considerably less; and great was Crabbe's terror that he would find himself in the position of the im-

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prudent dog crossing the water in the fable, especially as a letter which he had written to Murray still remained unanswered. The anxious poet sought the intervention of Rogers and Moore, who forthwith sallied to Albemarle Street to diplomatize. But there was no need for diplomacy. 'Oh yes,' said John Murray, when the two embassadors expounded their errand, 'I have heard from Mr. Crabbe, and look upon the matter as all settled;' and the poet of the 'Borough' withdrew cheered and satisfied to his country parsonage.

"Politicians and officials contributed, as well as authors, artists, and *dilettanti*, their due quota to John Murray's dinner-parties. The Amphitryon himself was full of anecdote, literary and general, and of a tranquil humor, which reminded his guests of his own just and truthful comment on the conversation of Crabbe: 'He said uncommon things in so quiet a way that he often lost the credit of them.'

"The personal connection of Lord Byron, John Murray's chief author, with the Albemarle Street circle, was of comparatively brief duration, for the poet left England finally in the early part of 1816. From the commencement of their relations to Lord Byron's death in 1824, their intercourse, personal or epistolary, was always of the frankest and most cordial kind, and the publisher had often to play the part of a Mentor and a friend as well as of a paymaster. Now Byron wishes back his copyrights, and intends to suppress all that he has written, and the publisher has to deal with him as with a wayward child. His Lordship, when about, as he fancied, to forswear authorship, did not, however, intend to 'cut' his publisher. 'It will give me,' he wrote to Murray, 'great pleasure to preserve your acquaintance and to consider you my friend.' Murray's conduct to Byron was always characterized by extreme liberality, even when we take into account the profit undeniably made by the publisher on the works, for which he paid from first to last nearly £20,000. His Lordship gave Mr. Dallas the copyrights of several of his works, and, in one of his freaks, he presented Murray with the 'Siege of Corinth' and 'Parisina.' It was not long before the publisher sent the poet a draft for 1000 guineas for them, which was returned torn. Some publishers would have pocketed the affront, but John Murray insisted on paying, and at last induced the poet to receive it—a curious controversy between an author and a publisher!"

Then we have account of certain commercial misfortunes that befell the house; how John Murray's famous newspaper (the *Representative*) was a failure, notwithstanding Disraeli and Dr. Maginn were upon it; how, in after years, when sanguine and speculative people talked to John Murray about the "excellent opening for a new daily paper," he, of Albemarle Street, would shake his head, and, with rather a melancholy expression of countenance, pointing to a thin folio on his shelves, would say: "Twenty thousand pounds are buried there."

In this time too (1826 to 1830) the stately and dear quarto was going out; handier and cheaper forms of publication were coming in.

"Constable was setting the example with his 'Miscellany;' and Mr. Murray began to project his 'Family Library,' engaging Lockhart to lead off with a 'Life of Napoleon' and a 'Court and Camp of Bonaparte.' The first volume of the 'Family Library' appeared in 1829, and by that time John Murray could afford to do a generous action, and what is rarer, he did it with grace and delicacy. Twenty-two years had come and gone since Constable had made the obscure Fleet Street bookseller a happy man by the offer of a fourth share in 'Marmion;' and now the great and proud Sir Walter, the early friend of the young bookseller and ardent promoter of his *Quarterly*, was ruined, and, with the aid of his creditors, sought to recover all his copyrights for a final edition of his collective works. All had been bought back, save and except the fourth share of 'Marmion,' which belonged to John Murray. Lockhart was commissioned by his father-in-law to inquire on what terms the share might be repurchased; and the following was the instantaneous reply of

"'MR. JOHN MURRAY, PUBLISHER, ALBEMARLE STREET, TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., EDINBURGH.

"'ALBEMARLE STREET, *June* 8, 1829.

"'MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Lockhart has this moment communicated your letter respecting my fourth share of the copyright of "Marmion." I have already been applied to by Messrs. Constable and Messrs. Longman to know what sum I would sell this share for; but so highly do I estimate the honor of being, even in so small a degree, the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it.

"'But there is a consideration of another kind, which until now I was not aware of, which would make it painful to me if I were to retain it longer. I mean the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request.

"'This share has been profitable to me fifty-fold beyond what either publisher or author could have anticipated; and, therefore, my returning it on such an occasion you will, I trust, do me the favor to consider in no other light than as a mere act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received by,

"'My dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"'JOHN MURRAY.'

"A letter which speaks for itself."

In very grateful harmony with his talk of celebrities, we may mention an odd case of Damm *vs.* York (fancy box-maker and confectioner), which lately came to trial in one of the minor British courts. The confectioner, it appears, had ordered a supply of fancy boxes for his bonbons and comfits to be set off with cheap lithographs of certain celebrities; those designated being Mr. Sergeant Shee, a Mr. Punshon, Miss Amy Sedgewick, and Mr. Spurgeon. But the order was filled too largely with Spurgeon. Spurgeon figured "five to the dozen;" and Spurgeon being gone to Paris, and being less of a hero than two months back, was reckoned unsalable.

The Court held that the fancy-box maker had sugared Spurgeon too much — five to the dozen being out of all proportion, and the plaintiff lost his case.

We had supposed this sugaring and photographing of celebrities was confined to our ardent countrymen and countrywomen; but it would appear that the British confectioners are utilizing the thought.

AMERICANS may blush for the stories that are unfolding, day after day, of the cruelties of American masters at sea. Many aggravated cases have lately come before the police courts of England; but unfortunately "lack of jurisdiction" has quashed the proceedings. The crimes — such, for instance, as the pleasant one of knocking out a seaman's eye with a mallet, beating a sailor so that his frontal bone is broken, allowing another to fall overboard, when weakened with punishment, without an effort to save him; and all these fully substantiated, yet having been committed on the high seas, the flag must furnish the tribunal. So the witnesses are

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disbanded and the criminals go home for a mockery of trial.

Is this abomination to be slept on? Shall the cupidity of ship-masters or of ship-owners fasten this odium on the American name and outrage every feeling of humanity? If we can not reach the Pemberton Mill killers, can we not reach the murderous mates and masters? Are we, with our mouths full of outcry against tyranny, to send our tyrants cruising into every sea? Shall our flag screen cruelties forever that make one ashamed of his species?

We speak here as knowing and having seen the weight of this ocean tyranny. It was in times that are gone by long since; master and sufferer very likely both gone. A swift sailer of a ship, for the days when steam sent few hulks seething through the ocean (and few upon rock-bound shores to break, and fill, and carry down cargoes of souls); a swift, trim sailer of a ship, in the days when we passenger folk courted breezes with whistling, and dawdled, book in hand, idly over decks clean-swept; on such swift, trim sailer of a ship, on which few cabin people were living (chiefly one rare Swiss family of little children), there sailed and commanded an imperious, self-willed, hard-handed master. Obsequious to those outside his command, who made the profits of his voyaging; but only harsh and inhuman to the rest.

It seems like a dream now as we look back, when, on a summer's day (the sails just full, the blue sky skimmed over with scattered fleets of cloud swimmers, no ship in sight, the waters wearing an easy swell, and only under the leeward quarter of our stern showing bubbles and breakage and green wreaths flashing with pearls; the children romping through the little cabin), the steward comes rushing down for the captain's pistols.

There is a scuffle and an uproar. Whoever has not heard this at sea does not know with what sensations it is listened to. Whether you will or no, you must be in some sense a party to something. Two hundred feet of plank deck is the world to you. Sixty or seventy souls make up the world population. A fight that reaches blood may be as vital to you as a fight of millions on land. There are no police, no sheriffs, no judges.

The captain has given an order that is not willingly enough obeyed—at least, so it seems to him—and he beats the offender with a mallet. But the sailor's blood takes fire, and he resists; he is not used to beating. He is a tall, athletic, blue-eyed Norwegian. We see him now, panting, his head bleeding: two mates have come to aid the master. They are putting irons on the man; his lips tremble with passion and with indignation.

The master too has his bruises; but the irons are sound, and the offender is housed in a little cabin under the long-boat. There is evident sympathy with him on the part of the sailors; but discipline carries the day. The mate screams out his orders, pistol in hand, and the men retire to their quarters. There is something in the mutineer's eye that tells us we have not seen the last of the trouble. A proud man, bruised and beaten for the first time in his life, may grow within an hour into a beast.

The master's wounds are dressed, and the day wears on. There are groups of talkers, and a gloom over the ship, though the sea is placid and the sun goes down in a great flood of crimson light. We sleep brokenly, listening for the slightest noise. At five of the morning we hear hurried steps going to the captain's door. We are only half waked; but we hear the sharp message,

"For God's sake, quick! the d—d brute is loose!"

We hear the master uttering an oath and leaping from his berth, and we hear the click of a pistol-lock. We dress hastily: the captain has gone above; we stop to listen a moment. There is a murmur of voices and a quick rush of feet. Blip! blip! Two reports, which carry death with them perhaps.

The startled children scream, and the mother (how well we remember!) rushes frantically into the cabin.

We try to allay her fears, and brush past her upon deck. It is gray morning. There is a group struggling yonder in the waist of the vessel; we walk to the rail and look down. At least the master is alive; for he stands, pistol in hand, and livid with rage. The mates have the mutineer, half naked, upon the deck, and are stamping upon him, his swollen chest showing in bloody prints the mark of their heels.

He had broken loose, and had met the master with an iron saucepan filled with boiling water. (We heard this report afterward.) Twice the captain had fired upon him, and strangely missed. The Norwegian had felled him to the deck; but the mates had leaped upon the mutineer from behind, and now held him under. The master had recovered his footing, and, faint with the scalding pain, held up his pistol to awe the sailors into submission. The Norwegian, more heavily ironed than before, is thrust below; and the carpenter contrives a cell of plank in which to confine him. The captain is led aft, and his head bandaged and dressed as we may.

Weary and tedious and anxious nights followed thereafter. Who could tell how soon the mutineer might be freed by his comrades, and the ship at their mercy?

The man had been quiet and effective until a brutal blow had made a lion of him; the whole company of sailors shared his indignation. We have remembrance of certain talks with the poor fellow as he lay handcuffed, the tears coming fast to his eyes when there came mention of those who loved him in the hill country of his birth. The thought of them softened him to a quiet endurance, until, after many weary days, we sighted land.

There was a trial afterward, and some fearful swearing on the part of those who professed to have seen the altercation; howbeit, the mutinous conduct was clear, and the law, and the tyranny of the master had a common triumph.

Editor's Drawer.

SO rich and abundant have been the supplies of the Drawer for months past that it would seem very ungracious to be calling for more. But there are so many mines yet unworked, and so many lumps of gold lying around loose, that we are quite anxious to stir up our friends to gather them and send on to this general reservoir. The Drawer is now spoken of in hundreds of letters as one of the institutions—a peculiar institution—and all sorts of clever people write to us that they could not dispense with its monthly cheer on any account whatever. Our friends of the bar are the most liberal contributors, except the clergy, who have a prescriptive right to be good judges of what is good; and they tell us that cheerfulness is akin to goodness, and we believe it.

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Now and then a rollicking writer sends a profane or unseemly jest; but he loses his labor—we want nothing of the sort. Nothing low, nothing that soils the purity of a virtuous soul, must get in or out this Drawer.

THE following deeply interesting and curious facts are contributed by an officer in the United States navy, to whom we have been indebted before, and from whom we hope often to hear in future. We may mention that his *chirography* corroborates his remark that he has a talent for drawing.

"In a late number of the *British Quarterly Review* is an able article on 'Physical and Moral Heritage,' enumerating many instances where both physical habits and moral peculiarities descended from parents to children. The enumeration of these instances suggested recollection of the following occurrences of similar nature within my own experience or observation.

"Many years since I became acquainted with a gentleman who had a habit of laying the forefinger of his left hand beside his nose, and there rubbing it up and down, whenever he laughed or made a facetious remark. His father had always also possessed the same habit. Twenty years or more previous to my acquaintance with him, a brother of his, who had married and settled in the West, was murdered by the Indians, who, at the same time, killed his wife and carried his infant child into captivity. All trace of the latter was lost until my friend was called to examine a young man, redeemed from Indian bondage, who had been brought up by the savages, and whose age, early recollections, and other circumstances, indicated (and other evidence afterward proved) to be his lost nephew. While questioning the lad on the subject a remark was made which provoked a smile from him, when he immediately commenced to rub the left side of his nose with the forefinger of his left hand. Those present said that more perfect evidence of his consanguinity could not be produced.

"Some twenty-seven years ago I was much amused at the exhibition of what has sometimes been called 'native wit'—a national trait of the Irish—in a boy who was removed so early from association with his countrymen that the disposition could not have been imparted by example or education. In 1831 I went to sea, to the Pacific Ocean, and the captain of the ship in which I sailed took with him a little Irish boy, named John M'Congy, from the Orphan Asylum in New York—so young that, at that time, he could barely lisp a few words, and a bed was made for him of a pillow in the cabin. As he grew up to be four or five years old he ran all about the ship, perfectly regardless of all naval discipline: the fear of epaulets was not before his eyes, and he would as soon make a saucy repartee to the captain as to a seaman before the mast; and was a great favorite with officers and men. In 1832 a boatswain's mate received liberty for a couple of days to visit the city of Lima, and obtained permission to take John with him. On his return the boy came to me on deck (it was my watch at the time, and M. F. Maury, then an acting lieutenant, and now a commander, in the navy, was officer of the deck) to tell me the wonderful sights he had seen, among other things, Pizarro's Bridge, 'where Pizarro was kilt.'

"'Now,' said John, putting on a very lugubrious expression of face, 'if he hadn't been kilt he would have lived till he died.'

"'Why, didn't he live till he died?' I asked.

"'No,' said John, 'he was kilt. Suppose you were run through the body with a sword, would you live till you died? No, you'd be kilt.'

"I made no reply, but took him by the hand and led him over to Mr. Maury, on the other side of the deck.

"'Mr. Maury,' said I, 'here is a youngster who says that if Pizarro hadn't been kilt he'd have lived till he died.'

"'What do you know about Pizarro?' says Maury, turning to him.

"'If I don't know much about Pizarro,' replied John, 'I know a good deal about a little fellow with red whiskers, and his name's Maury.'

"The other instance occurred in my own family. My elder sister was remarkable for her ability in painting. Wall, the artist, was engaged to give her lessons in that art, and, after some time, came to my father, and said, 'Judge W——, my conscience will not permit me to receive pay for teaching your daughter longer. She is better able to instruct me than I to instruct her.' My elder brother was not only at the head of his class in drawing at West Point, but Gimbrede, the teacher there, said had executed some of the most beautiful pieces of drawing ever made at that institution since its creation. My younger brother exhibited, at a very early age, extraordinary talent for drawing; and I myself possessed considerable ability in the same line. My father, in the exercise of his profession as a lawyer, was frequently applied to to write specifications for applicants for patents, and the law requires that each specification should be accompanied by a drawing of the object sought to be patented; and my father usually got one of us boys to make the drawing. It so happened, however, that he was applied to for a specification when his children were all absent. My elder brother was at a military post on the Western frontier; I was at sea; and my younger brother was absent on the coast survey; and my father, then upward of seventy, took a horse and buggy, and visited every artist in the neighborhood to get one to execute the drawing, but without success; and, in despair, determined to attempt it himself, and, for the first time in his life, discovered in doing so that he possessed an extraordinary talent for drawing, and his first effort equaled the production of many a finished artist. So delighted was he with this discovery that for weeks he employed all his possible leisure time in use of the pencil. The discovery showed that his children had inherited from him their talent for drawing, though that talent had been developed in them before he had even suspected its existence in himself."

ONE of the reverend clergy writes to the Drawer, and mentions for our private entertainment the following pulpit anecdote, which we venture to repeat in his own words, which are better than any of ours:

"The Rev. Mr. Barret is making quite a stir in this Western town of ours. I went to hear him last Sabbath evening, having no service in my own house. He sometimes gets on a high horse, and blazes away without much regard to the logical connection of his remarks. Now he was holding forth on the power of virtue, which is to be tested by its resistance of temptation. 'Look at me!' he said. 'I do not indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks; I do not beat my wife; I do not defraud my creditors; I do not murder my neighbors. You may say, indeed,

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"*These things thou oughtest to have done*, and not leave others undone!"'

"He saw by the start which his hearers gave that he had made a slip, but he soon picked himself up and rode on as contentedly as before."

JONES met his friend Brown in the street the other day, and said to him, "I hear Robinson's married—who is she?" "Well," says Brown, "let's see—she's a hundred thousand dollars; I forget her other name!"

A MAN from the back country in Michigan was in at Detroit, and went to a bank to get specie for some notes of his he had on hand for a long time. They proved to be on a burst-up concern, and the teller told him they were good for nothing.

"Wa'al, now, look a-here, mister," said he; "won't you jest tell a fellow how you can tell when money's a-goin' to *spile!*"

"WHAT place is this?" inquired a stranger who had to take a stage ride into the interior of Long Island.

"This is Jericho," replied the driver.

"Jericho!" returned the astonished inquirer; "why, I thought Jericho was one of the *fabulous* places told of in the Bible! You don't say this 'ere place is *Jericho*? *Jee*rusalem! who would have thought of Jericho bein' on Long Island!"

THE Drawer never complains; never finds fault with any body or any thing. If things do not go to suit the Drawer lets them mend themselves, and waits till they all come around right. And when the managers of *Harper's Weekly*—that Journal of Civilization, illustrated with pictures of men and things the most stirring and attractive, with contributions from the most renowned and popular writers of the age—when the managers of such a sheet invade the Drawer, and carry off some of the thousand-and-one clever things that are in it, and waiting their turn to be printed, the Drawer makes no complaint, but is pleased to know that the readers of the *Weekly* have so many right good things to read, while there are so many of the same sort left that none of them are missed. But the correspondents of the Drawer who have not seen their favors here may find an explanation of the mystery in the fact that has just been hinted at. The overflow of the Drawer, being too good to keep, is sometimes given to the public in the *Humors of the Day*.

FROM the State of Kentucky one of our friends sends us two specimens of "Justices:"

"Out here in Kentucky it is not always the smartest man in a precinct who aspires to the dignity of a magistrate. In the court of Squire Hall it seemed good to the counsel employed on one side to back up his position by reading a paragraph from 'Chitty's Pleadings;' and fearing his authority might not fall with sufficient force on the 'gentlemen of the jury,' he appealed to Squire Hall.

"'Squire, you know Chitty?'

"'Oh yes,' says the Squire; 'Chitty is one of the best lawyers Kentucky has ever produced!'

"THAT was an old Constitution magistrate. The people, in their might, thinking they knew better the metal a magistrate should be made of, changed the Constitution, making the office elective. We elected in the same precinct Squire Colt, a man of good capacity and severe dignity, but who, with his taste for language, unfortunately had not digested the dictionary. A notorious thief, a darkey named Ned, was on trial for some misdemeanor, was found guilty, and was brought forward to receive the sentence of the Court, which the Squire delivered with a lecture—Ned, in the face of the Court, still pleading 'not guilty.' The Squire, willing to justify the law, says, 'Come, Ned, it won't do to deny it; you stole hogs up in our neighborhood, for I was *accessory* to it!'"

AN Indianian writes to the Drawer of a son of the "Emerald Isle" whom a man by the name of Haney had engaged to haul coal. On delivering it, Mrs. H. wished him to take it across the pavement and deposit it in the cellar, which he would not do. She told him he was "*no gentleman*."

"Faith mum," said Pat, "and if I was a gentleman, do you think I'd be hauling coal for the likes of Mr. Haney?"

AND somebody sends this ancient specimen of extempore grandiloquence. The servant overslept himself; the master enters his room and exclaims:

"Why slumberest thou in that vehicle of repose while yon refulgent luminary is emitting his resplendent beams on this terrestrial orb? If thou dost not instantaneously arise I will bring the club end of my right extremity in contact with the top-knot of your pericranium with such momentum, velocity, and impetus that you will think that Mount Etna, with all her subterranean, sulphurous, and unheard-of horrors had burst forth upon you. So get up, you rascal you!"

"Two very pious ladies met the other day in the parlor of the writer of this; they were both young widows, and one of them, Mrs. Bunce, had a full set of false teeth. Mrs. Cone was in great want of a set, but dreaded the pain of having the old ones extracted. So she called upon Mrs. Bunce for advice and a history of her experience. 'Why, my dear,' says she, 'in the first place, consider how very much it will improve your appearance [here she laughed to show her borrowed pearls], and then *pray for courage*. That's the way I did, and was supported.'"

FROM Louisiana a learned gentleman writes:

"You have in your Drawer many anecdotes of Judges; here is one of a jury. In one of the District Courts of this State, several years ago, a case of murder was, after able argument and a lucid charge by the Court, submitted to the jury; who, after a short time spent in the jury-room, returned into court with the following verdict: 'We, the jury, find that the prisoner ought to be hung!' The Court informed them that he was the one to sentence; that the jury could only find—'Guilty,' 'guilty, without capital punishment' (a verdict allowed under our laws), 'guilty of manslaughter,' or 'not guilty.' The jury again retired, and after some time returned with the following verdict: 'We, the jury, find that the prisoner ought to be sent to the penitentiary for life!' They were again remanded, with instructions as before. That jury, however, was never able to agree upon another verdict, and were discharged, and the case continued to another term.

"IN the parish of P——, in this State, the Judge was the commander of the militia—a sort of colonel.

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A prisoner having been convicted of murder was brought up for sentence, when the Judge read the following sentence, and ordered it to be spread upon the minutes of the court, where it yet remains: 'Be it known that you, J—— S——, having been convicted of the crime of murder, and that it is necessary that sentence of death be pronounced upon you; and whereas there can be found in this parish no man mean enough to act as hangman, therefore be it ordered and decreed that the company of colored militia be assembled at the court-house on the — day of ——, 18—, and that the prisoner be by them, then and there, shot till he be dead.

(Signed) "'P—— S——,

"'Judge and Commander of the Militia.'

"The prisoner was executed accordingly."

An Arkansas correspondent asks,

"Did this anecdote of the late Judge Underwood ever find its way into your Drawer?

"The Judge was sitting in the piazza of the Atlanta Hotel, when an extremely well-dressed and well-looking friend of his, a stranger in the town, passed by. 'There,' said a would-be wag, making use of an old, worn-out witticism, 'there's a chance for a fortune; if I could only buy that man at the price I set on him and sell him at the price he sets on himself, I would not want any more money ever.'

"'Well!' said the Judge; 'well! I have known a gentleman offer to sell a jackass, but really this is the first time I ever heard a jackass offering to sell a gentleman.'"

A friend in Missouri sends to the Drawer an amusing sample of negro wit and humor, the like of which is often heard in the South:

"It is customary in this State, after the corn is gathered in the fall, to have 'corn shuckings,' at which the negroes for miles around assemble. I have known negroes to walk five miles after dark to attend one of these gatherings, in which they take great delight. On such occasions a supper is provided by the 'white folks,' and usually something 'stimulating.' At our last corn shucking I had the curiosity to commit to paper some few of the many quaint toasts offered by the sable sons of Africa; and first, hear Joe:

"'Here lays the bones of ole davy Jones,
Laid both dead and Dumb;
He read a law an' plead a cause,
And at las' killed hisself drinkin' rum.'

"After which comes ole Billy Coleman:

"'Here's the rack of ole Stanback,
He was a good prowider;
He fed his wife on milk an' peaches,
An' she died drinkin' cider.'

"Then Emily:

"'Here's hopin' you may live forever
And I may never die.
Over the apple an' under my thumb
If I leave any you may have some.'

"And last, though not least, listen to Arthur:

"'Here's a health to General Jackson, likewise to Henry Clay, that every man should ten to his own business—Arthur Brown's lay: Since man to man is so unjus', an' man an' man on which I trus', I trus' to-day I pay tomorrow, an' trus' has brought me to my sorrow; goose egg an' col' bacon, if dat ain't it I mus' be mistaken. De day dat I started to Massasip, the third day dat I started, the third day I met a sheep; de sheep was fat before, de sheep was fat behind, de wool was on his back was reachin' to de sky; de eagles built his nest, I hear de young ones cry; de wool was on his belly was draggin' to de ground, and dat ar wool was sellin' at $40 a pound. He had 40 feet to step an' 40 feet to stan', an' every feet he had kiver half an acre lan'; the man dat butched de sheep got drownded in de blood, the man dat hel' his feet got washed away in de flood; ladies all come beggin' up for his ole dry bones, in place of ole marrow bones, to make soup of; gentlemen all come beggin' up for his ole eyeballs to strut about in de street with. All round dis world dat rolls on wheels, death is de thing what tends every man's field; if death was a thing could be *bought* and *sold*, de rich would live and de poor would die.'"

In Nashville, Tennessee, we have a correspondent who writes of two Texas heroes of great renown, Jones and Smith:

"Colonel Jones and Major Smith lived in Texas in 1833, and may live there yet for aught I know. They were both men of property, owned large plantations, were good citizens, kind neighbors, and extremely popular. They were men of tried courage, had been engaged in many a skirmish with the Indians, and not a few with white men more savage than the Indians.

"Like most men of that day and country, Jones and Smith would occasionally get on a spree, and their frolics were often protracted until late in the night. Their pleasure on such occasions was frequently damped by the thought of their wives at home, who, like Tam O'Shanter's good dame, sat nursing their wrath to keep it warm.

"One night, after having kept up their frolic until a late hour, they returned home, when Colonel Jones found his wife waiting for him with a countenance that foretold a storm. The Colonel, whose face had never blanched before an enemy, quailed before the just indignation of his better half. Instead of going to bed he took a seat, and, resting his elbows on his knees with his face in his hands, seemed to be completely absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as, 'Poor Smith! Poor fellow!' His wife kept silent as long as possible; but at last, overcome by curiosity and anxiety, inquired in a sharp tone, 'What's the matter with Smith?'

"'Ah!' says the Colonel, 'his wife is giving him fits just now!'

"Mrs. Jones was mollified by the joke and her wrath dissolved."

A very clever correspondent, in a classic city just out of the Jerseys, in the State of Pennsylvania, sends us this amusing account of taking toll:

"You all may remember the toll-bridge at E——, that connects Pennsylvania with New Jersey; for a long while Peter Summer lived there, to light the lamps, put them out, and take the fare. An honest man was he and kind, as in a long day's ride you'd find; and if he indulged a little spite once in a while, kind reader, he was mortal, and not free from guile. In E——, at the same time, there lived a merry blade — Billy Trotter by name, a horse-doctor by trade—whom Peter, through some unknown cause or other, had always delighted to plague and to bother. Now Billy was not unknown to fame, for his skillful horse-doctoring had brought him a name; and as he had calls pretty often to go away in the Jarseys, whether he liked to or no, a nice little scheme he formed in his head as snoozing he lay one morn in his bed. 'Twas this: as he always returned the same day, 'twould save the most time and be the best way for going and coming at the same time to

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pay. Now, as he had really to take a short tour in the Jarseys that morning, a sick horse to cure, he thought he would forward his nice little plan and see how they'd fuse—the plan and the man. So he hitched up his horses and drove pretty fast, reached the bridge in good time, the toll-house most passed, when Peter popped out and arrested him there, with 'Stop, Billy Trotter, and hand out your fare!'

"Now Billy was nonplused, as Peter could see; 'I'll pay when I come back, Mr. Summer,' said he: 'it is hardly worth while to stop every time for such a mere trifle—only a dime.'

"'We don't trade that way here, Mr. Trotter; oh no! you must pay when you come and pay when you go.'

"In a few days for Jarsey Billy started again, and this time he thought he could not complain, for he'd pay it in full before he went o'er: could a reasonable man look or ask for more?' But he reckoned without Peter, who, frowning, stood there, and handed him the change, keeping only the fare. Billy tried him o'er and o'er again, but found him determined to play the same game. 'Pay when you come, pay when you go;' if it wouldn't work both ways Billy wanted to know; if it would not, he thought 'twas a miserable rule: 'if I don't pay him,' said Billy, 'then take me for a fool.' So back to the stable fast traveled our man to mature in secret his nice little plan.

"One fine frosty night when he thought P. was in bed, an errand to Jarsey our horse-doctor made; when the toll-house he reached he reined in his mare and clamored for Peter to come take the fare. But Peter—good soul!—was in a sound sleep (the first nap of an old man is apt to be deep). Long and loud shouted Billy, till the fact became plain that to rouse him he must shout longer and louder again.

"'*Billy Trotter's down here, and wants to pay toll; don't keep him so long standing here in the cold!*'

"Thus yelling and screaming he was roused up at last, and, muttering, down stairs he came pretty fast; with 'a fine frosty evening!' Billy tendered the toll; 'for this time of year the nights are quite cold!'—to which Peter assented with a pretty good grace, and back to his bed once more turned his face. Almost until midnight Billy waited o'er there, then from a deep, dreamless sleep, without a shadow of care, he roused him again to come take the fare.

"He waited a week until this had gone by, when a visit to Jarsey he again thought he'd try; he found the lights out and the bridge gates locked tight, and Peter, good soul! at rest for the night. Now he hated a tired man's sleep to disturb; but, somehow or other, he would *have* to be heard. So with the butt of his whip he knocked at the gate. Peter heard him, and cried out, 'Who knocks there so late?' 'Billy Trotter! hurry down and come take your toll, for the wind o'er the water blows piercingly cold.' Muttering curses—not loud, but I guess they were deep—at last Peter came down, roused up from his sleep. Billy, quite innocently, handed the fare; and, drawing the reins, was about starting his mare, when Peter cried 'Stop! I have something to say: if to-night you intend to return this same way, for going and coming at once you'd best pay; for indeed, Mr. Trotter, 'twould be a real shame to rouse me to-night from my slumber again.' Billy winked and laughed till his little round belly, like Saint Nicholas's, shook like a bowlful of jelly, and cried, 'Mr. Summer, couldn't do that; no, no! I like to pay when I come, and pay when I go.' He waited until Peter, who he thought was most froze, had tucked himself warm again under the clothes, when back o'er the bridge he trotted his mare, and roused him again to come take the fare.

"He kept his own counsel till this had blown o'er, and then *made* a visit to Jarsey *once* more; and hitched to his sleigh a fine prancing pair. The bells waked up Peter, who cried out 'Who's there?' 'Who's there? why, Lord bless your soul! Billy Trotter's down here, and wants to pay toll!' 'Never mind, Mr. Trotter, as you return this same way, just drive on, and when you come back you can pay.' 'That's a very poor plan, Mr. Summer,' said he; 'for out of the toll I might cheat you, you see. 'Twill take but a minute to give me my change.' Down Peter came, growling, 'I think it is strange that this little matter you could not arrange to pay in the daytime, and not break my repose, and very ill-natured in you it shows.' 'Pay when I go, pay when I come;' with this only answer Billy Trotter drove on. When back o'er the bridge he rattled his pair, he found Peter patiently waiting him there. 'In this little matter, Mr. Trotter,' said he, 'without any more clatter I think we might agree. You can pay by the day, or pay by the *year*; only let me sleep, and I'll not interfere.' They settled it so; and while Peter lived there, Billy never was bothered about paying the fare."

Uncle Oliver, in Carroll County, Ohio, has a habit of exaggeration which rather grows on him as he grows older. One of his neighbors had a "chopping-bee" on Christmas-day, which was attended by the neighbors, and Uncle Oliver of course. The axes flew rapidly for a time, making the woods ring with the joyous music. But the mercury, which was several degrees below zero in the morning, did not seem inclined to rise any, and, one by one, the choppers found themselves forced to the conclusion that they could stand it no longer. In a short time but one axe of the crowd was in operation. Uncle Oliver was too much for the cold, and would not give it up. The rest urged him to quit, and said it was too cold, they should freeze. But they urged him in vain.

"Such babies!" said he; "*why I have cut wood a thousand Christmases ten thousand times as cold as this and didn't feel it!*"

A Georgia correspondent tells the following story of bloody revenge:

"An anecdote in your Drawer in reference to pulling teeth by horse-power, reminded me of an old friend of former years. Uncle Bob, as he was familiarly called, was a genuine son of the Emerald Isle. He was, when I knew him, some few years since, a small man, of about seventy years of age, but with fun and frolic enough to make half a dozen common men, if worked into their composition, quite lively. Uncle Bob was one of Emmet's men, and made a wonderful escape after his arrest by the English forces. He lived for years in South Carolina after reaching this country, and then became a Georgian. His home was in the mountain region of our State, when that region was not yet abandoned by the Indians. There he lived up to the time of his death, which occurred only a few years since. I should like to say much of this noble-hearted old man; for verily his heart was as responsive to the cry of distress as was it to the battle-cry. But I merely set out to give you one of the many anecdotes in which Uncle Bob was a prominent actor.

"On one of his visits to the 'white settlements' he gave information of the existence of a waterfall,

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or cataract, in the 'nation,' which the Indians called 'Tallulah,' or Terrible. Not long after a party of ladies and gentlemen was formed, and proceeding to Uncle Bob's 'cabin in the wilderness,' secured his ever-ready services as guide to the Falls. In the party there was a young gentleman but just returned from Philadelphia as an M.D. As the good Dr. S—— is still living, I must withhold his name. Uncle Bob discovered that the young M.D. had great fear of snakes, and consequently had a strong desire to play upon his timidity. In passing around the Falls in 'Indian file,' a long black-snake passed just behind the Doctor, who was Uncle Bob's file leader; upon which he seized as it was passing, and wrapped it around the neck of the aforesaid M.D. In the paroxysm of his fright the Doctor, forgetting the slippery bank upon which he was standing, lost his perpendicular, and was precipitated into a muddy pool, very much to the detriment of his Philadelphia fixin's.

"Of course Uncle Bob fled. On the return of the party to their camp they found this valorous ally of Emmet mounted upon his charger, and from a neighboring hill reconnoitring the field. After hours of diplomacy, and frequent passing from the offended to the offender, the word of a gentleman was given that the offense should not then be resented, and Uncle Bob returned to camp.

"Years passed—ten, twelve, or more. Dr. S—— had become a prominent physician in one of our country villages. Uncle Bob was on 'one of his trips;' for he has frequently been known to ride on horseback from one to two hundred miles to pass a few days with some friend to whom he had become attached. He arrived at the village of our M.D. suffering the indescribable tortures of toothache. Noticing the usual sign of the 'mortar and pestle,' he entered the office, and found his quondam friend, Dr. S——, who very kindly proffered to extract the offending molar. On taking his seat Uncle Bob was even more fidgety than usual, and the Doctor told him, as there was no one to hold his hands, he must tie them to the rounds of his chair, to keep him from interfering in the operation. This being effected, the Doctor took the further precaution of passing a strap around his breast and fastening this to the chair. He then cut and recut around the tooth. The twisters were then applied; and, as Uncle Bob used to tell it, just as he heard the roots cracking, the Doctor stopped, and looking significantly into his face, said, '*Snake, snake!*' This mode of operating was several times repeated, until the Doctor, moved by the old man's tears, took out the tooth, with a small piece of the jaw-bone!"

An Oregon magistrate contributes the following from that young State:

"At a District Court in Southern Oregon, some years ago, Judge D—— presiding, an action was being tried wherein the plaintiff, Tebault, claimed to recover of the defendant the sum of five hundred dollars for professional services as an attorney. The plaintiff appeared in person, and the defendant by attorney. On the part of the plaintiff it was attempted to be shown to the jury that he had been a practicing attorney, and therefore was entitled to recover for services in that character. The attorney for the defendant, in his argument, more than insinuated that the proof was very weak on this point; to which the plaintiff, when it came his turn, replied eloquently and indignantly:

"'Gentlemen of the jury, the *injunious* gentleman for the defendant would have you believe that I am not a practicing attorney—that I am not entitled to any thing for my services; but, gentlemen of the jury, it is as *clar* as the drippings of a northern iceberg in an *Au-gust* sun, that upon the *quantum mureunt* count I am entitled to all I'm worth!'

"The case was submitted to the jury without instructions; and, taking the law from the plaintiff on the '*quantum mureunt*' count, they fixed his 'worth' at one hundred dollars, minus thirty dollars' worth of whisky and cigars, which it appeared the plaintiff had received from the defendant while rendering the alleged service.

"A clever but conceited preacher, having occasion to observe the Biblical ignorance among his parishioners, in the village of W——, in this State, organized a Bible-class of old and young, and commenced expounding the Good Book, from Genesis to Revelation, to them. At the first lesson the preacher was instructing the class upon the words, 'God *said* let there be light;' when, among others, he propounded the question: 'In what language did God speak when He said, "Let there be light?"' From head to foot the class gave it up, when the Rev. Dominie, clearing his throat to give full expression to the luminous idea, answered, 'that He doubtless used the language most in use at that time!'"

And Michigan sends another:

"Having for years grown fat and healthy over the many more than good things with which the inexhaustible Drawer is always overflowing, I think it my duty to communicate one little item, which, if not so very funny, is nevertheless good, because it is true. And although all people may not appreciate the joke, I think the lawyers at least will see the point. And here it is:

"A good many years ago, when our town—then obscure, but now made famous by having within its limits the dépôt of transhipment of the 'Great Grand Trunk Railway'—boasted of but one justice of the peace, and that office filled by the venerable R. Hamilton, familiarly known as the 'Old Court,' L. M. Mason, now President of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank at Detroit, was the great lawyer of the county. It happened that some luckless fellow, feeling aggrieved for some offense perpetrated by a heartless neighbor, brought a suit before the Court without first consulting Mason. This was considered 'as good as beat' by all the town. However, the suit was brought, and the case called. Mason appeared for the defendant. The plaintiff, nothing daunted by the strong legal ability to which he found himself lonely opposed, and having strong faith in the 'justice of his cause,' introduced his proof, which was, in fact, a promissory note made by the defendant; and after proving the signature to the note to be genuine, in all confidence rested his case. The Court, supposing the case to be clear, asked Mason 'what he had to say for the defendant?'

"'What have I to say, your Honor?' said Mason. 'Why, I move this Court for a judgment of nonsuit in this case, on the ground that the plaintiff has produced no proof against the defendant whatever.'

"The Court, taken somewhat back by the boldness and confidence of manner maintained by Mason, hem'd, coughed, and finally stammered out, 'Why, Mr. Mason, you must make that motion to the jury. That is to say, Mr. Mason, when there is a jury called. Mr. Mason, the Court is pretty much a nullity, Mr. Mason.' Mason took the Court at his

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word, addressed the motion to the jury, and they granted the motion as a matter of course."

"BILL J—— was one of the most prominent members of our youths' village debating club. The question being, 'Which destroys the greater amount of property, railroad cars or steamboats?' Bill presented the following unanswerable argument: 'Mr. President, it is only a few days ago, over here in Logan—in—in Champaign County, one *long* train, twenty-eight or thirty cars, ran over and killed *six hundred* of the finest sheep in Champaign County. Mr. President, *who ever heard tell of a steamboat doing the like of that?*'

"And sure enough, who ever did?"

IN order to amuse the children on the Sabbath, a lady in Brooklyn was engaged in reading to them from the Bible the story of David and Goliath, and coming to that passage in which Goliath so boastingly and defiantly dared the young stripling, a little chap, almost in his first trowsers, said, "Sister, skip that—skip that—he's only blowing! I want to know who licked!"

"LITTLE Harry H——, of Connersville, Indiana, is now very near half-way to the 'teens,' and is the most precious little imp that you ever beheld.

"About a year ago he was on a visit to his grandfather, a venerable old gentleman of eighty years, and whom Harry loves dearly. Now Harry's grandfather is quite deaf; and, as a natural consequence, always speaks in a loud voice (all deaf persons do—why is it?).

"Well, the first morning after Harry's arrival he awoke as full of life as a bird, and hearing the voice of his grandfather in the apartment below, asked,

"'What is danpa doing, ma?'

"'He is praying, Harry,' answered his mother. (It was his grandfather's custom to hold family-worship morning and evening.)

"Harry sat on the bed, deeply absorbed in thought, for several moments. Suddenly the great round tear-drops rolled down over his cheeks, and he sobbed as though his little heart would break. His mother, surprised at his sudden grief, looked around.

"'Why, Harry, what's the matter?'

"'I's af'aid, ma; Harry's af'aid,' sobbed the little one.

"'Afraid! Why, what are you afraid of, child?'

"'I's af'aid they'll put danpa in 'e lion's den.' And at the thought the little fellow's grief was greater than ever.

"'Put grandpa in the lion's den! Why, what do you mean, Harry?'

"'They'll put him in 'e lion's den taus he prays so loud, ma;' and still his little breast heaved.

"'Put him in the lion's den for praying loud! why, no, they won't, Harry. What put that in your head? What made you think that they would put grandpa in the lion's den, Harry?'

"'Why, ma, you told me that they put *Daniel* in 'e lion's den taus he prayed loud; and they'll put *danpa* in too; won't they, ma?' And at this conclusion of the syllogism his grief burst out afresh; and it was long before his fears for the safety of his 'danpa' could be dispelled."

NOT a thousand miles from New York a certain fashionable watering-place rejoices in a character ycleped "*Lyme*," for short. Lyme has a friend and boon companion, a most determined drawer of the long bow—a native American Munchausen. After some of his exploits, on one occasion, Lyme remarked to him, "Joe, why in thunder don't you cut down your stories? Tell *moderate-sized lies*, and people *may* believe some of them!" "Well," replied Joe, "I'll make a bargain, Lyme, that whenever you find me getting beyond my depth, or out of bounds, you shall tread on my foot." And so the compact was understood.

Not many days elapsed when, at dinner, after the cloth was removed and the bottle was going around pretty freely, the heroes being present, the conversation turned upon agriculture and farming in general, and Joe put in his oar.

"My uncle in Illinois built a barn last year much larger than that last one you told of."

"Pray what were its dimensions?"

"Well," said Joe, "it was twenty-eight feet high, seven hundred and fifty-four feet long [down comes Lyme's foot under the table], and [hurriedly] two feet wide!"

"There!" said Lyme, aside, "now you have done it!"

"Well," replied Joe, "if you'd let me alone I'd have had a good-proportioned building!"

A WESTERN NEW YORK contributor writes:

"The famous inscription—'MARY, *the mother of* WASHINGTON'—upon the tomb-stone of that immortal woman, has always been admired for its touching simplicity and grand significance. All irreverence aside, I think I can furnish you with an instance of *simplicity* of another kind, though its significance may not be appreciated by your many readers without a hint at the calibre of the author.

"Not a thousand miles from here lives a lawyer, so styled by courtesy, for his knowledge of law extended only to his dexterity in getting his neighbors into difficulty, without the ability to help them out. His father, an unpretending but worthy citizen, died a few years since, when this hopeful son caused to be erected over his remains, where it still stands, a stone with this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
ABEL JOHNSON,
FATHER OF GEORGE P. JOHNSON, ESQ."

"A LITTLE five-year old at La Crosse, who had been 'properly brought up'—as most little boys in Wisconsin are—to say his prayers every night, one evening, when all ready for bed and not in the best humor, he was reminded of his duty, but replied: 'I'm not going to say my prayers to-night.' His mother asked him if he did not intend to ask God to take care of him. 'No,' said he; 'when I was *little* it was well enough to ask Him to take care of me, but now I'm big enough to take care of myself.'

"I THINK the following will satisfy you that the ideas of the rising generation in Wisconsin are sound on the Maine question:

"A three-year old, the property of my next neighbor, saw a drunken man 'tacking' through the street in front of their house. 'Mother,' said he, 'did God make that man?' She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow reflected a moment, and then exclaimed: 'I wouldn't have done it.'"

NOT far from De Kalb County, Illinois, there lived an old man—unlettered, but of great natural wit and shrewdness—of the name of Wright. Unfortunately the old gentleman had a half-witted son, well grown

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up, with whom the old man was frequently obliged to expostulate about running away. On one occasion the old man used this argument:

"Why, Sammy, what will the folks at Sycamore say when they see you running away, and your old father after you?"

"Why, they will say," said the half-witted, "'There *goes* Wright's fool, and there *comes* another.'"

THE late Justin Butterfield was well known as one of the most eminent lawyers of Illinois. With a cold and impassive manner, he was capable of enlivening the driest legal argument with the keenest wit.

On one occasion he was retained by the celebrated Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, to defend him upon an indictment for treason before the United States Court at Springfield.

Judge Pope had permitted, with his usual gallantry, a large number of fair ladies to occupy the ample room in close proximity to the Judge. A large number of spectators from all parts of the State crowded the court-room. Mr. Butterfield arose in his usual solemn and dignified manner, and began the defense in this wise:

"May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury—I arise before the 'Pope'—in the presence—of Angels—to defend—the Prophet of the Lord!"

The inspiration of the *defender* continued to the termination of a successful *defense* of the defended.

No State of the Union has a greater proportion of foreign or naturalized voting population than California. The judiciary is elective. These facts are necessary to understand and appreciate why the Judge in the following story was so *pat*-ronizing to Pat.

Shasta being the head of "*Wo-haw*" navigation, the hotels in this flourishing town were full to overflowing when Judge B—— arrived and asked the landlord for a room. The landlord greatly regretted the fact, but "there was but one opportunity even to sleep beneath his roof, and that in a double-bed already occupied by a 'son of the Emerald Isle'—a miner from the neighboring county, who was well acquainted with Judge B—— by reputation." The Judge, making a virtue of necessity, agreed to sleep with Pat for the night, and was shown into the room by Boniface, who waked Pat and told him who was to be his bedfellow. Pat was agreed. The landlord retired, and the Judge commenced the double process of undressing and reminding Pat of the great honor of which he was about to be the recipient, and at the same time talking of the "Ould Counthry" and preparing Pat to give to him, the Judge, his support at the coming election. Conversing for some time after getting into bed, said the Judge:

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a Judge, would you not?"

"Yis, yer Honor," said Pat, "and I think yer Honor would have been a long time in the 'Ould Counthry' before ye'd been a Judge, too!"

The Judge waked up next morning and looked at himself in the glass to see whether a bad night's rest had injured his looks.

HERE is a curious specimen of superstition of which we had never heard till our Western correspondent sent it on:

"While treading the prairie mud in the streets of the bustling little town of Okolona, we saw our friend, Ike West, at White's livery-stable, making himself useful. 'Twas a cold morning; yet such was Ike's zeal that he stood minus his coat and hat, and with sleeves tucked to the elbow was making a curry-comb plow the dust and fur from the hide of a bob-tailed gray. Ike's occupation was to deal out liquor to a motley crowd; and as he made it profitable, we were not prepared to believe that he had relinquished that employment.

"'Hallo, Ike! Changed your occupation, have you?'

"He dropped his scraper, and stepped up to us with earnestness, even solemnity, in his looks.

"'No, I hain't changed my trade! White's Joe never saw his daddy.'

"'Never saw his daddy!' said we, somewhat mystified.

"'No, he never; for you see his daddy died three weeks afore Joe was born.'

"'Ah!—well?'

"'Well! our baby has got the thrash, and so I took Joe's place and sent him to my house.'

"'What for?'

"'What for!' cried Ike; 'why, to cure that baby!'

"He saw I did not comprehend; and his lip began to curl in scorn as he condescended to enlighten me.

"'Why, Sir, the baby has got the thrash; Joe never saw his daddy. I thought every body knowed that if Joe *would blow his breath in that baby's mouth* that thrash would be blowed into kingdom come!'"

WE are greatly indebted to the correspondent who contributes these old-time clerical anecdotes to the Drawer:

In the February number of your Magazine you have published sundry anecdotes of Rev. Zabdiel Adams, of Lunenburg, Massachusetts. It appears that there are a "few more left of the same sort." The mother of the writer of this letter was the eldest daughter of Parson Adams. More than twenty years ago the following anecdotes were sent to me by the late Doctor James Thatcher, of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

"He had attended a funeral one afternoon, and was following the corpse in the procession to the grave-yard. All of a sudden the procession came to a stand. After a considerable pause Mr. Adams got impatient, and walked to the bier to know the cause thereof. The pall-bearers informed him that a sheriff from Leominster had attached the body for debt. This practice was legal at this period. 'Attached the body!' exclaimed Mr. A., thumping his cane down with vehemence. 'Move on!' said he; 'bury the man. I have made a prayer at a funeral, and somebody shall be buried. If the sheriff objects, take him up and bury him!' The bier was raised without delay, the procession moved on, and the sheriff thought best to molest them no further.

"A parishioner brought a child to be baptized. The old parson leaned forward and asked him the name. 'Ichabod,' says he. Now Mr. A. had a strong prejudice against this name. 'Poh, poh!' says he, 'John, you mean: John, I baptize thee in the name,' etc.

"One Sabbath afternoon his people were expecting a stranger to preach whom they were all anxious to hear, and a much more numerous congregation than usual had assembled. The stranger did not come, and of course the people were disappointed.

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Mr. A. found himself obliged to officiate; and in the course of his devotional exercise he spoke to this effect: 'We beseech thee, O Lord, for this people, who have come up with itching ears to the sanctuary, that their severe affliction may be sanctified to them for their moral and spiritual good; and that the humble efforts of Thy servant may be made, through Thy grace, in some measure effectual to their edification,' etc.

"A parishioner, one of those who did not sit down and count the cost, undertook to build a house, and invited friends and neighbors to have a frolic with him in digging his cellar. After the work was finished Mr. A. happened to be passing, and stopping, addressed him thus: 'Mr. Ritter, you have had a frolic and digged your cellar. You had better have another and fill it up again.' Had he heeded the old man's advice he would have escaped the misery of pursuit from hungry creditors and the necessity of resort to a more humble dwelling."

The foregoing anecdotes illustrate the remarkable independence and fearlessness of Mr. A., and the degree of influence which the clergy exercised in his day. The following anecdote is characteristic of the man, but of a different stamp:

"One night he put up at the house of Mr. E——, the minister of H——. Now his host, as was the general custom, took a glass of bitters every morning; and it so happened that his bottle was in the closet of the chamber where Mr. A. slept. With the morning came his craving for his bitters. He did not wish to disturb Mr. A., but he was very anxious to get his bitters, and try he must. So he opened the door softly, and crept slyly to the said closet. Mr. A. heard him, but wishing to know what he would be at, pretended to be asleep. As soon as he had secured the prize, and was about making his escape, Mr. A. broke the profound silence of the apartment with this exclamation: 'Brother E——, I have always heard you was a very pious man, much given to your closet devotions, but I never caught you at them before.' 'Pshaw! pshaw!' replied his friend, who made for the door, and shut it as soon as he cleverly could."

The following was published many years since:

"The Rev. Mr. Adams, formerly minister of Lunenburg, though eccentric, was remarkable for his prompt and direct way of effecting his object. The following anecdote is in character. At the alarm of Concord fight many of his parishioners joined the troops. On the next Sabbath he found his desk loaded with supplicatory notes—some for safe deliverance, some for sickness and death, and many more for protection of husbands, brothers, and near friends called away to battle. The reverend gentleman gave out a long hymn, with the view to run his eye over the notes while the choir were singing; but, to his surprise, before he was half through reading the singing was over, and the congregation staring him in the face. In this dilemma he quickly seized the notes, and with both hands held them up in a body, saying, 'Brethren, here are near forty people desiring your prayers for all sorts of things!'"

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent, from whom we are always pleased to hear, sends a new budget:

"My first anecdote is suggested by a similar one in the Drawer for February. A poor, worthless vagabond once laid a wager that he would take dinner with a certain wealthy but niggardly farmer named Squire Crusty, who was never known to invite those who happened to call at meal-time to sit down at his table. This poor fellow accordingly happened to drop in at the Squire's (to whom he was a stranger) one day about noon. The family were just in the act of sitting down to dinner. Our friend Robert assigned some plausible reason for his call, and took a seat by the fireside. The family proceeded with their meal, the Squire, in the mean time, carrying on a running conversation with the stranger. The latter at last contrived to draw out of the Squire the very innocent question, 'What might your name be, friend?'

"'My name,' he replied, 'is *Robert-help-yourself*.'

"'What!' exclaimed the Squire, starting from his seat in surprise at such a singular cognomen, 'Robert-help-yourself!'

"'Well, I don't care if I do,' said Robert; and, suiting the action to the word, he drew his chair to the table, and, to the utter amazement and chagrin of his unwilling host, proceeded to make away with a very large proportion of the edibles thereon. Squire Crusty was very careful thereafter how he inquired the names of strange callers at meal-time.

"[That is a good one, but it is not well told. The rest are about the little ones.]

"I HAVE a bright-eyed little neighbor—a four-year old—named *Maimee*, who sometimes comes in to chat with my little boys. Her mother is religious; her father, I am sorry to say, is not. The other day Maimee was expatiating to my boys on the good qualities of her mother—how she read the Bible, and prayed with the children, etc.—when suddenly she seemed to reflect that such high commendations of one parent were rather at the expense of the other, and added, 'My papa is a good man too; *he reads the Sunday papers!*'

"LAST summer I took my four-year old to see his aunt in Washington County, N. Y. There, for the first time, he had a near view of a cow. He would stand and look on while his uncle milked (the *men* do the milking there), and ask all manner of questions. In this way he learned that the long, crooked branches on the cow's head were called *horns*. City boys only know of one kind of *horns*—i.e., *little* city boys. A few days after obtaining this information, hearing a strange kind of bawling noise in the yard, he ran out to ascertain its source. In a few minutes he returned, wonder and delight depicted on his countenance, exclaiming, 'Mamma, mamma! oh! do come out here! *The cow's blowing her horn!*'

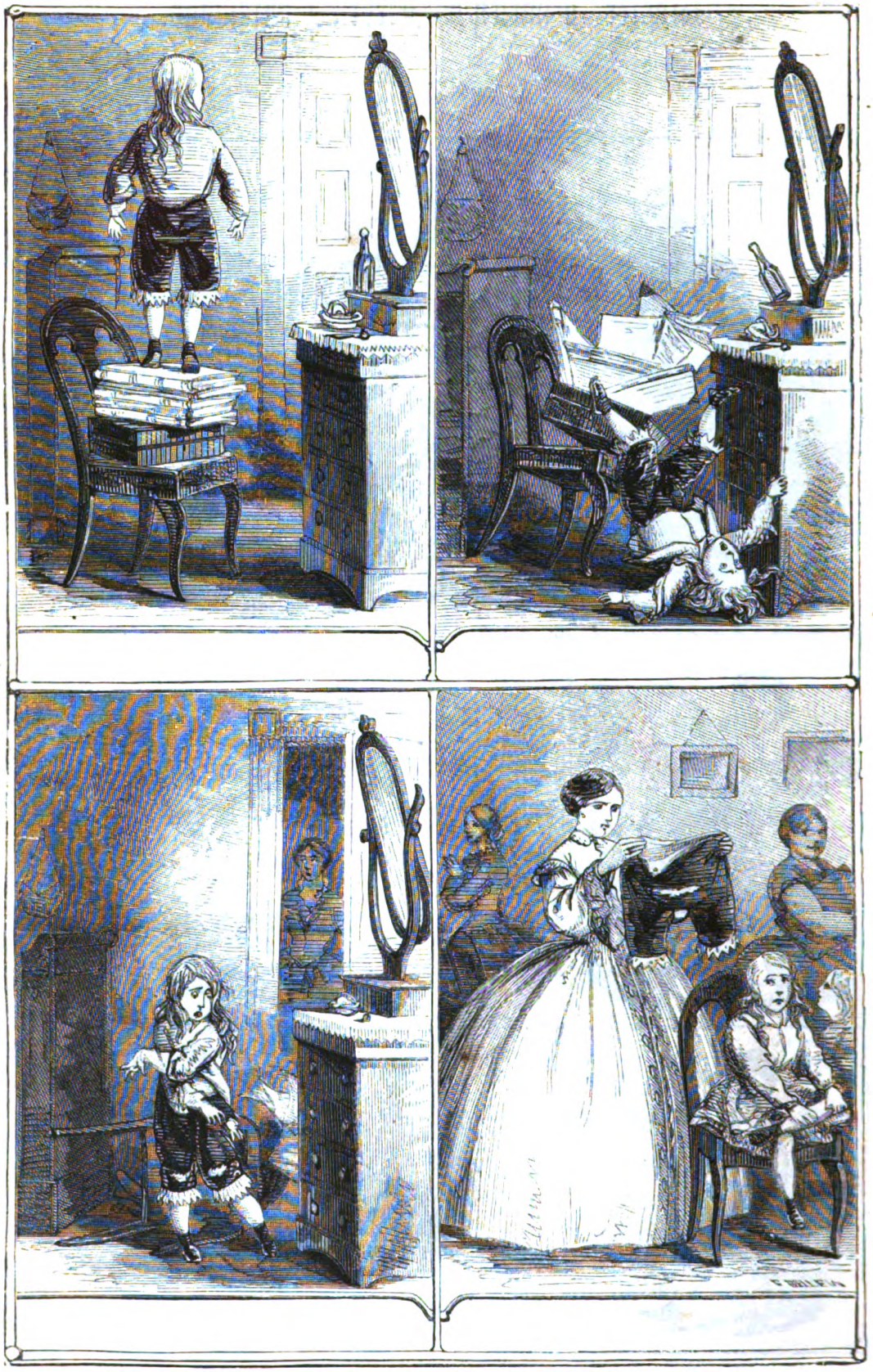
"I HAVE a valued friend in Baltimore, who has a little prodigy, a six-year old, of whom I might relate many amusing incidents. Let this one suffice for the present: Last summer the family spent some weeks at Cape May. One Sabbath evening his good mother, somewhat reluctantly, permitted him to go with a friend of hers to walk on the beach. She gave him particular directions as to his behavior. Among other things she said, 'Now, Morris, if you should see a diamond on the beach worth a thousand dollars you must not stop to-day to pick it up. Soon after his return she found that he had brought home a small diamond. 'Now, Morris,' said she, 'what did I tell you?' 'Why, mother,' he replied, 'you said if I found a diamond worth a thousand dollars I mustn't pick it up; *but I knew this one wasn't worth near that much!*'"

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Master Charley's First Pantaloons.



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Fashions for April.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

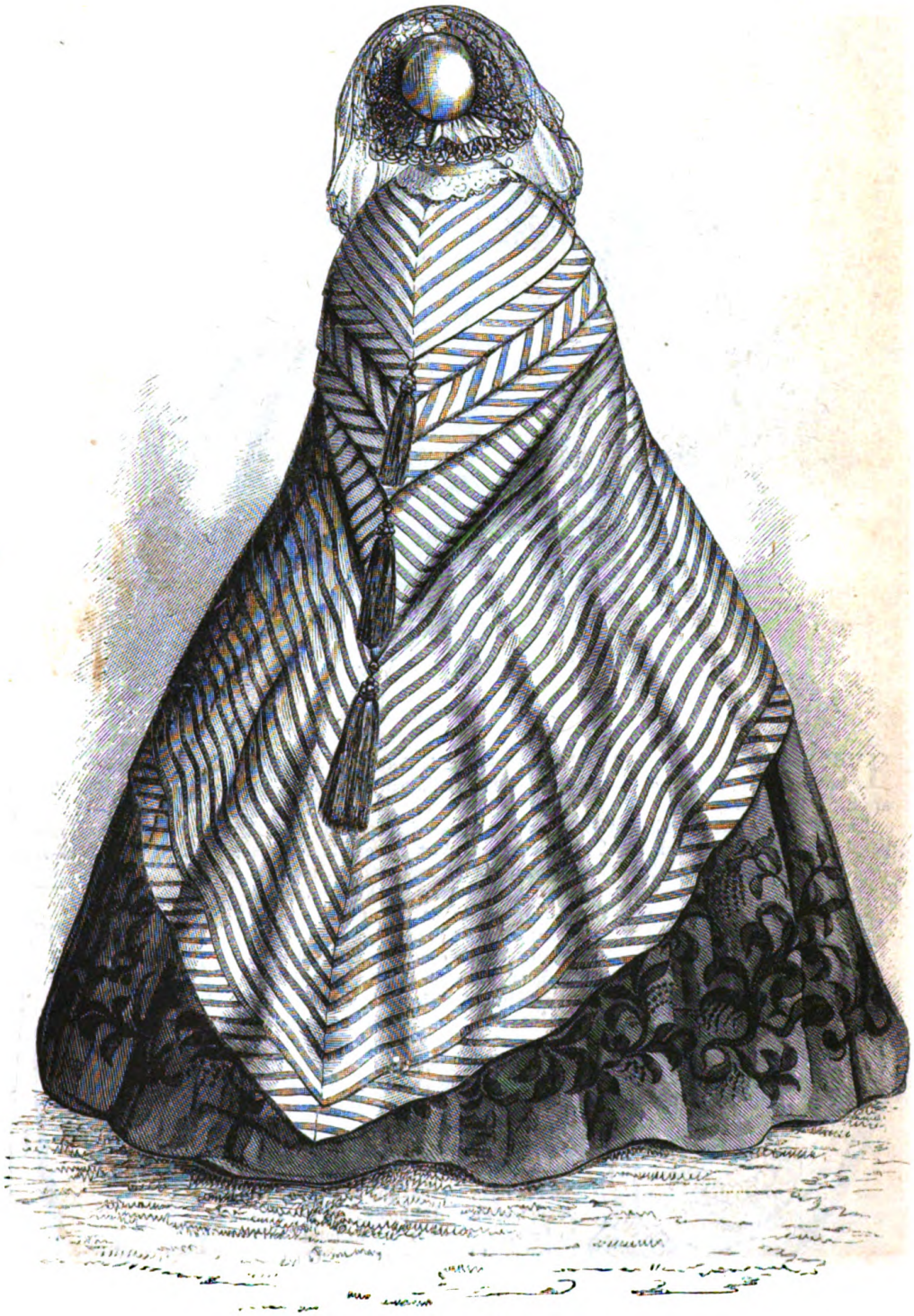


Figure 1.—Spring Pardessus.

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FIGURE 2.—HOME DRESS.

THE PARDESSUS is fashioned of *Zebra cloth*. It is shawl-shaped, with a fold set on *bias*, making a border. The three folds, which are *biased* in different directions, have a Capuchin form. Tassels are the only ornament.

The HOME TOILET is adapted for almost any material. In the illustration it is represented as composed of a silvery-hued taffeta. The corsage and skirt are cut in one piece. At the side back-seams broad plaits are sewed under to adjust it to the figure. An expert *modiste* is required to fit this style, on account of the great *bias* in which it is cut. The sleeves are finished by a *ruche* of the same material, or a ribbon to match, and with under-sleeves.

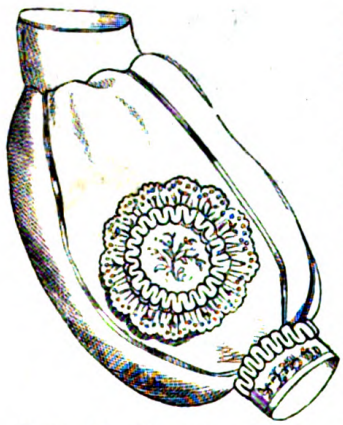


FIGURE 3.—MEDALLION UNDER-SLEEVE.

UNDER-SLEEVES.—One of these is loose and flowing, being simply of Brussels net, looped up with a neat *passamenterie* of chenille. The other is quite novel. The medallion, with a large border, which is on the outside, may be replaced by several smaller ones, surrounding the arms.

It is reported that the Empress Eugénie has discarded hoops. It remains to be seen whether her example will be followed in this country. On sanitary grounds we should regret their disuse, though we should be quite willing to see their amplitude diminished.

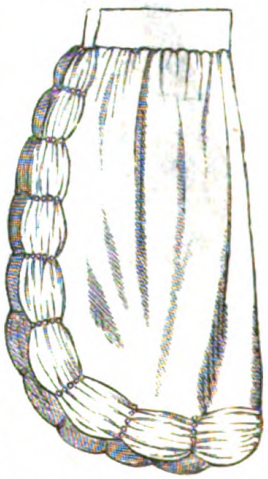


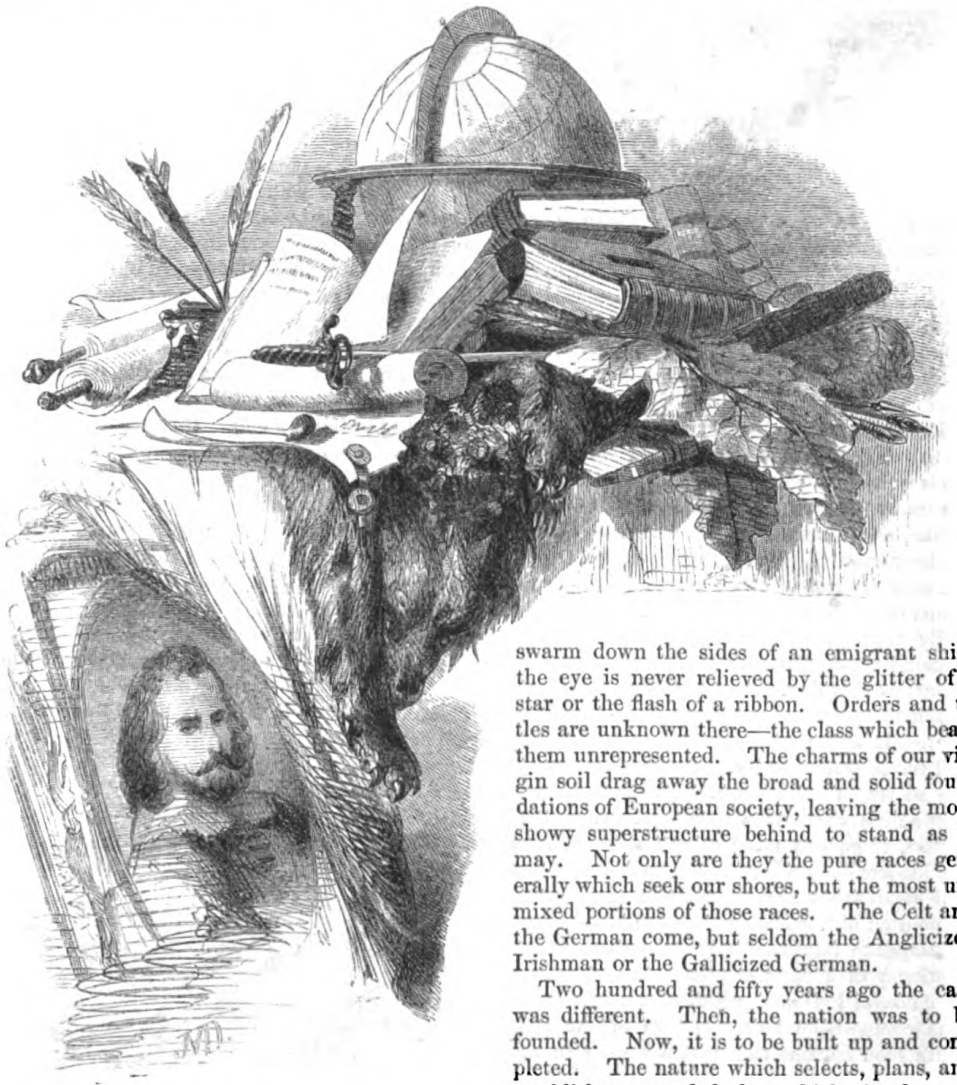
FIGURE 4.—LACE UNDER-SLEEVE.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXX.—MAY, 1860.—Vol. XX.

LOUNGINGS IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE PIONEERS.



II.—RALEIGH AND HIS CITY.

ONE or two hundred thousand people come to us now every year from the British isles to cast their lot with us, and help us to subdue the land. As many more are contributed by the elder branch of the Teutonic race. But this influx is thoroughly *proletaire*. Scanning the masses of blue nankeen and gray frieze that swarm down the sides of an emigrant ship, the eye is never relieved by the glitter of a star or the flash of a ribbon. Orders and titles are unknown there—the class which bears them unrepresented. The charms of our virgin soil drag away the broad and solid foundations of European society, leaving the more showy superstructure behind to stand as it may. Not only are they the pure races generally which seek our shores, but the most unmixed portions of those races. The Celt and the German come, but seldom the Anglicized Irishman or the Gallicized German.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the case was different. Then, the nation was to be founded. Now, it is to be built up and completed. The nature which selects, plans, and establishes preceded that which simply executes. The exploratory and designing skill of the intelligent artisan was needed more than heavy supplies of the raw material. The mixed and improved breeds of men were called for. Pat and Meinherr had not yet their day. Bull was the pioneer. And not, at the outset, the plebeian Bull—not, so to speak, the basic strata of the taurine formation, but the pleiocene beds, with all the finish and rotund grace of the drift—the pampered

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REPOSE.

prize Bull, in short, was the animal in demand. Measured by the standard of Dod and the *Court Journal*, there were giants on the American earth in those days. For once, other standards coincided with that. Bound or blended, the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of intellect sought new triumphs and new honors in the shadow of our pines.

Read almost any list of the early adventurers, up to 1635, and note the large proportion of famous patronymics. And the first list of all is the most lordly. Raleigh, Grenville, Gilbert, Drake, and Cavendish were mated with science in the person of Hariot, the inventor of +, —, $\surd$, and the rest of those algebraic horrors that haunt our callow schoolboyhood. Art was not badly represented by With, or Wythe, whose sketches are decidedly above the average of British art at that day. And Hakluyt, rude Columbus of the philosophy of history, came as chronicler. It was almost a colony of leaders—rank and file in the minority. Perhaps we have here the secret of its failure. The reflective and originative element was redundant. In cant phrase, there was more sail than ballast. But the leaders did their part. The right geographical location was, after the first failure, distinctly pointed out. Raleigh's instructions to go to Chesapeake Bay were only defeated through the obstinacy of a Spanish pilot. The true system of colonization was perceived and laid down. The composition and structure of the embryo State soon became that which we see in all its prosperous successors, and such as only the most inveterate natural obstacles could have prevailed against. All the elements of success seem present save those dependent on locality. Had the Chesapeake, the track to which the Spaniards had discovered, and, *more suo*, concealed, twenty years before, been reached, there is small room for doubt that the actual commencement of the history of our country would have dated twenty years sooner, and that we should now be indebted for that accession to our period of development to the genius of Raleigh.

Far be it from us to disparage the claims of Smith. His is the undisputed and indisputable palm of merited success. But the very failure of Raleigh lends fascination to the story of a career checkered to the sad end by brilliant emprise and melancholy disappointment. His essay at American colonization is hallowed to us by the events which wrap its fate in the same atmosphere of romance and mystery that envelops his own. This atmosphere combines with the greatness of mind and soul shown in that as in most of his other projects to make him a popular and central figure in our history. It is pleasant to trace our political pedigree to Walter Raleigh. And, worthy as he of the three Turks' heads was of his great office, and proud as we all are of him, the thought will often arise that, though Smith *was* the man, Raleigh ought to have been.

How many of us can, at a minute's notice, point out Roanoke Island on the map? Plymouth, Jamestown, and St. Augustine spring at once to the finger's end. But that lonely isle in Albemarle Sound is so unfamiliar that the mapmakers often forget to label it. Nantucket, little larger, but bearing the unction of train-oil, sprawls in full euphony on the smallest school atlas. The cause of this is clear enough. The metropolis of whalers, made by Burke the touchstone of American greatness, becomes as conspicuous by force of the oceanic currents and winds as Roanoke is similarly concealed. One lies in the centre of the world's chief highway. The other, in full sight of the Atlantic, hears



A BAD INVESTMENT.

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her irrevocable doom of seclusion repeated in every dash of the surf. Great steamships surge back and forth daily past the shores of the one; only an occasional schooner skirts those of the other; and for nine months of the twelve it is inaccessible but in that way, or by some hours' sail in a skiff.

On the beach opposite the island is a sea-bathing resort much frequented by the people of eastern North Carolina during the bilious season. A steamer or two furnishes access from the Chowan, the Roanoke, the Pasquotauk, and the other tortuous tributaries of the sounds. But before travelers from other States hear any thing about this interval of daylight the three months have passed, and darkness settles once more on the waters. Save to North Carolinians, the spot thus remains absolutely unvisited. The keeper of the Nag's Head Hotel, when we were there, was from the neighboring section of Virginia; but not one of his guests, according to the entry-book, hailed from so far north, with the exception of our humble self. The musicians, of course, were Professor von Schmiffelwind's celebrated New York brass band, and the "mugs" of two out of the four performers indicated a nativity still more remote than Gotham.

The uncertainty of our movements, or rather of the causes influencing them, made it impossible to fix a day for meeting some gentlemen of the neighboring country who had kindly offered to make up a party to the island. Our high-pressure flame, the *Calypso*, was in the decline of her powers. The Mrs. Skewton of steamboats, she had ceased to be more than ornamental. She was being replaced with a successor better able to keep pace with this fast age. But our time and opportunity came. We made a careful plat and allotment of the half-dozen days disposable, put up a sketch-book and a few other indispensables, and started.

Fifty years ago the best path Tom Moore could locate for his hero through the Dismal Swamp was "rugged and sore, through tangled juniper, beds of reeds," etc., etc. But the engineering of Thomas the rhymer hath been improved on. Any lunatic of taste who now desires to seek a shadowy sweet-heart there would be very sure to decline "Walker's line." A choice of three or four eligible conveyances is open to him. Two railroads, a fine canal, a smaller ditch which leads in from Jerusalem, and is named, we believe, after Jericho, and an excellent carriage-road, we can recommend to him from personal experience, with the exception of number three.

This time we tried number four. A daily coach runs between Norfolk and Elizabeth City, and we decided to make our first appearance on that stage. Only one other passenger assisted on the occasion—a sea-faring gentleman going to join his craft at the south end of the Mocassin Track, as the upper part of the crooked Pasquotauk is called. His talk was principally of the salt sea wave and of the less salty sound wave. We have a marked weakness for the flavor of tar and brine. Those substances are morally as well as materially conservative. Nothing keeps pork or politics purer than salt. What better constitutional disinfectant or pre-



THE RELAY.

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GREAT BRIDGE.

servative has Britain than the brine in which she swims? Nor had our helmsman above deck a less healthy air of independence. A steady navigator of the land, he chimed in well with him of the sea. Full of his business and its accessories, he seemed properly to appreciate his importance as a public man. With every homestead, field, ditch, peach-orchard, and melon-patch along the route he was familiar. Now depicting the fertility of this, that, or another farm, now descanting on the remarkable health of the district (a point on which there is no difference of opinion among the natives), anon bringing his resources to bear on a cracked single-tree or a disrupted trace, and again stopping the coach to transfer a brace of water-melons from the patch to the boot, nobly did he maintain the character of the traditional Jarvey. A few years more, and he will, we fear, succumb to the locomotive. There seemed something prophetic in the over-shoulder sneer he gave the Norfolk and Petersburg train after jogging across the track in front of it. The class which he and Weller ornament will ere long be a thing of tradition. But our Dismal Swamp Jehu should share immortality with him who worked the Ipswich coach. He awaits his Dickens.

History does not dabble in the dust of this road. She and fame prefer more elevated theatres. A few miles to our left, however, they have stuck a pin. The battle of Great Bridge, in 1775, was a repetition, on a smaller scale, of Bunker Hill. Dunmore sent out a detachment, ten miles from Norfolk, to carry the bridge against volunteers from the upper counties, and prevent their junction with the Whigs of the southeast. The fight was brief. The British, led by the gallant Fordyce, charged over the bridge and along the causeway beyond against the breast-work of the militia. Fordyce fell, and his force was cut up *à la mode* New Orleans. The last royal Governor of Virginia was driven to his ships, which thenceforward constituted his whole domain. Among the Culpepper minute-men in this affair was conspicuous a raw-looking country lad, in a hunting-shirt, and with a buck-tail in his hat. His name was John Marshall, afterward Chief-Justice of the United States.

To return to our road. For twenty-three miles it follows the tow-path of the canal. In that distance it has *one* bend. Fourteen miles from the northern end of the canal the State line and dinner were announced. The line, marked by a stone duly inscribed, bisects the little tavern. The landlord lives and votes in the Tar State. His guests are entertained in the Old Dominion. The place is a famous matrimonial rendezvous. Coming either way there can be no finer course for a runaway match. A superior article of time can always be made, whatever the season. No track is more constantly in condition for an unadvertised and informal trial of speed. The look-out is superb. Nothing but the natural limit of sight hides from each other pursuer and pursued. The precise number of seconds allowed to the latter for donning the manacles of Hymen may easily be

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DISMAL SWAMP CANAL.

learned by a sentinel. With such facilities for speed and accurate timing we were somewhat surprised to hear that the Dismal Swamp course is not so well patronized as formerly. The regular fall races are less spiritedly kept up. Possibly the march of improvement accounts for it. Other roads and railroads to happiness have been opened. Or, perhaps, with the recognition of woman's rights here, as in Lucy Stone's latitude, parents and guardians are becoming more reasonable and submissive. With woman's emancipation from that ancient form of tyranny the romantic office of Lake Drummond Hotel ceases. From serving as a castle of refuge to lorn maidens, all a-flutter with love, and fear, and trust, and joy, and shawls, and frangipanni, to the dispensing of bacon and "collards" to tobacco-saturated skippers—ye gods, what a fall! This is



GRETNA GREEN.

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one of those real collapses from a poetic antiquity to a matter-of-fact present which, had we been Sterne enough, might have made ours a Sentimental Journey.

But our philosophy is different. We have faith in the present, the future, and the fair. We are very confident that now and then pa will again be obdurate; that on a mellow summer's midnight a torrent of tears and traveling-skirts will pour out of the front gate amidst the discreet silence of Bose and Yelper; that then and there a youth, with the ruddy dawn of a mustache under his nose, and the straight collar of a University uniform under his chin, will bring said torrent to a pause behind a span of coursers—not of the beefy Norman breed that is the boast of the Green Mountains, but bounding with the blood of Priam and Sir Charles, and warranted to run all of a July day; that some miles will be rapidly disposed of before the mounting in hot haste of the bereaved governor and his retainers; and that the enemy will come in sight of the old willow just in time to see the persecuted whirl off into the darkness man and wife. Such things will be. The only way of stopping them is to abolish that period of human life which extends from sixteen to twenty-four. Till then, or till human nature is melted down and recoined under another stamp, we confess to seeing no remedy for the practice in question. We confess, moreover, to having met at least one suspiciously merry and excited buggy-party of both sexes on the road; and we confess, over and above the same, to having experienced no particular horror at the sight, and to have sent up no very fervent supplications for their disappointment. *Laissez-faire* is very tolerable philosophy in these cases, for an outsider at least.

Elizabeth City is not contemporary with the maiden queen. When it was set on foot we have forgotten, but take it to have been near a century after her time. It is a beautiful village —the *rus in urbe* rather overdone if any thing. You stroll through a grove from one house to another; and the view up the principal street from the wharf might almost be taken for a vista in a park. This peculiarity arises mainly from fear of fire, the insatiate foe of the well- (no pun designed) watered towns of the South. Most of a square in the business centre of the place we found covered with fresh ashes. We were away forty hours; and in the interim the two most prominent buildings in the town, on the next square and opposite the hotel, shared the same fate. The loafers who figure in our ante-mortem sketch, on the next page, had energy enough to escape, as we were glad to learn on our return.

An excellent iron boat, with the airy name of *Curlew*, winged us down the Sound. Her coadjutor on the upper waters having succumbed to some one of those ills that ancient steamboats are heirs to, she had double duty to perform. Running night and day, however, did not upset the equanimity of her good-humored commander. This gentleman deserves honorable mention among steamboat captains. We never saw him rave. Always at his post and always quiet, every thing went on like clock-work. No traveler accustomed to the prevailing usage on too



ELIZABETH CITY.

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AN IMPRACTICABLE.

many similar craft would have imagined that one of them could be so well managed with so little damage to the Third Commandment. Captain Burbage deserves all credit for having done so much to remove this popular delusion, and proved that, in language as in boilers, the low-pressure system is the safer.

Pleasant enough was our afternoon's sail over "that silent sea." The scenery was simply such as plenty of water and very little land—that little as low and flat as possible—can create. Seldom was a vessel in sight. All was repose. A waste of waters indeed, in view of the little use that appeared to be made of them!

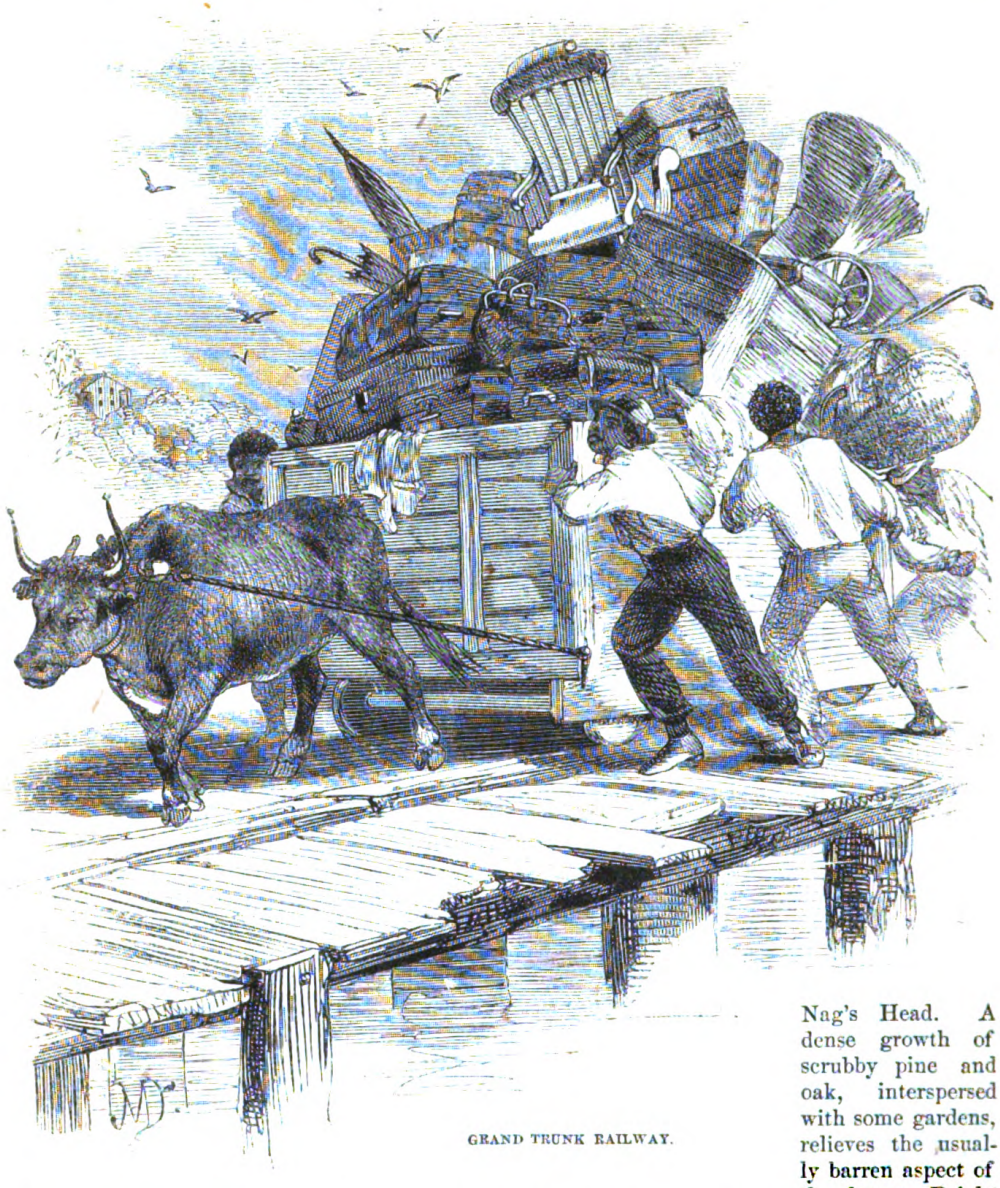
After three hours' run the tawny bluffs of Collington Island, a point of some note in the early history of the State, were visible on the left; and Roanoke Island, more distant, began to disengage itself from the horizon of water in front. The shoals which beset these sounds drove our course somewhat to the southward. Off the northwestern shore of Roanoke Island rocked the light-boat *Croatan*, with her little colony sent out by Uncle Sam, as lonely apparently as that of old could well have been. Sweeping to the east, the channel leads directly across the north end of the island, and down its eastern side. Nothing remarkable distinguishes its profile until the eastern part comes into view. There the sand-hills, partly clad with pine and live-oak, rise quite picturesquely to the height of fifty or sixty feet. The ruling level being a tenth of that, the landscape assumes quite a mountainous character. The only signs of life were a windmill and a flag-staff. The mill was at rest and the flag-staff bare. As we gazed the calm swallowed up the centuries. A half-dozen of Shakspeare's contemporaries became discernible on the beach, straining their eyes seaward over the "Bank" for the pennons and poop-castles of Drake's succoring ships. Wingina's state-canoe lay in a tiny bay. The lion flag of the Tudors slowly blew out from the mast on the hill; and the evening *saker* woke the solitude.

At this point the distance between the island and the strip of sand which shuts out the sea, and which bears the name of the Banks, from Cape Henry to Cape Fear, is three miles. The inlets are so shifting that it is hard to say how they compare now with those of 1585. But the old maps place one opposite the centre of the island, at the point now called Nag's Head. Were there nothing else to prove its former existence the conformation of the ground, above and below water, would afford ample evidence. Repeated attempts have been made to reopen Roanoke Inlet, as it was named. A few years ago—in 1847 according to our information—by the joint efforts of the shovel and the waves, the task was actually accomplished. But the triumph was of brief duration. The fickle element at once canceled its own work. A storm closed the passage in a single day. The nearest existing inlet is Oregon, ten miles south. The wide part of the Banks occupying that interval goes by the name of Body's Island. As much farther south are New and Loggerhead inlets, close together. As these are distant about seven leagues from the northern half of Roanoke Island, the strong presumption is that one of them furnished a passage to the first expedition, that of Amidas and Barlow in 1584. After describing the spot of their first landing their report says:

"After this acquaintance, my selfe with seven others went twenty myle into the River Occam, that runneth towards the Cittie Skicoack, and the evening following we came to an Ile called Roanoak, *from the harbor where we entred 7 leagues;* at the North end was 9 houses, builded with Cedar, fortified round with sharpe trees, and the entrance like a turnpik."

As the island is but eight miles long, we do not see how there can be any doubt of the proximate location of the inlet used on this occasion. Ocracoke, which is usually accepted, is sixty or seventy miles distant to the south. The similarity of sound between this word and Wocokon, no doubt aided in producing the error. So, probably, did the old calculations of latitude, notwithstanding the notorious imperfection of the means used in the 16th century. As a *very* moderate example, "Hatorask," abreast of Roanoke Island,

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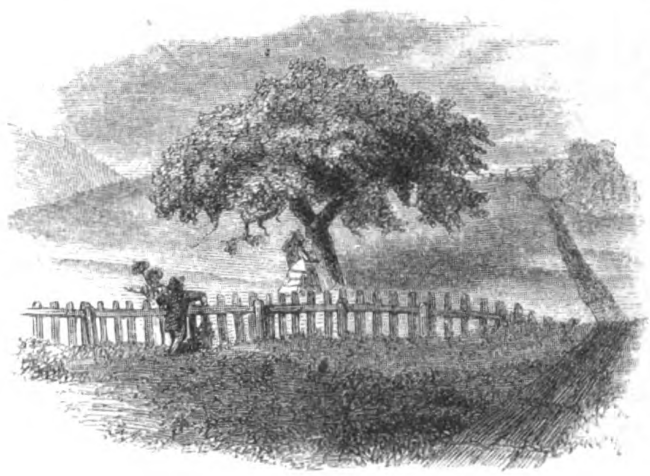


GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

and certainly, from White's account, not more than two miles south of the parallel of the fort, is placed in 36° 30′. According to the Coast Survey the fort is in 35° 56′. Hatorask is doubtless identical with Roanoke Inlet, some sixty miles north of the modern Hatteras Inlet. This misnomer is hardly more remarkable than that which has obscured so long the identity of Croatan. The maps of the present day generally give that appellation to that part of the main land opposite to Roanoke Island on the west, the channel between being called Croatan Sound. That it was an insular portion of the banks to the southeast all the records of the voyages indicate as positively as words well can.

As we steered obliquely across to the Banks a group of twenty or thirty houses, all of the same model, scattered over the sand-hills, with a long wooden pier in the foreground, bespoke Nag's Head. A dense growth of scrubby pine and oak, interspersed with some gardens, relieves the usually barren aspect of the downs. Bright white cabins among dark masses of foliage, relieved strongly against the evening sky, with some scores of people on the landing, attracted by the great event of their day, made up quite a lively and pleasant scene. No building that could be taken or mistaken for a hotel was in sight. But its representatives, in the shape of a dozen Africans and an ox-car that moved on rails along the dilapidated pier, were as conspicuous as possible. The hotel came forward piecemeal as we mounted the shore. First a row of attic windows, then the second, and then the first story of a long, low building that threw out its arms, right and left, as if to welcome the wayfarer, told of mine inn. A queer nest in the sand has the wind shaped for it. East and west, toward the sea and the sound, ridges of blown sand conceal it till you come within a few yards. On either flank high hills of the same shifting

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LIVE-OAK.

material look down on it. The elements obviously grudge it the narrow resting-place it occupies. The blindness of the winds, leading them in a circle around it, baffles their own furious efforts to whelm it. Were it razed, a single winter, or mayhap a single storm, would obliterate all traces of its existence, and pile upon the spot a tumulus worthy more noble remains. Æolus has already made serious demonstrations toward a premature interment. A dilapidated palisade on the seaward front appears designed to avert that catastrophe. Under these local drawbacks landscape gardening is, of course, at a discount. The shrubbery of the quadrangle consists of a paper mulberry, a small live-oak, and a little beach-grass.

Meanwhile the establishment literally dances over its grave. Fashion and frolic hold revel as though that remorseless leveler, old ocean, did not daily threaten a revolution. We found the celebrated band in full squeak, and a few couples threading the mazy under the influence of the same. At the door of the saloon a written placard announced that Professors Blank and Soforth proposed establishing a dancing-class. A variety of foreign dances therein to be taught were mentioned. The peculiarity of the orthography prevented our recognizing any but the "Mezurk." The patrons appealed to were probably the spirits of the deep, as a N.B. gave warning that "no person would be admitted during class-hours." Justice demands the statement that this exclusion of mortal beauty from educational privileges was in bad taste. For among the two or three hundred guests was a full share of female loveliness.

"——He who, long ago,
Saw the heavenly shapes descending
Over Ida's slopes of snow,"

might in this day have made his Ida of a sand-hill, and awarded his apple with as much unction and as much difficulty of decision as the unhooped goddesses could have inspired.

Half a mile's stroll carried us from one side to the other of Arabia, as the Banks are sometimes called. A long plank walk, a bathing-hut or two, a bit of wreck, and

"The old, old sea, as one in pain,
Came murmuring with its foamy lips,"



THE BEACH.

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ROANOKE ISLAND.

—what? We don't pretend to say. Who does hold the key to that rather washy but certainly profound sermon in cipher? Who is the dragoman of the deep? Every body who hears it tries, and every body with some small fragmentary success in his way; just as one child will pick up out of the infinity a pebble or shell his fellow had overlooked. One passable interpreter is the chemist, who beats the sentimentalist and the philosophister hollow by simply stating that old ocean consists of so much hydrogen, so much oxygen, so much chloride of sodium, etc.; that these elements must have come from somewhere, and must go somewhere else; and that, consequently, the observation of a member of the British peerage that the compound substance in question is "unchangeable save to its wild waves' play," is erroneous. Mr. Lyell and his brethren of the rocks assist us likewise. They refer to the scores of successive creations, from the dawn of the Plutonic era down to the administration of James Buchanan, entombed in its depths. They tell us, or might tell us, that, as the sea covers two-thirds or more of the earth, two-thirds of the distinct species of beings which have at different times cursed or ornamented the globe must remain unknown to the existing generation; and will only be discovered by a race to whom we shall similarly be fossils, and in one of whose museums this leaf of *Harper's Magazine*, infiltrated with silex, may figure as an unique memorial of a race who, whatever the meaning of their long-forgotten language, certainly knew how to print. Creatures now extinct for myriads of years, of which we of the nineteenth century know not, nor can know aught, will be separated from our remains only by a few inches of chalk or sandstone, and catalogued jointly with our human offerings to the god of storms as fossils of the Mediterranean lias, of the oolite of the Middle Passage, or of the new American conglomerate. Then they will sport a real man—not a Dutch salamander—for the *homo diluvii testis* to torture the theologians of 20,000 years hence. Not a pleasant way of contributing to the future advancement of science or the future encouragement of hieromachy! But—that is what the sea says. Is it not? *Quien sabe?*

The spears and banners of sunset were darting through and sweeping over the leafy bluffs as we turned again toward them; and there came to us the memory of another sunset long ago. Three small ships lay in the offing. On their scarred hulls were fresh, perchance, the shot-marks of the Armada. On the quarter-deck of the chief stood a gray-haired man, his front furrowed with the cares of command and perils of the sea and savage. Far inland over the bluffs a thin column of smoke lent its darker purple to the evening clouds. At the spot whence that smoke seemed to rise he had left, two years before, a hundred men, women, and children, the sole representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race on this vast continent. That was his stake as a public delegate—as Governor of Virginia. As a man he had a dearer and deeper stake. His child was there, and that child's

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child—a nation's first-born. How fared it with her—his daughter—in that soft mid-summer even? Was she seated at the door of her cabin in the pines, awaiting her partner's return from daily toil, her little one at her knee prattling of grandpa, who was coming back from over sea with dresses and dainties and toys? Yes, it must be. On this picture his yearning heart would dwell. How sternly averted his mental glance from that other which tried to eclipse it!

The morrow came, and the old man went ashore. Part of his mental query was answered. His treasures were not there. But the other part was not solved. It has not been to this day. The mystery of the continent had been broken; but for it had been substituted another mystery, never to be unraveled in this world. The *genius loci* was avenged on the disturbers of his long repose. Let us quote the simple narrative that closes the brief and strange drama:

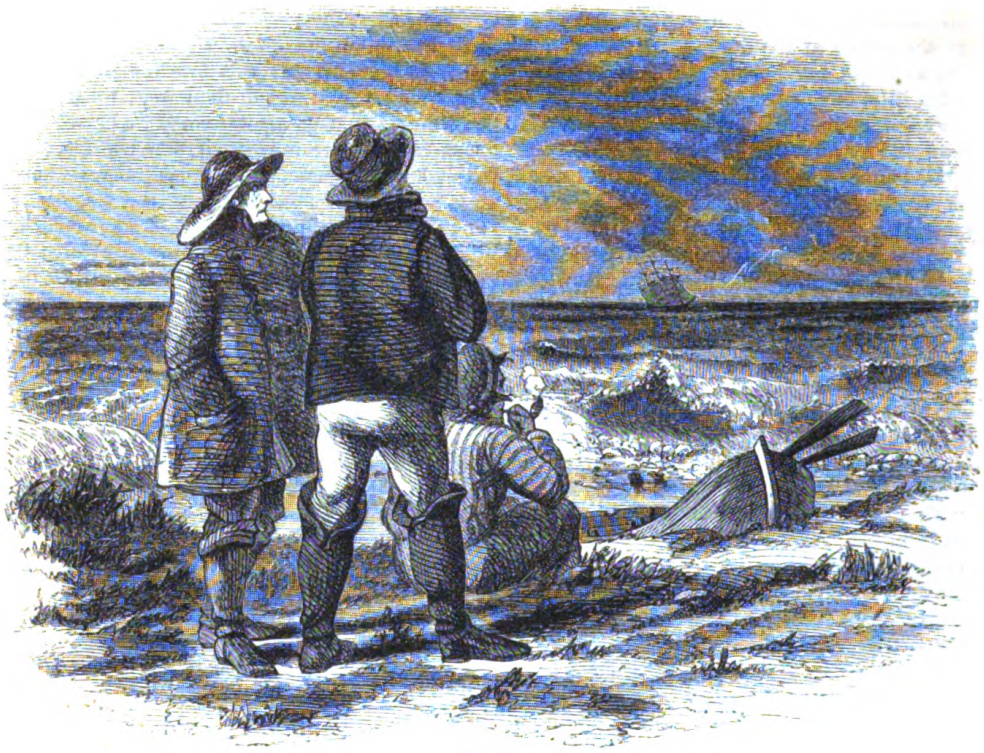
"The 20 of March (1589), three ships went from Plimouth, and passed betwixt Barbary and Mogadoro to Dominico in the West Indies. After we had done some exployts in those parts, the third of August wee fell in with the low sandy Iles westward of Wokokon. But by reason of ill weather it was the 11 ere we could anchor there, and on the 12 we came to Croatan, where is a great breach in 35 degrees and a half, in the Northeast poynt of the Ile. The 15 we came to Hatorask in 36 degrees and a terse, at 4 fadom, 3 leagues from shore; where we might perceive a smoake at the place where I left the Colony, 1587. The next morning Captaine Cooke, Captaine Spicer, and their companies, with two boats left our ships, and discharged some Ordnance to give them notice of our comming; but when we came there, we found no man, nor signe of any that had been there lately; and so returned to our Boats. The next morning we prepared againe for Roanoack. Captaine Spicer had then sent his boat ashore for water, so it was ten of the Clocke ere we put from the ships, which rode two myles from the shore. The Admiral's boat, being a myle before the other, as she passed the bar, a sea broke into the boat and filled her halfe full of water; but by God's good will, and the careful stearage of Captaine Cooke, though our provisions were much wet we safe escaped. The wind blew hard at Northeast, which caused so great a current and a breach upon the barre. Captaine Spicer passed halfe over, but by the indiscreet stearing of Ralph Skinner, their boat was overset, the men that could catch hold hung about her, the next sea cast her on ground, where some let goe their hold to wade to shore, but the sea beat them downe. The boat thus tossed up and downe, Captaine Spicer and Skinner hung there till they were drowned, but four that could swim a little kept themselves in deeper water, were saved by the means of Captaine Cooke, that presently upon the oversetting of their boat, shipped himselfe to save what he could. Thus of eleven, seven of the chiefest were drowned. This so discomfited all the Saylers, we had much to do to get them any more to seeke further for the Planters; but by their Captaine's forwardnesse at last they fitted themselves againe for Hatorask in 2 boats, with 19 persons. It was late ere we arrived, but seeing a fire through the woods, we sounded a Trumpet, but no answer could we heare. The next morning we went to it, but could see nothing but the grasse, and some rotten trees burning. We went up and downe the Ile, and at last found three faire Roman Letters carved, C. R. O., which presently we knew to signifie the place where I should find them, according to a secret note between them and me: which was to write the name of the place they would be in, upon some tree, door, or post: and if they had beene in any distresse, to signifie it by making a crosse over it. For at my departure they intended to goe fifty myles into the mayne. But we found no signe of distresse; then we went to a place where they were left in sundry houses, but we found them all taken downe, and the place strongly inclosed with a high Palizado, very Fortlike; and in one of the chiefe Posts carved in fayre capitall Letters CROATAN, without any signe of distresse, and many barres of Iron, two pigges of Lead, four Fowlers, Iron shot, and such like heavie things throwne here and there, overgrowne with grasse and weeds. We went by the shore to seeke for their boats, but could find none, nor any of the Ordnance I left them. At last some of the Sailers found divers Chists had been hidden and digged up againe, and much of the goodes spoyled, and scattered up and downe, which when I sawe I knew three of them to be my owne; but books, pictures, and all things els were spoyled. Though it much grieved me, yet it did much comfort me that I did know they were at Croatan; so we returned to our Ships, but had like to have been cast away by a great storme that continued all that night.

"The next morning we weighed Anchor for Croatan; having the Anchor a-pike, the Cable broke, by the meanes whereof we lost another. Letting fall the third, the ship yet went so fast a drift, we fayled not much there to have split. But God bringing us into deeper water, considering we had but one Anchor, and our provision neare spent, we resolved to goe forthwith to S. Johns Ile, Hispaniola, or Trinidado, to refresh ourselves and seeke for purchase that Winter, and the next Spring come againe to seeke our Countrymen. But our Vice Admirall would not, but went directly for England, and we another course for Trinidado. But within two dayes after, the wind changing, we were constrayned for the Western Iles to refresh ourselves, where we met with many of the Queenes ships, our owne consort, and divers others, the 23 of September 1590.

"And thus we left seeking our Colony, that was never any of them found, nor seene to this day 1622. And this was the conclusion of this Plantation, after so much time, labor, and charge consumed. Whereby we see:

Not all at once, nor all alike, nor ever hath it beene.
That God doth offer and confer his blessings upon men."

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HOPE.

A wilder country than the Banks can not well be imagined. Where it widens to four or five miles there is a little tillage; but, generally speaking, nature has but few encroachments on her primeval rule to complain of. The men may be sweepingly described as combining the vocations of farming, fishing, and wrecking. Their ideas of *meum* and *tuum* have been accused of some slight confusion on the subject of stranded property. But by all accounts they are sounder on this point than the coast-people of Cornwall and Wales. Their kindness and hospitality to



CHARITY.

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wrecked seamen is unfailing and unlimited. Instances have been told us of the surrender, for weeks together, of a shoreman's whole house to a company of such unfortunates without the prospect of compensation. Formerly, practices were attributed to a portion of the Bankers slightly inconsistent with this description. Nag's Head derives its name, according to the prevalent etymology, from an old device employed to lure vessels to destruction. A Banks pony was driven up and down the beach at night, with a lantern tied around his neck. The up-and-down motion resembling that of a vessel, the unsuspecting tar would steer for it. Other means of increasing the wreck harvest were resorted to. But the march of moral improvement, let us hope, has abolished them all. The latest explorers of Arabia report that the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and charity are popularly recognized even in connection with wrecking, and that the eye of faith —though churches are still scarce—is turned upward in a better spirit than that of expressing trust in an easterly gale.



AN EMINENT BANKER.

Our own impression is, that Bankers may be found farther inland and farther north who make more money out of wrecks, of one kind or another, and are every way less to be trusted than those of Arabia. We throw out the idea for what it is worth, and shall be delighted to know that no one of our readers has cause to coincide in our opinion.

Joseph Best, who was our guide, philosopher, and friend to the old fort, does not belie his name as a good specimen of the North Carolina style of Banker. We have rarely passed a pleasanter five miles than that covered by his little centre-board boat between the pier and the northern end of Roanoke Island.

The quantities of grape-vines struck us at landing as they did our illustrious predecessors. The island is said to be the original habitat of the scuppernong. When we add to this contribution those of tobacco and—according to some authorities—the potato, we run up a very respectable credit column on the books of this secluded islet. Jamestown's only offset is the vile weed that bears its name. With Plymouth we do not even associate a weed. The fame of both, however, has something more solid to live on than a vegetable diet. Dense copses of live-oak are also a feature. Otherwise there is nothing to distinguish the aspect of the island from that of the rest of the region roundabout. The place is tolerably well peopled; but as the houses all stand back from the shore, they do not contribute to relieve its external air of loneliness.

A short trudge brought us to the site of Master Ralph Layne's stronghold and the City of Raleigh. Of its locality there can be no reasonable doubt. The tradition of the spot has always been kept up, and every body on the island is familiar with it. The circumstance that, for seventy years after the failure of the first settlements, the country was unknown to and unvisited by the whites is of small weight. The Indians are not apt to forget such things; and there is no reason why they should have deceived the whites in the matter, even granting that they could. This was not the only spot on the island noted by them as connected with the

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SITE OF ROANOKE.

early expeditions. Eighty years ago the remains of a tree were pointed out as that on which the inscription of "Croatan" was found. We could not, however, learn any thing of this from any of the half dozen residents of the island who were at the fort with us. The intrenchments speak a mute testimony of their own. The island contains nothing else of the sort, and the records of the voyagers fix the situation of the fort and village to within a mile or less. Within that circuit they must have stood, and within it lay the remains before us. The location was judiciously selected. Half a mile from the eastern—or rather the northeastern—shore, and a little further from the northern point of the island, it was just far enough inland to be sheltered from the heavy winds by the bluffs and woods, without sacrificing facility of watch over the adjacent waters. To the northwest the position commands the broad sweep of Albemarle, to the north Currituck, on the east Roanoke, and on west Croatan Sounds, all leading directly to this point. Opposite, on the east, the sea is but a few miles distant, the beach at that time pierced by an inlet. Opposite the narrow neck which has replaced the inlet, and perhaps a mile from the fort, a fine look-out is afforded by the range of sand-hills before spoken of. These are fully as high as those scattered along the sea-beach in front, and were obviously thrown up by the direct action of the waves rolling through the now-obliterated inlet.

The trench is clearly traceable in a square of about forty yards each way. Midway of one side—that crossing the foreground of our sketch—another trench, perhaps flanking the gate-way, runs in some fifteen or twenty feet. This is shown. And on the right of the same face of the inclosure, the corner is apparently thrown out in the form of a small bastion. The ditch is generally two feet deep, though in many places scarcely perceptible. The whole site is over-

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grown with pine, live-oak, vines, and a variety of other plants, high and low. A flourishing live-oak, draped with vines, stands sentinel near the centre. A fragment or two of stone or brick may be discovered in the grass, and then all is told of the existing relics of the city of Raleigh.

Its history is as brief and simple almost as its remains.

First, sent out by Raleigh, came Captains Amidas and Barlow, sailing April 27, 1584, and landing here early in July. They found an Indian village of nine houses on the north end of the island, formed kindly relations with the natives, and reach England, from their rapid exploratory voyage, the middle of September. This earned Raleigh knighthood and the country the name of Virginia, at the hands of Queen Bess.

Encouraged by the report of these scouts, Sir Richard Grenville, Raleigh's chief associate in the patent, left Plymouth April 9, 1585, with seven sail, and anchored the 26th of May at "Wocokon." Some excursions were made to the north and west. "At Aquascogoc the Indians stole a silver cup, wherefore we burnt the Toune and spoyled their corne." Under such ingratiating auspices Ralph Layne's company of 108 men were left on Roanoke to begin colonization. Layne's success was correspondent with the spirit of the opening operations. An energetic explorer, he went 160 miles from the coast up the Roanoke River; but was reduced, before getting back to the island, to sustain life on "two mastive Dogs, boyled with Saxefras leaves." Starvation welcomed him back, and continued to beset the settlement. So did the savages. Consequently, when Sir Francis Drake, next summer, dropped in from a privateering tour in the West Indies to see his friend's colony, all were glad to seize the opportunity of returning to England. They reached Portsmouth July 27, 1586. Had they waited a few days Grenville would have brought them relief. The colony was in this less fortunate than that of Jamestown, which, the reader will recollect, commenced a similar retreat, but met Lord de la Warre at the mouth of the river. Grenville left fifty men on the island, with two years' provision.

Next year, 1587, sailed John White's squadron of three ships, bearing women as well as men—an element in the erection of the new social fabric strangely overlooked in the previous essays. White found at Roanoke "nothing but the bones of a man; and where the Plantation had beene, the houses unhurt, but overgrowne with weeds, and the Fort defaced, which much perplexed us." They learned from the Indians that a party of three hundred from the main land had killed some of the whites and driven the rest away "they knew not whither." The houses at Roanoke were soon repaired. George How, one of the Governor's council, was destroyed by an ambush. A detachment was sent to the main land to retaliate. They surprised a group quietly seated round a fire, and shot one of them before discovering they were friendly Indians who had come to gather the corn of the fugitive enemy. "The 13 of August one Salvage Manteo was Christened, and called Lord of Dassamonpeack, in reward of his faithfulnesse. And the 18, Ellinor, the Governour's daughter, and wife to Ananias Dare, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoak; which being the first Christian there borne, was called Virginia." The fleet being about to sail on its return, it was deemed necessary for one of the council to go to England to act as home-agent for the colony. All gallantly refused, and the Governor, after much importunity, consented to go himself. He left 115 on the island, men, women, and children.

At Governor White's urgent and repeated instance he was equipped with another fleet the next spring. It was the year of the Armada. Fighting Spanish cruisers and plundering Spanish merchantmen—the regular incidents of most voyages then—were rifer than ever. Following the prevailing fashion, the commanders of the Governor's ships engaged a superior Spanish force; and were beaten back to port. This lost him another year. His own description of the final expedition of 1589 we have already given. The rather circuitous nature of its route, by the coast of Barbary (!) and the island of Dominica, indicates that the Governor had the same trouble with his skippers as the previous year, and that a direct sail of six weeks, in place of a piratical detour of near five months, might perhaps have brought them to Roanoke in time to save the colony. It is not likely, however, that Roanoke would, in any case, have continued to be maintained as the chief seat of British operations in America. Its insuperable drawback as a commercial station must have caused its total or partial abandonment in favor of some point on the Chesapeake, as Raleigh intended since 1586. The obstinacy of the pilot Ferdinando in refusing to take White's party to that bay in 1587, and which alone necessitated its fatal landing at Roanoke, is another of those things we are wont lightly to add to the chapter of accidents. According to the strict meaning of words, we may be right in so doing; for every occurrence which happens out of proper sequence, and the relations of which finite judgment can not discover or assign, is an accident. All history is thus made up of accidents, like the plot of a bad novel. All we have to do is to sit and read, confident that every thing will come right at the end of the third volume.

Speaking of books brings us to De Bry, the worthy Low Dutch Frenchman whose publication of the Englishman With's drawings, with letter-press in four languages, aptly heralds the medley of nationalities destined to come together in the New World. When With sent his sketches across the Channel, he added to them others from his port-folio, which De Bry says, with some apparent doubt, he claimed to have copied from an old history of Britain. These represent naked Picts, wholly devoid of Vortigern's vest. The artist adds them to his American repertory to prove that the Virginians were not quite as

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savage as the native population of the British Isles, and that America might yet become a great country.

The elements drove us away from Raleigh's city, as they had done his fleets. Rain-drops fell fast and heavy as we closed our sketch-book and groped our way through the undergrowth which shrouds the fated spot. A few paces from the woods a newly-erected house gave us shelter. Here leaving the islanders, friend Best piloted us to his boat, there providing a cheap and simple means of embarkation. The clouds lifted as we left the shore, and smiled on our retreat. Another check to sombre reflections awaited us at the well-spread board of mine host of the Head. Salt-water delicacies abounded in a perfection of freshness and flavor seldom or never known in cities. Why the settlers allowed themselves to be starved out with a larder so choice and exhaustless at their feet is not the least of the inscrutabilities connected with them.



RETREAT OF THE EXPEDITION.

Our post-prandial task was a scramble to the top of the nearest sand-hill. Our object was to make an omnium-gatherum sketch of the place from the Sound side. But the scene proved too panoramic. The horizontal distances were too magnificent, and the vertical ditto too insignificant. The fruit of an hour's labor was about three inches high by eighteen long, and contained twenty-seven houses, all of wood, all two stories high, and all having double porticoes on each side. Slowly and sadly we gazed at this performance; took "a last, long, lingering look" at Roanoke Island on one side, the Atlantic on the other, and the everlasting string of cabins in the centre; and essayed to depart. But "winds from all quarters compelled us to halt, with an eye full of sand and a mouth full of salt." We were nearly drifted under. The sensation of rising was similar to that which Rhamses the Great would experience were he to undertake to save the modern hunters of fuel the trouble of digging him out. Finally we threw overboard ballast enough to enable us to rise, and immediately descended.

At sunrise the next morning Raleigh's domain was, to us, as hazy as its history. For a brief space it lingered on the horizon, and went down. Memory and legend alone were left.



AFTER DINNER.

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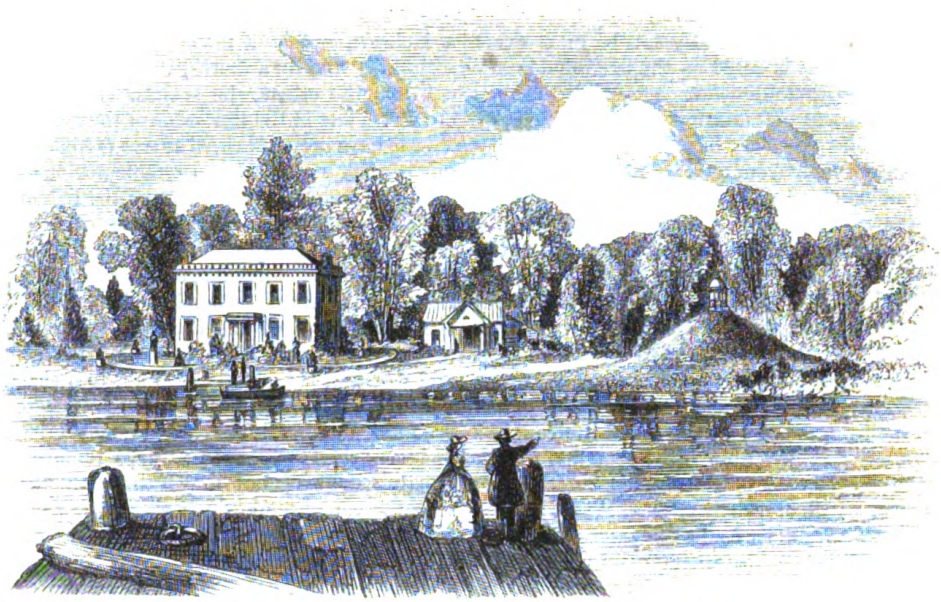


FIGURE 1.—MOUND ON TONNEWANDA ISLAND, NIAGARA RIVER.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

THE past half century, distinguished as it has been by activity and precision of research in the various departments of human inquiry, and fruitful as it has been in results, whether of discovery or demonstration, has been distinguished in no respect more than in the variety and importance of the illustrations which it has thrown upon the early history of men and nations. Through the devotion of individuals, and with the aids afforded by Governments and Societies, our geographical knowledge has not only been greatly extended, but the various families of humanity dispersed over the globe have been carefully studied, as well in their physical traits as in their mental and moral characteristics. Nor has inquiry satisfied itself with their present condition and aspects. Through the medium of their monuments and sculptured and painted or written records their past history has been elucidated, and the various phases of their progress or decline in arts, religion, and government deduced for the information and instruction of mankind.

The importance of what may be called the monumental element in these inquiries is well-illustrated in the results which have followed on the researches of Champollion and his followers in Egypt, and of Rawlinson and Layard in ancient Assyria. Not only has a great deal that was uncertain in the fragmentary histories of ancient times been confirmed, but much that is new has been added, on the basis of evidence more conclusive and impartial than the testimony of historians. No account of the domestic life and the rites and ceremonials of the ancient Egyptians, however faithfully observed and recorded by contemporaries themselves, could convey to us the truth so clearly and accurately as the painted and sculptured walls of the ancient temples and tombs uncovered by Belzoni and Lepsius. Nor could even the glowing words of the prophets impress us with so direct and tangible evidence of the barbaric grandeur and power of the Assyrian monarchs as that which we obtain from the gigantic mythical figures, covered over with inscriptions, which have been dug up from the shapeless mounds of Asia Minor. How vivid become the descriptions of Herodotus, when we follow Pallas and Clarke in their explorations of the tumuli that dot over the plains of ancient Scythia! In them we find the golden corselet still resting on the breast of the ancient chieftain; his sword reduced to rust lies on one side, and the skeleton of his wife, the golden bracelets still circling her arms, are on the other, while at his feet moulder the bones of the steed which had carried him in life, and which was slain on his tomb.

Fortunately for the illustration of the condition of the arts and modes of life which existed in early times, and before man had achieved that high development of human intelligence, a written language, his religious conceptions were then such as to lead him to place in the tomb not only the personal ornaments, but the weapons and utensils of the deceased, and, in general, to raise over his remains a heap of earth or stones to mark and consecrate the spot. From these depositories, in many instances, have been drawn the only evidences of the existence of nations which disappeared, before the dawn of history, from countries now occupied by new or transplanted races; and it is equally from these that we derive, in other cases, the data on which to

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estimate the early condition of nations now proud, powerful, and civilized.

No department of history can be more exact than that which is based on the irrefragable evidences of these monuments. The British Islands afford us a marked and interesting example of their value. Not only have the successive races which lived there from the earliest times recorded their advent and occupation thus imperishably, but the vicissitudes of conquest and the furtive and partial occupations by invaders have been in like manner broadly impressed on the surface of the country. If every line of written history were blotted out, the succession of races, the periods of their domination, their affinities, their relative civilization, most of their arts, and many of their religious ideas and forms of worship, and the leading features of their social life could be accurately deduced from these remains, which, to the uneducated eye, are only meaningless heaps of earth or rough piles of stone. They tell us, as plainly as could the pages of written history, of the occupation and diffusion of the ancient Celts and Saxons; of the intrusions of the Danes and the Belgae; of the conquests of the Romans; and of the commercial visits of the Phœnicians.

And, as apart from their sepulchral memorials, men often erected other monuments, open temples and structures of various kinds, artfully contrived to shadow out their most abstract ideas and conceptions, before they had attained a knowledge of writing or even acquired forms of expression capable of conveying them to others —for this reason, as well as for the light which they reflect on the arts, the customs, and beliefs of their authors, do the ancient monuments of all parts of the world claim the attention and enlist the interest of inquiring minds; and more especially when, as is the case with a large class of the remains found in our own country, they are the sole evidences of the former existence of a people, numerous and widely diffused, concerning whom History is mute, and whose very name is lost to Tradition itself. But the rigid rules which regulate philosophical research in other departments of human knowledge are no less applicable here than in respect to geology or the fixed sciences. Indeed, if severe criticism can be supposed to be requisite in one case more than another, it is when, from the popular nature of the subject, the temptations to exaggeration and mere speculation are strongest. How strong these have been is best shown by the vast amount that has been written, in the way of deduction, in respect to the ancient monuments of the United States, preceding the evidence of facts, and upon data often palpably erroneous, and almost always poorly authenticated. Thus it has happened that the rude earthworks found in the State of New York have been set down as of Tartar origin, while the more regular and imposing monuments of the Mississippi Valley have been variously claimed as evidences of Jewish, Scandinavian, and even of Hindoo occupation of the country. By one, a series of Indian marks on a rock in New England has been taken as a Runic, by another as a Hebrew, and by a third as a Phœnician inscription; and by a fourth, if possible less critical than the others, the sculptured impressions of human feet in the limestone of the Mississippi Valley have been advanced as true fossils—tracks left by men who lived at a remote geological period, and were contemporaries of the trilobite!

Of late years, however, reveries of this kind have been generally discarded, and the investigation of our monuments conducted on more rational and scientific principles. They have been accurately surveyed and carefully excavated, on a scale sufficiently large to settle their general and essential characteristics, and, to a considerable degree, their purposes, if not their date and origin. Further investigations may give new and confirmatory details, perhaps remove some existing doubts; but they can not materially vary the conclusions which we are now enabled to draw concerning them from data of sufficient scope and authenticity.

It is well known that the aborigines of this continent, however uniform in those physiological features which go to determine the question of race, were broken up in many families, of widely-different conditions, who have left as widely-differing traces of their occupancy. In Central America they attained their highest development in the arts, and have left us many imposing monuments, in no degree inferior to those of India in their extent and in the skill in construction and elaboration of ornament which they display. In Mexico, where the qualified civilization which existed was rather reflected than of original growth, they have also left many monuments of vast proportions and no insignificant architectural pretensions, the types of which, however, are to be sought for further southward, if, indeed, many of them do not owe their origin to colonies from the same direction. In New Mexico, also, we find considerable remains, but rather of edifices corresponding with those which are now built, and the forms and character of which have been determined by circumstances which still exist, instead of the temples and palaces, the "high places" and altars of the southern and more civilized families of which I have spoken. New Mexico now forms part of the United States; but in speaking of the ancient monuments of the United States I wish to be understood only as referring to those found in the Valley of the Mississippi and between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic Ocean.

Here we find great numbers, ruder, in some senses of the word, than even those of New Mexico, but of a generally higher type, more diverse in character, and indicating a more active and enterprising race as their builders. They are chiefly what may be called earthworks, although sometimes built of stone; and may be divided into three grand classes, viz., Works of Defense, Religious Structures, and Sepulchral Monuments. Connected with these, and inseparable from them in any consideration of the subject

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of our antiquities, are the various relics of art found with the dead in the mounds, or under such circumstances as to show that they pertained to their builders.

But it is not to be supposed that, in a territory so vast as that which I have indicated, we are to look for remains of antiquity of uniform character, or the works of a single people. Nor does it in any degree follow that they should be of the same date, however much they may seem to coincide in purpose. A wide distinction, sufficiently exact for all practical purposes, is, in fact, to be made between the remains found in the Valley of the Mississippi and those to the eastward of the Alleghanies. Not only are the former much more numerous, and of much larger dimensions than the latter, but they embrace several types which are not found in the Atlantic States, where all the works seem clearly referable to the simplest purposes of defense and sepulture. In the Mississippi Valley, on the other hand, the most imposing structures are those which are of evident religious origin, and which, in their form and construction, combine the elements of the Mexican *teocalli*, or sacred places, and the terraced pyramids of Central America.

Some of the largest inclosures, involving most skill and labor in their erection, are also of religious design; while other works, most remarkable of all and most interesting, are of symbolical import—huge *relievos* on the face of the earth, shadowing forth the religious or abstract ideas of their builders. In the Atlantic States these are wholly wanting. Their absence alone would be sufficient ground for drawing a wide line of distinction between the two series of remains—at least, so far as regards their origin. Not that the few and scattered monuments to the eastward of the Alleghanies do not resemble many of those in the Mississippi Valley; on the contrary, they may be said to be almost identical with them, but only in the sense that the defensive works of all rude or primitive peoples, consisting of a simple embankment and ditch, must necessarily resemble each other; and a mound of earth heaped up over the dead in one place must, in external appearance at least, exactly coincide with a mound heaped up by different hands, but for a similar purpose, elsewhere. These are inevitable coincidences, but do not imply connections, nor even the remotest relationship, on the part of those who built them.

MONUMENTS OF THE ATLANTIC STATES.

What may be designated as the ancient monuments of the Atlantic States are scattered, at considerable intervals, all over the country from Maine to Florida; but they are most abundant in Western New York and Central Pennsylvania. As already intimated, they are of two kinds; first, simple mounds, generally, if not always, covering a large number of skeletons; and second, embankments of earth—in one or two instances, of stone—of varying height, and inclosing areas averaging from one to four acres, the largest not exceeding sixteen acres.

As regards the mounds, they are never of large size, seldom exceeding five feet, but in a few instances reaching ten feet in height, by from twenty-five to sixty feet in diameter at the base. They are less numerous than the inclosures, or works regarded as defensive. We have no account of any which have been found further north than New Hampshire. There is one on the northern shore of Ossipee Lake, in that State, which was originally ten feet high, from forty-five to fifty feet in diameter, and overgrown with heavy timber. A slight excavation was made in it, a number of years ago, in the course of which three entire skeletons were found, accompanied by some tomahawks and coarse pottery. It seems to have been a general burial-place, or to have been heaped up over a number of the dead, after a battle, in commemoration of the event and in honor of the slain. A similar mound formerly existed on St. Regis Island, in the St. Lawrence River, which was excavated by Colonel Hawkins, of the United States Boundary Commission, in 1818. It was found to contain a number of skeletons, fragments of pottery, and other rude relics of art. Still another, of which a view is given at the head of this article, is found on Tonnewanda Island, in Niagara River. It was originally fifteen feet high. Immediately under its apex, on the original surface of the earth, was discovered what appeared to have been a circle of stones, perhaps ten feet in diameter, within which were several heaps of bones, each comprising three or four skeletons. They were of individuals of all ages, and had evidently been deposited after the removal or decay of the flesh. Traces of fire were perceptible on the stones and around them. Other tumuli, of like character, have been found in the central and southern parts of New York and Pennsylvania; and Mr. Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," has given an account of one on Ravenna River, in that State, which, although but forty feet broad at the base, and seven feet high, he estimated to contain a thousand human skeletons. Those near the surface seemed to have been deposited without order, while those near the base were disposed with a certain degree of regularity.

Further to the southward, in the States of South Carolina and Florida, mounds are found which closely resemble those of the Mississippi Valley in size and form, and which, no doubt, belong to the same general system with them. The builders of the monuments of that valley seem to have spread along the Gulf of Mexico, on the south, but there is no evidence that they reached any point higher than the banks of the Wateree River. The remains found in South Carolina and Florida, therefore, as well as those of the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, will come more appropriately under consideration in treating of the Monuments of the West.

The uniform occurrence of a considerable number of skeletons in the few mounds which are found to the eastward of the Alleghanies sufficiently indicates their purpose; and the character of the relics found in them identifies them as

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having been built by the Indian tribes found in occupation of the country. The practice, however, of erecting such monuments over the dead was by no means general among them. They are to be regarded as exceptional, and doubtless owe their origin to a custom common among many of the North America Indians of collecting together, at fixed intervals, the bones of their dead, and finally depositing them, with many and solemn ceremonies, in a common grave. They were sometimes heaped together, and covered with earth, forming mounds; but usually they were placed in pits or trenches in the earth, forming those extensive depositories familiar in many parts of New York and Canada under the name of "bone pits." This second burial, called by the early writers the "Festival of the Dead," took place at different but regular intervals among the different tribes. Charleroix tells us that with some it occurred every eight years, but with the Hurons and Iroquois every ten years. Full accounts of the ceremonies practiced on these occasions have been left us by Brabeuf, Charleroix, Creuxius, Bartram, and others, but they are too long to be copied here. The discovery of copper kettles, iron axes, gun-barrels, and other articles of European manufacture in some of these depositories proves that this practice of general burial was kept up after the Discovery, and to a comparatively late period.

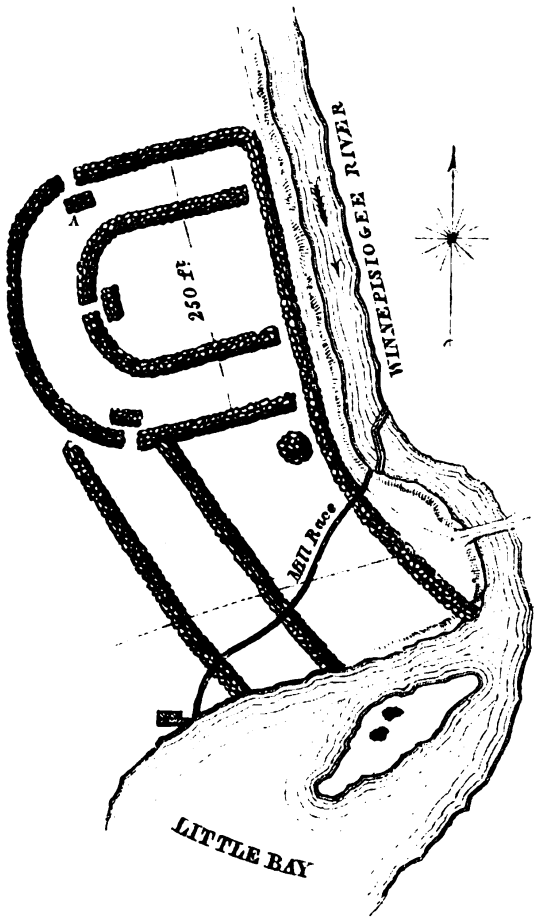


FIGURE 2.—ANCIENT WORK IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A more interesting class of remains than these general sepulchres are the inclosures popularly known as "Indian forts." These are numerous in New York and Pennsylvania, and a few have been found in New England, Canada, and Virginia. It is to be observed of this class of works generally, that they are most frequent in districts remarkable for fertility of soil, abounding in fish and game, and possessing the greatest number of requisites for easy subsistence; in other words, where circumstances were most favorable for permanent establishments. In respect of position they have a great uniformity. Most of them occupy high bluff points, or headlands, scarped on two or more sides, and naturally easy of defense. When found on lower grounds, they are generally on some dry knoll or little hill in the midst of a swamp, or where a bend in some stream serves to lend security to the position. In nearly all cases they are in close proximity to an unfailing supply of water, near copious springs or running streams. Gate-ways opening to these are almost always visible, flanked sometimes by supplementary defenses. The embankments forming them are seldom more than four feet high, with an exterior ditch of equal depth, inclosing variable areas, depending much on the nature of the ground, of from one to sixteen acres.

One of the most regular of these works found in the Atlantic States, and which furthermore is distinguished as being built of stone, is situated on the right bank of the Winnipiseogee River, near the head of Little Bay, in the town of Sanbornton, New Hampshire. The accompanying plan (Figure 2) is from a sketch made in 1822. Since that period a great part of the stones have been removed, and the outlines of the work are no longer distinct. At the time of the first occupation of the country by the whites the walls were between three and four feet in height, and three feet in thickness, faced with stones regularly laid up outwardly, and filled in with clay, shells, gravel, etc., from the river and the shores of the bay. None of the stones were of great size, but such as could be lifted by a man without difficulty. The site of the work is nearly level, descending a little from the walls to the bank of the river. In front, for half a mile, the surface is quite even. When first discovered, oak-trees of large size were standing within the walls, where also were found great numbers of Indian ornaments, pipes of stone and clay, fragments of coarse pottery, and arrow-heads and hatchets of stone. On a small island in the bay, and not far distant, many bones and other remains have been uncovered by the plow, leading to the inference that here was a considerable burial-place.

It seems very evident that this work was erected for defense, and for keeping possession of the

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bay, which was a famous fishing-place, and much frequented by the powerful tribe of the Penacooks, who, before their destruction by the Maquaas or Mohawks, sometimes mustered here as many as three hundred canoes at a single gathering. It certainly displays considerable skill in construction, and, if the walls were surmounted with palisades, would be almost impregnable under the system of warfare practiced by the Indians. The inner mounds, covering the entrances to the principal inclosure or citadel, form a feature peculiar to this work, and one not observed in any other now known to the eastward of the Alleghanies, among which it is furthermore unique in its regularity of form and in being built of stone. A similar work is said to have existed on the bluffs east of the Merrimack River, near Concord, on what was formerly known as "Sugar Ball Plain;" but no plan of it is in existence, and it is now too much obliterated to be made out.

In New York the "Indian Forts," so far as known, consist uniformly of an earthen embankment, with an exterior ditch. Their numbers have been estimated at upward of a hundred, besides as many more which have been obliterated by the plow, or so much encroached upon as to be no longer satisfactorily traced. Not less than fifteen have been discovered in Jefferson County alone.

A few examples, commencing with one found as far to the eastward as Montgomery County, will suffice to show their general character. (Figures 3 to 11.)

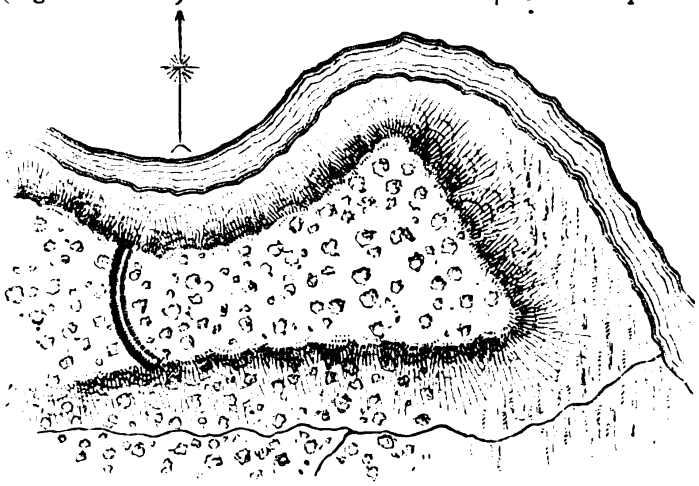


FIGURE 3.—ANCIENT WORK, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, NEW YORK.

This work is situated on the right bank of Otstungo Creek, a branch of the Otsquago—itself a tributary of the Mohawk, about four miles in a southwestern direction from Fort Plain, in the town of Minden. It is known in the vicinity by the name of *Indian Hill*. The position is admirably chosen, and is naturally strong and defensible. It is a high point of land projecting into a bend of the creek, which on one side has cut away the slate rock, so that it presents a mural front upward of one hundred feet in height, and entirely inaccessible. Upon the opposite side is a ravine, within which flows a small stream. Here the slope, though not precipitous, is very abrupt; and if a line of palisades were carried along its brow, it would be entirely inaccessible to a savage assailant. Across the narrow isthmus which connects this headland with the adjacent high grounds is an embankment and ditch two hundred and forty feet in length, extending from the precipice upon the south to the brow of the ravine on the north, along which, curving inward, it is carried for some distance, terminating at a gigantic pine six feet in diameter. It has been supposed by some that this tree has grown up since the embankment was erected; but it seems most likely that it was the starting point of the ancient builders. The embankment is not of uniform height, but at the most elevated point rises perhaps six feet above the bottom of the ditch. No gate-way is apparent, but one may have existed where a modern "wood road" crosses the intrenched line. The plan will afford an accurate idea of the position and its natural strength. The inclosed area is about seven hundred feet long by four hundred and fifty broad at its widest part, and contains very nearly six acres. It is densely covered with immense pines, throwing over it a deep gloom, and, with the murmur of the stream at the foot of the precipice, impressing the solitary visitor with feelings of awe, which the professed antiquary might deem it a weakness to acknowledge. Fragments of pottery and a variety of rude implements, as also copper kettles and other articles of European origin, have been found within the inclosure and in its immediate vicinity. Just outside of the wall a number of skeletons have been uncovered. They had been buried, according to the Indian custom, in a sitting posture. The valley of the Mohawk in this vicinity, it is well known, was the favorite seat of the tribe whose name it bears, and has been made classical ground by the stirring incidents of our early history. It was here the Indians maintained themselves until the period of the Revolution, and it seems probable that they erected the work in question at an earlier or later date in their history. It corresponds in position and character with the works in other parts of the State, and is precisely such a structure as we might expect to find erected by a very rude people.

Differing considerably from the work just described is that of which a plan is given on p. 742 (Figure 4). It is situated a few miles to the eastward of the city of Buffalo, and derives much of its interest from the associations connected with it. Within its walls lies buried the last and noblest of the proud and politic Iroquois,

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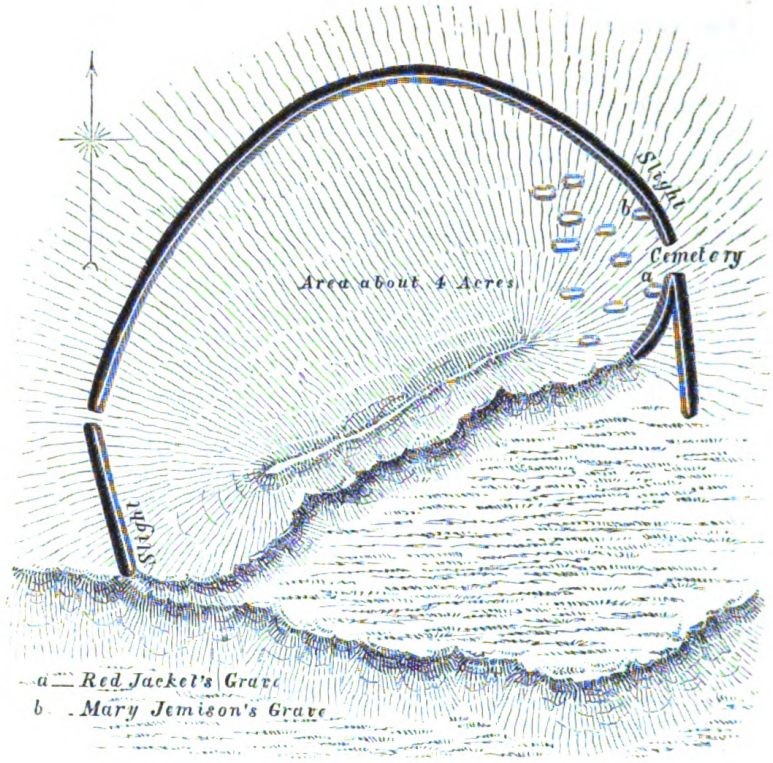


FIGURE 4.—ANCIENT WORK, NEAR BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

the haughty and unbending Red Jacket, who died exulting that the Great Spirit had made him an Indian. Here, too, rest the bones of Mary Jemison the "white woman," who was taken a prisoner by the Indians when a child, and afterward adopted their habits, became the wife of one of their chiefs, and remained with them until her death. The story of her life is one of the most eventful in our border history, full as it is of thrilling adventures and startling incidents.

The work is situated on the edge of a terrace or table land, moderately elevated above the low alluvions bordering Buffalo creek, at a point considerably higher than any other near it, and where the soil is sandy and dry. Assuming for it a defensive character, it will be seen that the terrace bank on one side is made to subserve the purposes for which the trench and embankments were constructed on the other. Although there is now no direct evidence to that effect, no doubt can be entertained that, in common with all the other works of the State, the wall was crowned with palisades, which were also carried along the brow of the terrace. The greater portion of this work has been for some time under cultivation; and the original lines are so much defaced that they would probably escape the notice of the careless observer. They may, nevertheless, be distinctly traced throughout their extent. At the point nearest the Indian cemetery, a portion of which is still spared by the plow, the embankment is very distinct, and can not fail to attract attention. At a short distance to the northward of the work is a low spot of ground or marsh toward which opens a gate-way. From this was probably obtained a portion of the supply of water required by the ancient occupants of the work. A number of springs start from the foot of the terrace, where the ground is also marshy. Within the walls of this work are to be found various traces of occupancy, such as the foundations of old lodges, fragments of pottery, etc. Tradition fixes upon this spot as the scene of the final and most bloody conflict between the Iroquois and the "*Gah-kwas*" or Eries—a tradition which has been supposed to derive some sanction from the fragments of decayed human bones which are scattered over the area. The old mission-house and church stand in close proximity to this work. Red Jacket's house stood above a third of a mile to the southward upon the same elevation; and the abandoned council-house still exists, perhaps a mile distant, in the direction of Buffalo. A little distance beyond the latter, in the same direction and near the public road, is a small mound, called "*Dah-do-sot*"—artificial hill—by the Indians, who, it is said, were accustomed to regard it with much veneration, supposing that it covered the victims slain in some bloody conflict in the olden time.

It was originally between five and six feet in height, by thirty-five or forty feet base, and is composed of the loam of the adjacent plain. A depression in the general surface of the ground is visible near it, marking the spot whence the earth for its construction was obtained.

Another work of similar character, and among

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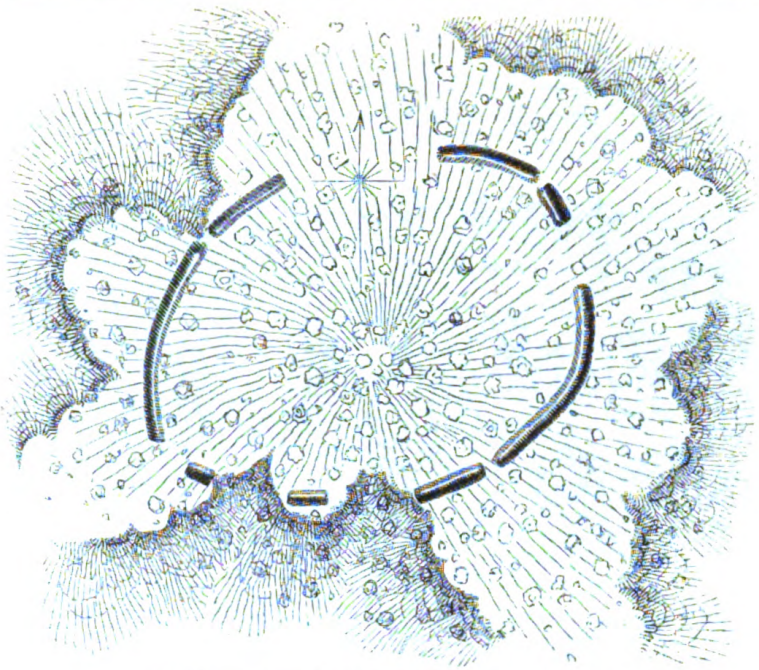


FIGURE 5.—ANCIENT WORK, NEAR AUBURN, NEW YORK.

those best preserved and most interesting, in the State of New York, overlooks the flourishing town of Auburn, in Cayuga County. It is situated on a considerable eminence, which rises abruptly from the level grounds on which the town is built to the height of perhaps one hundred feet. This is the most elevated spot in the vicinity, and commands a wide and very beautiful prospect. The ground occupied by the work subsides gently from the centre of the area; but exterior to the walls are steep declivities and deep ravines, rendering approach in nearly every direction extremely difficult. These natural features are indicated in the plan, which obviates the necessity for a detailed description. Upon the south are several deep gulleys, separated by sharp, narrow ridges, rendering ascent at this point, in the face of determined defenders, entirely impracticable. It has been conjectured by some that the walls here have been washed away; but it is clear that there was slight necessity for any defenses at this point, and that none ever existed beyond what may still be traced. The number and relative proportions of the gate-ways or openings are correctly shown in the plan. That upon the north is one hundred and sixty feet wide, that upon the east sixty feet, and that upon the west thirty feet. These wide, unprotected spaces would seem to conflict with the supposition, so well sustained by its remaining features, that the work had a defensive origin. It is not improbable, however, that palisades extended across these openings, as well as crowned the embankments; for without such additions, as has been already observed, the best of these structures could have afforded but very slight protection. The embankments of this work are now between two and three feet in height, and the trenches of corresponding depth. The area of the work and the ground around it are covered with forest trees. There are several depressions, which, probably, were the *cachés* of the ancient occupants.* It is said that a number of relics have been recovered here from time to time, and among others the head of a banner-staff of thin iron, fourteen inches long and ten broad. It is, of course, of French or English origin, and was probably lost or buried here by the Indians, into whose hands, by purchase or capture, it had fallen. We may, perhaps, refer it back to the days of Champlain and Frontenac, when the armies of France swept the shores of the Western lakes, in the vain hope of founding a Gallic empire in the New World. M'Cauley, in his History of New York, states that, in 1825, he examined the stump of a chest-

* The term *caché*, literally *a hide* or place of concealment, is of French origin, and has become current among all the traders and trappers on the frontiers. The practice of *caching*, or hiding goods or provisions on outward marches, to be used upon returning, or by parties following, was derived from the Indians, among whom it was general. A *caché* is made by digging a hole in the ground, which is lined with sticks, grass, or any material which will protect the contents from the dampness of the earth. After the goods or provisions have been deposited the earth is carefully covered over, so as best to prevent the penetration of water from above. It is always necessary, at the West, to leave no signs by means of which rival parties or the cunning savages may discover the place of deposit. To this end the excavated earth is carried to a distance, and carefully concealed, or thrown into a stream, if one be near. Father Hennepin, in his account of his passage down the Mississippi River, in 1680, describes an operation of this kind in the following terms: "We took up the green sod, and laid it by, and digged a hole in the earth, where we put our goods, and covered them with pieces of timber and earth, and then put in again the green turf: so that it was impossible to suspect that any hole had been digged under it, for we flung the earth into the river."

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FIGURE 6.—VIEW OF ANCIENT WORK, NEAR AUBURN, NEW YORK.

nut-tree which stood in the ditch of this work, and counted the number of cortical rings or layers, marking the years of its growth. He found them to be 255 in number. As five years had elapsed since the tree had been cut down, this would carry back the date of the work certainly to 1565. He found also the stump of another tree, three feet in diameter, standing in the ditch near by, which appeared to have fallen from decay, and which, in his opinion, dated as far back as the period of the Discovery. These facts certainly go far to give a high antiquity to the work in question; and it may well be, for aught that we know to the contrary, that several growths of forest intervened between the abandonment of the work and the date of the forest which now covers it.

The work of which Figure 7 is a plan occurs in the town of Oakfield, Genessee County, half a mile west of the little village of Caryville. It is remarkable as being one of the best preserved and distinct of any in the State. It is situated upon the western slope of one of the billowy hills which characterize the rolling lands of the West, and between which the streams find their way to the rivers and lakes. The banks of the little stream which washes the work upon the north are steep, but not more than ten feet in height. Upon the brow of the bank, where the stream approaches nearest the work, the intrenchment is interrupted, and the slope toward the water is more gentle than elsewhere — indicating an artificial grade. The plan obviates the necessity for a detailed description. The embankments will now probably measure six feet in average height, calculating from the bottom of the trench. In the part of the work under cultivation it is easy to trace the ancient lodges. Here, too, is to be found the unfailing supply of broken pottery. At the sides of the

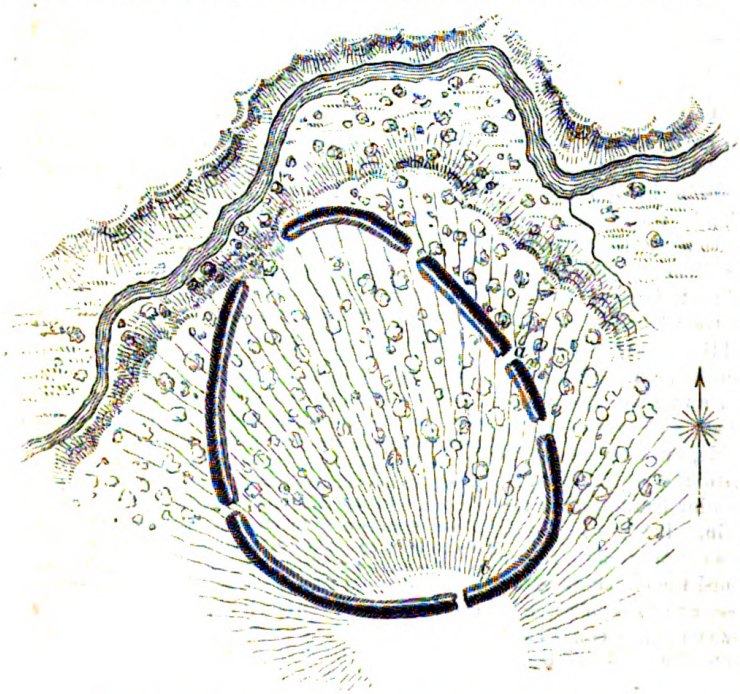


FIGURE 7.—PLAN OF ANCIENT WORK, GENESSEE COUNTY, NEW YORK.

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principal gate-way (*a*) leading into the inclosure from the east, according to the statement of an intelligent aged gentleman who was among the earliest settlers in this region, traces of oaken palisades were found, upon excavation, some thirty years ago. They were, of course, almost entirely decayed. A part of the area is still covered with the original forest, in which are trees of the largest dimensions. An oaken stump which measures upward of two feet in diameter stands upon the embankment at the point *b*.

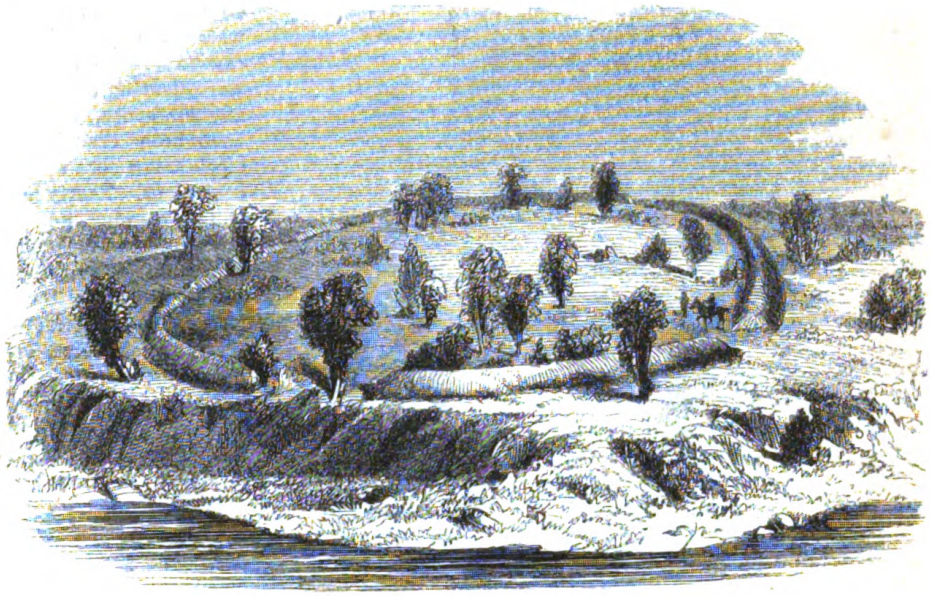


FIGURE 8.—VIEW OF ANCIENT WORK IN GENESSEE COUNTY.

A mile to the northeast of this work was formerly a large inclosure, now entirely obliterated. It was called "Bone Fort" by the early settlers, from the circumstance that they found within it a mound six feet high and thirty feet broad, entirely made up of human bones slightly covered with earth. A few fragments of bones, scattered over the surface of the ground, are all that now mark the place of this sepulchre, which doubtless owed its origin to the aboriginal practice of collecting the bones of the dead, elsewhere referred to. Both of these works were perfect in 1788, when they were visited by Rev. Samuel Kirkland, Missionary to the Senecas, who has left an account of them in his MS. Journal. He says the place was called by the Senecas *Tegataineáaghgue* or "double-fortified town," or a town with a fort at each end. He describes the one figured above as "inclosing about four acres of ground, and consisting of an embankment with a ditch from five to six feet deep. A small stream of water and a high bank," he continues, "circumscribes nearly the third of the inclosed ground. There are six gate-way openings, and near the centre a way dug to the water." This description, it will be observed, coincides closely with the plan, which is from the survey made by myself in 1848.

Figure 9, which illustrates the class of lowland structures alluded to in the general remarks on the monuments of the Atlantic States, occurs about a mile distant from the village of Clarence, Erie County, New York. It is situated upon a sandy, slightly elevated peninsula, which projects into a low, tangled, and almost impassable swamp. A narrow isthmus or strip of dry ground connects it with the higher lands, which border the swamp on the south. It is small, containing less than an acre. The embankment does not preserve uniform dimensions, but has perhaps an average height of three feet. A mile to the eastward is another of the "bone pits" already several times referred to, which is estimated, by those who excavated it originally, to have contained *four hundred* skeletons heaped promiscuously together. They were of individuals of every age and sex. In the same field are found a great



FIGURE 9.—ANCIENT WORK, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK.

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variety of Indian relics, also brass cap and belt plates, and other remains of European origin. Not far distant, some lime-burners discovered, a year or two since, a skeleton surrounded by a quantity of rude ornaments. It had been placed in a cleft of the rock, the mouth of which was covered by a large stone.

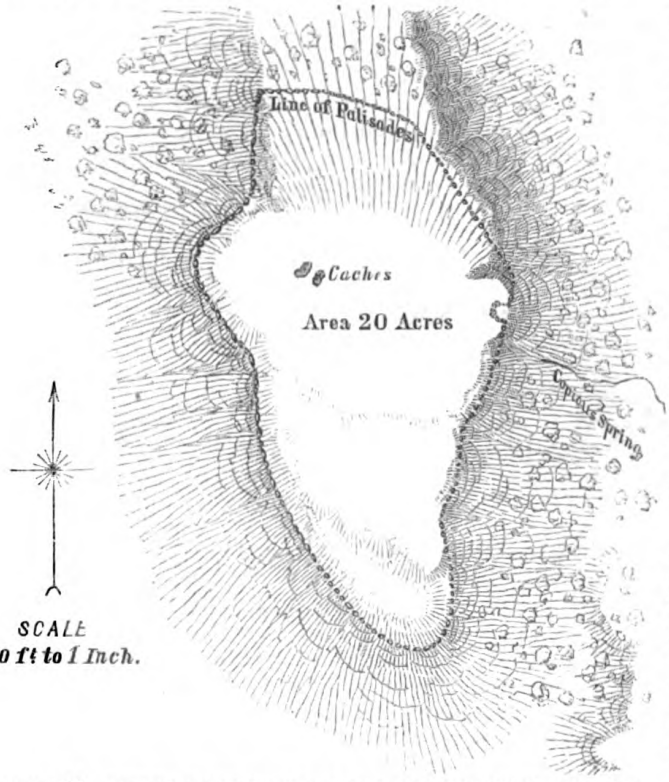


FIGURE 10.—ANCIENT WORK OF THE SENECAS, ONTARIO COUNTY, NEW YORK.

Examples of these works might be greatly multiplied, but those already adduced will be sufficient to illustrate their general character. Of those found in Pennsylvania we have no accurate plans, but the descriptions of them given by observers show clearly that they differ, in no essential respect, from those of New York. In both States, however, there are other remains of works, unquestionably aboriginal, but of later date, which are worthy of notice from the light which they reflect on those already described. These are the remains of palisaded inclosures occupied by the Indians within the historical period, and the origin and objects of which are well known. An interesting example of this kind of works may still be traced in the town of Victor, Ontario County, New York, of which a plan is herewith given (Figure 10). Recent investigations have proved that the Marquis De Nonville penetrated here, in his famous expedition against the Senecas in 1687; and there is good reason for believing that the traces at present existing are those of the palisaded fort which was destroyed at that time. These traces consist of a narrow trench, formed in a stiff soil by the decay of the palisades or wooden posts planted in the ground, which constituted the defenses of the work. This trench extends around and a little below the brow of a high hill, so steep on most sides as to be ascended only with the greatest difficulty. When in its perfect condition it must have been almost impregnable against the arms and attacks of savages. The sole entrance that can now be made out is at the point indicated on the right of the plan, where the palisades were carried for some distance inward, leaving an open rectangular space, which may have been occupied by a block-house or something equivalent. Nearly in front of this opening, and at the bottom of a deep and narrow ravine, a copious spring starts out from the hill. Within the inclosure are several deep holes, or excavations, by some called wells, but probably the *cachés* in which the Indians kept their maize. In his letter of the 25th of August, 1687, De Nonville states:

"On the 14th July we marched to one of the large villages of the Senecas, where we encamped. We found it burned, and a fort near by quite abandoned; it was very advantageously situated on a hill. * * * We remained at the four Seneca villages for ten days. All the time was spent in destroying the corn, which was in such great abundance that the loss, including the old corn which was in *caché*, which we burned, was computed at 400,000 minots (equivalent to 1,200,000 bushels) of Indian corn."

The large *village* alluded to here is the one which was situated on the eminence now known as "Boughton's Hill," not far from the work here figured, where abundant traces of Indian occupancy are found. These consist of copper kettles, French hatchets, broken gun-barrels, arrow-heads, pipes, pottery, burned corn, etc. The iron recovered here at the time of the first settlement of the country was sufficiently abundant to repay the cost of clearing the grounds. Indeed it was the source whence the early blacksmiths, for a long distance around, derived the iron for ordinary consumption; and even now the smithies in the vicinity consume large quantities of the metal which the operations of agriculture continue to bring to light.

Another palisaded work, but of more regular design and of later date, may still be traced in the neighborhood of the town of Geneva, in the same county with that above described. Its outlines are very distinct, and the holes left by the decay of the palisades may be traced with the greatest ease. Occupying level and accessible grounds, its preservation is entirely due to the circumstance that, at the time of the cession of their lands at this point, the Senecas made it

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a special condition that this spot should never be brought under cultivation. "Here," said they, "sleep our fathers, and they can not rest well if they hear the plow of the white man above them." The stipulations made by the purchasers have been religiously observed. The site of this ancient palisade slopes gently toward a little stream called Ganundasaga Creek, which supplied the occupants of the fort with water. The ground is covered with a close green sward, and some of the apple-trees planted by the Indians are still flourishing. In form the work was nearly rectangular, having small bastions at the northwestern and southeastern angles.

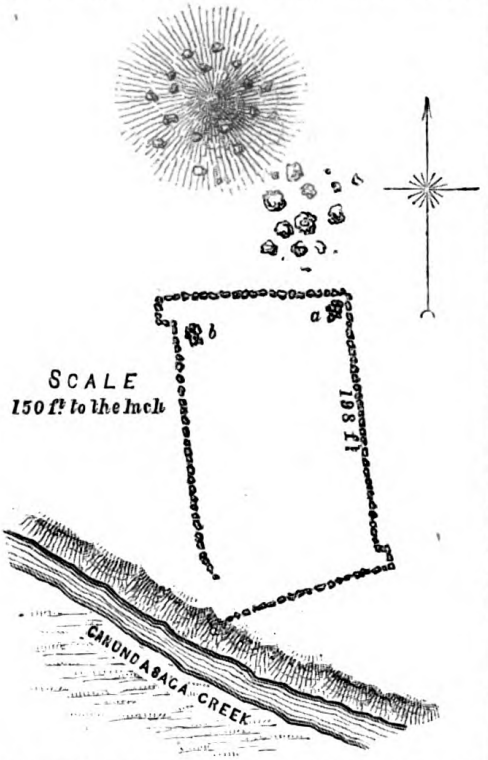


FIGURE 11.—ANCIENT WORK NEAR GENEVA, NEW YORK.

At *a* and *b* are small heaps of stone bearing traces of exposure to fire, which are probably the remains of forges or fire-places. The holes formed by the decay of the pickets are now about a foot deep. A fragment of one of the pickets was removed in 1847, and is now in the State Cabinet at Albany. It is of oak.

A few paces to the northward of the old fort is a low mound with a broad base, and undoubtedly of artificial origin. It is now about six feet high, and is covered with depressions marking the graves of the dead. There is a tradition current among the Indians concerning this mound to the effect that a Seneca of giant proportions, having wandered west to the Mississippi, and from thence east again to the seacoast, about the period of the discovery of the country by Europeans, received a gun from a vessel, together with some ammunition, and an explanation of its use. Having returned to the Senecas at Ganundasaga, he exhibited to them the wonderful weapon, the first they had ever seen, and taught them how to use it. Soon after, from some mysterious cause, he was found dead, and this mound was raised over him on the place where he lay. It is averred by the Indians that, if the mound should be opened, a skeleton of extraordinary size would be found beneath it. It would be interesting, for a variety of reasons, to have this mound excavated. By whatever people erected, it is certain that it was extensively used by the Senecas for purposes of burial. In the cultivated fields surrounding the interesting work here described numerous relics have been discovered, chiefly, however, of European origin.

This fort was destroyed by General Sullivan in 1779. He burned the palisade, destroyed the crops in the adjoining fields, and cut down most of the fruit-trees which the Indians had planted.

The foregoing examples illustrate sufficiently the general characteristics of the two classes of aboriginal remains found in the Atlantic States, and go far toward identifying them as of a common origin, although possibly of different dates. They clearly coincide in position and purpose; and it seems evident that, for effective defense, the shallow ditches and low embankments of the earth-works would be wholly inadequate, unless the embankments were crowned with palisades. That such was the case is not only rationally inferable, but supported by direct and conclusive evidence. In the town of Elmira, Chemung County, there is a work closely corresponding with that found in Montgomery County, and already described. It is a high point of land, a bluff peninsula, washed on one side by the Chemung River, and protected on the other by a deep ravine with precipitous banks. Across the neck of land connecting it with the adjacent table or terrace, are carried two lines of ditches and embankments, the latter about three feet high and the former of corresponding depth. Running along the top, or crest, of each embankment is a depression resembling the furrow made by a plow. On careful examination, however, this is found to be a succession of holes left by the decay of the palisades which formerly surmounted the walls and constituted the real defenses of the position. It is only in tough and compact soils that such traces would be left for any great period of time; but here they remain, notwithstanding that large trees, and among them a yellow pine three feet in diameter, are standing on the embankments.

It may be objected that if the Indians found in occupation of the Atlantic States constructed earth-works of this kind, the fact could not have escaped the notice of the early explorers, and would have been made the subject of remark by them. The omission may be singular but is not unaccountable. They all speak of the aboriginal defenses as composed of palisades set in the ground. The simple circumstance of the earth having been heaped up around them to lend

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them greater firmness may have been regarded as so natural and simple an expedient as to be undeserving of a special mention, particularly as the embankment, in such a case, would be an entirely subordinate part of the structure. After the introduction of European implements, enabling the Indians to plant their pickets more firmly in the ground, and thus give them a strength before unattainable, the necessity for an embankment for that purpose became in a great degree obviated. We may thus account for its absence in their later structures, which also underwent some modifications of form suggested by the example or under the instructions of the whites, or by the new modes of warfare following on the introduction of fire-arms. Thus, in the plan of the old Seneca fort near Geneva, we find distinct traces of the bastion—a feature observable in none of the more ancient defenses.

It is true that the remnants of the Indian stock which still exist in New York generally profess total ignorance of the origin of the earthworks. But too much importance should not be attached to this circumstance. When we consider the extreme likelihood of the forgetfulness of ancient practices in the lapse of three hundred years, the absence of knowledge on this point is the weakest of all negative evidence, not to be weighed against the incontrovertible testimony of the works themselves.

As already said, the purposes for which they were erected are obvious. Their positions, general close proximity to water, and other circumstances not less conclusive, imply a defensive origin. The unequivocal traces of long occupancy found within many of them would further imply that they were fortified towns or villages, and were permanently occupied. Some of the smaller ones, on the other hand, seem to have been designed rather for temporary protection than permanent use—the citadels in which the builders sought safety for their old men, women, and children, in case of alarm or attack. The relics of art, and the traces of occupancy, found in them, it may be remarked further, are absolutely identical with those which mark the sites of towns and forts known to have been occupied by the Indians within the historical period. The pottery taken from these sites and from within the supposed ancient inclosures, is alike in all respects; the pipes and ornaments are undistinguishable; and the indications of aboriginal dwellings are precisely similar, and, so far as can be discovered, have equal claim to antiquity. Near many of these works are found cemeteries, in which well-preserved skeletons are contained, and which, except in the absence of remains of European art, differ in no essential respect from the cemeteries found in connection with the abandoned modern towns and "castles" of the Indians.

In respect of the antiquity of these works nothing positive can be affirmed. Many of them are now covered with heavy forests; a circumstance upon which too much importance has been laid, and which in itself may not necessarily be regarded as indicative of great age, for we may plausibly suppose that it was not essential to the purposes of the builders that the forests should be removed. It is not uncommon to find trees of from one to three feet in diameter standing on the embankments and in the trenches, which would certainly carry back the date of their construction several hundred years, perhaps beyond the period of the Discovery in the fifteenth century. There is nothing, however, in this circumstance, nor in any other bearing upon the subject, which would necessarily imply that they were built by tribes anterior to those found in occupation of the country by the whites.

Indeed the weight of evidence is decidedly in favor of the conclusion that most of these works were erected by the Iroquois, or their western neighbors, and do not go back to a very high antiquity.

Their general occurrence upon a line parallel to and not far distant from the lakes, favors the hypothesis that they were built by frontier tribes—a hypothesis entirely conformable with aboriginal traditions. Here, according to these traditions, every foot of ground was contested between the Iroquois and the Gah-kwas and other western tribes; and here, as a consequence, where most exposed to attack, were permanent defenses most necessary. It was not until after their Confederation that the Five Nations were able to check and finally expel the warlike people which disputed with them the possession of this beautiful and fertile region; and it is not impossible that it was the pressure from this direction which led to that Confederation—an anomaly in the history of the aborigines. Common danger, rather than a far-seeing policy, may possibly have been the impelling cause of the consolidation.

It follows from what has been adduced that, except in so far as they throw light on the system of defense practiced by the aboriginal inhabitants, and tend to show that they were to a degree fixed and agricultural in their habits, the aboriginal monuments of the Atlantic States have slight bearing upon the grand ethnological and archæological questions involved in the early history of this continent. The resemblances which they bear to the defensive structures of other rude nations, in various parts of the world, are the result of natural causes, and can not be taken to indicate either a close or remote connection or dependence. All primitive defenses, being designed to resist common modes of attack, are essentially the same in their principles, and seldom differ very much in their details. The aboriginal hunter and the semi-civilized Aztec selected precisely similar positions for their fortresses, and defended them upon the same general plan; yet it would be palpably unsafe to found conclusions as to the relations of the respective builders upon the narrow basis of these resemblances alone.

It has been hastily inferred, by many respectable authors who have written on the subject, that because certain monuments and aboriginal

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relics found in the United States, such as intrenched hills, tumuli, and instruments and ornaments of copper and stone, sustain analogies, in some instances amounting to identities, with those occurring in the British islands, and on the *steppes* of Tartary, that some connection must have existed between their makers and builders, or that they must have had a common origin. These resemblances are the inevitable results of similar conditions, and the ancient Celts and Scythians, the American Indians, and the rude islanders of the Pacific, built their hill-forts, and fashioned their flint arrow-heads and stone axes in like manner, because they thus accomplished common objects in the simplest and most obvious manner. In the choice of their military positions the ancient Britons were governed by the same considerations with the builders of the works which we have noticed—advantage in all cases being taken of the natural features of the country. Their defenses were usually built on headlands, a single wall being carried around the brow of the promontory, while the level approaches were protected by a succession of embankments and ditches, with occasional advanced posts or outworks. In some instances steep isolated hills were selected, which were defended by a series of concentric embankments, carried around their summits. The subjoined plan (Figure 12) from Sir R. C. Hoare's "Ancient Wiltshire," will illustrate the general character of these works. It is found in the neighborhood of Castle Combe, from which it takes its name, and is placed on the point of a very steep hill, at the base of which flows a rapid stream. It is very difficult of access on all sides except one, in which direction there is a narrow gateway. It contains eight and a half acres. The defenses consist of an embankment extending entirely around the brow of the hill or promontory, which is doubled on the right, where the natural declivity is least and easiest to be scaled. Entering the inclosure from the north, the explorer encounters three lines of ramparts, intersecting its area, through two of which are openings. The third completely shuts in a high mound, which commands the whole area, and which seems to have been designed as a citadel or place of last resort, in case the outer works were forced by an enemy.



FIGURE 12.—"CASTLE COMBE," ENGLAND.

Taking this as a fair example of ancient British defenses, we perceive that in position and mode of construction they are indistinguishable from those of our own country already described. They might be regarded, so far as their apparent features are concerned, as the works of the same people; yet they were constructed by different races, separated from each other by ocean wastes, and having little in common, except the possession of those savage passions which have reddened every page of the world's history with blood. They serve only further to illustrate how naturally, and almost of necessity, men similarly circumstanced hit upon common methods of meeting their wants; but they do not necessarily establish a common origin, nor a constant nor casual intercourse.

MONUMENTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

The small, rude, and scattered monuments of aboriginal labor and skill found to the eastward of the Alleghany Mountains, and which I have just described, give place, in the Valley of the Mississippi River, to numerous large and skillfully constructed works, not alone of defense, but connected with the religious notions and systems of their builders; vast open temples in which they performed the ceremonies of their worship, and high-places or altars on which they offered their sacrifices or made their adorations. They are accompanied also by sepulchral mounds or tumuli, covering the ashes of chieftains and priests, and perhaps reflecting in their size the relative rank or distinction of the dead. In addition to these, there are found huge representations of men and animals, chiefly, however, in Wisconsin and the Northwest, constituting vast *relievos* on the face of the country; in some instances probably symbolical in design, but on the whole enigmatical and anomalous. In these mounds, and in such connection with these works as to justify the belief that they owe their origin to a common source, have been found many minor relics of art in stone and metal, sculptures curiously and often skillfully and elaborately wrought, and instruments and ornaments of materials derived from unknown or distant localities.

These various classes of remains are spread over a very wide extent of country. They are found in great numbers in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. They occur in less numbers in Michigan, Alleghania or Western Virginia, in Minnesota, Texas, and South Carolina. None (except perhaps a few defensive works coincid-

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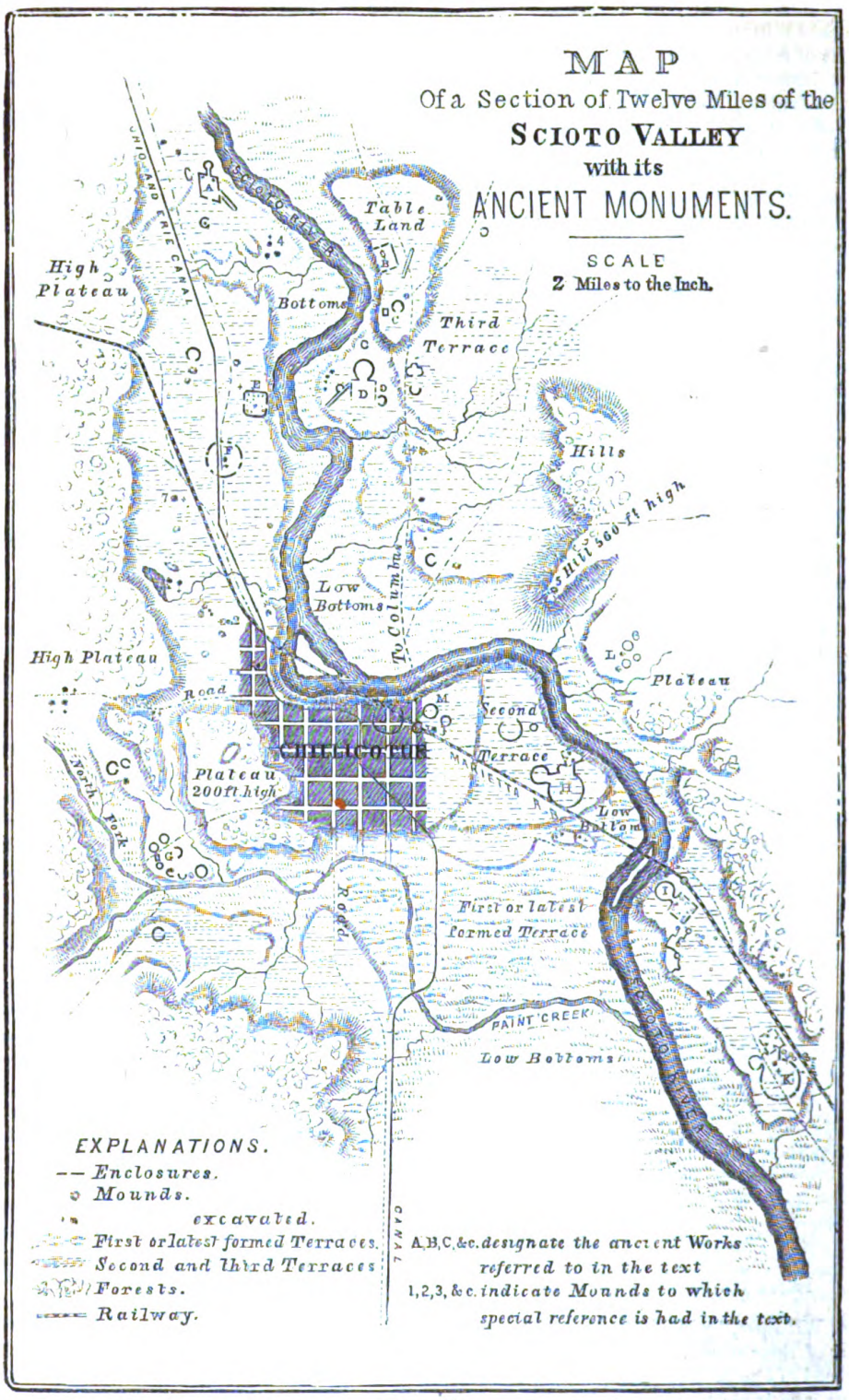


FIGURE 13.

ing in origin with those of New York and Pennsylvania) are found to the northward of the great lakes; but in the Mississippi Valley Carver discovered some of them as high as Lake Pepin, and Lewis and Clark found a considerable work on the Missouri River, a thousand miles westward from its mouth. It is by no means to be understood that they are equally distributed over this wide area; they are generally confined to the valleys of the rivers and large streams, and rarely occur in the broken or back country, away from the water. They are almost always found,

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furthermore, in districts and places where the soil is rich and fertile, and where fish and game were probably most abundant. In all these respects they fully justify the remark of the geographer Flint, who says: "The most dense ancient populations existed in precisely the places where the most crowded populations will exist in ages to come. The appearance of a series of mounds generally indicates the contiguity of rich and level lands, easy communications, fish, game, and the most favorable adjacent positions." Indeed, the sites selected for settlements, and which have been found most favorable for the establishment of towns by our own people, are often those which were the principal seats of the mound-builders, and where they have left most traces of their occupancy. Marietta, Newark, Portsmouth, Chillicothe, Circleville, and Cincinnati in Ohio, Frankfort in Kentucky, and St. Louis in Missouri, all stand on the sites of extensive ancient works which have in some instances determined the plans of the existing cities.

And although it may be observed of these remains that, with the exception of the animal-shaped effigies of Wisconsin, they are all of one general type, yet the relative number of works palpably defensive, and of inclosures and tumuli manifestly religious, varies very materially in the different parts of the field of their occurrence. Defensive works are abundant in Ohio and Kentucky, and are comparatively rare in the more Southern and Western States. The regular inclosures, which, for reasons adduced further on, are regarded as of religious origin, are also most numerous in the States above named; while, on the other hand, the regular mounds, truncated and terraced pyramids, and structures coinciding in type with the *teocallis* of Mexico, become larger and more numerous as we descend the Mississippi River and approach the Gulf of Mexico. The greater number of defensive works to the northward may be accounted for, hypothetically, by assuming that the mound-builders were pressed upon by hostile neighbors from that direction; and we may regard the more regular and systematic works, further to the southward, as due to a less disturbed and more developed condition of the people who built them. Deductions of this kind, however, will be more appropriate after we have considered the monuments under notice in detail, as well in reference to their peculiarities as in respect of their geographical positions.

As regards the number of these ancient monuments nothing can be affirmed with exactness; it is, however, very great. In the State of Ohio alone it has been calculated, on very good data, that there are not less than ten thousand tumuli or mounds, and from one thousand to fifteen hundred inclosures of various sizes. Some notion may be formed of their abundance and distribution from the map on the preceding page, showing "*A section of twelve miles of the valley of the Scioto River, in Ohio.*" Within this area, it will be observed, there occur upward of one hundred mounds, some of them of large size, and not far from forty inclosures of all classes. Some of these, like those designated by the letters K, H, and D, have embankments between two and three miles in circuit. Indeed the magnitude of a large part of these remains is not less remarkable than their great numbers. Lines of embankment, varying in height from five to thirty feet, and inclosing areas of from one to fifty acres are common; while inclosures of one and two hundred acres area are far from infrequent. Occasional works are found embracing as many as four hundred acres. The magnitude of the area which they inclose, however, is not always a correct index of the amount

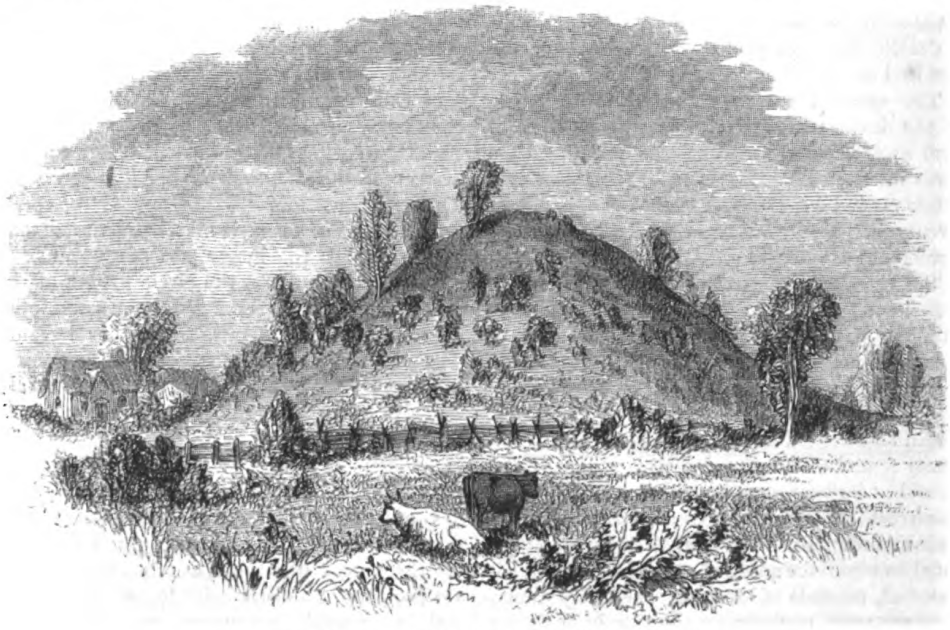


FIGURE 14.—GREAT MOUND NEAR MIAMISBURGH, OHIO.

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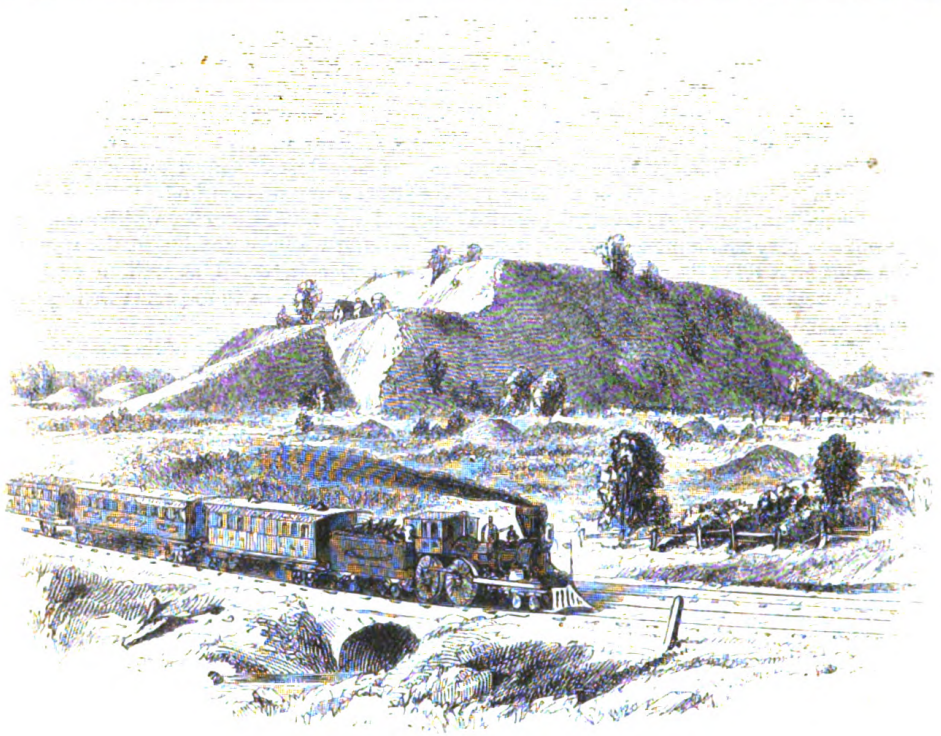


FIGURE 15.—GREAT MOUND OF CAHOKIA, ILLINOIS.

of labor which they have cost. A fortified hill in Highland County, Ohio, has one mile and five-eighths of heavy embankment, yet it incloses an area of only about forty acres. A similar work on the Little Miami River, in Warren County in the same State, has upward of four miles of embankment; yet it incloses but little more than one hundred acres. A group of works on the Ohio River at Portsmouth, near the confluence of the Scioto River with that stream, has an aggregate of at least twenty miles of embankment; yet the entire amount of land embraced within the walls does not probably much exceed two hundred acres.

The mounds are as variable in dimensions as the inclosures themselves, and range from such as are but a few feet in height, and a few yards in diameter, to those which, like the Grave Creek mound in Virginia, rise to the height of seventy feet, and measure a thousand feet in circumference at their base. A large conical mound in the vicinity of Miamisburgh, in Ohio, measures sixty-eight feet in vertical height, and eight hundred and fifty-two in circumference at its base, and contains 311,353 cubic feet. Of still greater dimensions is the quadrangular truncated mound of Cahokia, Illinois, opposite and almost within sight of St. Louis. It has an altitude of ninety feet, and is upward of two thousand feet around at its base, containing, on a rough calculation, 20,000,000 cubic feet of earth. Another great mound near Selsertown, Mississippi, is computed to cover six acres of ground. As already observed, mounds of these extraordinary dimensions are most common in the Southern States. The usual dimensions of this class of ancient remains, however, are much less than in the examples above given. The greater number range from six to thirty feet in perpendicular height, by from forty to one hundred feet in diameter at the base.

In view of their great numbers, and the large size of many of them, persons have not been wanting to suggest that they are natural formations, "the results of diluvial action," modified in some instances but never erected by man. But the suggestion could never have been made by any person who had enjoyed the opportunity of seeing and examining them for himself. They are uniformly so placed in reference to the adjacent country, and their conformation is so distinct and peculiar, that the eye can not long hesitate in recognizing them. Their contents, moreover, establish their artificial origin beyond dispute or question.

In respect of form, it may be observed that a large, perhaps the larger part of the inclosures are regular in outline, the circle predominating. Some are squares, some parallelograms, others are ellipses or polygons, regular or irregular. The regular works almost invariably occur on level grounds, care evidently having been taken by their builders to select those smoothest and least cut up by ravines or water-courses. The irregular works are those which partake most of the character of defenses, and are usually made to conform to the nature of the ground on which they are erected. They run around the brows of hills, across the isthmuses of peninsulas which are protected on other sides by streams or steep and inaccessible precipices, and vary in the height of their walls and the depth of their

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FIGURE 16.—MOUND AND CIRCLE NEAR BLENNERHASSETT'S ISLAND, VIRGINIA.

ditches with the naturally greater or inferior strength of the point protected. The square and the circle often occur in combination, frequently communicating with each other directly, or by avenues consisting of parallel lines of embankment. Detached parallels are by no means rare, and are perhaps among the least explicable of all the ancient monuments.

The mounds are usually simple cones in form; but they are sometimes truncated, and occasionally terraced with graded or winding ascents to their summits. Most are circular; but some are elliptical, others pear-shaped, and others squares or parallelograms, with aprons or terraces and graded ascents. Besides these, there are others already alluded to, most frequent in Wisconsin and the Northwest, which take the form of animals and reptiles. Another variety of remains are elevated causeways, sometimes called "roads," and graded descents, or "covered ways," to rivers and streams, or from one terrace to another.

As already remarked, these works occur mainly in the valleys of the Western rivers. The alluvial terraces by which these valleys are marked, known locally, and perhaps accurately, as "river-bottoms," were the favorite sites of the mound-builders. The principal monuments are found where these "bottoms" are most extensive —at the junction of streams, or where the valleys are broadest and most favorable for their erection. The works at Marietta, at the junction of the Muskingum and Ohio rivers; at the mouth of Grave Creek; at Portsmouth, the junction of the Scioto with the Ohio; and at the mouth of the Great Miami, are examples in point. Occasional works are found on hill-tops, or on headlands overlooking valleys, or at little distance from them; but these are manifestly, in most instances, works of defense, or of resort against enemies, or in some way connected with warlike purposes.

In another article we shall consider the works thus generally described in detail, and illustrate fully their features and probable purposes.

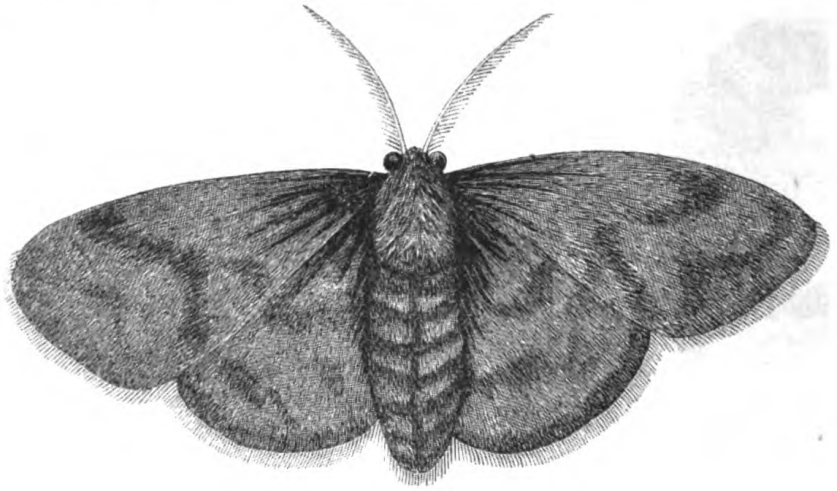
THE SILK-WORM.

"WITH patience and perseverance the mulberry leaf will become satin," says a Spanish proverb.

Some years ago men were bitten by a mania (this is of periodical occurrence, unfortunately for us) for planting the mulberry-tree. How did it end? The fever burned out. Men went into the speculation not to increase the silk trade, thereby making another outlet of industry for the poor and helpless, and increasing the exports of commerce; but to make fortunes, and grow rapidly rich by the sale of the trees. How they were used or abused were matters of a secondary consideration to them; profit for the few at the expense of the mass—the nerve of every speculation—being the motive power. So that when nothing more was to be made by the selling of trees or the patenting of hurdles, cradles, and powders, "the culture of silk" passed away like a vapor over the hills, and men turned about to look for another object of speculation. Verily the sentiment of "After us the deluge" is as well understood, though not as honestly confessed, by the American as by the Austrian. But Providence has sustained us here as in all things. The mulberry-trees all over the country have grown and multiplied, and we shall soon be ready to begin that which the next century will find us doing with all our might: commanding the silk as we now do the cotton markets of the world.

It is merely a question of time. As certainly

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Spread of wings.

FIGURE 1.—THE SILK-WORM BUTTERFLY (BOMBYX MORI).

as the seasons come round we are slowly but surely approaching this great result.

The statesmen of France, from Sully to Louis Napoleon, have pondered, watched, and now tremble for the issue of this question. The deep and serious apprehensions which are held by the English concerning cotton are felt ten-fold more anxiously by the French in relation to their silk culture. Not a meeting of the Academy takes place but a paper relative to this subject is read and discussed. Every effort is being made to introduce other moths whose food is not so precarious as the mulberry. No expense is spared in experiments. Every suggestion is hailed and tried. Scientific men watch and study; but all in vain—the silken thread is slowly but surely following the sun. It must be caught up by our Middle and Southern States; or before many of the present generation have passed away our wives may receive the same answer Aurelian gave his Empress, who asked "to have a single shawl of purple silk."

"Far be it from us," he replied, "to permit thread to be reckoned worth its weight in gold." At that period silk sold weight for weight.

To fully understand our own position relative to the silk culture let us go back to the ages when it is first mentioned, and see how gradually it has crept on and on. By thus tracing its course through the past we may see what the future will produce.

That silk was known at a very early period all authors are agreed; although no mention is made of it in the Old Testament, and it is named but once in the New Testament.

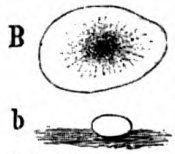


FIGURE 2. — EGG OF SILK-WORM.
B. Magnified.
b. Natural size.

In the French version of the Chinese Treatises by Mr. Stanislaus Julien, translated and published in 1838, at Washington, bearing the title of "Summary of the principal Chinese Treatises upon the Culture of the Mulberry and the rearing of Silk-worms," we read that "the lawful wife of the Emperor Hoangti, named Si-ching-chi, began the culture of silk in 2602 before our era, more than 4447 years ago." This will do for a beginning; let us feel no curiosity to go farther into the mist of ages. Compared with this, Aristotle is a modern in his evidence of the use of silk. It is mentioned by almost all the Greek and Roman authors. Heliogabalus was the first Roman who wore cloth made of silk *alone;* and Lampridius mentions that "he had prepared a silken rope of purple and scarlet colors to hang himself with." The use of silk spread very rapidly after this example. A.D. 530 we find Justinian rewarding two monks at Constantinople for bringing to him from Persia, in the hollow of a cane, some eggs of the silk-worm. These hatched in due time, and their management was taught by these monks, so that it was not long before the Romans produced their own raw silk. In 685 Benedict, first Abbot of Wearmouth, bought land for his abbey, from two families on the River Wear, for two scarfs or palls of silk.

In 701 Bede holds forth *against* the use of silk in churches. "Hence," says he, "the custom of the churches has obtained to celebrate the sacrifice of the altar, *not in silk* (mark this!), nor in dyed cloth, but in *earthy flax*, as the body of our Lord was buried in a clean *linen* cloth." In 1148 Roger I., king of Sicily, having taken the cities of Corinth, Thebes, and Athens, got into his hands a number of silk weavers, whom he carried off, with their instruments and materials, and forced them to become residents of Palermo. Twenty years from this time the silks of Sicily had become celebrated all over the world,* and its manufacture had been introduced through every province of Italy, and flourished at Almeria in Grenada in Spain.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the weavers, being expelled from Lucca, carried the manufacture of silk to Venice, Florence, Milan,

* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

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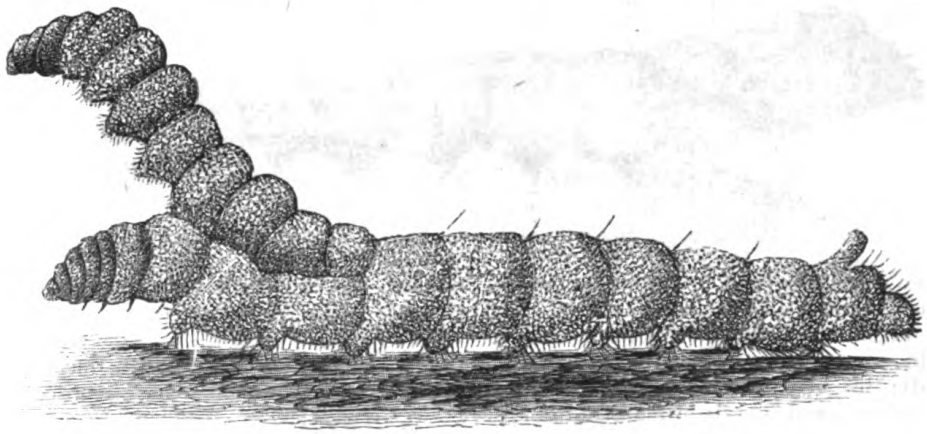


FIGURE 3.—SILK-WORM MOULTING.

Bologna. From thence its transition to France, Germany, and England was quite easy. The *use* of the silk cloth had been known in these countries as early as the sixth century. The kings of Denmark began to use silk to append their waxen seals to charters about A.D. 1000.

James the First of England learned the value of silk before he left Scotland for his new throne, having been obliged to borrow a pair of silk stockings from the Earl of Mar that he might receive with due pomp the English embassadors. This experience no doubt increased his desire to cultivate silk in England and her colonies. He wrote a book on the subject for the instruction of his loyal people, the Virginians, who had the honor, it is said, of providing the silk for the coronation robes of Charles the Second.

Bounties were offered in England for raw silk as early as 1623.

In 1714 the manufacture of silk was commenced at Derby in England by Sir Thomas Lombe, who went to Italy and obtained a knowledge of the business; and is supposed to have lost his life by poison from the jealousy of the Italians at his discovering their mode of weaving and dyeing. He died at the early age of twenty-nine.

In 1732 lands were granted in Georgia on condition of planting one hundred white mulberry-trees on every ten acres of cleared land; and in 1759, just a century ago, this fine, promising colony exported to England 10,000 pounds of raw silk. When cotton was introduced the silk culture declined rapidly, and the last exportation was made in 1790. It was only a few years ago that the large and roomy filature in the centre of the city of Savannah, which had been used as a hotel, and which covered almost a whole block, was pulled down.

In 1760 Connecticut commenced the silk business; and most wisely continues it to this day. A little more impetus given the farmers in prizes from the State Agricultural Society would make it now a most flourishing and important branch of industry in that State.

In 1771 Pennsylvania and New Jersey commenced the culture of silk, and continued it to the Revolution. Since then it has never been resumed.

These are only a few mile-stones running along the centuries, by which your attention can be fixed to points worthy of your future consideration.

A perusal of the history and statistics of the silk trade for the last half century will prove to any reader that the fears of the French and Italians about the gradual but sure decline of the silk culture in those countries are not without reason. For forty years, notwithstanding the persistent spread of the mulberry and the worm —until the former is now planted up the steep sides of the Lebanon, through Syria, along the whole Mediterranean coast—the increased production of raw silk has been by no means commensurate with the labor and expense incurred. "Short crops" is the constant cry.

Let us retrace our steps and take a geographical view of the production of silk. It was first obtained by the different nations bordering on the Mediterranean, from the Seres—a people who inhabited Khotan, in Little Bucharia, a province in the north of India. It crept down through centuries past Bactria to Persia, through Arabia to Byzantium or Constantinople, whence Justinian transplanted it to the island of Cos. From this time history gives us ample information. In an old book written by Isodore of Seville, about

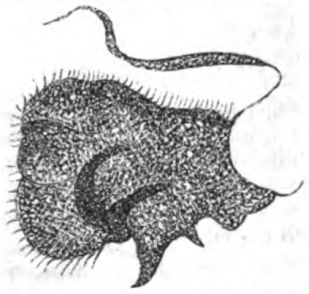


FIGURE 4.—THE CAST-OFF SKIN OF THE MOUTH AND HEAD.

A.D. 575, there is an explanation of terms used etymologically for silk. "Bombyx—a worm which lives upon the leaves of trees, and from whose web silk is made. It is called Bombyx

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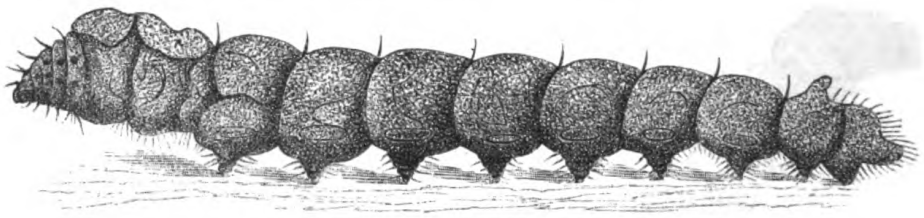


FIGURE 5.—SILK-WORM AT MATURITY.

because it empties itself in producing threads, and nothing but air remains within it. The cloth called Bombycina derives its name from the silk-worm (*Bombyx*), which emits very long threads; the web woven from them is called Bombycinum, and is made in the island of Cos. That called Serica derives its name from silk (*sericum*), or from the circumstance that it was first obtained from the Seres. Holo-serica is all of silk, for Holan means all. Tramo-serica has a warp of linen and a woof (*trama*) of silk." This quotation is well worth our attention as an exposition of the state of trade or manufactures at this early day. In all the languages of Europe, from the first period of their use, you will find a word by which *silk* is understood; in no tongue is it found missing—which shows how early mankind placed a value upon this production. Serinda is the name of the country from whence came "the fleece of the Seres." Authors have disputed whether it is the same as Khotan, in Little Bucharia. Latreille sums up the matter thus: "The city of Tarfan, in Little Bucharia, was for a long time the rendezvous of the caravans coming from the West, and the principal market for Chinese silks. It was the metropolis of the Seres of Upper Asia, or the Serica of Ptolemy."

The French obtained several workmen from Milan and commenced the silk manufacture in 1521, but with no success. In 1564 Trancot, a gardener at Nismes, planted the first nursery of white mulberry-trees, and in a few years they became propagated through the southern provinces of France. In Dauphiny great efforts had been made by some noblemen returning from the conquest of Naples, who brought with them both mulberry and worms; but signal failure attended their efforts; and, doubtless, little progress ever would have been made if Sully, with his far-reaching policy, had not impressed its importance on the mind of his master, Henry the Fourth, and forced the nation into appreciating its immense results. No one can calculate the wonderful resources—the revenue—the finding of pleasant work for the poor and helpless—the keeping of men busy, and consequently quiet, thus encouraging peace and content, that this little worm has conferred upon so volatile and restless a nation as the French. Therefore its rulers are wise in casting about how, and by what means, its continuance can be made permanent.

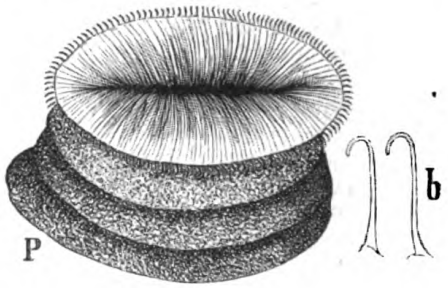


FIGURE 6.

P. The pro leg or scales. *b*. Hairs magnified.

But men can not regulate the seasons; and as the climate of France and Italy changes through some cause which we can not even divine, so the manufacture of silk from the *Bombyx mori* must, notwithstanding every effort, gradually decrease in those countries. You no longer find the former long continuance of dry, sunny weather; the seasons are becoming colder; rain is more constant, and dampness follows. The vine on the once sunny slopes can not struggle against

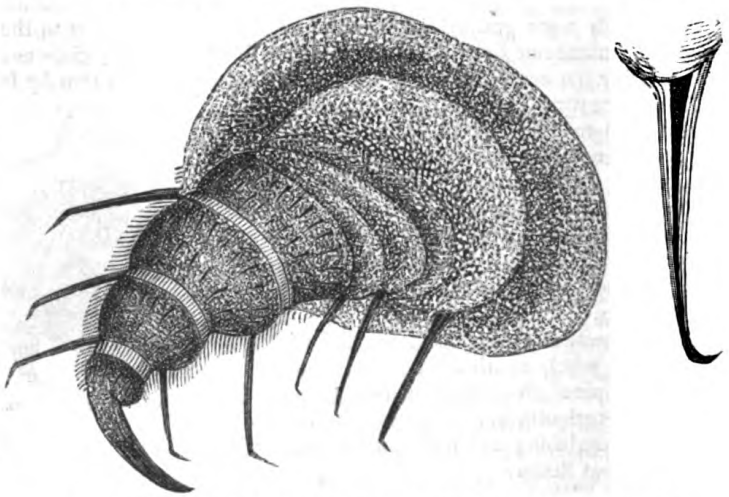


FIGURE 7.—FORE-LEG OF SILK-WORM, AND HOOK, GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

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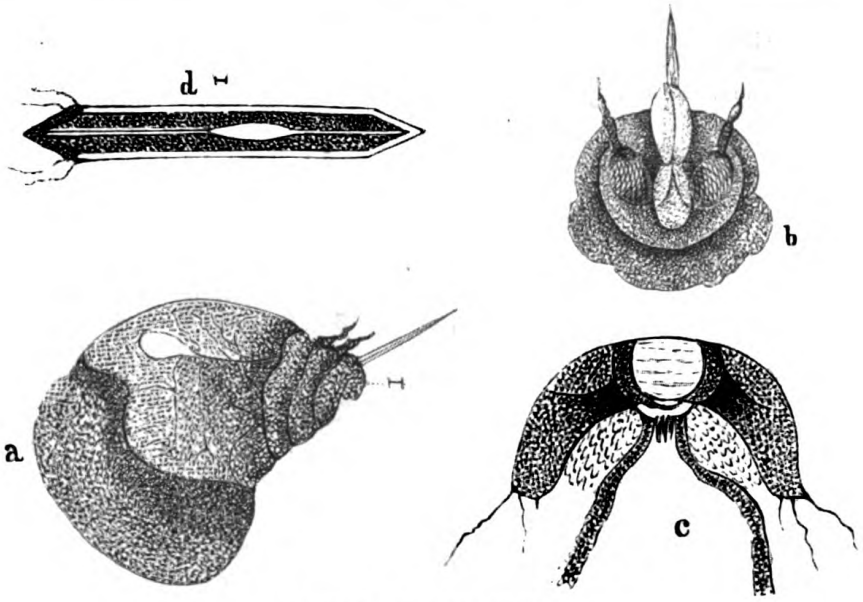


FIGURE 8.—HEAD OF SILK-WORM.

a. Side view of head. *b*. Front view of head. *c*. Interior of the Labrum or upper lip. *d*. Silk tube, or spinneret, magnified.

it, and the mulberry loses year by year more of its healthful vitality.

This tree is a marvel of itself. A mysterious current forms its life-blood. Every other known tree has its hundreds of insects feeding, living, dying upon it; but the mulberry has but one—the *Bombyx mori*. The moth lives alone for the tree, and the tree for the moth. Wherever it is planted it exhausts the earth most completely; all its energies are thrown into the soil, and the atmosphere is drawn upon by its millions of broad lungs in a manner corresponding with its growth. The variety of gasses in this tree surpasses every other. A mulberry-tree growing in the sun and another in the shade are two vitally different trees. Worms fed on the latter sicken and die, while those who feed on the well-sunned leaves are easily carried through all their various changes, and are very productive. We know that when the sun strikes any leaf it exhales the air used by animal life for respiration, and we know that the quantity exhaled is apportioned entirely to the strength of the light which draws it. Consequently, when rain, dampness, and the absence of the sun are combined, little of this air can be exhaled, and animal life must suffer. With the mulberry this is more the case than with any other tree. Count Dondolo, in his excellent treatise on the silk-worm, says: "If some mulberry leaves are placed in a wide-mouth bottle and exposed to the sun for an hour or more according to the intensity of heat; and if you then reverse the bottle and put in a lighted taper, it (the taper) will burn with a brighter, *whiter*, and larger light than if it were placed in a bottle filled only with the common atmospheric air. Also, on the inside of the bottle containing these leaves, in a short time you will find drops of water evaporated from the leaves by the heat. The leaves become withered and dry, according to the quantity of liquid they have lost. Now take another empty bottle, place in it some mulberry leaves, cork it, and place it in the dark in a box, or wrapped up so that no light can reach it.

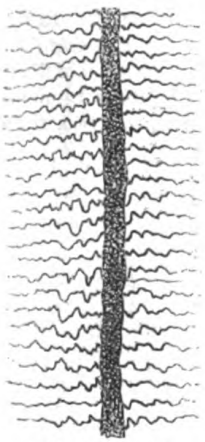


FIGURE 9.—THE HEART OR NERVOUS SYSTEM.

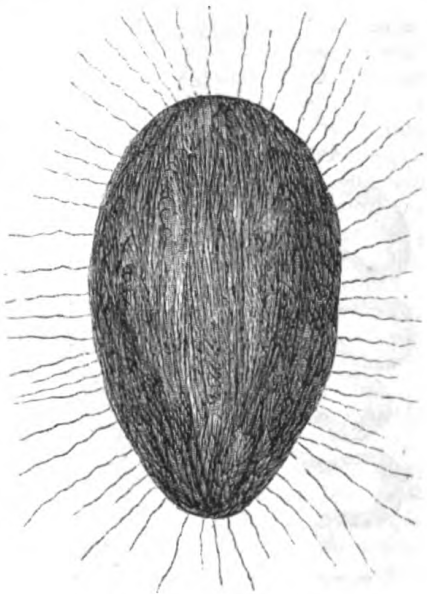


FIGURE 10.—THE PERFECT COCOON.

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After two hours open it; put in a lighted taper or a small bird: the candle will go out, and the bird will expire in a second. This demonstrates that in darkness the leaves have exhaled mephitic air, whereas in the sun they have exhaled vital air."

Thus we may perceive how the long rainy seasons in France will gradually destroy the nutritive qualities of the leaves, and cause the worm to die from the deleteriousness of the gas of the leaf upon which it feeds. This being the case, others whose climate answers for both must adopt them.

In this country we can raise both worm and tree; and the sooner the business is commenced the greater the success and profit. In the whole of China there are only parts of four provinces which produce the fine silk; Che-kiang, Kiang-nan, Woopé, and Szechuen. The first is crossed by the 30° of latitude, and corresponds in climate, soil, and rivers with our Middle and Southern States. Experience has shown that no finer silk country exists in the world than Georgia; and the surrounding States must be equally as well fitted. The raising of the worm is a nominal



FIGURE 11.—INTERIOR OF SILK-WORM.

a. Silk bags. *b*. Silk tube, or spinneret. *c*. Stomach. *d*. Intestines.

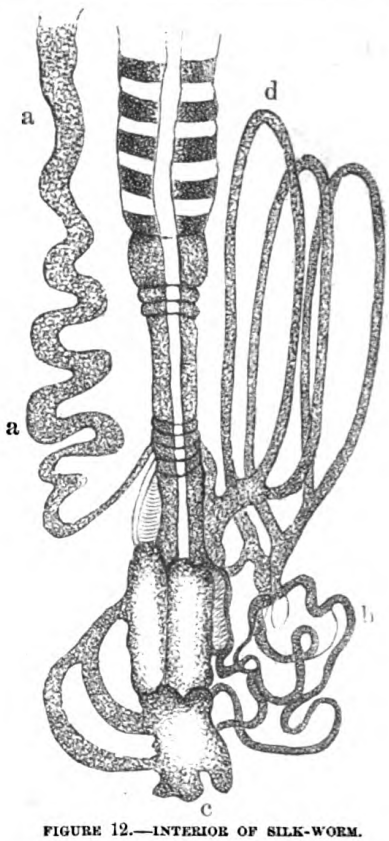


FIGURE 12.—INTERIOR OF SILK-WORM.

a. Silk bag, lower end. *b*. Intestines. *d*. Ligament of the stomach. *c*. Rectum.

affair in England. There it can never thrive, for the same reason which is now causing its decay and death in France: *the want of a sufficiency of sun heat to ripen the leaves, rendering them free from injurious gases and nutritive to the worm.*

We are now considering, it must be borne in mind, the production of the *Bombyx mori*, the true silk-worm; whose material is used solely for the most valuable silks and velvets, and for which no substitute has yet been found in other moths of the same family. There is as much difference between the silk of this worm and of others as between sea-island and upland cotton. In dyeing there must be a third of the silk from this worm used, or *furring up* (the separation of fibres) will take place, and the loss becomes immense. Then again *thrown* silk is formed of two, three, or more "*singles*," according to the substance required, which are twisted in a contrary direction to that in which the "singles" composing the thread is twisted. Now with the silk of other worms *throwstering* becomes impossible, or makes such a rough, coarse fabric that the higher qualities of silk and velvets must disappear with the *Bombyx mori*.



FIGURE 13.—SMALL BAG AND ARTERY IN HEAD.

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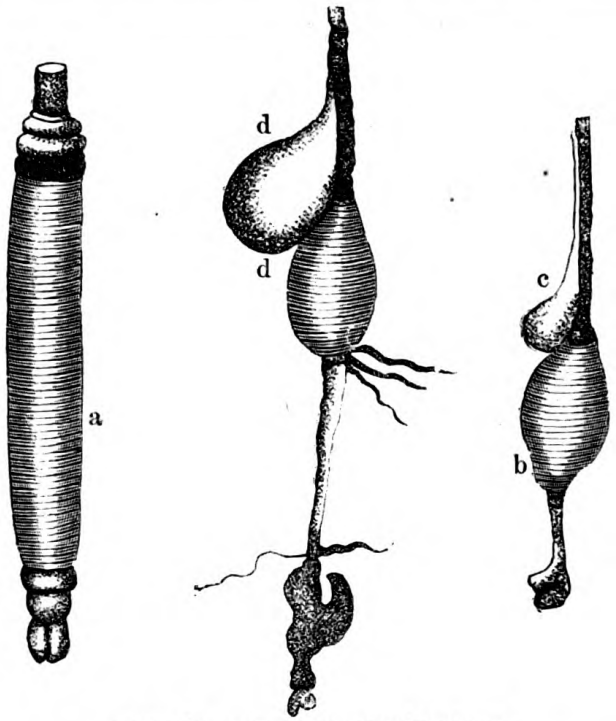


FIGURE 14.—PARTS OF SILK-WORM'S STOMACH.

a. The stomach, magnified. *b*. Stomach, in its place. *c*. Crop or honey stomach annexed. *d*, *d*. Stomach and honey stomach of butterfly.

People think that great preparations are needed to commence the culture of silk. This is an error. You need only a large, dry, well-ventilated room, where the sun's rays can penetrate but not fall on the worms—the upper part of a barn for instance (always understanding mulberry-trees are near at hand); a few boards or a table on which to place a sufficient number of pasteboard covers about two inches deep; and some twigs of trees laid loosely on these, and on which, in turn, you place your leaves. This is a natural position, and forces the worms to exercise a little, which is good for them; and also elevates them above the atmosphere of the débris which accumulates at the bottom of the covers, keeping the food fresh for a longer time.

The leaves must be thoroughly sunned. If they have grown in the shade they should be sprinkled with water and laid in the sun for some hours, then wiped very dry before being given to the worms. Before each moulting, if the leaves are dipped in sugar and water with a small portion of milk in it, and allowed to dry by evaporation, they will be found highly nutritious to the worms; and, sulphur being a component ingredient in the sugar, this assists in purifying and thinning the fluids of their bodies.

They should be fed three times with fresh leaves every twelve hours. The ejecta and withered fibres must be cleared off every day. The first makes a splendid dye, and is no doubt the basis of the fine purples and reds of the Chinese.

The *Bombyx mori* (Fig. 1) is a moth belonging to the genus *Phalenæ*, the plainest and the most indifferent in appearance of any in the Lipedoptera family; evincing once more the great truth that appearances become of little value when compared with usefulness and worth. The finest insects I know of in this country are raised in Georgia. The specimen from which my drawing is made is a Georgian. The butterfly is of a pale, soiled yellowish hue. Others are found—not so valuable—of a grayish color. She comes forth from her cocoon full of life and energy, which are spent in seeking agreeable companionship, and soon she commences to deposit her eggs. This done she dies, rarely living many hours after her task is accomplished.

The egg (Figure 2) is the size of a mustard seed, bright yellow at first, but darkening with age to a lead color. It is deeply indented in the centre. If the season is warm and dry the silk-worm will emerge in a few days, yielding, if so, two crops a year, if the eggs have been well sheltered during the winter. For this purpose nothing answers so well as a good bandbox; in which, if you confine the moths, they will deposit their eggs on the sides. When this is done fill the bandbox lightly with cotton-batting, envelop it in a covering, and place it where no smells may reach it—particularly tobacco smoke. I have now some hundreds by me all killed from cigar smoke. The smell of onions will kill them too. No insect is so sensitive to

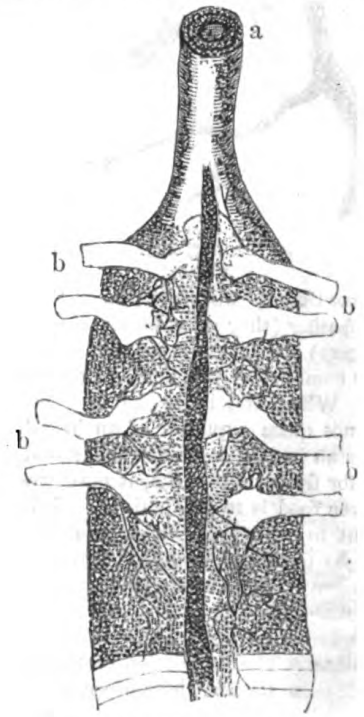


FIGURE 15.—BODY OF SILK-WORM.

a. The œsophagus or gullet. *b*. Pulmonary tubes.

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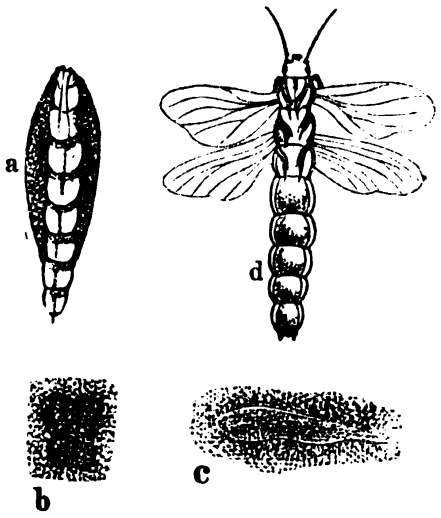


FIGURE 16.—THE EMBRYO.

a. Embryo of the butterfly in the caterpillar.
b. Appearance of the head through the gauze envelope.
c. Embryo as it reposes.
d. Wings and antennæ spread to show them.

smells, noise, and dampness in every stage of its existence.

As soon as the mulberry-tree is sufficiently advanced in spring, take out the cotton and place the box near the rays of the sun, but not in them.

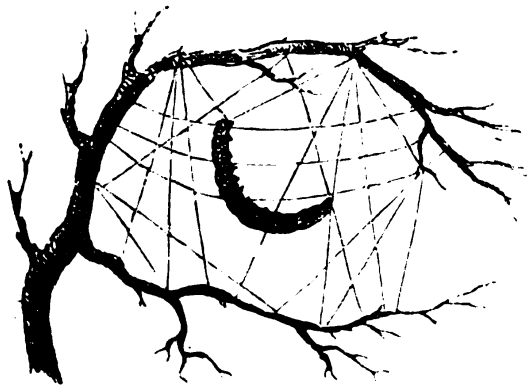


FIGURE 17.—THE COCOON BEGUN.

In a short time the worms will come forth. Then take a feather (they must never be touched with the fingers) and lift them on to a dry leaf.

Now commences the unceasing care they require. When first hatched it is a small black worm not quite a quarter of an inch long. It exhibits an instant desire for food; and day and night, for five or six weeks, it never rests a second when food is to be obtained. It is very indifferent to change of place, requiring nothing but to be fed; and probably during the whole of its larva stage will not move a foot from the spot it was first placed on.

It undergoes five moultings during the caterpillar state. The description of the first operation will serve for the whole process. The skins are all under the first, and as the worm enlarges they are thrown off successively. It is these changes which cause their sickness and mortality. When about eight days old its head is very much enlarged; and now commences its first trial. For three days it will refuse food, lying in a lethargic state. This is owing to the swelling of the body under the tight skin. If healthy, you will soon see a soft fluid, called fat, circulating between the skins. This softens both, and renders the escape comparatively easy, as the worm from instinct takes no food, and becomes very much reduced in size. From its body now exudes a soft, silky fluid, which attaches the first skin to any thing firm; it rubs its head forcibly against the twigs, or the sides of the cover, until the scaly covering is loosened. Then comes the great effort of breaking the skin nearest the head, which, being very narrow, requires great exertion; but as soon as the first two pairs of feet are out the danger is over (Figure 3). It soon frees itself entirely, the old skin remaining attached to the spot where the effort commenced. The danger now is that all of the old skin should not have been equally lubricated, which will be the case if the worm has not been very punctually fed. The consequence will be that a portion of the skin will adhere, and, tightening with the growth of the worm, this pressure induces a swelling, inflammation sets in, and death soon intervenes. At this stage the greatest mortality occurs. The principal cause is the watery and acid condition of the mulberry leaf, from the want of sun. In consequence of this defect the necessary fatty fluid has not been sufficiently elaborated for the demands of the worm. It casts off every part of its covering; nay, even the interior coat of the stomach, gullet, and trachea — body, skull, feet, eyes, jaws, even the membrane around its mouth, which has marks on its edges resembling teeth. (See Figure 4.)

It is now pale, and the skin is soft and wrinkled. But all this soon disappears, as after a short rest it commences to eat again more voraciously than ever. This continues about five days; then comes the second moulting; and the same process is gone through with at the expiration of every five days, if the weather is dry and warm, and food plenty, each time with less danger.

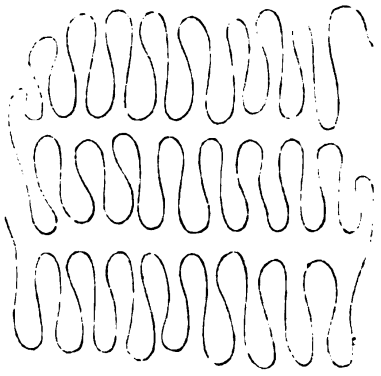


FIG. 18.—MANNER IN WHICH THE WORM LAYS THE SILK.

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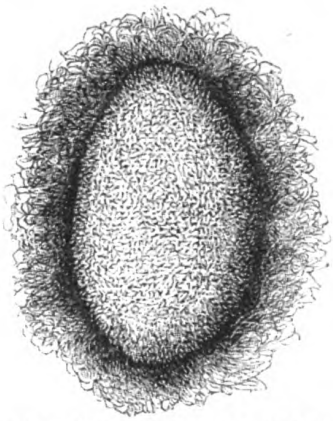


FIGURE 19.—INTERIOR OF THE COCOON, WHERE THE CHRYSALIS REPOSES.

At last comes the final moulting. The worm will feed about ten days longer when it reaches maturity. It is now an ugly thing (Figure 5); if fully developed, three inches long; of a light-green color, with a darker green and some black interspersed. It has twelve segments to its body, on which you will find eighteen stigmata or breathing-holes, nine on each side. There are sixteen legs; the first six scales (Figure 6), which can not sensibly change their position. The other ten are holders (Figure 7), very flexible and membraneous, to which are attached small hooks which assist the worm to climb and spin. Its mouth is very singular. The aperture is vertical, not horizontal; the jaws are situated like the teeth of a saw, firm and strong; and the crunching they make when feeding can be heard at a considerable distance. The muscles which form the jaws relax and expand to such a degree after death that no positive result can be offered in a drawing to represent them correctly, for it is the action of life which gives them form; when it ceases, appearances are so different it would be erroneous to present them. This can easily be seen by placing a worm while feeding upon a piece of glass, in such a position as will enable you to apply a magnifier. On each side of the head are seven small spots very near the mouth, which are called eyes; but are evidently of small service. It is exceedingly doubtful if the worm is guided by any sense except that of *smell*, if I may term it such, imbibed through its breathing pores from the surrounding atmosphere.



FIGURE 20.—THE CHRYSALIS.

The spinneret, or silk tube, was supposed by Reaumur and others to be composed of two outlets for silk; but Lyonnet, after very minute dissection, with the aid of the highest magnifier, found the two tubes were united into one before their termination (Figure 8, *d*). "I am almost certain," he remarks, "that it is composed of horny and membraneous slips alternately; the one for pressing the thread into a small diameter, the other enlarging it at the insect's pleasure." Of this there is little doubt, as can easily be seen in the passage of the silk through it. It is clipped at the end like a pen for writing, but with less slant; and is just the instrument for attaching fluid to any object required—subsequently spinning it forth as it pleases.

Let us now examine the interior of the caterpillar. I shall only present as much as will explain the interior economy provided for the manufacture of the material silk. Caterpillars have no heart or brain. A vessel amidst small veins (Figure 9), running the length of the back, pulsating about a hundred times a minute, serves for the first; and a few ganglions for the latter. If you will look at Figure 12 you will see that the silk bags are closed at the lower end. The upper end terminates at the spinneret; consequently, after the fluid is digested, it must return to a small artery near the head, to be passed into the silk bags for future use (Figure 13). I have given only one silk bag, for, as they convolute *over* the intestines, I present a side of each. They are longer in the silk-worm than in any other, as more is required for its use than its *confrères*. They are widest in the middle, and taper off toward each end, and are almost double the length of the whole body of the caterpillar.

The silk is a fluid produced by a chemical process from the juices of the mulberry, and can by the fingers be drawn out into filaments of silk as distinct as if already in a skein; in a word, I may say the skein is made when the bags are full and the worm has digested a sufficiency of food in its reservoirs, which will be shown by the glossiness of the body of the worm and the transparency of the skin around its neck. The caterpillar devours sixty thousand times its own weight in thirty days; consequently it requires a powerful digesting machinery as well as a large stomach. Therefore, when newly hatched it is nearly all stomach; but as the larva advances in age it dwindles away, collapsing into the horny stomach of the future butterfly. You can see at Figure 14 the stomach of a caterpillar just going into the pupa state (the second immediately before its transformation), and also the stomach of the perfect butterfly. In some diurnal moths, requiring little food, the crop, or honey-bag, is scarcely perceptible, and the stomach is a mere thread.

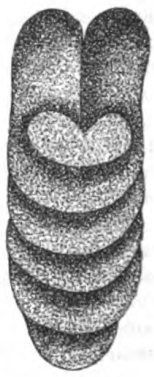


FIGURE 21.—CAST-OFF SKIN OF CATERPILLAR.

It must be impressed upon the minds of those raising the silk-worm that Nature does not pause in her wondrous laborato-

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ry, nor can she wait upon the idleness or negligence of humanity. One day, one omission, or scanty supply of food, will ruin an entire crop. There is no remedy for "to-morrow." The organs are in a constant preparation for throwing off these exterior coats. The new head is pressing hard upon the old; the new mandibles ready to discard the dry and stiff ones of the present skin; the gullet is closed gradually by the shriveling of the old skin; and from the neglect of one day the poor caterpillar starves to death in the midst of plenty, and you lose, from procrastination or oversight, the care, toil, and labor of weeks.

But the marvels of the caterpillar's stomach are not yet all related. In the interior of that ugly worm is folded up, in a gauzy cover, every part of the future butterfly (*a*, Figure 16). As the worm grows so does the embryo within; until the *material*, if I may use the term, becomes literally merged in the *spiritual*. The ancients figured the soul (psyche) as a butterfly; and the Christian sees in the rending of its chrysalis a foreshadowing of the resurrection. Surely it requires no great stretch of the imagination to acknowledge the beautiful allegory given us by the Maker of all things, in the worm we spurn with contempt from our path. Take any caterpillar on the point of spinning its cocoon or going into the pupa state, tie a thread to it, and hold it suspended in boiling water for a minute or more, and you can then draw the skin entirely off; and on opening it carefully down the back you will find this demonstration of the Omnipotent.

This is but a very small portion of the marvelous structure and economy of these little creatures—just enough to whet the curiosity, and send you, one and all, I hope, to the study of these despised creatures. You will become wiser and happier every hour you bestow upon them.

Silk-worms are subject to many diseases; the two most fatal are the *reds* and the *scours*. The first arises from a fermentation of food in the stomach, creating uric acid, which, mixing with vegetable humors, causes the *red* blotches on the skin, dries it, and eventually suffocates the worm by the pressure of the skin. The best remedy, and one that seldom fails, is submerging the leaves in molasses or sirup and water, letting them dry by evaporation, and feeding to the worm only one leaf a day until the disease declines. Another remedy is, before feeding, to dip the leaves in chalk and water, and allow them to dry in the same manner. The other disease—the *scours*, or diarrhea—arises entirely from bad air and ill attendance. The food can not be digested without oxygen; the fluid analogous to blood can not be elaborated; and so the food, instead of nourishing the worm, passes into the intestines undigested. The inner skins receive no fatty fluids—these passing away in a crude state—and acquire no consistency; and the old skin never becomes dry enough to be sloughed; and thus the poor caterpillar dies a miserable death from contaminated and vitiated air. How strong the need of fresh air to sustain all life, may be seen in this humble creature. It can bear a great deal more in this respect than a warm-blooded animal, and may struggle through; but the silk is weak, a bad color, short staple, and very inferior. They are likely to commence several cocoons without finishing any; and die at last without having entered the chrysalis state at all. When a well-attended, well-fed worm, after its last moulting, arrives at maturity, full of life and energy, the fat having gone toward enlarging all its several parts—it becomes so full, so increased in size, that we pause and wonder how it was possible for any of the other skins to have contained such bulk. It is fresher, brighter, and the markings of tints sometimes vary considerably from what they were at first. It now becomes dainty with its food; and toward the end raises its head, becomes restless, and is now inclined to wander. Soon it will select a position between two twigs. This it examines, measures; and after a pause, measures and examines again. At last it is satisfied, and the cocoon is begun (see Figure 17); the instinctive creature working always *within*. During the first day floss silk is usually thrown off; but as the cocoon increases the thread is firmer. If the worm has been well fed the cocoon will be finished on the third day; and is a charming piece of workmanship, its little prisoner nicely ensconced within its golden palace.

The cocoon (Figure 10) should be nearly an inch and a half long, and of a brilliant yellow. This depends on your feeding and care. The silk is not, as the generality of people imagine, wound round and round, but is laid on in a zig-zag manner (Figure 18)—the worm moving its head slightly backward and forward during the process and going to another patch. It never breaks the thread unless it is disturbed. Softly and slowly it evolves from its spinneret this precious stuff, in a double thread. In a full cocoon it will amount to two thousand feet of silk, weighing three grains and a half. This allows five pounds of silk to ten thousand cocoons (the Chinese allowance); and if you get this you have an excellent crop.

Imagine the number of worms required to supply the thirty-five millions of dollars' worth imported by this country alone!

The cocoon is composed of three coverings, entirely different. The loose or floss silk keeps off dampness; the fine closely-woven silk, so valuable to commerce, prevents the rain from penetrating; and the glued silk, forming the tapestry of the chamber (Figure 19) where the chrysalis reposes, repels air, water, and cold.

Here the little hermit remains until transformed into a moth. This transformation takes place gradually. From the expulsion of such a quantity of gummy fluid the worm becomes very much decreased in size; the rings begin to close up; and it rests from its labors. Then it throws off its caterpillar garb, and if you open the cocoon now, you will see the chrysalis (Figure 20) wherein is the winged spirit, its shroud and

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earthy covering lying beside it (Figure 21), until it hears a voice calling to it, "Arise and come forth." Is the allegory not beautifully carried out? And who can fail seeing the lesson it conveys?

The insect, taught by the great Architect, interweaves the small end of the cocoon loosely, nor does it gum it so thickly as the other parts; it reposes with its head toward this slightly woven portion, and when ready to escape it softens this end with a fluid from its mouth to loosen the adhesiveness of the gum. This fluid has been supposed to be a powerful acid, but it is not; for it has no power to corrode steel, and is nothing more than the watery particles of secretions thrown off. When ready, with its feet and head it pushes aside the loose threads and comes forth to light and freedom. It is a disputed point with authors whether the insect *gnaws* these silken threads; and it is quite amusing to see how much has been said on a topic which has such ridiculous bearings. For as the moth has only a short tube with which to suck or imbibe, you perceive it is impossible for it to *bite or gnaw*. Some cocoons are found sadly broken, and others again can be wound off without intermission after the egress of the moth; it is the eager male bursting through all restraints in the first instance, while from the latter emerges the milder and gentler female. Thus we have broken and unbroken cocoons.

The length of time before the moth emerges varies, if unaccelerated by artificial means, according to temperature—in some places taking fifteen, in others, fifty-six days. In India the time never exceeds twelve days; in France, three weeks; in England, from thirty-five to forty days; in Georgia, Florida, and the Carolinas seldom more than fifteen days; in Connecticut, from eighteen to twenty.

The length of time elapsing from the hatching of the worm to its retirement in the cocoon must, of course, vary according to climate. With a warm, steady, genial atmosphere, with a plenty of food, its course is soon run.

The first preparation generally made for winding the cocoons is to throw them into warm water, to dissolve the glue. They are next dried in ovens; and then taking the ends of three or more together, they are wound into skeins. In this process there is a great waste of life and a reduction of eggs from the killing of such a number of chrysalis. One should be more chary of a creature which may vanish entirely some future day. If the cocoons are laid in a sieve over a pan of boiling water the steam will moisten the glue, and the immense quantity of electricity in the cocoon will cause the threads to separate so that it can be wound easily. To be sure there is more trouble and time consumed in this last proceeding, but you insure a double quantity of eggs. The weight and beautiful gloss of the silk, when wound, will amply repay you. In winding, after you have reached the interior portion, which is usually carded like cotton for coarser fabrics, if you feel as if you could not wait for the usual routine with the moth, cut the end of the cocoon, take out the chrysalis, carefully wrap it in cotton-batting, the glazed side in, and place a number together in boxes having one end open for the moth to emerge. This, in due time, she will do, and deposit her eggs equally as well as one emerging from her cocoon in the natural way. By this means you will not lose a moth, and will double your number of eggs.

Now here is a summary of the whole process: Your eggs must be well preserved from damp, smells, and exposure. The worms must be well fed. Leaves must never be offered with *dew* or moisture upon them. Feed them with a generous hand—the more you give the more you will receive. Plenty of pure air must be given, avoiding carefully every transition in temperature. The more heat the more rapid will be their growth; they stand any amount of heat, and are well contented with the thermometer at 105° Fahrenheit. If a rainy spell comes on, a stove lighted in the room will prevent sickness and delay; and with the remedies before mentioned, you can not fail of reaping a hundredfold from every mulberry-tree you may have planted.

The worms they are now trying to domesticate in Europe are, first, the *Eria* or the *Arrindy*, which feeds on the *Palma Christi*, or castor-oil plant, and can be cultivated in this country with the greatest ease. Drury, in 1773, describes this moth under the name of the *Bombyx Cynthia*. This they are now making great experiments with in France as a substitute for the *Bombyx mori*. M. Guerin Meneville, in his paper read before the Academy, maintains that they are different insects. We shall wait for the French experiments to convince us of their success. The *Eria* makes the strongest silk known. It is worn by all the lower classes in China. It will bear no throwstering unless mixed with a third of the silk of the *Bombyx mori*. The next is the *Saturnia trifenestrata*, the nearest approach to the *Bombyx mori*. The cocoon of this worm is very silky, and a bright yellow. Its food is the *Soom*-tree of Assam. It is a very delicate eater; and we must naturalize the tree before we can try the worm. The third is the *Joree* silk-worm of Assam (*Bombyx religiosa*), which feeds upon the *pipul*-tree, or *Ficus religiosa*, which would grow like a weed at the South. It can be fed easily on the purple fig of the Southern States. Its silk is a rich dark-gray. Several inferior silk-worms may be rendered very valuable, with sufficient care, by being tended in rooms under cover. The *Bombyx mori* degenerates amazingly when allowed to feed in the open air on trees. First of these inferior worms is the *Saturnia paphia*, or Tussch silk-worm, which produces the silk worn by Europeans in India. It feeds on the hair-tree (*Zizyphus jujuba*), the Assam-tree (*Terminalia alata*), and several others. The *Saturnia assamensis* feeds on the *Adakoory*-tree, and on the Assam-tree. It is asserted that our spruce and

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live-oak are substitutes for any or all of these trees. There are many other moths of less value, but all of these, with their attendant trees, would, with a little care, be easily naturalized in every part of our country. They could not fail of being suited somewhere, with such a vast range of climate.

I have said nothing of the Chinese manner of raising silk-worms, because you have a host of travelers, of every century, who will satisfy your curiosity; and then where is the American who will follow in a beaten track? We are too erratic for imitation. If you doubt this, visit the Patent-office.

But one labor I recommend to my countrywomen advancing in years. Let them resume the cares of this second nursery, and become, as the Chinese call it, "a mother of worms." It would be far preferable to the clicking of the knitting-needles, going their eternal rounds on the hundred and seventy-nine pair of stockings —to be sold at a Yankee auction, when you can no longer hoard them—or to hunting up duck-eggs, and rehearsing the legends of old Virginia; or, perchance, invading the doctor's chest and concocting salves, liniments, and vermifuges which are expected to cure every disease floating on the balmy breezes of the South. How much better, and far more agreeable, to make up in this pleasant way a dower for a loved granddaughter, and finding therefrom amazing comfort and much amusement; moreover, increasing your knowledge daily of the wonderful works of God! As for the children, I never saw a boy or girl who, after a little instruction, did not become a perfect enthusiast in the business. But stay, what does Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage in the *third* century, say? "Although thou shouldest put on a tunic of foreign *silk*, thou art naked; although thou shouldest beautify thyself with gold and pearls and gems, without the beauty of Christ thou art unadorned."

MISS MUFFET AND THE SPIDER.

THERE is a great deal said about Shakspeare in the way of critical elucidation; and Mr. Ruskin has bored into the Stones of Venice till they have given us a moral and mental history of their shapers and layers that

> "Show us how divine a thing
> A 'builder' may be made."

(Stupendous poet-shade excuse me!) Milton has been expounded by the daring few who have studied his "works of labor and of skill," even to the end thereof; and there are those who avow that they understand Browning. I have seen a man who said he could explain Emerson; but as he has since been taken to a "lunattic arsenal," I have my doubts; and I sympathize with him so far that I shall not blame any dear reader for being skeptical of the fact, when I declare myself to be the sole and only decipherer of that great but misunderstood work—the Melodies of Mother Goose! Yet so it is. I might cry "Eureka!" only that this pungent little phrase of Archimedes—this classical slang—has been already patented by a celebrated corn-salve proprietor, and I dare not infringe. I might write volumes of commentary. I might forge annotated editions. I might avail myself of inductive analysis, and synthetic cognition *à priori;* and prove that this "femme incomprise," this Alma Mater, adopted the name of folly's solemn bird only to vail the fact that her utterances were the oracles of wisdom—the concentred splendors of Confucius, Doctor Faustus, Paracelsus, and the Persian sages of nameless antiquity. I might do all this, and inundate the world with treatises which should rout and put to confusion all the doings of Warburton, Pope, Hanmer, Theobald, Upton, Grey, Collier, and White—not to mention the small fry—but I forbear; partly out of mercy to public, publishers, and purse; partly because I am an ardent advocate of moral suasion; believe in novels as the safest and best method of conveying truths—religious, moral, and political—into the gun-barrels of the young idea; like to take my Catechism fiction-coated, and have a choir to sing the prayers on Sunday. Let us be æsthetic and die! let us wreathe our swords with myrtle, as Aristogeiton did; let us versify the Psalms; embellish and illustrate the Scripture into narrative of modern style, and write Tales on the Ten Commandments; let us abolish the purple and blue robes of the priesthood altogether, and make to ourselves a harness of the bell and pomegranate border, strapped with phylactery, so much lighter and more ornamental; for we are the people, and wisdom will die with us! You who have an old-fashioned reverence for the Word of God, and do prefer the Catechism separate from a love-story; you who like David's psalms as David wrote them, and would sing even your hymns to those dismal old tunes of Mear, and Lenox, and Rest, and Hamburg, instead of the joyful strains of Cocachelunk, Old Dog Tray, and What Fairy-like Music, you can go into some corner and sulk; you are superannuated old fogies, neither "fast" nor "fancy"—I wash my hands of you! And all this means I am going to write a story, instead of a treatise solemn and staid, a story illustrative of a distich in Mother Goose—not, oh! *not* after the faithless fashion of "him who told the wondrous tale" of Mother Mary—a prophecy that indicates to the philosophic mind the reign of that sensation periodical, the *New York Dodger*, and with keen satire travesties the style of the great Urbanus Bobb, Sen.; not on that wise by any means, but a tale that shall, or should have for its motto the simply-pathetic stanza that tells us how

> "Little Miss Muffet
> She sat on a tuffet,
> Eating of curds and whey!
> There came a great spider
> And sat down beside her,
> And frightened Miss Muffet away."

For I knew Miss Muffet, and the spider was my second cousin; and I witnessed the whole tragedy, even from the sweet and pastoral tableau of

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Miss M. reposing on her tuffet, guiltless of sensation as of ideas, satisfying her soul with rustic viands — spilling her milk among the mealy daisies, and sopping up the curds with that silver spoon native to her mouth from earliest infancy, on to the wary advent of that beautiful black-velvet spider; its stately progress down a sweet-brier bush, and its cautious advance as if to partake of the curds and whey (as if a spider, strictly one of the carnivoræ, could have relished either one or the other; but Miss Muffet was no entomologist, or she would have had no fear. Every young woman should buy my "Rudiments of Entomology, by A. Bugg, Esq.," and study it). Yes, from that advance, on to the fearful scream of terror that Miss M. uttered, the scattering of her mild repast; her flight into outside barbarism; and the bland manners of the spider, who cared not at all for curds and whey, but only wanted to see what they were like, nor stooped to taste them, though they were flung at her feet.

Of course I shall not call Miss Muffet and the spider by any thing but "traveling names;" and allow me at once to introduce the former as Miss Adelia Bligh, of Rutherford, commonly called 'Delia by her fond mamma, 'Dele by her brother Jim, and 'Dely by Hannah Hopkins, the governante of the kitchen—and indeed of the parlor, for Widow Bligh was one of those blessed terrestrial females made to be governed, and Hannah was now general officer, vice Samson Bligh, deceased. 'Delia Bligh was a "perfect love." Her petite stature was light and graceful; her complexion was fair as an apple-blossom that has lost its first tinge of pink in the sunshine; her hair of palest auburn, which nobody ever called red—not even the village beauty, Miss Cyrenia Jones, dared at such a calumny; though she did assert that 'Delia Bligh had green eyes, said eyes being of a light and limpid gray, with a most innocent and thoughtless expression, and altogether no barrier to the invasion of the soft red lips below, provided any body prefaced that invasion with a little milder caressing. Truth to tell, 'Delia was one of those people every body kisses and laughs at and pets, and gets extremely tired of after a while; a very yielding, sugary, tender soul, whose worst epithet was, "You awful thing!" whose highest praise, "That is real sweet!" Yet, for all that, 'Delia was—as one of the ancient philosophers said of money—a good thing to have in the house. Amiable, ornamental, neat; and with a nice little voice, that would have piped prettily at Scotch ballads, but was wasted on modern music of the harmless school, and put out of tune by the rickety jingle of an ancient piano that stood in Mrs. Bligh's parlor.

As a matter of course, 'Delia Bligh had beaux, from the grocer's clerk who brought sugar and flour to the back door in a blue wagon with red wheels, and once asked the young lady to take a drive therein, up to the village lawyer, an old bachelor of thirty-five, with sandy hair and an aquiline nose, who called every Sunday evening and asked Miss Bligh to sing "Come, ye disconsolate," to him. But of all these "lovyers" none penetrated 'Delia's heart; that placid little organ reposed like a hibernating squirrel, coiled up in her bosom, occasionally stirring in a more comfortable position, but never disquieting itself at all.

Mrs. Bligh did not interfere with her daughter's affairs. She moved about her little house, fair, inefficient, and sweet-tempered; her soft curly hair waved away under her widow's cap; her helpless white hands always dimpled and idly busy, doing a little dusting here, a little arranging of curtains or china there, setting a crooked chair straight with the wall, or fabricating, in her afternoon leisure, any amount of perfectly useless and pretty mats of white cotton, pink cotton, blue crewel, red chenille, or any other material that chanced to be in vogue; all the time fancying she was but doing her duty in an exemplary manner, since those same mats were destined to torment the hearts and purses of the male members of Doctor Perkins's congregation, at their annual fancy fair, to pay the church debt. Mrs. Bligh was a good little woman, rather over-given to tears and sentimentality, very like the sugar-plum with which I am at this moment sweetening the toils of authorship; translucent, tintless, and very sweet, innocent of any flavor save its own melted sugarness; nice for once, tolerable for twice, but oh, how blandly insipid for a continuance! how irritatingly faultless to endure for any length of time! Give me a bit of cinnamon—quick, Kitty! I'm sick of sweet!

Hannah Hopkins kept the house from being spun over by spiders, and returning to dust before its inmates; this grim, tall, gaunt, "hard-favored" creature, made the fires, and the beds, and the bread, and the pies, and the cake; superintended the pig from his buying even to his last appearance on any stage in several pieces; drove the man who did the chores to the verge of distraction twice a week by her vehement "bossing;" milked the cow, strained, skimmed, and churned the results thereof; hooked Mrs. Bligh's dress every day, and "did" 'Dely's back hair for company; dug, and sowed, and reaped in the garden; superintended the family generally, and knit her own blue yarn stockings besides. Such specimens of Yankeedom abounded once — now they are scarce as dodos, and as odd. Jim Bligh was away at school, and there let him stay; we have nothing to do with him in this history—he was only a boy. And much as the mothers of such institutions hold them in honor, it is my private opinion, as an unprejudiced observer, that society and the world would go on in far smoother grooves if all boys, from five till twenty, were carefully inclosed in strong barrels, and fed and educated through the bung-holes. This is a favorite theory of mine, though rather before the age; but I do not doubt it will find its way to public favor by the time Fourierism and hydropathy, and homeopathy, and motorpathy, and vegetarianism, and Congress-water have had their day, and been flown away with by the gentleman in black.

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About the time that 'Delia Bligh, growing in this rapid vegetable manner, like a red-clover head in a meadow, had reached her twentieth year, a stone fell into the stagnation of Rutherford, and stirred it into circling excitement. Old Dr. Perkins died just as he had "outlived his usefulness;" a timely lung-fever stepped in and saved the good old soul the pang of being dismissed, and his people the conscious self-contempt of such a proceeding. And, of course, when he had really died, and the funeral was over, and the chairs returned, and the funeral sermon preached, and his daughters scattered again to their various teachings, Solomon back to college, and the widow to her married son's in Minnesota, there had to be a new minister settled. Oh! ye inexperienced souls, who have all your lives sat under one method of pounding the pulpit-cushion, and expounding doctrines, who took in Taylorism, or Tylerism, or Arianism, or any other ism, into the soft cartilage of your infant ears, and have continued therein till ye have thereby got one routine of one man drilled into the adult gristle: you happy, whose minister never had the "brown creturs," nor nerves, nor heresy, nor death—not even a pilgrimage to Europe on any business whatever.

"You Mariners—
Who sit at home at ease—"

little do you know the "labor due" and weary woe of getting a new minister! How one candidate after another comes and preaches, and is cut down like a flower; one because he carries a cane; one because he drinks tea with a Universalist family who go to his church in Slabtown; one because somebody put up his name as candidate for Congress, and he couldn't recall it before it was seen and sniffed at; another because he prayed for slave-holders; and yet another because he prayed for slaves; a sixth that he wore whiskers; a seventh for the sin of white pantaloons in July; an eighth for want of a loud voice; and a ninth because they didn't like him any way; a perfect sowing of dragons' teeth, till all the parish were in arms, spitting, and scratching, and calling names, like an assembly of Fiji islanders, and after enough of this exercise to weary them all out, collapsing into a flaccid indifference, and settling a young man fresh from Andover whom nobody cared particularly about, but who possessed certain mild and popular merits, well calculated to be "simple, lubricating, and emollient," as ever was old Doctor Simmons's camphor julep.

The best thing we know, speaking in the author-itative plural, of the Reverend Charles Augustus Harding (isn't that a lovely name?), is that he is our hero; for far be it from us to do such disrespect to the "female sect" as to dare a story without that head and front. The young divine's personal aspect was much in his favor; tall, thin, almost a saint without a body; perhaps my friend who published that audacious article about the physique of saints might have pitied him, but every young lady in Rutherford declared him "interesting;" and after that, who cares about my friend's dictum, or any other man's? I agree myself with the young ladies. Mr. Harding was an interesting young man; but not for their reasons. They called him so because he was an overgrown, lanky, languid young fellow, with dark hair and eyes, who had studied too hard in college, and muddled his tired brain with theological metaphysics in the Seminary till he had a brain-fever on top of his two diplomas; and, just lapsed back into life, had taken no time to repair six years' damage to his brain and nerves, but hurried forward to ordination and settlement as soon as he had compassed a call. I call him "interesting" for the better reason that he was an honest, single-minded, enthusiastic boy; with deep religious feelings and principles, and a vein of poetry in his soul profound enough to give him a poet's delight in nature, animate and inanimate; but too deep to permit him to profane the priesthood of poets by meddling with their sacred fire, deluging the world with washy sentiment in feeble rhyme. He had an imagination innocent as a girl's, but potent enough to get the better of his reason and common sense quite too often for his good, if ever it awoke at the wrong time, and he had, moreover, a very soft heart, and a morbid conscience. There now is a pretty bundle of traits to make a minister of, and sit over a small congregation in a romantic country with at least ten pretty girls belonging to said congregation!

So Mr. Harding was settled, the council came, and examined, and ate dinner, and ordained; there were three "set pieces" sung on the occasion, and seven white cambric dresses "done up" for the singers in the choir, seven of whom happened to be young ladies and desired to look as angelic as possible. Heedless were they of the poet's caution,

"Draw it mildly,
Lest it be all in vain—"

(*have* I quoted that wrong?)—and heedless enough was the Rev. Charles Augustus Harding of either girls or their attire on that day; his head and his heart were full of better things, and there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven. For though very young women labor under the delusion that men are always either looking at or thinking about them, I am sorry to say that is far from being the case, unless a man is very pretty indeed, and then he does spend a good deal of time in pitying his hopeless female admirers; but on an average, I should set down one hour in forty-eight as the proportion of time the generality of men give to such contemplations: trade, politics, farming, mechanics, the fine arts, even whisky and tobacco, are your successful rivals, sweet creatures! I would not make an affidavit that even in the honey-moon Alphonso does not wonder how Western stocks stand between Saccharissa's kisses; and if I were a betting man, I should like to take you up largely on the probability that in two years he never will read one of her crossed letters through. So as Mr. Harding did not think himself a pretty

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man, he went seriously and quietly about his business, wrote his sermons, looked over the Sunday-school library and wed out its weeds, visited the sick, read the *New Englander*, wiped his feet on the door-mat, and earned a good report from Mrs. Deacon Stebbins, where he boarded, as a real clever young man, who never faulted his vittles nor made extra washin'; for our dear young friend was not healthy enough to care what he ate, nor hygienic enough to splash his curtains with bathing, or wear out the smooth and slippery towels with rubbing.

As far as home comfort was concerned he was all content. Never did it enter his head that housekeeping was better than boarding—that a wife and a home of his own would give him an insight into the souls of his parishioners far deeper than years of pulpit ministry or formal acquaintance; but the want he did not fully recognize knocked at his door in another and more romantic fashion. He wanted somebody to share his lonely walks through the beautiful country; somebody to fill the vacant seat in his chaise when he plodded his solitary way by moonlight or starlight to a household meeting on the outskirts of his parish; somebody to whom he could pour out all the fair fancies and dream-pictures that filled and overflowed his mind and nestled uneasily in his brain till he fairly feared they might flower out in the sermons he wanted to make practical and impressive: moreover, he wanted somebody to love, and to love him. His people were very kind, in a passive way; he had no disturbances, they seemed glad to see him, and they supplied his wants cheerfully, and fell in with his new ideas without much stir or objection—and he loved them *en masse:* he thought he loved all humanity—it was a serene and pleasant conviction, but, after all, rather unsatisfying. Had he ever overleaped the bounds of theology so far as to extend the knowledge that expounded to him Bossuet, and Fénélon, and Massillon into quite another vein of the Gallic tongue, I fear he might have found his case stated by a keener pen:

"Je veux qu'on me distingue, et pour le trancher net
L'ami du genre humain n'est point du tout mon fait."

Certain it is, however, that our hero never went to work systematically to fall in love, but bided his time with patient romance, and solaced his loneliness with a pet kitten, that he found rather objectionable at length on account of its fur. All this time—and this state of calm expectancy lasted full six months—Mr. Harding frequented sewing-circles and superintended Sunday-school most sedulously, measuring out his attentions to the ten young ladies as accurately as if he carried a mental tape-line in his pocket, and limited himself to six-inch conversations, two-inch smiles, and one mild look per inch at a time. But in May Mrs. Bligh fell ill of a typhus fever; the Rev. Charles had to make sundry ministerial visits in the course of her illness—first, of spiritual aid and condolence; then of congratulation; and, finally, after all excuses of that kind had fled, contrived to come once or twice a week on his own account, till the other nine young ladies pricked up their ears and looked askance at unconscious 'Delia; and Hannah Hopkins confided to Mrs. Bligh that she "did b'lieve that there sprig of divinity was a-comin' after our 'Dely;" and of this the youth himself began to be dimly suspicious.

In fact, it was nearer the case than he knew. Love had the parson at advantage. Hitherto he had scarce noticed 'Delia Bligh, except as a neat, pretty girl, not given to conversation; and had any of his dear friends fallen in love with that young lady he would have wondered at their infatuation, and seen her as she was; but he saw her at home, by the bedside of her sick mother, a pretty picture enough; a fair, graceful girl, hanging over a mother so pretty and so serene as was the Widow Bligh, in her convalescent cap and soft, bright shawl; and a picture like this was quite enough to give a fillip to the Rev. Charles's imagination, that at once set off, like Gilpin's horse, and rapidly distanced reality and common sense, poor old hackneys lumbering in the obscure distance, looming up like camels—objects to be kept in perspective, and there forgotten.

In the silence of his study, over his elaborate exegesis of Job, or Malachi, or St. Paul, I regret to say that the young minister began to fall off into dreams, and delight himself with visions, wherein the pretty, silly, simple 'Dely Bligh became a seraphic creature—all light, and loveliness, and purity—ministering to the wants of a sick parent, gilding all homely household offices by her grace and beauty; beaming upon everyday life with that soft simplicity and sweetness so divine in woman—and so forth, and so on, in the way novel-writers have pointed out from time immemorial, and which would be so very objectionable if it were a fact of real life; for how could one, with any sense of congruity left, ask an angel to wash Tommy's face and put on a suspender-button before breakfast?—not to mention the wilder idea of a seraph shelling pease for dinner, or patching a flannel skirt for baby! And, moreover—if Mr. Harding had only known it—it was Hannah Hopkins who cleaned and dusted the parlor, and laid the books straight every morning, while the angel slumbered in her own feather-bed up stairs; it was Hannah, under whose very human and fallen aspect lurked a far keener sense of beauty than ever 'Delia Bligh possessed, who filled those white vases with clusters of June rose-buds or July's late gorgeous lilies; it was even hard-handed, grizzled Hannah who cooked Mrs. Bligh's dainty meals, smoothed her hair, moistened her feverish lips, and watched with her by night, because 'Dely's fair incapacity was no more to be trusted in a sick-room than a cow among eggs, and her lymphatic temperament made her woefully drowsy in time of need. But, dear me! what's the use of being in love if you can't see and believe more than common people? The young minister laid down, before this waxen idol of his, all his penetration and judgment; he brought her books to

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read that nobody but a strong-minded female in full possession of all Woman's Rights could have fathomed; he read Shakspeare aloud to her, and heard her say, "Why, how funny!" at the tragic scenes, and "How perfectly sweet!" at the comic ones, with an all-swallowing faith in the fitness of those criticisms that was a gratifying evidence of his capacity in that line, no doubt. He gathered bouquets of artistic grace, only to see them plunged into a tumblerful of carrot leaves or currant twigs by way of "greens;" he cut out poetry for her scrap-book, and meekly beheld the last gem of Tennyson pasted under a poetical shoe-advertisement, and the newest lyric of Kingsley sparkling beside a rhymed recipe for an apple-pudding! Nay, he overheard Hannah, pulling beets in the garden, say confidentially to Mrs. Bligh, who asked her where 'Delia had gone,

"To bed, I expect, Miss Bligh. 'Dely ain't no more use 'n a rag baby; she's a dreadful helpless cretur. I dunno how the minister 'll ever get along with her, ef he *is* a sparkin' on her, I'm sure!"

But even Hannah's honest dictum only served to give him a fierce dislike to that excellent woman, and a new desire to transplant 'Delia as rapidly as might be from an "uncongenial sphere."

After all, this lovers' infatuation is a blessed institution of Providence; for think, ye *desillusionnés* crowd, what would become of this world if only the few fit were to marry! Think of the swarming old bachelors and miserable maids! Reflect on the atmosphere of regret, and discontent, and single-handed struggle that would choke society and gorge the ranks of literature with votaries! And think how exalted, in their own eyes and every body else's, would be the few fortunate couples who now pass muster with the multitude and believe all marriages blessed as their own because nobody will own to the contrary! Long live the purple light of love! Long live the *esprit du corps* of matrimony! *Vive l'amour* and its fair phantasmagoria! "As a man thinketh so is he"—till he changes his mind!

And at present the Rev. Charles did not know that mutability dared to meddle with his mind.

"How tranquilly the days
Of Thalaba went by!"

How pleasant were the early autumn evenings about the crackling fire in Mrs. Bligh's parlor! how sweet the innocent smile with which Adelia greeted her pastor! how shrilly sweet the songs which she sung to the ancient piano! and how pretty the quiet naps she took while Mr. Harding read "Coriolanus" or "Carlyle's Miscellanies" aloud! That, it must be owned, rather daunted the Rev. Charles; but if he took refuge in conversation he found himself on the verge of a yawn continually, and was disgusted with himself for boring Miss Adelia. But maugre these slight troubles the course of true love ran as smooth as corn out of a hopper. Miss Muffet sat at peace upon her tuffet, and enjoyed the curds and whey as much as you, my Adéle, enjoy your Charlotte Russe and Champagne rose, when all of a sudden

"There came a black spider!"

One misty October evening Mr. Harding entered the "front room" of the Widow Bligh with a cluster of blue gentians gleaming in his hands, and was astonished to find a new inmate. I am afraid in his heart he did not bless her, though, being an honest man, he could not but allow that Miss Genevieve Weir was extremely delightful to look upon, even in black bombazine and a crape collar: for her face was lovely and human as one of Murillo's Madonnas; her dark hair parted above a serene brow, and laid away from two dark and drooping eyes; her lips full and sweet, like a half-opened rose; her white hands shining upon her black dress, and her remarkable little feet put out to warm upon the hearth with a simplicity of gesture one expects in a child. Indeed Miss Weir was very pretty; moreover, she was demurely graceful; her attitude, the perfection of careless ease, contrasted with Miss 'Delia's high-shouldered bolt-upright *posé* very little to the latter's advantage; her voice was soft and melancholy, her manner absorbed and preoccupied. She recalled herself to receive Mr. Harding as if habitual politeness awoke her from a dream, into which she again sunk; and in a fresher attitude of grace the firelight played its broken lights on the glossy hair, the shell-like ear, the round throat, the curved instep, till the minister really began to wish a good blaze would light up the charming creature and show her whole loveliness at once. Perhaps Miss Weir had an intuition of what was passing in his mind, and withdrew herself, like a serial story, at the very point of interest; for she rose languidly from her chair just then, begged to be excused on account of the fatigue of her journey, and, with a general "good-night," betook herself to her room, leaving Mrs. Bligh at leisure to tell Mr. Harding that "Viva" (as she chose to be called) was her cousin's orphan daughter come to spend the winter in Rutherford for the benefit of country air. The widow did *not* tell him, for the simple reason that she did not know it, that Genevieve Weir was the most thorough flirt who ever made a profession of that science; and that she made her health a pretext for retiring into the country simply because she was in deep mourning for her guardian, who was also her uncle; and a winter in New York debarred from society was "tolerable and not to be endured."

For Miss Weir was not only pretty but brilliant and subtle. She had in her day been sentimental—and disenchanted. She had no faith left in men, and but little in women; she lived her own life in herself, and, for want of any better outside excitement, addressed herself deliberately to flirting. It was far better amusement than dancing or the opera, and by no means excluded either; it raised her opinion of herself, and vivified her mind as much as a game of chess does some people, to succeed in an attempt

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at captivation. She thought it but a fair war upon her natural enemies, and instead of pitying her victims she laughed at them. A few men despised her; more doubted while they admired; most left her with a pitiable faith in her perfection, and a conviction that she was engaged to somebody else. So she spun her glittering threads all about her, and saw one captive after another shyly tempt the snare, fall, flounder, struggle, and yield. All was fish that came to Viva Weir's net. To-day a boy of eighteen, eager, passionate, devoted, watching every look, every step, hanging on every word, prostrate before his idol whose perfection was his creed; to-morrow a gray-haired priest of sixty, to whom she talked theology and ecclesiology, and nobody knows what besides, throwing over all his musty and formal ideas the rosy glow and picturesque shadowing of her own talent, till the old man left the siren bewitched with himself and her both, finding his studies duller than dull for a week after. And this young woman had dropped down from her abode in New York and had seated herself by 'Dely Bligh.

Something of personal magnetism haunts the very atmosphere that magnetic people respire. Do we not all know persons whose entrance and aspect infuse the same life into a room that a blast of the fresh west wind brings? who always come and go sensibly to every fibre about us; who as utterly put out the "aura" of certain other good enough individuals as scarlet erases pale blue? This is all nonsense to the pale blue people, but there are purples, and crimsons, and deep blues in the color-scale who will understand me. Certain it is that the Rev. Charles Harding went home that night to his writing at nine o'clock instead of ten, and started just as he had reached the second head of his sermon as if he had hit the nerve of a tooth; he hadn't, but some tiny sprite had flashed an idea across his mind that stung a spiritual nerve, and the idea was, how different being in love really was from his ideal of that state! He honestly thought himself in love with Adelia Bligh, although he had never said so, but it was by no means just what he had supposed; and, truth to tell, the poetic soul of our dear young minister, with the preternatural instinct of that unlucky style of soul, fairly yearned to measure itself by some possessing passion, to exert its eternal forces in their full might, whether it were to suffer or to enjoy, and the thirsty creature began to see the bottom of this mimic pool where it was drinking and flung its wild head disdainfully upward. Only for one moment, you half-broken beauty! curb and rein are bringing you back to the old meek, listless attitude; the minister recoils from his vagary of a moment and buckles down to his sermon, which is a discourse on self-knowledge!

The next time Mr. Harding called at Mrs. Bligh's Miss Weir was invisible, she had gone on a long walk; the week after he found her at home. Miss Genevieve had seen the minister at church on Sunday, she had heard his sermon on self-knowledge; it was a very young discourse indeed; crude in expression, trite in illustration, but it had ideas in it, and nobody knew how to appreciate ideas better than she who owned the brain behind that Madonna mask. The spider coiled one shining thread there in the very meeting-house; Mr. Harding "did" a little pathos, and Miss Weir perceived it instantly, she dried one eye behind her vail with her handkerchief, the recording angel had probably been beforehand with her, for the linen cambric was not the least damp after the performance, but how could the minister know that? His voice trembled as he concluded, and Miss Weir determined to "cultivate" him.

Did you ever think how unpleasant it must be to be cultivated, if the earth is sentient at all? What probing, and cutting, and turning over, and raking down prepares the mould for its harvest? Miss Weir began her agriculture by praising the country. What remarkably pure tastes for a city belle! was the logical inference. Then she listened so admirably! She said the right thing at the right place, sighed, smiled, wept the becoming kind of tears as naturally as if she were in earnest, and then—climax of preliminary skirmishes—she contrived to take long walks with the minister and talk to him about himself! And what man, with the faintest amount of the proverbial vanity of the sex, could resist that! Do not fall upon me and slay me, ladies, for betraying the grip and signal of your secret craft! I did not know it myself; how should I? A lady told me; but I'll never, no, never, give up her name: tortures should not draw it from me! And *she knew*.

Of course these charming excursions were always inclusive of 'Delia Bligh. She went along for propriety; she never was in the way; Cousin Viva was so kind, so considerate, vailed 'Delia's small defects so gracefully, one could not help admiring her; drew down her conversation to 'Delia's meridian with so much tact that Mr. Harding adored her benevolence. In short, saw the fair creature's insipidities with such a crystal vision, and made such kindly efforts to erase or conceal them, that they were embalmed like flies in amber in the golden glow of Miss Genevieve's sweet goodness, and preserved as curiosities quite visible to the naked eye!

Indeed if 'Delia had not been the best tempered and foolishest little thing possible to the sex, she would have got up some dignity, or self-assertion, or will, or something of that sort, and refused to play third person for Miss Weir's edification, especially as that young lady contrived to frighten 'Delia into the remote back-ground by discoursing high metaphysics whenever she attempted to join the conversation; so that the poor girl's share of the walk was generally that of an outrider's in his master's drive—a solitary course at a respectful distance.

Had Miss Weir staid in her native latitudes a few months longer she might have done grievous damage to 'Dely Bligh's peace by her incursion; but though 'Delia liked Mr. Harding, and ad-

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mired him, the very nature of his fancy for her prevented her own from ripening into love. He had idealized her to such an extent, raised her to so great a height, and bolstered her up there, that the good little thing was rather bored and stupefied by hearing what she did not understand, and being supposed to be and do and know fifty things that never so much as entered into her pretty head for once! Had they been left to themselves, this fancy and manner of Mr. Harding's—the very thing to have captivated a girl of sense and feeling, who could have lifted herself to his ideal, and loved him for teaching her what she could be—this would have expired by its own limitation, and his habit of loving would have passed into a more genial and familiar expression, sure to be potent with 'Delia, who never could resist loving any body who petted and caressed her; then all her quiet heart would have awoke, and given itself into Mr. Harding's keeping; and broken, maybe, as such hearts do break, in a placid, noteless manner, like a bit of china that falls apart standing still on the shelf, nobody seeing or caring till they go to lift it, but it is just as useless and broken as if it had been dashed noisily upon a stone. Not that Miss Weir knew or cared for this modification of the case; it was nothing to her. She flirted to amuse herself; she had no idea of marrying; she liked her freedom and her power too well! And as for Mr. Harding—a soul of altogether different make from either of these two—how fared it with him? Poor fellow! Besides a heart and a soul he was unfortunately affected with a conscience, and a candid conscience at that, no way to be deluded or blinded even by the assaults of a great passion. Worst of all, he was logical! Does any body know, except the unhappy few who share it, the anguish that waits on that one trait? It is the Nemesis of character; it seizes on premises altogether unavoidable, and inexorably hunts out and sets in array a train of sequences that might appall the stoutest heart to face. Happily for these self-tormentors the world's ways are not those of reason or fitness; and twenty times out of thirty, as they lie in the track of Juggernaut, helpless and hopeless, with ghastly eyes turned upward toward the impending and inevitable horror, just as the shadow chills them, and the reeling idol frowns, and the ponderous wheels creak and craunch on their destroying path, some tiny pebble, or sidelong swell of ground, turns the wheel aside, and the whole thing goes by, grazing their garments, but they are safe. Very glad of it, no doubt, but slightly ashamed of their certainty, their anticipations, their dread. Now Mr. Harding knew as well as he knew he must die some time, that his hour had come for life, life in one form or another—now his hitherto expectant and silent soul had found its measure and tested its capacities. The chrysalis of life was rent asunder, and its inmate was poising for flight, conscious of a divine thrill of wings, basking in vital sunshine, ready to exult and soar forever, but stayed in its nascent delight by the more exquisite and transient bloom of its novelty, the new-born thrill that comes but once in a mortal lifetime—that is the one exponent of Heaven given to thousands who achieve no more than that. But for all this 'Delia and her possible, probable heart-break would interfere, and stare him in the face, close and ghastly, like an old-fashioned ghost. One logical formula repeated itself day and night in his brain:

"I made love to 'Delia Bligh—

"I made her love me—

"I ought to marry her."

All of which would have been very true but for a slight mistake in the minor proposition. He never had made 'Delia Bligh love him! Don't blame our young friend for vanity; it was not vanity that deluded him, but conscience. He knew he had tried to make her love him, and conscience assumed the intended guilt as achieved, and buffeted him accordingly; so that he was driven to his wit's end, only escaping from the convolutions of his trouble when he could drown himself in the ecstasy of Miss Weir's presence, drink in the moonlight of her beauty, hear her lovely voice distill poetry and sentiment and romance and sense, delicately spiced with dainty satire, or floriated with mirth as keen as the outlines of frost-flowers on a window-pane.

In the mean time Hannah Hopkins—a veritable Yankee Ithuriel—skewered our three young friends on her spear of common sense, and reduced them to their constituent parts pretty rapidly. She it was who brought peace to the Rev. Charles's conscience one dark spring night on the way home from Conference meeting, as in a needlessly loud tone she repelled the insinuated condolence of the "Widder Randall's" inquiry as to whether 'Delia Bligh was "disappinted" of Mr. Harding.

"No, thanky, Miss Randall!" screamed the indignant Hannah at her interlocutor, whose tenderest spot was a horror of being thought deaf. "'Dely Bligh ain't such a fool as that yet; she hasn't never fellowshiped the minister, though he did court her, I say for't, considerable of a spell. I'm glad on't, too. I should hate to have 'Dely want for any thing; and he ain't half good enough for her."

To which the relieved soul of the minister assented with voluntary humility as he brushed by Hannah in the dark, and went home to his study, free to rest his head upon the window-sill, and, while the soft April air cooled his hot temples, dream delirious dreams of Genevieve Weir and exquisite possibilities; for our lover was young, and so utterly and profoundly in love that he feared nothing, nor hoped, consciously. It was enough, as yet, that the rose had blown, that his brain whirled with its odor and its color—the passionate perfume and the angry crimson were his to adore, he asked not yet who should possess the blossom. Nor did this reasonable youth pause to reflect that Hannah's rebuff to Mrs. Randall would probably have been just the same had 'Delia Bligh suffered as he feared. Perhaps it was that Hannah's honesty carried its own

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conviction to her speech; perhaps that his passion bribed reason to be voiceless for once. Who knows? At any rate, he was in the right.

And Miss Weir? She, too, sat at her window, tired with the blank sentiment and ill-drawn characters of a new novel; and smelling the indescribable scent of spring as a south wind floated them past her cheek, was stirred thereby into a consciousness of summer in the distance. What a lovely picture she made to the stars, sole spectators, as she leaned her beautiful head against the window-casing, and fell unconsciously into a *pose* of musing grace! Her soft hair fell like a streaming shadow past her calm, bright eyes; a tender smile stirred and melted her crimson lips; a deep glow of health warmed the lovely oval of her cheek, and the tiny rounded chin rested in the palm of one hand as if it dimpled at the caress. Look at her, you dreamer in your sacred study—you whose heart is on fire, and whose brain is maddened by your very memory of that face! Look at it now! What does that serene loveliness hieroglyph? Does she dream your dreams and exult in your visions? Ah! what fate should be his who dared tell you, where you kneel, and imagine, and send your soul outward in a sigh of prayer, that Genevieve Weir is thinking how very becoming half-mourning will be to her style, and how charming a toilet for Saratoga she can fashion out of the myriad lilacs and lavenders and grays that mean mitigated affliction.

Yet it is even so: and very natural thoughts they are; like a gunner's over his artillery before a battle—all in her line. She is tired of reading, tired with her walk; she is comfortable; she has a prudent mind, like Mrs. Gilpin; and she don't care for *toujours perdrix*. Has she not lived on game? while it is a rare luxury to you.

For, truth to tell, Miss Weir was getting tired of Rutherford, and tired of Mr. Harding. She had fathomed him pretty thoroughly: he was young, uncultivated, unused to society—he had served to pass the time, and now she was going away. Little enough she cared if they never met again. It was simply the wisdom of the ancients about the boy and the frogs—sport to her and death to Mr. Harding; not that he died physically, any more than a mummy does: but every thing is comparative.

So Miss Genevieve Weir left Rutherford, having discomfited good little Mrs. Bligh's pet project of marrying 'Delia to a minister—a defeat that lady bore with an irritating resignation, wasting all the social arrows and javelins she possessed in the shape of fussy and pointless sniffs and innuendoes, that fell harmless from Miss Weir's corselet, and left Mrs. Bligh to the unfailing resource of a retreat to the kitchen and a spasm of indignant tears.

Also the lady left upon 'Dely's innocent mind a very decided impression of repellant perfection. 'Delia did not doubt Cousin Viva was very handsome, and very smart, and very captivating; but she was glad to have her go away—very glad! And she was a little afraid of her, as she owned privately to Hannah Hopkins, who had also derived an opinion of Miss Weir from her opportunities and observations—an opinion so decidedly unfavorable that Hannah refrained from expanding it further than to pronounce her a "real snake in the grass."

As for Mr. Harding, she left him—left him to his duties and his work, much after the style of the little Hunchback in the Arabian Nights, who was set up at the foot of somebody's stairs with his severed head stuck neatly on again, so that the master of the house really supposed him to be alive! Do not ask me to describe his state of mind. Whoever has known it experimentally will not care to read its repetition here; whoever has not, had better never know.

I met Miss Weir last year at Newport, the belle of its suave season, and I heard her laughingly reply to a friend who said, "Viva Weir, I was told you were going to marry a country parson!" Yes, I heard her reply in that voice, "Did you think I could live on curds and whey, my dear?"

If any body will be so good as to point the moral to this story (if there is any), I shall heartily thank them; for I don't know how to do it, and Mother Goose has left it also untouched.

MILTON.

THY highest praise, O Bard! is in thyself,
In what thy nature was, and what thy work.
The seal of fame at birth was on thy brow,
And wond'ring ages naught for thee have done,
But read in clearer lines the stamp divine
Upon thy front, as raised serenely great,
And still uplifted more, 'mid lapse of years
And growing thought, it draws their deepening love.

Thou hast a heritage that stands apart
From empires, which illustrious minds enthrone;
And thy domain select is girt around
With zone of starry light that doth forbid

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Profane intrusion, and afar doth flame
The royal signals of thy lofty home.

The gift of genius taught thee whence it came,
For what its yearnings were, its motions rare;
Thy guardian love implored, and watchful eye,
Lest, failing of thy trust, God should recall
His light, and leave thee twice in gloom. Alike
In hours sublime, in hours of lowliest thought,
To thy awaiting ear its deepest truths
Were breathed. Its silent sway, its solemn hush,
Thy spirit chastened—buoyant, bold, and free,
Till meditation shaped, and forming grace
Thy inward attitude. A voice none heard
Save thine own heart was thy assurance strong;
Nor didst thou seek by human tongues to seal
With confirmations vain its secret tones.
Thou hadst a soul that on itself relied—
Self-mindful of its God. Austerely firm,
Yet quick to feel true loveliness and joy.
Close-knit thy mental frame, and all compact
Its attributes, thou gladly didst resign
What others prized, nor sought another store
Than thine own dower; intent that to perfect,
And render back in fullest flower and fruit
Thy seed-grain to the heavenly Husbandman.
Thine, too, in measure large the sense divine
Of something more than common mind doth feel.
'Twas early bred within; high offices
In Truth's behalf were its appointed task;
And, jealous of its sanctity severe,
Thou didst obey with thankfulness its rule,
So that thy glorious trust might not arraign
Thy loyalty of heart, nor mourn it turned
To that deceitful sway which earth usurps
O'er God's elect. And through this cherished sense,
In which eye, ear, and feeling all did meet
As serving instruments—itself a force
Above their rank, and able to command;
Nor less in fellowship than seraphs feel
In their communings with the Infinite;
Through this—the central sense of mortal mind,
Through its monitions and its impulse strong,
Thou didst ascend to heights unreached before,
And plant the standard of thy conquering race
On fields then distant, but remote no more,
Where classic Thought finds richer wealth than Greece
Or Rome e'er dreamed; and Piety devout,
By Contemplation led, sees tokens new,
And sacramental signs and prophecies,
Whose unsealed secrets unto thee we owe.

Thou hadst a mind that saw the scope of things,
Their measure, aim, and end; and in one whole
Didst firmly bind them unto Him who gave
To each its form, and in its own degree,
The power to represent His holy love.
The several shapes of truth and beauty fair,
Long-sundered, oft arrayed with hostile heart

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Against each other's just significance,
In thy deep peace were meekly reconciled.
Through images God comes to man. And thus
God came to thee, opening thy inner eyes
To read things mystical, abstruse, and dark
Beneath each searcher's gaze. Not else perceived
But for thy sight; nor felt, had thy great heart
Not sent its pulses through our languid life.
We are thy debtors for the vail upraised,
For vistas reaching far, for lofty heights,
Outposts of thought, whene'er our souls aspire
To grasp the wonders of the Infinite.

The classic banks of Cam heard thy first songs,
Heard them with joy. Its reeds, like organ-pipes,
Took breath from thee, and gave melodious sounds
That flowing waters caught, glad of thy strains,
As sweeter than their own, and bore afar
To blend with ocean's minstrelsy. Its walls
And domes of cloistered thought, proud of their Bard,
Sent forth thy Natal Ode. The pagan priests,
Who trod from flowery lands a shining way,
And brought in eyes entranced the starry beam
By which their King was seen, laid at his feet
No richer gift than thy adoring chant,
In numbers full and varied. Even then
Thy "singing-robes," not lightly worn, were pure,
The vestments of a saintlier time than youth,
With passion's heat and senses yet unpurged.
Thy virtue was not stained by contact rash,
Or gross with things unlawful. Manhood's morn
No rising vapors caught from slimy pools;
And worthy were its hours thy festal rites
To grace, when at God's altar holy vows
Were sworn, and Beauty, as the Bride of Thought,
To thy warm heart for life was closely bound.

Thine were the visions of the mighty Past,
Clear, bright, and full; nor did the prophet's eye
Mark coming wonders with a gaze more rapt
Than thou didst see the scheme of Time proceed
By steps successive from the Throne of God.
Thy way lay backward to the primal morn,
And thence beyond into a sphere untouched,
Across space infinite. Material forms,
As visible to mortal eyes and sounds,
Robbed of their finer tones by earthly din;
Scenes marred by evil, and that worst of guile,
Which in delusive emblems oft misleads
The fancy, eager to unite things near
With their realities that God doth hide:
These, with their lower charms, could not confine,
Nor thy ambition check to break their ties,
And know the freedom of the soaring mind.
To thee old Chaos came, and sceptred Night,
Without its crown of stars; exultant, too,
That Day did not divide its sovereign sway.
For thee the elder angels sung their songs
Ere yet the hallelujah had been heard.

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Thou didst not go alone. Thy chosen guide,
God's covenant Angel, traced thy lofty path,
And set thy footsteps firm on summits crowned
With thrones that ruled for Christ dominions vast,
But dignity above all regal pomp
Found in the tributes on His footstool laid.

The wisdom of the wise in days renowned
Met in thee, and, from thy large nature, took
New majesty and grace that well befit
The honored lore of time. The wondrous song
Of Greece, and all her sages strove to say,
When old Tradition turned to Phantasy,
And Thought sunk helpless 'neath its own high aims,
Were known to thee far better than to her.
She had the genius to create, but failed
To comprehend the import deep of forms
That charmed her outer eye. The marble shapes,
The fables, and the oracles, that spoke
Words to bewilder, and the riddles strange;
The speech that added to the silence sad,
And sculptured grace that brought no peace and hope
To hearts bereaved—in thy completer mind
Found explanation true and just intent.
Thou hadst the secret. Mystic look and tone,
To thy far-seeing eye, to thy keen ear,
Showed meanings clear. The fair Eurynome,
And Persephone, and she who nectar bore
At feasts of Gods, with roses wreathed that smiled
With deeper tints her borrowed beauty back,
Were as realities to thy bold thought.
And he whose heart the unfed vulture gnawed,
Was not a poet's dream of fancy wild,
But a sad memory, that thus rehearsed
Humanity upon its rocky rack.

Affliction crowned thy gifts. Milton, thy loss
Was the world's gain—thy sorrow was its joy.
Another wreath was added to thy brow,
Another lustre to thy bright renown,
While fresh thanksgivings rose from loving hearts,
Gifted to see the purpose and the end,
When God upon thine eyelids laid His hand.
Philistine foes on thee no rage did vent;
Nor blinding curse, such as Elymas seized,
Marked thee for sternest vengeance. But thy gloom
For calmer thought and rest of soul serene
Was kindly sent, that thy high privilege,
Still higher raised, might ampler scope impart,
And grander manhood. Lo! to thee it brought
A firmament lit up with dazzling spheres,
Each star a friend for friends thou hadst resigned.
Night gave thee compensation large and rich
For thy great sacrifice. For thee it wore
Splendors more gorgeous than the day had vailed,
And all its orbs shone forth more luminous
By what the landscape lost. The broken group
Of Pleiades (one of their number gone),
As if in sympathy with kindred woe,

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Hung o'er thy darkened way with softer beam.
Orion flashed his giant sword, and Mars,
To heroes known, in fuller flame effulged
Across the space of thy extended gloom.
Nor Jupiter, with pomp of moons arrayed,
Nor Saturn, with his wide, encircling blaze,
Disowned the presence of thy fellowship
When thou wast born into the solemn night,
And shut up with thy God.
Refuse this gift?
Ah! no. Welcome the sacrificial knife,
Its keenest anguish through the seeing orbs;
Welcome the whole extinguished show of earth;
All objects that a poet's heart doth nurse;
Whate'er he lives in as the complement
Of his own life, and whate'er perfects love,
And all that ministers to his great art—
As aids from mountains, fields, and rolling flood—
Still more the faces fair that catch our looks,
Or yet create them, and to their own moods
Adapt responsive feeling; let them die—
Die for the sake of England's liberty;
Die in a free, triumphant martyrdom!

Milton, thou didst prepare a sacrifice
That was accepted. Muse, its meaning tell;
First union this of Priest and Poet's life.

A holy hour returns to vivid thought,
When at God's altar thou didst meekly stand,
And, for thy spouse, took Beauty to thy side.
Such was thy vow. Between thee and the world
It needs must draw a broad dividing-line,
That shall the broader grow as years advance.
And now returning, that stern vow confronts
Thy prospered fortunes and thy high estate;
A larger measure of fulfillment claims,
And to thy dearest joys grave summons sends.
Up rose thy manhood and its call obeyed.

From cheerful haunts, from sunny pinnacles,
From sight of images divinely set,
In order beautiful and thick array,
About thy footsteps and above thy head,
And all else that thy voice didst celebrate
In Penseroso's or Allegro's strains,
God now recalled thy love, that to Himself
Sole-clinging, thou might'st fully be prepared
For thy vocation. Thou wilt tread the gloom
Unfaltering, nor murmur nor repine;
For thou henceforth in sight of men shalt be
A Nation's Priest—a Nation's Poet, too,
In whose immortal verse Eden shall rise
And give to Earth her image once again.
Anointed now for its sublimest task,
Thy spirit shall a fuller freedom find
From ways of men, and from itself be free.
Flowers shall be a memory, and fields
And groves, with their once-loved companionship,

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A recollected show, that thou may'st hold
The past as a sweet solitude, and guard
Its images from intermeddlings gross
Of present sense. But pause: another strain
Is needed to recite these benefits.

We die, to live aright. So, too, we die
In the soul's course as in our earth-born part,
At seasons God appoints. There is no growth
Save through the throes of death. O'er some dear grave
Each step doth tremble home to God's abode.
Dust unto dust! Earth's beauty was but loaned—
A fleeting trust—nor can she e'er forget
To claim again the yielded loveliness.
But soul to soul! A higher call is this,
Nor shared by aught that the gay sunshine paints,
Nor what the landscape wreathes around its brow.
Life unto Life! The breath that Adam felt,
Coursing like music through his startled form,
A conscious heart diffused in all his blood,
In prayer and praise now seeks again its God.
Life unto life! Yes; rising out of death;
As eras of the soul descend from high,
Our cares to rest are laid, our strife and pride.
Scathed by God's hand our idols lie dethroned,
And self of its mock honors now discrowned.
Together in their proper dust they fall,
Awaiting, like the bones of caravans
O'er deserts cast, the sands by winds upborne,
And wildly hurled across the waste of death.
But as a tree relieved of twining vine
To sunshine gives each bough, each leafy branch,
Bathes all its stems, by day with air, by night
With dew, and grows into a majesty
That its encumbered arms had ne'er attained,
So now a better life springs in the soul;
High aims, and scorn of satisfactions low,
And that more valued gift which doth explain
The symbols of our strange experience,
And sees the future in the present wrapped.

Thou wast thus fitted for thy noble task—
Such task as man in love with earthliness,
Fond of the beauty that in pearly dew
Exhales or vanishes in summer-bow,
Has rarely known as his predestined work.
And for the needs of that long-cherished aim,
Its earthly art and angel-harmonies,
Thou wilt lack nothing. Age and saddest Grief
To thy great heart have their perfection brought,
And to thy early gifts their strength and grace
In measure rich imparted. Nor absent
Those instincts deep, which only length of years
And rare experience can fully raise
Into the conscious action of the mind.
Thine were the sufferings of the common lot;
Deceitful hopes, false trust, and taunts of pride;
And thine ingratitude and calumny.
Nor only these were thine. For as a bird,

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From search for food returns unto its nest,
Hopes there to sing its evening song, and rest
Enjoy, and thus repair its wasted plumes
For after-toil, but finds a serpent's fang
Guarding approach, and eager for its prey;
So rudely was thy love beset at home,
By all the horrid arts that understand
The surest way to crush a noble heart.
Thy life to battle sprung the vice that loves
Concealment, and the guile fastidious
That daintily destroys, and baseness vile,
Which viler grows by sight of excellence.
The fervid rays of summer's sun lift up
From stagnant fens the vapors thick and dark,
That hide his beams; and human virtue oft,
Full oft, calls out a fierce opposing force,
That but for its stern rule and fearless air
Had never been aroused.
Such was thy fate:
Nor this alone without an added grief.
Thou didst accept thy sorrow as from God;
And in its litany, low-voiced and calm,
Like the soft murmur of a rivulet,
That through the marble channels of a cave
Glides gently on—a sunless, waveless thing—
As if it feared the depths of its own peace,
Thy worship gave to Him who o'er thine eyes
The shadows of his cross serenely drew.
But men profaned thy grief, and at God's stamp
Of sonship scoffed. Yet thou didst not complain,
Nor fail to bear the hero's constant mind;
For thou couldst not forget the majesty
In whose composing awe thy nature dwelt.
Thy hindrances to mighty helpers turned;
And curses, which on thee foul tongues did lay,
Like Balaam's, changed to blessings from thy Lord.

Go forth from midst these battling elements,
In whose commotion dire thy peace was kept.
No scars inglorious thy form deface;
Nor inward treachery, nor fear concealed
In the soul's depths, nor pride—that secret works
Affront to truth—have aught thy strength impaired.
Go forth from troubled times and dark presage,
By friends forgot, and vilified by foes;
Helpless and old—in penury and blind,
Go forth—thou Hero of the private heart!
Thou Hero, too, of England's tragic age.
Go—sing of other battles, and of hosts
In strife far fiercer than e'er shook the hills
Of thine own steadfast isle. Loss thou hast known—
Loss grievous; and no art that love invents
Can ever soothe thy still-adhering pain,
Or for a moment break the loneliness
In which thy spirit sighs to its past hours.
Go—sing another loss, to which thy grief
Is but an atom crushed beside a world!
Yet 'tis thy grief; a bitter, bitter woe,
Which shall not fail to yield thee service true,

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And somewhat aid Imagination's skill,
And deeper touch the pathos of thy heart,
When thou shalt sing how Paradise was lost.

Nor only these. A higher work remains.
Hast thou not been of love divine the care,
The tender care, for half a score of years?
Shut up in darkness, and alone with God?
Who did thy seeing then but Providence?
Where thy revealing light but on his face?
And who save He thy hand most gently held,
And through its clasping palm His guidance gave?
Go—child of Sorrow, Love's deep mystery,
Go forth! "*assert eternal Providence,*
And justify the ways of God to men!"

"Give God the glory!" words that came to him
Who, at Siloam's fount, by grace of Christ
His eyesight found. Thou shalt a glory give
Of richer worth by far and nobler love;
For out of darkness and its myriad ills,
A stricken man in all except thy heart,
Thou shalt bring God the glory of a song
No brother-bard could ever hope to sing.
"Give God the glory!" yes, for open eye,
And the fair scenes of consecrated soil,
Never before as now thy native land.
But other joy for thee: Thy glory is
That the same hand has touched thy seeing orbs
And sealed them; take this as thy miracle,
And with responsive praise its wonders speak.

Not to thy chant sublime shall rivers roll,
Nor forests wave their leafy minstrelsy;
The "melancholy main" shall not prolong
The measured cadence of thy requiem
O'er Eden lost; nor fragrant airs of spring,
Nor summer winds thy choral strains rehearse.
As thou wast exiled from all earthly things,
And to thine own companionship ordained,
With intercourse of angels and of God,
So, too, thy song shall ever hold unshared
The grandeur of its theme, and flow alone,
A stream of sacred music through the world.

TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA. A. A. L.

ROSALIND NEWCOMB.

ROSALIND NEWCOMB'S story is told in the following letters by her warmest friend and admirer, Eleanor Lyle.

In sending these letters to the press, I do so with the writer's consent and approbation, substituting, of course, fictitious names for the real in person and place. I hope they may prove as acceptable to your readers, Mr. Editor, as they proved to me three years since.

I.

SHELL BEACH, *June* 20, '56.

DEAR N.—I sat in my favorite corner of the parlor this morning, crossly crocheting; and thinking for the hundredth time that Shell Beach, though the loveliest, was the lonesomest place in the world; and wondering if "the strangers" "mine host" confidently talked of would ever come, when, to my relief, a carriage

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drove up, loaded with trunks, and well filled, inside and out, with the "human" I had so ardently longed for.

Who were they? Had I invoked thistles or thorns? Were they nice people or—snobs?

I watched them alight with no little interest. "A fine old English gentleman," I fancy by birth a Virginian. First he lifted out a little piece of flesh and blood, so shrouded in vail and duster that I could discover nothing but a round pink chin, as the envious blue tissue was lifted by the wind—a chin like a sea-shell; following her, came a young dandy, with eyes of Southern softness to atone for his sallow skin, who tucked my little "pink chin" under his arm, and whisked her off out of my sight like the Prince in the fairy tale. But I forgave him, when a fair womanly face, of pale dusk, looking as if chiseled from the Greek ideal, beamed forth, followed by an elderly, but hardly less lovely one. Then another tantalizing blue tissue; and out scrambled two little lads as like as two peas, and as red and brown and dimpled as July peaches. I loved them at once—the little sunny Southern boys. From some unseen perch next appeared a smart lady's maid, and evidently as smart a valet—the handsomest mulattoes I ever saw. It was clear that they had an easy master and mistress, for the young scamp was oiled, and scented, and jeweled, till he glittered like a barber's model. He was so absorbed in paying attentions to the smart little Abigail, that he entirely ignored the duties of his office until aroused to a sense of delinquency by the voice of his master calling after him. "Brand! here; what are you doing, boy? Look out for those bags and boxes; and," in a lower tone, as the "boy" came up at an easy gait, "leave Clem to the ladies just now." This, too, with a sly sparkle in his eyes. "Massa must excuse me for delaying, but Clemintine is new to traveling," was the elegant reply, in the very exaggeration of elegance, from Brand. "Massa" gave the little yellow fellow a good-humored push, and an admonition to "get along as quick as possible;" which he obeyed by proceeding in the most leisurely manner. Clem followed his example in the unconcerned air with which she tripped away after the ladies, flirting a mightily befringed parasol, and casting coquettish glances toward the hero—Brand.

My cry for the "human" is answered, for "the boat" brought in another cargo for us, and the mid-day train still another. I shall soon be at my old occupation, which you once eloquently termed "using people like books." But my dear N., in default of personal romance, a woman with active sympathies must spend them somewhere, so I bless Heaven for these human books.

I put on my prettiest gown to go down to dinner to-day, and my best looks with it—also persuaded Aunt Sally into a corresponding folly. I am too modest a woman to be late, you know, so I was quietly sipping my soup when *my party* came in. There was papa and mamma and that fair tall girl—their daughter I knew, for she had papa's eyes, and mamma's mouth—a charming combination. At first I did not see my little lads, they came in so handsomely behind papa and mamma; but I looked curiously for Miss Pink-chin, and the still more mysterious blue-vailed divinity, whose chin even I had not yet caught a glimpse of. When I did, I was not vastly pleased, for it was pointed and thin, though the owner was not a plain woman by any means—a well-preserved old beauty, who must have reigned supreme in her youth, where now she *ruled* instead. She is chaperone — that was clear at once — to Miss Pink-chin; and I heard that young lady address her as "Aunt Laura."

I must confess that I was a little disappointed too in the niece. She was not so lovely as I had imagined from the pretty feature I had seen, though not ordinary in any way, and very unlike her aunt. She has a remarkable head, though, phrenologically, and it was set on her neck with the roundest, whitest throat, and reminded me, in its motions, of that line we admire so in Lady Jane:

"And neck set on maybe a lily,
Maybe Juno's crest."

Then her figure is just like that enchanting Madame Davenant's, whom we met in New York last winter. Nothing can be prettier than that, you know. I had pictured to myself a rose-bud mouth, a piquant nose, laughing, loving blue eyes, and a most vivid contrast of color, to accompany that chin; but the color was uncertain—faint flushes coming and going; the general tone a pearl white. The cheeks were rather thin; the eyes slightly hollow, but of an intense blue; the nose not at all piquant, but giving a certain grave character to the face; the hair drooped low in its brown braided loops against the flushes coming and going. I don't know why I dwell upon this one more than another, unless it is because she is so irregular in her style, and with such a strange, contradictory face—a face that carries a vague impression of almost infantile innocence, in the brow and eyes, while shadowed beneath is the grave great world. I studied the aunt, with her cold keen eyes and firm plotting mouth, and wondered if the niece was reared in her atmosphere.

But it is very warm, my dear, and I am writing with crimsoning face a letter which shall be no longer. Won't you thank me for the pretty pictures I have given you?

Item. — My landlord has just informed me that these new people rejoice in the name of Ambury, and come from Maryland; so you see I was wrong about Virginia. There! I'm at the end of—how many pages? and always faithfully yours,

ELEANOR LYLE.

II.

SHELL BEACH, *June* 27.

DEAR N.—We are getting very fashionable, very gay, here. I have enough of the human now; but the Amburys are the central attraction to me.

The day after I wrote you last I was sitting in the parlor, with that "everlasting crocheting"

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when the whole party—minus the lads—entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom I discovered was but just presented by papa to the ladies. This gentleman I saw was no ordinary personage, but I had no idea then it was Eric Lawrence. From my corner I saw Blanche Ambury—that is the name of my pale dusk beauty—come out of her abstraction, and beam graciously on the new-comer. Looking for Miss Pink-chin, whom I hear addressed as "Miss Newcomb" and "Rosalind," I discerned her talking gayly with that soft-eyed Southern, the heir of Ambury—"Massa Serle," Brand calls him. I looked at the two gentlemen—Eric Lawrence and Serle Ambury. The latter is a handsome exquisite; the former, an elegant man: one was *distingué*, the other *distinguished*.

Approving Miss Ambury's appreciation of the hero, I could not understand Miss Newcomb's real or assumed indifference—nor her apparent interest in Serle Ambury. I felt there was something in it more than met the eye; for she has a deeper face, and a longer head, literally and phrenologically speaking, than Blanche Ambury, albeit not so beautiful a one. I saw her speak but once with their new acquaintance, and that in the serenest apathy; while for an hour she sat under the soft nothings of young Ambury, as sweetly attentive as the most jealous talker could desire. But Serle Ambury is not jealous of any body. He is quite contented with himself at present; yet he has too fine a lineage, I can see, not to appreciate a fascinating woman—for such I fancy this Rose to be.

Yesterday, their circle widened. I heard them greet cordially at dinner—rising with that soft self-possession which all these ladies seem to possess—a Mr. Worth and Nelson. You have heard of Horace Worth and Lucien Nelson. Nelson, you know, fought a duel in Brazil; and afterward wrote the most unsparing denunciation of "the law of honor;" said men dared not refuse; that he dared not, and of consequence was a coward. Worth I need not call to your memory. You have not forgotten last summer at Newport, where I introduced you to each other. I was afraid they would recognize me, and spoil all my quiet overlooking; but they were far down, and Worth, who sat first, is near-sighted, so for the present I can read my pretty "books" uninterruptedly.

After dinner I hastened to the drawing-room, and to my lone corner, half hid by window curtains. Presently my group came in—Worth and Nelson bringing up the rear. Did I not tell you Miss Rosalind Newcomb had a long head? See now if you can make this out: Blanche Ambury was three-deep in conversation. That is, on one side, Nelson was throwing in his smiling speeches; on the other, Worth responded more gravely; and tangled in with these, Serle Ambury's placid Parisian gossip was heard. Actually *outside*, for that one moment, stood Eric Lawrence. *Only* one moment. Out of some shadow stepped Rosalind Newcomb with a handful of just-blown roses.

"Look at my trophies, Mr. Lawrence," said a voice, sweetened to a thrill.

He *did* look, and answered the sweet voice as sweetly, "They are trophies of a conqueror, I am sure. Where did you get them?"

"In the garden outside here. I call it *my* garden; a little patch two yards square, which Mr. King allows me to soil my hands and break my back over every summer."

"For what reason, Miss Newcomb?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Nothing, unless an ardent and most feminine love of flowers," he gallantly answered.

She smiled and shook her head. "Oh no. Gardening is a great beautifier, because it is so healthful. It makes one plump, and hearty, and pretty," she replied, with a wonderful mixture of archness and gravity and candor which was curious to behold.

"It does indeed! I can vouch for it," responded her companion with a new animation—and he looked quite meaningly into the peach-bloom face beside him; for at this time nothing could be more exquisite than her color. That soft flushing had settled into a tender pink.

I began to be conscious of a most subtle loveliness in her, too fine to be termed beauty.

"Experience has taught me," she went on, "that health is the best cosmetic, so I leave nothing undone to gain it."

"I should think you eminently successful," returned the gentleman; "you have shared the rose's color."

She laid the blossoms against her cheek, and glanced at the mirror over her shoulder without the slightest affectation, yet with a mingled smile of earnestness and amusement. Mr. Lawrence laughed outright. I knew by his expression that he was interested by this newness, this natural oddity, just as I was; but he could not comprehend it all as I did. Only a woman—and, I flatter myself, only a very observing woman, like myself—would fathom ever so lightly this singular creature.

Can you see what I have meant to present? Can you understand how, by some subtle skill, Blanche Ambury was encompassed round about by every one but Mr. Lawrence. *I* saw it all, yet I can not describe what was so indescribable. I saw them come in—Blanche Ambury and Mr. Lawrence; I heard Miss Newcomb remark as she approached them with Nelson, "Blanche can tell you about the De Vere's; she knew them in Paris." I saw Mr. Lawrence fall back as a conversation began in which he had no place; and then by some means Mr. Worth and Serle Ambury were involved in the same topic—the De Vere's; and as the rest of the family joined the circle, Mr. Lawence fell to Miss Newcomb.

I looked at these two girls. It would be difficult to decide which was the most charming then. That subtle loveliness I have spoken of had penetrated every vein as it were, and lit up Rosalind Newcomb's face into something so sweet, and soft, and tender, that I wondered if those who looked upon it yearned to kiss the velvet bloom

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as I did. Miss Ambury is always lovely; but she never lights up into this seductive radiance, which affects one like magnetism. She seems to me a true lady, a true woman. I feel much more confident of her goodness than of Miss Rosalind's; yet I must confess I was more interested in the latter.

Their different costumes, too, were a subject for study. Blanche Ambury's black hair, rolled in shining folds, and pearl braided, with a costly head-dress of the most fairy-like gold—real gold—flowers, glittering with emeralds; ear-rings of the same style; and bracelets in order on her faultless arms; her dress of amber-hued Naples silk, flounced with black lace, and the elegant little scarf of lace and gold, were all in keeping. My heroine (as you have discovered Miss Rosalind to be) was not "stoled" in "pure white" by any means. Nothing could be more jaunty and airy, though quite stylish, than the fawn silk she wore, relieved by cherry trimmings and fine white English lace. I thought all she needed to transform her into a little French Marquise, of the olden time, was to roll that sparkling gold bronze hair back and sprinkle it with powder; for her dress was made in that charming style of square corsage, laced to the point of the bodice with cherry velvet, and sleeves of the same period, plain to the elbow, and finished there by great ruffles of English lace. It was quaint but not *outré*, a mixture of modern and ancient, that was particularly graceful. She had put her bunch of roses in the bosom of her gown, where they bloomed a moment and then curled and crisped a dull brown at the edges.

"Oh my poor roses!" she exclaimed, as this met her eye; "that comes of wearing natural flowers. See, Mr. Lawrence!" and she turned herself toward him.

Such a shape! Then off came the whole cluster, and a little toss sent them all out of the window—nay, not all. I saw one fall at Mr. Lawrence's feet, which he claimed for himself.

"Would Miss Newcomb fasten it in his coat? He was an old-fashioned man; but when he was young, like Mr. Serle there, this was a favor gentlemen felt themselves honored by—would Miss Newcomb honor him?"

"Let me gather a fresh one, Mr. Lawrence. I was so heated, they are shriveled sadly."

He stayed her as she turned to go, with these words, "There is no charm in a fresh one. Let me have my way, if you please, my dear young lady."

She smiled a little, and thanked him very simply, while she fastened the wilted flower into his coat with the easiest grace, even bending down like a child to bite the stubborn stems off that protruded through the button-hole at an unsightly length. She wore her hair in curls this day, and I could see the silky rings quiver over his hand as she did it; but there was no self-consciousness of the act in the deep wells of her darkest blue eyes, nothing but a little grim pucker to her red lips as she raised herself from her position, and blew out of her mouth the superfluous stems. Lawrence is a man of the world and a politician. Just now he is busy with the coming election; but he likes to look at pretty women, and to say pretty things to them. Afterward, as she drew her cambric handkerchief over her mouth, she crushed a thorn into her under lip. It bled profusely; and I saw him take the gossamer *mouchoir* away and give her his own with a manner that could not be gainsayed. She took it very naturally, as if he were offering her some common civility; and even when he said, on her demurring to accept his proffer, "You have bled in my cause, Miss Newcomb, it is but justice that I should wear your color"—the handkerchief had three tiny spots of blood on its snowy softness—she never blushed and looked conscious, as most girls would have done; but received it with the cordial grace of a queen. Herein she brought Madame Davenant to my mind again, who says that "women should receive attentions from the other sex, and *return courtesies*, with the gentleness of a woman and the dignity of a queen."

From my shadowy nook I daguerreotyped these pretty scenes for you without being observed. I was afraid young Nelson would bring me out, yet he did not discover me. But I must hasten, or I shall not be in time for this mail.

Faithfully yours,

ELEANOR LYLE.

III.

SHELL BEACH, *July* 3, 1856.

DEAR N.—My little drama progresses rapidly, and gains in interest. I will give it to you in artistic detail; so that some time, mayhap, you can work it up into a pretty tale for a magazine.

After I had mailed your last letter I was walking in the garden, when I heard a voice from the outside say, "Miss Lyle! is it possible? How long have you been here?" I looked up, and saw Lucien Nelson leaning over the fence. He came in, and we had a long talk.

"Have you seen Miss Newcomb?" he asked me, with a good deal of interest, I thought, in his manner. And what did I think of her? "Some people preferred her style to Miss Ambury's," he went on. "I wonder if you do?" I thought, glancing at his face from under my garden hat. But I could make nothing especial out of his dreamy expression; and the next minute Miss Newcomb herself appeared, looking like a blonde gipsy, in a little brown jockey, with a cluster of long, black sword-feathers dancing down at the side.

I was "made acquainted" at once; and oh! how sweet her manner was. She "had heard of me," she said, and "was very glad to know" me. Of course I responded to this sweet speech; and for the next half an hour apparently a more amiable, satisfied trio never discoursed together. But once—ah me!—I saw my little gipsy yawn softly behind the prettiest hand in the world. I suddenly discovered here that I was needed by Aunt Sally, and forthwith proceeded to the house. Looking from my window a few mo-

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ments after, I saw the shining sword-feathers playing and pluming to the wind, as the wearer sauntered slowly, in listening attitude, away down the garden path; and I wondered too if she could yawn now, with only that magnetic presence near her.

Before night I was presented to the whole party—Eric Lawrence and the rest of the gentlemen included. He was standing by Miss Ambury when I entered the room, and I could not but notice how singularly adapted they seemed to each other. He is a tall man, of handsome proportions—though, perhaps, a little unequal—much fairer than she, though hardly a blonde, with his intense and profuse black hair and the dark-blue eyes. But she is so calm, so pale and unflushed, while those restless eyes of fire glance upon her, and the brilliant bloom burns and burns upon his cheek—pale and unflushed, though not untouched with interest and pleasure in the attentions of "one whom men delight to honor."

Contrary to my expectations, Miss Newcomb didn't take up the silken thread she had dropped when she met Mr. Lawrence again. I rather think he looked for some sign; but as she came in that evening (she was not at the tea-table, and she came into the drawing-rooms alone) she was entirely metamorphosed. The French Marquise had vanished, and I am sure this new vision was Undine. In place of the quaint dinner-dress, the thinnest of white lawns fell in airy folds around her; and on her beautiful bosom and in her gold-brown hair white lilies were nestling. She stood a brief moment on the threshold as she came in, with a half-sleepy half-shy outlook, and then approached, rubbing her cheek; while a little yawn showed her small, irregular teeth, white as milk.

"What is the matter, Rose?" Blanche asked her, laughing in amusement.

"I've been asleep," was the answer, in tones only half awake yet, which made Blanche laugh the more.

Actually, my dear, one bare white shoulder was printed with red stripes and seams where she had lain, and one cheek too bore the same impress. Did she lie down in all that floating tulle and tender lilies, and look so fresh now? I wondered. I studied her with some curiosity. A brush had been passed over her head, but the curls had not been retouched, and in the dying sunlight wherein she stood the stray hairs glittered like a thousand threads of gold.

Mr. Lawrence was deep in the "Territories;" but he saw her, and gradually I heard the discussion decline, then cease altogether. He had had enough of politics at this time; for he came out of his corner, and going straight up to Miss Newcomb, addressed her by the very name I had mentally applied to her—"Undine;" and then he asked the question Blanche had asked before, "What was the matter?" adding, "Are you ill, Miss Newcomb?"

She shook her head.

"No; she's a naughty girl, Mr. Lawrence, and has been having a homesick mood: I know the signs," Mrs. Porter replied, tapping the flushed shoulder with her fan.

"Homesick!" Mr. Lawrence exclaimed, with some surprise.

"I came from New England four years since, you know," Rosalind answered, quite gravely, looking at him wistfully.

"And that is excuse enough for being homesick, is it, Miss Newcomb?" he inquired.

"Homesick! That isn't it, Mr. Lawrence; I'm only hungry, and want my supper. Will you come with me, Aunt Laura?"

Aunt Laura assented; but Mr. Lawrence "begged to be permitted." To my delight, as she took his arm, she turned to me, who stood beside Mr. Nelson, and said,

"Won't you and Mr. Nelson come and keep us company?"

I was very glad to go, and I was sure of Lucien Nelson. I could see with half a glance that he was happy to follow wherever Rosalind Newcomb led.

I wonder if I can ever do justice to that tea-table scene? It was so late there was no one in the dining-hall but a few servants when we entered; and we sat down—three of us, I am certain—expecting a brilliant tea-table talk, wherein Miss Newcomb would shine. She did nothing of the kind; but sat and ate her supper like some little hungry school-girl, scarcely vouchsafing a word. I saw that Mr. Lawrence was amused. Quietly and gravely, but with a twinkle of appreciation in his eyes, he helped her assiduously; while she accepted it all with the utmost unconcern. It was no dainty young lady trifling with the daintiest dishes; toast and tea and chicken were done ample justice to—the whole terminating with a good orthodox slice of bread and butter. The simple gravity with which she did this was inimitable.

"I should know you were a New England girl, Miss Newcomb," Mr. Lawrence said, at this juncture.

"Why?"

"Because you are a true bread-and-butter girl."

"Indeed I am, Mr. Lawrence; but how did you know the sign?"

"I am a New England *man*, you know."

"No!—are you, really?"

"I am, really."

"What State?"

He told her; but I shall not tell you, my reader. Stirring her tea silently a moment, she said,

"Isn't a New England clam-bake one of the nicest things in the world, Mr. Lawrence?"

"I used to think so when I was a boy."

"I had rather go to a clam-bake than to the opera, any time," she went on; "and you should see me make a chowder."

"Indeed I wish I could, Miss Rosalind," the gentleman remarked, laughing.

Then she somehow involved us all in a gastronomic conversation, while she sat lazily sipping her tea without a word. I told you that I

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expected her to meet Mr. Lawrence with more *empressement* after their pretty *tête-à-tête* over the roses. She proved herself wiser than I. Mr. Lawrence went back to the drawing-room, where Blanche Ambury was singing, "*Ah! mon fils*," and said just as gallant things to her as he had said to Rosalind over the roses. He is a gallant man; by no means a gay deceiver, though I think he could flirt a little if the lady was willing. Rosalind knows all this, and doesn't mean to flirt with him, that's clear.

But to go back a little. I wonder if I have given you the faintest of that tea-table scene? Can you see her eating and drinking as if it were the chief business of life? All she said I have recorded, except—"Another cup of tea, Michael: not quite so strong;" and, "Mr. Lawrence, please give me the chicken!" Her sparkle and vivacity seemed to have gone out with the cherry ribbons and the French Marquise dress. She was as soulless as Undine in this spiritual raiment of white cloud and water-lilies; but I wonder if Undine ever ate cold chicken?

As I have said, she proved herself wiser than I. She took Mr. Lawrence's attention for just what it was worth at the time, and very calmly at that. I like her for this; it is so sensible, yet strangely wise for so young a girl. I say so young a girl; and yet I have no conception of her age, as years go. When I first saw her, she seemed to me a woman of five-and-twenty; but since, I have somehow regarded her as much younger.

For the remainder of the evening I am writing about, instead of Mr. Lawrence, as I expected, Lucien Nelson engaged her in conversation, with now and then a little break into the general flow of talk. If she flirts—which would seem natural, with that French temperament of hers—she does it very differently from other women I have seen at the delicate business. She is so natural—affecting no pretty ways—no childish mimicry of manner—in short, no airs of any kind. She is arch, without study; she is bewitching, because so simple; and yet with a sweet dignity throughout it all that I am wondering at more and more. Seemingly, a less self-conscious person I never saw. Think of the following conversation, will you, between a woman of such personal charm of presence and an appreciative nature of Southern warmth like Nelson's. I dropped my thread of talk to listen to it:

"Mr. Nelson, you remind me so much of my cousin Arthur. I think of it every time we meet."

"He is not your first cousin, I think."

"Oh! no, only in fact a cousin by marriage; but he seems very near to us. You know he married my own cousin Lucia. I always told Lucia that he was nearer than she even. He has been like a brother to us."

"I wish I resembled him in all respects, Miss Newcomb."

"I think you must in a good many. I told Aunt Laura last winter that I should claim you, if you would let me, for a friend."

"I wish I might share the cousinship."

"I think the assumption of that title without the tie very sentimental and very dangerous, Mr. Nelson."

"It could not be dangerous to *you*, Miss Newcomb;" and here a look of sheathed splendor, which was met with her armor of "sweet dignity." Here he quoted something from a German romance, wherein I could hear nothing but the word "caress;" but this is her reply:

"You mistake women, and myself as a type of many women. It would be very dangerous for two young people, like you and I, to play at that foolish game. I am going to answer you very plainly now, Mr. Nelson. When girls say they do not like caresses from any man they do not speak the truth. They do not like them from all men; but there are some natures, counterparts to our own, from whom they would not be repellant certainly, as too many women, from a false notion of delicacy, or a social fear, indignantly declare them to be. You will understand me, I am sure, when I say that the purest women sometimes meet men for whom they feel warm personal regard, without desiring to flirt with or marry them. They would be brother and sister perhaps. But, my dear friend, it will not do. It being only an adopted tie, society does not recognize it. We ourselves, inevitably moulded more or less by this society and its ways, recognize its laws; and in disregarding them we suffer. Time and change, separations and marriages come in, and we might blush to remember that we had been so sentimental with Laura Jones's husband."

There was a thoughtful look on the young man's face as she concluded, and I fancied I could read its expression. He had never heard a woman talk so honestly before. I wanted to hear what answer he would make; for I felt that he was one to appreciate what he had heard, and his answer justified my supposition.

"I am glad you have said this, Miss Newcomb, it was so brave and true in you; and it proves you what I have thought—an exception to all women."

She held up two pretty hands here in a deprecating manner, and exclaimed, gayly,

"Oh! pray don't, Mr. Nelson, put me all by myself. There's nothing I so much dread as to live alone in the world."

He bent his head eagerly.

"It will be your own fault, I am sure, Miss Newcomb, if you live alone."

I could see that in evading a tender turn in one quarter she had fallen into a more dangerous one. He had the threads of conversation now in his own hands, and I quite thrilled myself, conjecturing how he would use them. But she outgeneraled him. With a little smile she said:

"Come, come, Mr. Nelson; you are unfair to put me in a corner with your gallant speeches, when I have been as solemn as an owl for your worship's benefit." Then rising, she gave him no chance to say any thing except a puzzled "good-night."

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Do you know what this girl is doing, my friend? I fancy I have a clew; but I will wait for further development before I trust myself with an assertion. Am I not entertaining you vastly, my dear N.? You will not hold up your hands in wise horror, will you, because I lend an ear to these undertones, that are not meant for me, instead of giving myself up to the general babble? When I use the undertones so innocently, and put so many admiration points, who would complain?

But I have run myself into a corner—actually hardly room to sign myself your friend,

ELEANOR LYLE.

IV.

SHELL BEACH, *July* 9.

DEAR N.—It is near midnight, but I must tell you what happened last Tuesday, and the subsequent discoveries of your wise and sapient correspondent.

Tuesday, then, the eventful day, we all went bathing together at 11 A.M. You know my "all" now; pray don't leave out any of the gentlemen. You know, too, that American women make frights of themselves in their bathing costumes. I am sure I was no exception to this rule, neither was Mrs. Porter and a dozen others. I'll tell you who was—Blanche Ambury and Rosalind Newcomb. They had those pretty Paris rigs, varied to suit their peculiar styles. I never saw any thing half so pretty as Rosalind Newcomb in those blue and white striped trowsers of flannel, with the lovely fitting blouse, and on her head one of those piquant little sloping hats, trimmed in some way, as miraculous as pretty, so that water does not deface them.

While we were talking in a group, standing to our necks in water, a great mountain wave appeared in the distance. As it came upon us, we all turned our backs to meet it—all but one. In the moment before the surf rolled over us I saw what I will tell you. Lucien Nelson, oblivious of every thing save a certain face, stood watching it—facing it, and the coming storm of spray, seeing nothing but its varied expressions, as, her hand in Eric Lawrence's, Rosalind Newcomb listened and replied to that elegant statesman. I remembered afterward the younger man's look of mingled despair and admiration, which told but too plainly his love for her.

The fierce foam dashed over us. When it passed I looked for Lucien Nelson. He had disappeared. Then I shouted to the rest of the fearful fact. Taken unawares, he had been thrown down, perhaps carried out to sea, for the water was rough that day.

I shall never forget the face of Rosalind Newcomb at this crisis; it was ghastly in its stony horror. The next thing that met my sight was a dark, floating mass, far out on the rushing waves—a human body—that beautiful, gallant Nelson.

Mr. Lawrence and some one else struck off toward him with vigorous strokes. In the confusion I did not discover this "some one else" until, in returning, the delicate face of Rosalind Newcomb, dripping with salt water, still and calm as a statue's, appeared on one side of the insensible Nelson, whom she and her companion, Mr. Lawrence, had borne along. As she stepped upon the sands Mr. Lawrence eyed her keenly for a moment, then said,

"You are a brave swimmer, Miss Newcomb."

She flung out her drenched hair, almost fiercely, before she replied, in the stillest tones you ever heard,

"It was a part of my education."

In the mean time Nelson was recovering under our united efforts, for he was only stunned. When he came to his senses his eyes ran over the group eagerly. I knew whom he was in search of; and there she stood, wringing out the great waves of brown hair, that the water was curling up into a thousand rings that looked like liquid gold in the high noonday. There she stood, with a glaze of tears (or ocean brine—how could I tell which?) over her eyes, and a rare sweet smile on her firm, proud lips, as he looked at her. As *I* looked I saw what I am quite sure no other did—that Lucien Nelson did not love in vain.

I did not expect to see her at dinner, but she came, nun-like in the simplicity of her attire—a plain black robe, lustreless and intense, setting off her blonde skin exquisitely. I forgot to reply to a remark of Mr. Worth's at this juncture, I was so absorbed in speculating upon her curious traits. Presently the hero of the day himself appeared, a little pale, and seeming very shamefaced about the excitement he had caused, but with an under-flush of emotion, rose-colored and real to him, shining through all. When his eyes turned upon Rosalind there was such a soft, brooding tenderness within them that I wondered how any woman for whom that look was meant could be indifferent or unmoved; but outwardly, at least, she gave no sign. Vague and indefinite was the expression which crept into her face as she leaned toward him and said,

"Mr. Nelson, I protest against my patient getting well so soon; positively it is ungrateful in you."

A flush like a girl's blush came into his cheek, and something saddened his just beaming eye as he replied,

"But I am not ungrateful. I heard how gallantly you came to the rescue."

"Yes, I went with Mr. Lawrence," she answered, with easy composure, answering a gallant speech of that gentleman's at the next moment with a little arch smile and her airiest air.

The misty trouble deepened in Nelson's eye, a look of perplexity and doubt struggled with the former joy. He has not self-consciousness enough to dissemble, and all through the meal he brooded and glowered over this new phase. Poor fellow, he carries his heart on his sleeve, and Rosalind—I don't know, but I am afraid—is a blood-thirsty daw, my friend. She was very sunny all this time; nothing overdone, but sweet and serene as if from a serene heart, bending her left ear to Mr. Lawrence, or her right to Mr.

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Worth, between which two gentlemen she somehow chanced to sit that day; and now and then sending a few words over to her sad-eyed suitor opposite. All I could think of, when he rose to go, was the pathetic reply of that boy-soldier in one of Napoleon's battles: "It is too late, Sire, I am hit." For so my brave young soldier looked. He was hit, fatally. Through the evening he hovered round her beautiful brilliant flame, which only scorched him more and more, poor moth! Through the evening she never relented her chosen calm.

There were no groupings, but a general circle, with some under-talk; and two or three times I heard her skillfully parry some dangerous remark which burst from that volcano—Nelson's heart.

"The young man has struck his flag to our pretty friend's colors, it seems," Mr. Lawrence startled me by saying, as I sat there lost in meditation.

"How do you know?" I inquired.

"It is self-evident, Miss Lyle; and another fact, also."

I glanced up disturbed, for I hate to have a man see too closely into a woman's heart; but I was relieved as he went on:

"The young lady has proved herself a keen diplomatist."

"How?"

"She parries all attacks, and manages both herself and suitor most admirably—herself so admirably that no one could fathom the state of the little organ that throbs beneath her bodice."

The next moment he was off on the Tariff question with Mr. Ambury, as profoundly absorbed and forgetful of every thing else as Mr. Ambury himself.

See how forgetful: he had invited Miss Rosalind Newcomb to stroll with him up to the Vauxhall—as a pretty nest of gardens on the hill-side, where they vend ices and other dainties, is termed—and Miss Rosalind had accepted. Time waned, the debate grew more intense, and in it our statesman lost sight, for the time, entirely of the lady and his invitation. He even went out with Mr. Ambury, still talking, to hunt up yesterday's newspaper; and when we ladies left the drawing-room I saw him sitting in the moonlight of the piazza, fathoms deep in his subject, between the whiffs of a cigar.

"How will my little Marquise take this?" I wondered. I looked at her and saw—the serenest face—not the least vexation. What a woman it is!

Early the next morning—too early, I supposed, for any one else to be about—I started off for a walk, and to view the beautiful promontory, bathed in mist, "far out at sea." I was sitting in my secret cave, as I call my little nook of rocks, where nobody comes but myself, and from whence I can see much without being seen, when I heard a measured pacing of footsteps up and down the sandy shore, just outside of my retreat. Up and down, with monotonous regularity, they continued for some time, yet from where I sat I could not discern the person. At last something floated aloft on the wind—a little white token—and blew down at my feet—a woman's pocket-handkerchief; and stamped in scarlet upon one corner was a shield, a cross, and a lance, inwoven into fanciful designs, forming a crest, underneath a name—"Rosalind." I don't know what impulse kept me still—kept me from calling her to share my retreat; but I sat perfectly silent, and mused over this singular coat-of-arms, as it seemed to be.

While I mused other footsteps approached. Then there came an exclamation of surprise from a rich, manly voice, and Rosalind Newcomb answered it thus: "I am an early riser always, Mr. Nelson."

Up and down the footsteps went again on the firm moist sand, with the heavier tread beside them—up and down, while they talked of indifferent topics. Gradually his voice ceased entirely, while Rosalind's kept on pertinaciously, it seemed to me, from topic to topic. But it did not serve her; in the midst of it he burst in resolutely and desperately, set aside her smooth sentences and risked his fate like a brave, true soldier.

It was full a minute before she gave her answer, and I fancied I heard tears raining in upon these few words:

"It is impossible; I can not marry you, Mr. Nelson."

I never listened to any thing so utterly devoid of encouragement as these words; and though Nelson's quick perceptions must have seen it, he would not give it up for this.

"Give me some reason," he said, almost imperatively.

"I love—" here she paused and changed the sentence; "I am to marry another."

Did she make this change to spare him pain, or for conscience' sake? This question must have presented itself to him also, for he said immediately,

"Tell me from your heart, in God's truth, do you love that other, and I will never ask you more."

Her voice tried to be indignant—it was only agitated as she replied, "You have no right to suppose I do not, Mr. Nelson."

Then he suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh, pardon me! pardon me! but I have never loved a woman before."

I thought I could hear hope creeping in here. Did she hear it, too, and string her tones to that tender cruelty and steel her soul to this decisive answer?

"I shall never answer that question but to one man, Mr. Nelson—the man I am to marry."

He strove no more, and after a pause he spoke in a voice that seemed so strengthless and weary that the tears came into my eyes. It was only a few words he said—something about returning, as it was near the breakfast hour.

"You may leave me here, if you please, Mr. Nelson," she replied.

I heard a "Good-morning" and his receding

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footsteps, and then I speculated a little upon my own situation.

Shut in as I was, with no egress but one, and that in full view of the shore, I could not discover myself when his impulsive suit broke in so suddenly, nor afterward. I waited for her to go, not impatiently, but anxiously; she did not know me well enough yet to trust so delicate a secret with me.

I had not to wait long. She could not bear the moaning of the restless, troubled sea—for there was a storm brooding—and very soon I heard her slowly move away.

I was late to breakfast that morning, and I glanced nervously down to Rosalind's chair. It was empty. Nelson, too, was absent. As Mr. Lawrence came sauntering in I saw his keen eye note the vacancies, for they were unusual. Strangely enough, he then looked at me, and I believe I colored; upon my word, I felt so guilty. In the afternoon some one said, under my window,

"So Nelson's gone!"

"Isn't that sudden?" another voice inquired.

"No, not for him; it's his way."

There was a pause, and then the last speaker said, "Wasn't Nelson rather spooney on *Belle* Newcomb."

"Well, *I* thought he was touched pretty deeply."

"And she has jilted him; that is why he runs away."

"Why should she jilt such a fine fellow as Nelson?"

"Wait and see."

And, my dear N., that is what we will do—wait and see.

But I have written far into the night, and shall see the day dawn at my table if I do not mind. Faithfully yours,

ELEANOR LYLE.

V.

SHELL BEACH, *July* 15.

DEAR N.—We have had a whole week of storm—a cold easterly wind and rain. But the house was never pleasanter; it wore an easy, home look, with fires in all the grates, and the ladies busy with worsted-work and netting, while the gentlemen read and talked to them. In the evenings we had dances and charades, but I knew one heart was not in them, notwithstanding her careful toilets and smiling ease of manner; for I felt sure that Rosalind Newcomb was going through some mortal struggle in her soul. Poor child! I fall to thinking over those tender, mournful lines of Whittier's when I see her:

"God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

"The man I am to marry!" These words of hers haunt me.

A day or two back I was talking with Miss Ambury, and she spoke so freely of Rosalind—with tenderness withal—that I ventured to say, "She is engaged to be married, is she not?"

The fair Southern's eyes turned slowly upon me—"Engaged, no!"—and then with a sigh, "She is so ambitious!"

"The man I am to marry!" what does that mean, then?

The first time I saw her after that eventful morning of which I wrote she looked absolutely ten years older; and even now, through all her serenity, I can see such an unutterable weariness. Last Thursday evening I followed her motions through the dance—"motion effortless as stars awaking;" but so mechanical. She was dancing with Mr. Lawrence at the last, and I saw his interest was awakened as mine was, though of course with less knowledge. His searching but kindly gaze broke up her silence, as, her hand over his arm, he led her to the seat beside me.

"What is the matter with me, Mr. Lawrence?" she asked, playfully.

"That is what I am trying to make out; what *is* the matter with you?"

She changed color, as she discovered his serious thought; but persisting in her light way, she returned,

"Clem tried her hand to-day on my hair, and has made me look like a boy, with these puffs—that's the matter, Mr. Lawrence; no wonder you thought I looked odd."

"Very odd," he said, quite gravely, but with the sheerest incredulity of her lightness.

He was too well-bred to push any question directly; so he apparently let the subject drop: but I couldn't help thinking that he was following his bent, when he said, after a while, as they watched the gay crowd,

"We miss young Nelson's pleasant company here."

"Very much," the lady answered, with a most perfect air of kind indifference.

Bending over her a little more, the gentleman remarked, smiling,

"I think he showed discretion in running away, Miss Rosalind."

"*Did* he run away?" and the pearl-white lids uplifted in serene surprise, as if she knew there was a joke intended; but did not yet comprehend fully.

"I have been told he ran away from a dangerous young lady, whose eyes slay more men than are shot in battle."

She looked sad and heartily grieved as she replied, "Don't say that about Mr. Nelson—I like him so truly that I hate to hear him jested over." And then, with a little flash which looked like scorn: "I suffer from imputations, which every woman who is natural in her actions invariably must—coquetry—I am very sorry many times that it is so—sorrier than ever now, when it reflects back upon that fine, frank young Nelson."

Mr. Lawrence's expression settled into something intangible; yet I fancied I read a deeper respect; and at the same time a conviction—which conviction read to me thus, "She has rejected this 'fine, frank Nelson,' and is too honorable to rejoice over it."

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I knew this and more—he was too near her heart to talk over! Unconsciously or not, she had played a card now which told upon her game. You open your eyes, my dear N., in astonishment and indignation, for you like my little Rose, and have given her all the sweetest womanly attributes; and you exclaim, "You don't mean to accuse her of playing a game to catch Mr. Lawrence." I do, my dear; and I still *like*—and perhaps love her. She is acting from some mistaken stand-point it may be; but she believes it to be true and right for her, for I can see plainly that she retains her self-respect, which she could not, if she had mean motives.

We are much more together of late—she seems to fancy my quiet room; and I am sure her gallant of an hour would be surprised at the tone and depth of our conversations. She never brings her belleship into my room—rarely talks of herself; but of philosophy, and people, and places; and I now and then catch glimpses of the rich romance and strong good sense which are inherent in her nature.

The next morning after the scene I have narrated she was sitting reading "Aurora Leigh" to me—reading, oh, so tenderly, that last sweet interview between Romney and Aurora, when Clem came to the door and handed in a letter. She looked at the superscription, and the bright inspired look she had worn for the last few moments went out in a faint sigh—she laid the book down, broke the seal of the missive, and read it through with a stern, hard expression gathering and gathering on her face. Long after she had read the letter she sat with bent head, forgetting where she was, unmindful of observation, her brows drawn in anxious thought, trying to solve some momentous problem. The hard lines grew deeper and deeper, the brows glowered over the eyes, and the mouth settled into a determined firmness. At last I asked the question,

"Any bad news, Miss Newcomb?"

"No, it is from my step-mother;" she answered, abstractedly.

I said no more, but presently she got up and turned to leave the room; at the door she hesitated, wheeled around, and came back.

"I believe I have been very rude for the last half hour here, Miss Lyle; but the letter I received from home involved my mind in a sad perplexity. When I came in here I had forgotten there was care and trouble in the world; and I had pleased myself with a pretty dream, which I began to think quite possible, till this letter awoke me. I shall never dream any more dreams, Miss Lyle."

I took hold of her hand: "Don't say that, my dear," I said; "you are too young. I trust you have many pleasant dreams in store for you."

I had mistaken her somewhat. She recoiled a little, and an indescribable dignity came like a mist over her manner.

"I am twenty-five, Miss Lyle—I do not speak from the pleasant misanthropy of early youth."

I asked her pardon. "You look so young," I said.

"And I am so old, so very old—Miss Lyle you do not know;" and she smiled so drearily, so wintrily, that I felt then that she was older, far older than I.

"Do not go," I said; "sit down here, and let us talk together." She complied as if she did care where she staid.

"What shall we talk about, Miss Lyle?" she asked, with the same dreary look.

"Of Rosalind Newcomb," I answered. "I am an older woman than you, my dear, if we reckon by years, and have seen much sorrow and suffering—have watched the going down of many a hope; yet I have never found life utterly wretched, nor my faith in happiness quenched."

She made an impatient movement with her hand, and exclaimed, "You have a different temperament from some—from mine!"

"In my youth I was ardent and impulsive—one of the most dangerous temperaments, my dear."

"But you had not the same influences, Miss Lyle; every lot is individual: I do not believe in general rules. My fate has been the old story, perhaps, on general details; but upon my peculiar nature it has produced its individual result. The old story: my mother died when I was sixteen—my father married a girl two years older than myself, at the expiration of a year—her sole recommendation being a pretty face, not a beautiful one, for it typified her soul. I was too young then to understand my own emotions thoroughly, else I should have interpreted rightly the uncomfortable, insecure sensation I experienced, when in her presence, the few weeks that intervened before their marriage.

"My pride was wounded to begin with—for I knew my father was lowering himself; and then a vague sense of shame at the unsuitableness of the thing every way, to say nothing of the remembrance of my dead mother, whose place it seemed sacrilege for her to fill. I say lowered himself; her mother had been our housekeeper, and her daughter apprenticed to a bonnet-maker in a neighboring town. They were common people in the strictest sense of the term—I am not snobbish in regard to my estimate of labor—I respect it—but though, as somebody says, I do not despise the button-maker, I want the soul to be above buttons. Clearly the souls of this mother and daughter were, and *are*, not above buttons. She was fond of my father as she was fond of silk dresses—she would have married Mr. Jones, the great roystering butcher, who supplied us with meats, if he had been the possessor of Newcomb Place. But I believe my father thought she was dying for love of him, and the low cunning of the mother helped it on. She began it first by her arts, 'Would Mr. Newcomb leave this little package for Lucy when he went to Fordham—would he say to Lucy, what she had not time to write, that she must be careful of her cough? Lucy thinks so little of herself, Mr. Newcomb.' And by-and-by Mr. New-

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comb got to stopping of his own accord; and then Lucy's mother was very much scandalized, and when the time was ripe she communicated her fears to the gentleman. People had seen his horse standing very often at Lucy's boarding-place, and remarks had been made. Lucy was sensitive, too, and Mr. Newcomb must remember that he was not an old man, and that girls were very apt to fall in love with men a few years older than themselves. Mr. Newcomb began forthwith to look upon himself as a very thoughtless sinner, and at length saw no way to make amends to Lucy but to make her mistress of Newcomb Place. So to Newcomb Place she came.

"It was all a plot from the first, a deep-laid plot to entrap him. I remember saying to him before he brought her there, that I was afraid we should not get on well together, she was so near my own age; and his answer was, 'Rosalind, you could not live with her and not love her!'

"I had not lived with her a month before I hated her, as we hate deceit and treachery! She was the most consummate hypocrite. At the end of the year she had discovered to my father traits which no one had ever discovered before in me. She would say the most insulting things to me, and if my father came in but ten minutes after, you would have thought her my best friend. I, who scorned deceit, showed poorly in this contest; for she always wore a placid front when he came in, and I the gloom of indignation. Thus gradually she undermined my place in my only parent's regard, and, Miss Lyle, I got to despising my own father for his weakness.

"I have often thought of that verse in Locksley Hall, which I changed thus:

> "'Thou shalt lower to *her* level day by day;
> What is fine within thee growing coarse, to sympathize with clay.'

"In her subtle way she lowered him to her level. We were not rich, though my father's income was good; but such was the wanton waste, the ignorant extravagance of his wife, that I, his only daughter, was at last stinted in my simplest wants. I went away once to visit an old schoolmate, and there tried to teach French and drawing; but I was a stranger, and any way unsuccessful. I might have been, I think I was, incompetent to teach. I went back again to my misery, and tried. Remembering my father's words the day of his marriage, when he found me in tears, 'Rosalind, you shall always have an equal place with my wife: it is your right'—remembering this, I tried to feel that it *was* my right, and act accordingly. I asked him for some money one day after this, and he said to me, 'Rosalind, I thought you were going to marry Edgar Milman.' I steadied my voice to say, 'Do you wish me to marry, father?' 'Every father wishes to see his daughter well married,' he answered, evasively. 'You can not afford a daughter with the wife you have, Sir,' I burst out, passionately, here. He burst out as passionately as I, and said some cruel things—I 'had never treated her well,' etc. Whereat I dropped the roll of bills at his feet and went out of the house, and walked for an hour—where, I never remembered.

"It was dark when I returned, and I locked myself in my room, and wrote to Aunt Laura that, if she would meet me in New York, I would return to Richmond with her. Aunt Laura is kind in her way; but she looks upon me as a speculation—she took me to marry me—and marry me she will. It is the only resource. I yearn for New England—it suits me. I yearn for a home, all my own, and I shall marry for it. Don't tell me, Miss Lyle, this is beneath me: it isn't mere money that I want—it is the first place in somebody's house and heart."

"Why not young Nelson then, Rosalind?"

She flashed a look at me; and I told her of my knowledge, and how gained. She did not seem to mind it, and after a pause said, in a lower tone,

"Lucien Nelson is not a safe person for me to marry. I will own that he has taken strong possession of my fancy, but he has not the ability to command the place in the world which I need. He will always live to the extent of his means, for he is reckless and improvident. Brilliant and talented as he is, he has no business capacity whatever; and such is my nature that I am afraid, if I married him, I should not respect him as I ought, for I should then be a daily witness of this weakness—for I think it amounts to that in a man."

"Rosalind, you are ambitious, too," I interrupted.

"Yes, I am ambitious; but not as you think. It isn't that I want wealth and position so much with my husband as the ability to win them. I want the kind of a man who has the power to overcome all things. With such an one I should be safer, for I *must* respect those qualities; and I need some one to challenge my reverence. It is by no means a large development in my nature."

"And you are to marry Mr. Lawrence?" I said.

"If he asks me," she answered, coloring slowly.

I could say nothing. I was not sure that she was altogether wrong. She knows herself better than I know her, and she knows her needs.

"This letter," she resumed, "is to inform me of the birth of Mrs. Newcomb's second child, and a request from my father that I will return immediately and take the care of the house for the present, as its mistress is still unfitted for it, and her mother lying disabled from a sprain in Fordham."

"Will you go, my dear?" I questioned.

"To that unreasonable request — no, Miss Lyle. I was all but banished from his house. I shall never enter it again as Rosalind Newcomb; and never, I think now, at all, unless my father is ill."

How could I blame her, my dear N.?

There was little more said after this; and I

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must say no more to you now, for I am trespassing all bounds of reason in my hours. It is striking twelve now, and this will not do every night for me. Faithfully,

ELEANOR LYLE.

VI.

SHELL BEACH, *July* 20.

DEAR N.—Last night I felt convinced that Rosalind Newcomb's prediction of "the man I am to marry" was in her own power of verification. She was singing at twilight, sitting on a *brioche*, by a window opening to the floor out upon a little side piazza—singing to a weird guitar accompaniment that beautiful poem, "Four Years," when I felt rather than saw a new presence. I looked up, and perceived Mr. Lawrence standing just outside, behind the singer. He made a motion of silence to me, and I held my peace while she sang:

"At the mid-summer, when the hay was down,
Said I, mournfully, 'Though my life is in its prime,
Bare lie my meadows, all shorn before their time;
Through my scorched woodlands the leaves are turning brown:
It is the hot mid-summer, when the hay is down.'"

There was a sob in every word; it was not skillfully but tenderly sung; and I knew how much she felt it. As she concluded a bunch of mid-summer flowers—delicate field-flowers—fell scatteringly over her head. A little start of surprise trembled her form for a moment, but she did not look up nor exclaim.

"Guess who it is, Rosalind?" I said.

"I know," was the simple, low-voiced reply.

I think it touched him nearly, for the world-look softened into something gentler, and he sat down just opposite her, on the window-ledge. So near were they that her dress flowed over his feet, and her arm touched him as she put her guitar down.

"How did you know, Rosalind?" he asked, with his rarest smile.

She laughed faintly, and a little nervously, and said, "I'm sure I can not tell."

Her head was down all this time; she had not looked up once. I knew why now. Her eyes were filled with tears, for I saw her lift the flowers to her face and stealthily brush them away. I think he saw too how it was; for he began talking in his most agreeable manner with me, and at length suggested a stroll. I declined, of course—I was not so blind as to form a third in that *tête-à-tête*. At nine o'clock I was sitting in the same place where they had left me, and alone, when I saw them coming back.

"Her hand was over his arm,
And her face shining calm
Out of its brown chestnut hair."

I noticed, as she stepped in through the window, that he did not release her hand after he had assisted her in; but I was not prepared for what followed, I must own.

Keeping the hand, he led her up to me, and said, in his easiest manner, "My dear Miss Lyle, will you congratulate me? Miss Newcomb has made me the happiest of men."

I hardly know what I said, but I remember looking at Rosalind's face. It was "shining calm out of its brown chestnut hair"—very calm; and her eyes met mine, not with a radiant expression of young love, but with a still, *rested* look, if I may so speak, that was infinitely touching to me. I thought of her weary, homeless life; of her intense yearning for home; and could forgive her all.

While I was taking my hair down that night a gentle tap came upon my door, and Rosalind entered. We sat down together and talked. I asked her if Mr. Lawrence believed that she was in love with him—romantically in love?

"I told him," she replied, "of my fancy for Lucien Nelson, but I told him that I believed I had found a rest in *him;* that I certainly admired him beyond all other men, and should be proud to become his wife."

"Did you tell him why you refused to marry Nelson?"

"I told him he did not satisfy me."

There was a pause, and then she broke out,

"He is very kind, very kind to me, Miss Lyle, and if I can make him happy I shall be happy too."

I could understand perfectly how Mr. Lawrence took these revelations of my Rose's. He is a man who looks back—very far back it seems to him—upon the days of fancy and romance, and the confessions of Rosalind affected him no more than as if a child had told him a story of some boy gallant. He looked upon what she had told as the harmless natural sentiment of a young girl's life, and troubled himself no more about it, very certain that if she admired and reposed in *him* more than any other man that she loved him more than any other. To him, immersed in politics for years, a man of stature and strength, physically and mentally, this slim, delicate Rosalind seemed very young and girl-like, though he recognized her as a woman in grace and ease of manner. That he was fond of her I thought likely; but she charmed him more than controlled him; and he would be proud of her—such a well-bred young mistress of his house as she would be!

Though I felt glad that the relation was no more unequal, I thought of some probable time when her heart would ache for the sympathy of another heart in the same chord with her own. God keep this time far from her! I prayed; but if it ever comes, God and all his angels protect her from the presence of Lucien Nelson!

The whole house knows of the engagement by this time, and I think the congratulations have been very sincere, for Rosalind inspires in almost every one a tender admiration. Mr. Lawrence, too, is universally popular. I fancy Blanche Ambury's face wears a look of secret disappointment—but it may be only fancy. I have quite wondered all the time that he did not give *her* the preference, for she is much more imposing in appearance than Rosalind. But that subtle charm which overcame me overcame this wise Senator too. The most radiant person

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of all is Mrs. Porter. Her respect and admiration for her niece has increased ten-fold, and as soon as the weather permits she will whirl Miss Rosalind off to New York to sit in grand consultation over all manner of fineries.

The wedding comes off in October, and Mrs. Porter is in a fever of excitement with so short a time of preparation; while Rosalind only laughs when she says, "The things won't be half done, child," and replies, provokingly, that she "doesn't care."

Clem amuses me more than any body else by her endeavors to imitate Rosalind's manner with Mr. Lawrence in her coquetries with Brand. Formerly disdain seemed to be her style; but she sees the elegant courtesy with which Mr. Lawrence and Rosalind treat each other, and her politeness to Brand is overwhelming. Brand easily takes the cue, and between them you never saw such an exaggeration of elegance and flourish.

But the dressing-bell has rung—I *should* say, the gong has sounded—horrible disturber of peace!—and I go to obey its mandate.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR LYLE.

[Let me say to the reader here that many matters in these letters relating to other persons and things have been omitted, as bearing no particular reference to the personal history of Rosalind Newcomb; among others, some mention, now and then, of the little lads, and Mrs. Ambury, which, entirely concerning themselves, my space would not allow me to introduce here. I make this explanation that the letters may not seem inconsistent with a private correspondence. In a year from the last letter's date I will resume the history, in letters addressed to me from the home of Mrs. Lawrence, where my friend Miss Lyle was visiting.]

VII.

MY DEAR N.—You know I had not seen Rosalind since the day of her marriage until I came here last week. She has gained her home indeed, and in every appointment it is what a refined taste like hers would be sure to appreciate. Your eye is first caught by books, busts, and pictures, not by curtain draperies, and velvet carpets, and carved rosewood, though by-and-by you perceive that every thing is in keeping, but very, very quiet in style and coloring.

The mistress of the mansion met me in a dun-colored robe of heavy, lustreless silk, relieved by her favorite lace—old English point. After I had rested and otherwise refreshed myself I joined her in her boudoir.

"My husband fitted it up before we came here," she remarked, as I commented upon its remarkably tasteful appointments.

"You look very happy, Rosalind," I ventured to say here.

She looked thoughtful a moment, and then answered, slowly,

"Yes, I *am* happier than I have been for years. I am not so wicked as to pine for something different when I have got my greatest wish fulfilled. Yes, I am happy," she concluded, with a deliberate calmness which impressed me at once that her happiness was more a grateful sense of benefits than that outgush of joy which transfigures the commonest things into beauty.

Yes, I knew there was a void in Rosalind Lawrence's life, perhaps unacknowledged by herself.

At dinner I met Mr. Lawrence—the very Mr. Lawrence of last year—just as agreeable, just as gallant to his wife as he was to Miss Newcomb; and this, which might strike some as charming, struck a cold sense of formality to my heart. There was none of that subdued free masonry of intimate love, that under-current of tender domesticity; and after the elegant meal he excused himself from "the ladies," regretting the necessity which obliged him to banishment, hoped to meet me at supper, etc.; and thus he left us, with no gentle little sentence for this pretty bride of a year.

I dare say there are many worthy people who would think me a foolish old body to linger over such things; and worse than foolish to expect such simple signs from a man like Mr. Lawrence; but ah, my dear N., you and I know that by these simple signs is the heart fed and life enriched.

All that evening I saw little of Rosalind, for she was engaged with callers in the drawing-room, and I was too weary to go down; but the next morning we passed together in her pretty boudoir. We were talking, I remember, on some domestic topic; and I know I said, "Why don't you ask your husband's advice?" She laughed a little confusedly, and colored a good deal, as she answered,

"My dear Miss Lyle, I never *could* do that."

"Why not?"

Laughing again she said, "Well, I don't feel acquainted enough with him, and then I think such things would bore him."

She turned the conversation directly, and I could not press an explanation, nor did I need, of what she meant. It was all clear to me; Mr. Lawrence was not intentionally reserved and dignified, he was immersed in politics, and had never been so profoundly stirred through all the depths of his nature by love for any woman that this could be overruled. I think any true woman's heart must yearn toward the man she has voluntarily promised to love and honor through life, and thus my poor little Rosalind yearns toward her husband. In this great house, with her ambition satisfied, the wife of a distinguished man, she is yearning for somebody to love her as strong passionate hearts love when thoroughly awakened. In this state I am quite sure that one remembrance must be dangerous; of impetuous words spoken "in mid-summer when the hay was down," in sound of the moaning sea; words so ardent and eloquent in their simple pathos of truth that *I* could never forget—how much less she to whom they were addressed.

While we were sitting at dinner, the next day,

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Mr. Lawrence delivered this piece of intelligence,

"I met young Nelson to-day, Mrs. Lawrence; he has just returned from India, and I invited him up to-night."

Rosalind had turned her head suddenly to give some order to a servant in waiting; turned it so completely, and raised her napkin at the same time to her face, that I could not see what effect his words had had. But when she turned back again, there was only the natural expression; and she answered, cordially,

"I am glad you invited him; we shall be pleased to see him."

"He looks remarkably well," went on Mr. Lawrence; "a fine handsome young fellow as you will find."

I do not think my host had the slightest recollection of his wife's "fancy" for Lucien Nelson.

I did not see Rosalind alone after this that night; and I went down to the drawing-room with a secret premonition of ill. My foreboding was realized—she was pining for sympathy—but my prayer that Lucien Nelson might be kept from her presence was not fulfilled.

She came down dressed with singular taste, yet in perfect harmony, in a gray silk of singular old-fashioned texture and style, like serge; over her shoulders a little foreign scarf of white silk, fringed deeply with silver and white, was thrown; and a mixture of black and white lace about her, and some splendid white chrysanthemums on her breast and head, completed as original and becoming a toilet as I have seen.

It was reception night, and the rooms were quite full when Nelson came in. I saw Rosalind go forward to meet him very gravely and steadily, with no foolish forced gayety, but with a certain calm tenderness in her manner that no husband could have found fault with, and no lover gainsayed.

I looked at Nelson. Ah me! he loves her still; God help them both! This hero of Indian battles, who had not quailed under the storming of shot and shell, grew faint at the touch of that little fair hand. I was glad Mr. Lawrence came up then; for his preoccupied cordial flow of words was just what was needed to give my poor young hero time to recover himself. What mad folly tempted him to come here I can not tell. That he had overrated his strength I could plainly see, and all I could now hope was, that he would have wisdom enough to banish himself. It is the old story. "The desire of the moth for the star." A curious thing occurred that evening. One of the guests remarked to Mrs. Lawrence that her dress was enchanting, and with a strange signification, which was of course quite inapplicable to her. She looked an interrogation, and the answer was, "It reminds one of sackcloth and ashes. Have you seen that picture of Salvator Rosa's I think, a picture of Penance, clothed in gray and white—sackcloth and ashes?"

Every vestige of color left Mrs. Lawrence's face; but she only shuddered as if in annoyance, and said, "Ugh, you make me nervous; I shall think there's an omen in my wearing this dress."

I had thought so before; so had she; a self-imposed omen!

The next night there was a grand dress party at Governor B——'s, at which we were present; Rosalind was radiant in white velvet and feathers and diamonds, but flushed and restless, with an air of expectancy. Late in the evening I saw a dark bronzed face in the door-way, and presently a tall slender figure was threading the crowd with an evident purpose. I saw them meet again—Rosalind Lawrence and Lucien Nelson—this time with less emotion on his side, and a little flutter of pleasure on hers; and so it has gone on, meeting at some réunion or reception, night after night up to this time. So occupied has she been with guests that I have not been able to see her one moment alone, but I have determined to seek her purposely to-morrow and warn her of the danger she is in. Which laudable purpose I will tell you of next time.

Always yours,

ELEANOR LYLE.

VIII.

MY DEAR N.—I did not think a month would elapse before I wrote again to you; but I will not occupy my time nor yours with excuses, for I have things of too much interest to tell you. In my last I spoke of my contemplated purpose: it was never put into execution: I will explain.

Last Sunday week Mr. Lawrence came into his wife's dressing-room, where I was sitting with her, with an expression of great horror on his face.

"What is the matter? are you ill? what has happened?" she exclaimed.

He sat down in the nearest chair and leaned his face in his hands a moment, while a visible shudder shook his strong frame.

Rosalind sprang to his side; "Oh, Eric, what can I do?"

I had never heard her call him Eric before. He looked up, and smilingly put his arm around her, saying, immediately,

"Nothing is the matter with me, my child—I have done wrong to alarm you so; but I have just witnessed a very terrible sight, and it quite unmanned me. Here, get back your color before I tell you—you are trembling like a leaf." And he gently put her into the easy-chair opposite him. When the color came back again he commenced:

"In coming home, I stepped into the —— House, and while I stood talking with Mr. Deane a servant rushed up to us and said, 'You are a friend of Mr. Nelson's, aren't you, Sir?' I told him I was, and he besought me to come up to his room; they couldn't get in, and something was the matter. I went up after the waiter with Mr. Deane and tried the door; it was locked, and the key inside. Picking the key aside with the point of a penknife, I saw— But never mind; we burst the door in and discovered its occupant hanging by a hook in—"

"My God, have mercy! it is I who have done

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it—I who am his murderer!" rang out in agonized tones from Rosalind's lips. "Oh, Lucien! Lucien! why did you come again?"

I looked at Mr. Lawrence; his face was whiter than Rosalind's, the mouth set firm, as I had seen it once in a public debate where his opponent had flung the lie in his face.

"Poor child, she is raving! the fright has been too much for her," he said, in the chilliest tones.

I knew better—so did he; but what could he do?

He poured out a glass of cordial, which stood on the *console*, and carried it to her, but, mercifully, Rosalind had fainted. He gathered her up in his arms and laid her on the lounge, and with the quietest, most controlled manner, assisted me in applying restoratives. As she came to herself a little, there was a murmur of a name. I trembled with fear; I thought it was Mr. Nelson's. Mr. Lawrence bent his head eagerly, so did I; it came again, softly, pleadingly: "Eric!" The hard lines in that firm mouth softened. I stole out and left them together, for I felt they would do better alone.

An hour later, Mr. Lawrence came into the library and requested me to go up and sit with "my wife" while he went to his office for a while. The hard lines had all melted away from his mouth, and a singular softness dwelt in his eyes.

She had been weeping, but a peaceful calm was in her face that gladdened my heart to see. She took my hand as I sat down beside her.

"Oh, Miss Lyle, my husband is the best man in the world," she said, softly; "I told him," she went on, "of my lonely heart here, that I did not think he cared much for me; and how I was yearning for sympathy when Lucien Nelson came back, and recalled the past. I told him of his impassioned pleading that summer at Shell Beach, and how it all came up to me and struck remorse to my soul as I saw his emotion after a year's change and separation. I told him—oh! Miss Lyle, you did not know—last night Lucien Nelson sent me this note;" and she took it from the table and handed it to me to read. Thus it ran:

"MRS. LAWRENCE,—You have seen I can not forget the past—that I love you still. I have fancied you were not happy—not satisfied yet. I know your nature. You live in the world, by its laws; these you will never forsake, nor violate, which is wisest, best for you, for any woman. But hear me: I am grown so reckless, so world-sick, that if she I love would forsake all these I would fly with her from bonds and laws to some other clime. But she I love will never forsake her life for me, for which, perhaps, I love her better still; but as for me, I am going into a far country, where I trust I may find rest and peace. Farewell, 'rose of all the world' to me; farewell, and God bless you. We shall never meet this side the grave again; but sometime think, not mournfully, but tenderly, that he who loved you better than his life was LUCIEN NELSON."

"You showed this to your husband, my dear?" I asked her.

"Yes, I showed it to him; and oh, Miss Lyle, what do you think he said? The tears came into his eyes, Miss Lyle, as he murmured, 'Poor boy! I am very sorry for him, and for you too, my child.' I don't know what I said; but I put my arms around his neck, and kissed him as I never had kissed him before, Miss Lyle, for I had never felt his tender, noble character before; and though I can't remember my words, I told him that I could love my husband better than all the world if he would open his heart to me. He took me in his arms, Miss Lyle, and said I should never be lonely again; that he loved me better than I knew, better than he himself knew until now. Oh, Miss Lyle, he has a very noble nature—very tender and generous—else he would never have understood my revelation so completely. And when he went out just now, where do you think he went, Miss Lyle? He went to see Lucien Nelson, whom he left recovering slowly at his rooms."

"Recovering, Rosalind?"

"Did I not tell you, Miss Lyle? They cut him down, the wild, wicked boy, and he will not die. Oh, to think of that rash act. I have been lying here weighing it all; it was a weak act too, Miss Lyle; and after that first shock and my wild words I thanked God that my life was not mated with his excitable nature."

Much more she said, which I can not write now; but I must tell you of the reason the world assigns for Nelson's "rash act." There was a torn letter lying upon his floor which contained something relating to a member of his family, who, it seems, is the occupant of an insane asylum. Thus the idea spread that there was insanity in the family, and that this letter perhaps developed the inherent madness in Lucien—a most fortunate turn for the matter to take, though I could hardly apprehend a scandal connected with Rosalind, for only my knowledge of past events gave me an insight into the workings of these two minds. There was no flirtation, but a certain devotion, grave and high-toned, which the vulgar gossip *might* have fanned into a vulgar flame. But there will be nothing now to cloud the sky—nothing to soil the whiteness of my Rose.

Nelson is doing well, and much touched by the tender care of Mr. Lawrence. He sails as soon as he is able for China on a Government commission, to which Mr. Lawrence has got him appointed. I think his attempt has really had a beneficial effect upon him; for by what I hear from Rosalind he is struck with horror at his deed, and is determined to show his friends that he is not too great a coward to live.

Mr. Lawrence watches Rosalind very closely—not jealously; but with a tender watchfulness for her happiness, which makes me revere and look up to him as the noblest of men. Who would have thought of this politically-absorbed man developing the tenderest and most exalted traits? If I once thought that impulsive, ardent Nelson could make a woman happier than Mr. Lawrence, I now think that in Mr. Lawrence's calmest friendship there is a tenderness which exceeds most men's love.

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And here I leave the letter, dear reader, for the story is told.

Of Lucien Nelson's subsequent fate I will say that the last I heard of him he was in China in high favor and friendship with the Orientals, and evidently reconciled to life. Of Rosalind, if you could have seen, as I saw, her vivid blush of pleasure one day when her husband returned a week earlier from a journey than he had anticipated, you would not doubt her ardent love for him; and if you could have seen his weary, travel-stained face light up as he observed her emotion, and the fond look he gave her, and the long pressure to his bosom ere he set her down, you would know that his great heart had awakened to an undying love. Through much trial she has found her home at last.

HOW A FRENCH KING ONCE OVERTHREW THE PAPACY.*

AMONG the Mendicant Friars appeared, A.D. 1250, an ominous work, which, under the title of "The Everlasting Gospel," struck terror into the Latin hierarchy. It was affirmed that an angel had brought it from heaven, engraven on copper plates, and had given it to a priest called Cyril, who delivered it to the Abbot Joachim. Or perhaps, more correctly, since its author, the Abbot, had been dead about fifty years, now appeared a true exposition of the tendency of the book, under the form of an Introduction put forth by John of Parma, the General of the Franciscans, as was universally suspected or alleged. Notwithstanding its fearful heresy the work displayed an enlarged and masterly conception of the historical progress of humanity. In this introduction John of Parma pointed out that the Abbot Joachim, who had not only performed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but had been reverenced as a prophet, canonized, and received as of unimpeachable orthodoxy, had accepted as his fundamental position that Roman Christianity had done its work, and had now come to its inevitable termination. He proceeded to show that there are epochs or ages in the Divine government of the world; that during the Jewish dispensation it had been under the immediate influence of God the Father; during the Christian dispensation it had been under that of God the Son; and that the time had now arrived when it would be under the influence of God the Holy Ghost; that in the coming ages there would be no longer any need of faith, but that all things would be according to wisdom and reason. It was the ushering in of a new time. So spake, with needful obscurity, the Abbot Joachim, and so, more plainly, the General of the Franciscans in his Introduction. "The Everlasting Gospel" was declared by its adherents to have supplanted the New Testament as that had supplanted the Old —these three books constituting a three-fold revelation, answering to the Trinity of the Godhead. At once there was a cry from the whole hierarchy. The Pope, Alexander IV., without delay, took measures for the destruction of the book. Whoever kept or concealed a copy was excommunicate. But among the lower Mendicants—the Spiritualists, as they were termed —the work was held in the most devout repute. With them it had taken the place of the Holy Scriptures. So far, however, from being suppressed, it was followed, in about forty years, A.D. 1297, by the Comment on the Apocalypse, by John Peter Oliva, who, in Sicily, had accepted the three epochs or ages, and divided the middle one—the Christian—into seven stages: the age of the Apostles, that of the Martyrs, that of Heresies, that of Hermits, that of the Monastic System, that of the overthrow of Antichrist, and that of the coming Millennium. He agreed with his predecessors in the impending abolition of Roman Christianity, stigmatized that Church as the purple harlot, and with them affirmed that the Pope and all his hierarchy had become superfluous and obsolete—"their work was done, their doom sealed." Their zealous followers declared that the Sacraments of the Church were now all useless, those administering them having no longer any jurisdiction. The burning of thousands of these "Fratricelli" by the Inquisition was altogether inadequate to suppress them. Eventually, when the Reformation occurred, they merged in the doctrine and discipline of Luther.

To the internal and doctrinal troubles thus befalling the Church material and foreign ones of the most vital importance were soon added. The true reason of the difficulties into which the papacy was falling was now coming conspicuously into light. It was absolutely necessary that money should be drawn to Rome, and the sovereigns of the Western kingdoms, France and England, from which it had hitherto been largely obtained, were determined that it should be so no longer. They had equally urgent need of all that could be extorted themselves. In France, even by St. Louis, it was enacted that the papal power in the election of the clergy should be restrained; and, complaining of the drain of money from the kingdom to Rome, he applied the effectual remedy of prohibiting any such assessments or taxations for the future.

We have now reached the pontificate of Boniface VIII., a great epoch in the intellectual history of Europe. Under the title of Celestine V. a visionary hermit had been raised to the papacy—visionary, for Peter Morrone (such was his name) had long been indulged in apparitions of angels and the sounds of phantom bells in the air. Peter was escorted from his cell to his supreme position by admiring crowds; but it very soon became apparent that the life of an anchorite is not a suitable preparation for the duties of a pope. The conclave of Cardinals had elected him, not from any impression of his suitable-

* Extract from *A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, by JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Shortly to be published by Harper and Brothers.

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ness, but because they were evenly balanced into two parties, neither of which would give way. They were therefore driven to a temporary and available election. But scarcely had this been done when his incapacity became conspicuous, and his removal imperative. It is said that the friends of Benedetto Gaetani, the ablest of the Cardinals, through a hole perforated in the Pope's chamber-wall, at midnight, in a hollow voice warned him that he retained his dignity at the peril of his soul, and in the name of God commanded him to abdicate. And so, in spite of all importunity, he did. His abdication was considered by many pious men as striking a death-blow at papal infallibility.

So Benedetto Gaetani, whether by such wily procurements or not, became Pope Boniface VIII., A.D. 1294. His election was probably due to King Charles, who held twelve electoral votes, the bitter personal animosity of the Colonnas having been either neutralized or overcome. The first care of Boniface was to consolidate his power and relieve himself of a rival. In the opinion of many it was not possible for a Pope to abdicate. Confinement in prison soon (A.D. 1296) determined that question. The soul of Celestine was seen by a monk ascending the skies, which opened to receive it into heaven, and a splendid funeral informed his enemies that they must now acknowledge Boniface as the unquestioned Pope. But the princely Colonnas, the leaders of the Ghibelline faction in Rome, who had resisted the abdication of Celestine to the last, and were, therefore, mortal enemies of Boniface, revolted. He published a bull against them—he excommunicated them. With an ominous anticipation of the future—for they were familiar with the Papal power, and knew where to touch it to the quick—they appealed to a General Council. Since supernatural weapons did not seem to avail, Boniface proclaimed a crusade against them. The issue answered his expectations. Palestrina, one of their strongholds, which in a moment of weakness they had surrendered, was utterly devastated and sown with salt. The Colonnas fled, some of them to France. There in King Philip the Fair they found a friend, who was destined to avenge their wrongs, and to inflict on the Papacy a blow from which it never recovered.

It is necessary for us to understand the state of affairs at the commencement of the quarrel between Philip and Boniface. We have seen that the Crusades had brought all Europe under taxation to Rome, and that loud complaints were every where made against the drain of money into Italy. Things had at last come to that pass that it was not possible to continue the Crusades without resorting to a taxation of the clergy; and this was the true reason of the eventual lukewarmness, and even opposition to them. But the stream of money that had thus been passing into Italy had engendered habits of luxury and extravagance. Cost what it might, money must be had in Rome. The perennial necessity under which the Kings of England and France found themselves—the necessity of revenue for the carrying out of their temporal projects—could only be satisfied in the same way. The real wealth of those nations had insensibly glided into the hands of the Church. In England Edward I. compelled the taxation of the clergy. They resisted at first, but that sovereign found an ingenious and effectual remedy. He directed his judges to hear no cause in which an ecclesiastic was a complainant; but to try every suit brought against them, asserting that those who refused to share the burdens of the State had no right to the protection of its laws. They forthwith submitted. In the nature and efficacy of this remedy we, for the first time, recognize the agency of a class of men soon to rise to power—the lawyers.

In France Philip the Fair made a similar attempt. It was not to be supposed that Rome would tolerate this poaching on what she considered her proper domain, and accordingly Boniface issued the bull, "*Clericis laicos*," excommunicating kings who should levy subsidies on ecclesiastics. Hereupon Philip determined that, if the French clergy were not tributary to him, France should not be tributary to the Pope, and issued an edict prohibiting the export of gold and silver from France without his license. But he did not resort to extreme measures until he had tried others which perhaps he considered less troublesome; he had plundered the Jews, confiscated their property, and expelled them from his dominions. The Church was fairly next in order; and, indeed, the Mendicant Friars of the lower class, who, as we have seen, were disaffected by the publication of "The Everlasting Gospel," were loud in their denunciations of her wealth, attributing the prevailing religious demoralization to it. They pointed to the example of our Lord and his disciples; and when their antagonists replied that even He condescended to make use of money, the malignant fanatics maintained their doctrines amidst the applause of a jeering populace by answering that it was not St. Peter, but Judas, who was intrusted with the purse, and that the Pope stood in need of the bitter rebuke which Jesus had of old administered to his prototype Peter, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savorest not of the things that be of God, but of the things that be of men" (Mark viii. 33). Under that authority they affirmed that they might stigmatize the great culprit without guilt. So the King ventured to put forth his hand and touch what the Church had, and she cursed him to his face. At first a literary war ensued—the Pope published his bull, the King his reply. Already the policy which Philip was following, and the ability he was displaying, manifested that he had attached to himself that new power of which the King of England had taken advantage—a power soon to become the mortal enemy of the ecclesiastic—the lawyers. In the mean time money must be had in Rome, when, by the singularly felicitous device of the proc-

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lamation of a year of Jubilee, A.D. 1300, large sums were again brought into Italy.

Boniface had thus four antagonists on his hands—the King of France, the Colonnas, the Lawyers, and the Mendicants; by the latter, both high and low, he was cordially hated. Thus the higher English Franciscans were enraged against him because he refused to let them hold lands. They attempted to bribe him with 40,000 ducats; but he seized the money at the banker's, under the pretense that it had no owners, as the Mendicants were vowed to poverty, and then denied the privilege. As to the lower Franciscans, heresy was fast spreading among them. They were not only infected with the doctrines of "The Everlasting Gospel," but had even descended into the abyss of irreligion one step more, by placing St. Francis in the stead of our Saviour. They were incessantly repeating in the ears of the laity that the Pope was Antichrist, "the Man of Sin." The quarrel between Philip and Boniface was every moment increasing in bitterness. The former seized and imprisoned a Papal Nuncio, who had been selected because he was known to be personally offensive; the latter retaliated by the issue of bulls protesting against such an outrage, interfering between the King and his French clergy, and citing the latter to appear in Rome and take cognizance of their master's misdoings. The monarch was actually invited to be present and hear his own doom. In the lesser bull—if it be authentic—and the King's rejoinder both parties seem to have lost their temper. This was followed by the celebrated bull "*Ausculta Fili*," at which the King's indignation knew no bounds. He had it publicly burned in Paris at the sound of a trumpet; assembled the "States General," and under the advice of his lawyers skillfully brought the issue to this—Does the King hold the realm of France of God or of the Pope? Without difficulty it might be seen how the French clergy would be compelled to act: since many of them held fiefs of the King, all were in fear of the intrusion of Italian ecclesiastics into the rich benefices. France, therefore, supported her monarch. On his side Boniface, in the bull "*Unam Sanctam*," asserted his power, by declaring that it is necessary to salvation to believe that "every human being is subject to the Pontiff of Rome." Philip, foreseeing the desperate nature of the approaching conflict, and aiming to attach his people firmly to him by putting himself forth as their protector against priestly tyranny, again skillfully appealed to their sentiments by denouncing the Inquisition as an abominable barbarity, an outrage on human rights, violating all law, resorting to new and unheard-of tortures, and doing deeds at which men's minds revolt with horror. In the South of France this language was thoroughly understood. The lawyers, among whom William de Nogaret is conspicuous, ably assisted him; indeed, his whole movement exhibited the extraordinary intelligence of his advisers. It has been affirmed, and is, perhaps, not untrue, that De Nogaret's father had been burned by the Inquisition. The great lawyer was bent on revenge. The States General, under his suggestions, entertained four propositions: 1. That Boniface was not the true pope. 2. That he was a heretic. 3. That he was a Simoniac. 4. That he was a man weighed down with crimes.—De Nogaret, learning from the Colonnas how to touch the Papacy in a vital point, demanded that the whole subject should be referred to a "General Council" to be summoned by the King. A second meeting of the States General was held; William de Plaisian, the Lord of Vezenoble, appeared with charges against the Pope. Out of a long list, many of which could not possibly be true, some may be mentioned: that Boniface neither believed in the immortality nor incorruptibility of the soul, nor in a life to come; nor in the real presence in the Eucharist; that he did not observe the fasts of the Church—not even Lent; that he spoke of the cardinals, monks, and friars as hypocrites; that the Holy Land had been lost through his fault; that the subsidies for its relief had been embezzled by him; that his holy predecessor, Celestine, through his inhumanity, had been brought to death; that he had said that fornication and other obscene practices were no sin; that he was a Sodomite, and had caused clerks to be murdered in his presence; that he had enriched himself by Simony; that his nephew's wife had borne him two illegitimate sons. These, with other still more revolting charges, were sworn to upon the Holy Gospels. The King appealed to "a General Council and to a legitimate Pope."

The quarrel had now become a mortal one. There was but one course for Boniface to take, and he did take it. He excommunicated the King. He deprived him of his throne and anathematized his posterity to the fourth generation. The Bull was to be suspended in the porch of the Cathedral of Anagni on September 8; but William de Nogaret and one of the Colonnas had already passed into Italy. They hired a troop of banditti, and on September 7 attacked the Pontiff in his palace at Anagni. The doors of a church which protected him were strong, but they yielded to fire. The brave old man, in his pontifical robes, with his crucifix in one hand and the keys of St. Peter in the other, sat down on his throne and confronted his assailants. His cardinals had fled through a sewer. So little reverence was there for God's vicar upon earth that Sciarra Colonna raised his hand to kill him on the spot, but the blow was arrested by De Nogaret, who, with a bitter taunt, told him that here, in his own city, he owed his life to the mercy of a servant of the King of France—a servant whose father had been burned by the Inquisition. The Pontiff was spared only to be placed on a miserable horse, with his face to the tail, and led off to prison. They meant to transport him to France to await the General Council. He was rescued, returned to Rome, was seized and imprisoned again. On the 11th October he was dead.

So, after a pontificate of nine eventful years,

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perished Boniface VIII. His history and his fate show to what a gulf Roman Christianity was approaching. His successor, Benedict XI., had but a brief enjoyment of power; long enough, however, to learn that the hatred of the King of France had not died with the death of Boniface, and that he was determined not only to pursue the departed Pontiff's memory beyond the grave, but also to effect a radical change in the Papacy itself. A basket of figs was presented to Benedict by a vailed female. She had brought them, she said, from the Abbess of St. Petronilla. In an unguarded moment the Pontiff ate of them without the customary precaution of having them previously tasted. Alas! what was the state of morals in Italy? A dysentery came on—in a few days he was dead. But the Colonnas had already taught the King of France how one should work who desires to touch the Popedom; the event that had just occurred was the preparation for putting their advice into operation. The King came to an understanding with Bernard de Goth, the Archbishop of Bordeaux. Six conditions were arranged between them: 1. The reconciliation between the Church and the King. 2. The absolution of all persons engaged in the affair of Boniface. 3. Tenths from the clergy for five years. 4. The condemnation of the memory of Boniface. 5. The restoration of the Colonnas. 6. A secret article; what it was time soon showed.—A swift messenger carried intelligence to the King's partisans in the College of Cardinals, and Bernard became Clement V. "It will be long before we see the face of another Pope in Rome!" exclaimed the Cardinal Matteo Orsini, with a prophetic instinct of what was coming when the conspiracy reached its development. His prophecy was only too true. Now appeared what was that sixth, that secret article negotiated between King Philip and De Goth. Clement took up his residence at Avignon in France. The tomb of the Apostles was abandoned; the Eternal City had ceased to be the metropolis of Christianity.

But a French prelate had not bargained with a French king for the most eminent dignity to which a European can aspire without having given an equivalent. In as good a faith as he could to his contract, in as good a faith as he could to his present pre-eminent position, Clement V. proceeded to discharge his share of the obligation. Doubtless to a certain extent King Philip was animated by an undying vengeance against his enemy, whom he considered as having escaped out of his grasp, but doubtless he was also actuated by a sincere desire of accomplishing a reform in the Church through a radical change in its Constitution. He was resolved that the Pontiffs should be accountable to the Kings of France, or that France should more directly influence their conduct. To reconcile men to this it was for him to show, with the semblance of pious reluctance, what was the state to which morals and faith had come in Rome. The trial of the dead Boniface was therefore entered upon A.D. 1310. The Consistory was opened at Avignon, March 18; the proceedings occupied many months, many witnesses were examined. But we have not space in a Magazine article to give even a summary of the evidence adduced. It will be found in the volume, from which this is an extract.

In the mean time Clement did all in his power to save the blackened memory of his predecessor. Every influence that could be brought to bear on the revengeful or politic King was resorted to, and at last with success. Or perhaps Philip saw that he had fully accomplished his object. He had no design to destroy the Papacy. His aim was to revolutionize it; to give to the Kings of France a more thorough control over it; and for the accomplishment of that purpose, to demonstrate to what a condition it had come through the present system. Whatever might be the decision, such evidence had been brought forward as, notwithstanding its contradictions and apparent inconsistencies, had made a profound impression on every thinking man. It was the King's consummate policy to let the matter remain where it was. Accordingly he abandoned all further action. The gratitude of Clement was expressed in a bull exalting Philip, attributing his action to piety, exempting him from all blame, annulling past bulls prejudicial to him, revoking all punishments of those who had been concerned against Boniface except fifteen persons, on whom a light and nominal penance was inflicted. In November, A.D. 1311, the Council of Vienne met. In the following year three cardinals appeared before it to defend the orthodoxy and holy life of Pope Boniface; two knights threw down their gauntlets to maintain his innocence by wager of battle. There was no accuser, no one took up the gage, and the Council was at liberty quietly to dispose of the matter.

How far the departed Pontiff was guilty of the charges alleged against him was, therefore, never fairly ascertained. But it was a tremendous, an appalling fact that charges of such a character could be even so much as brought forward; much more that a succeeding Pontiff had to listen to them, and attribute intentions of piety to the accuser. The immoralities of which Boniface was accused were such as in Italy did not excite the same indignation as among the more moral people beyond the Alps; the heresies were those every where pervading the Church. We have already seen what a profound impression "The Everlasting Gospel" had made, and how many followers and martyrs it had. What was alleged against Boniface was only that he had taken one step more in the downward course of irreligion. His fault lay in this, that in an evil hour he had given expression to thoughts which, considering his position, ought to have remained locked up in his inmost soul. As to the rest, if he was avaricious, and accumulated enormous treasures, such as it was said the banditti of the Colonnas seized when they outraged his person, he was no worse than many other Popes. Even Clement V., his successor, died enormously rich;

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and, what was worse, did not hesitate to scandalize Europe by his prodigal munificence to the beautiful Brunisard, the Countess of Talleyrand, his lady.

The religious condition of Boniface, though not admitting of apology, is capable of explanation. By the Crusades all Europe had been wrought up to a fanatical expectation, doomed necessarily to disappointment. From the Crusades the Papacy had derived prodigious advantages both in money and power. It was now to experience fearful evils. It had largely promised rewards in this life, and also in the world to come, to those who would take up the Cross; it had deliberately pitted Christianity against Mohammedanism, and staked the authenticity of each on the issue of the conflict. In the face of the whole world it had put forth as the true criterion the possession of the Holy Places, hallowed by the life, the sufferings, the death, the resurrection of the Redeemer. Whatever the result might be, the circumstances under which this had been done were such that there was no concealing, no dissembling. In all Europe there was not a family which had not been pecuniarily involved in the Crusades, perhaps not one which had not furnished men. Was it at all to be wondered at that every where the people, accustomed to the logic of trial by battle, were terror-stricken when they saw the result. Was it to be wondered at that even still more dreadful heresies spontaneously suggested themselves? Was it at all extraordinary that, if there had been Popes sincerely accepting that criterion, the issue should be a Pope who was a sincere misbeliever? Was it extraordinary that there should be a loss of Papal prestige? It was the Papacy which had voluntarily, for its own ends, brought things into this evil channel, and the Papacy deserved a just retribution of discredit and ruin. It had wrought on the devout temper of religious Europe for its own sinister purposes; it had drained the continent of its blood, and perhaps of what was more highly prized—its money; it had established a false issue, an unwarrantable criterion, and now came the time for it to reap consequences of a different kind—intellectual revolt among the people, heresy among the clergy. Nor was the Pope without eminent comrades in his sin. The Templars, whose duty it had been to protect pilgrims on the way to Jerusalem, who had therefore been long and thoroughly familiar with the state of events in Palestine, had been treading in the same path as the Pope. Dark rumors had begun to circulate throughout Europe, that these, the very vanguard of Christianity, had not only proved traitors to their banner, but had actually become Mohammedanized. On their expulsion from the Holy Land, at the close of the Crusades, they spread all over Europe, to disseminate by stealth their fearful heresies, and to enjoy the riches they had acquired in the service they had betrayed. Men find a charm in having it mysteriously and secretly divulged to them that their long-cherished opinions are all a delusion. There was something fascinating in hearing privately, from those who could speak with authority, that, after all, Mohammed was not an impostor, but the author of a pure and noble Theism; that Saladin was not a treacherous assassin, a despicable liar, but a most valiant, courteous, and gentle knight. In his proceedings against the Templars King Philip the Fair seems to have been animated by a pure intention of checking the disastrous spread of their opinions; yet William de Nogaret, who was his chief adviser on this matter as on that of Boniface, was not without reasons of personal hatred. It was said that he divided his wrath between the Templars and the Pope. They had had some connection with the burning of his father, and vengeance he was resolved to wreak upon them. Under color of the charges against them all the Templars in France were simultaneously arrested in the dawn of one day, October 13, A.D. 1307, so well devised were the measures; the Grand Master, Du Molay, was secured, not, however, without some perfidy. Now were openly brought forward the charges which struck Europe with consternation. Substantiation of them was offered by witnesses, but it was secured by submitting the accused to torture. The Grand Master, Du Molay, at first admitted their guilt of the accusations alleged. After some hesitation the Pope issued a bull, commanding the King of England to do what the King of France had already done, to arrest the Templars and seize their property. His declaration, that one of the order, a man of high birth, had confessed to himself his criminality, seems to have made a profound impression on the mind of the English King, and of many other persons until that time reluctant to believe. The Parliament and the University of Paris expressed themselves satisfied with the evidence. New examinations were held, and new convictions were made. The Pope issued a bull addressed to all Christendom, declaring how slowly, but alas! how certainly, he had been compelled to believe in the apostasy of the order, and commanding that every where proceedings should be instituted against it. A Papal commission assembled in Paris, August 7, 1309. The Grand Master was had before it. He professed his belief in the Catholic faith, but now denied that the order was guilty of the charges alleged against it, as also did many of the other knights. Other witnesses were, however, brought forward, some of whom pretended to have abandoned the order on account of its foul acts. At the Porte St. Antoine, on many pleasant evenings in the following May, William de Nogaret might revel in the luxury of avenging the Shade of his Father. One hundred and thirteen Templars were, in slow succession, burned at stakes. The remorseless lawyer was repaying the Church in her own coin. Yet of this vast concourse of sufferers all died protesting their innocence, not one proved an apostate. Notwithstanding this most significant fact—for those who were ready to lay down their lives and to meet with unshaken constancy the fire, were surely the bravest of the knights, and their dying

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declaration is worthy of our most reverent consideration—things were such that no other course was possible than the abolition of the order, and this accordingly took place. The Pope himself seems to have been satisfied that the crimes had been perpetrated under the instigation or temptation of Satan; but men of more enlarged views appear to have concluded that, though the Templars were innocent of the moral abominations charged against them, a familiarity with other forms of belief in the East had undoubtedly sapped their faith. After a weary imprisonment of six years, imbittered by fearful hardships, the Grand Master, Du Molay, was brought up for sentence. He had been found guilty. With his dying breath, "before Heaven and earth, on the verge of death, when the least falsehood bears like an intolerable weight on the soul," he declared the innocence of the order and of himself. The vesper-bell was sounding when Du Molay and a brother-convict were led forth to their stakes, placed on an island in the Seine. King Philip himself was present. As the smoke and flames enveloped them they continued to affirm their innocence. Some averred that forth from the fire Du Molay's voice sounded, "Clement, thou wicked and false judge, I summon thee to meet me within forty days at the bar of God." Some said that he also summoned the King. In the following year King Philip the Fair and Pope Clement the Fifth were both dead.

John XXII., elected after an interval of more than two years spent in rivalries and intrigues between the French and Italian cardinals, continued the residence at Avignon. His movements took a practical turn in the commencement of a process for the recovery of the treasures of Clement from the Viscount de Lomenie. This was only a part of the wealth of the deceased Pope, but it amounted to a million and three quarters of florins of gold. The Inquisition was kept actively at work for the extermination of the believers in "The Everlasting Gospel," and the remnant of the Albigenses and Waldenses. But all this had no other issue than that which eventually occurred—an examination of the authenticity and rightfulness of the Papal power. With an instinct as to the origin of the misbelief every where spreading, the Pope published Bulls against the Jews, of whom a bloody persecution had arisen, and ordered that all their Talmuds and other blasphemous books should be burned. A physician, Marsilio of Padua, published a work, "The Defender of Peace." It was a philosophical examination of the principles of government, or the nature and limits of the sacerdotal power. Its democratic tendency was displayed by its demonstration that the exposition of the law of Christianity rests not with the Pope, or any other priest, but with a General Council; it rejects the Papal political pretensions, asserts that no one can be rightfully excommunicated by a Pope alone, and that he has no power of coercion over human thought; that the civil immunities of the clergy ought to be ended; that poverty and humility ought alone to be their characteristics; that society ought to provide them with a decent sustenance, but nothing more: their pomp, extravagance, luxury, and usurpations, especially that of tithes, should be abrogated; that neither Christ nor the Scriptures ever gave St. Peter a supremacy over the other apostles; that if history was to be consulted, St. Paul, and not St. Peter, was bishop of Rome—indeed, it was doubtful whether the latter was ever in that city, the Acts of the Apostles being silent on that subject. From these and many other such arguments he draws forty-one conclusions adverse to the political and ecclesiastical supremacy of the Pope.

In the subsequent pontificates to that of Clement VI., A.D. 1342, the Court at Avignon became the most voluptuous in Christendom. It was crowded with knights and ladies, painters and artists; it exhibited a day-dream of equipages and banquets. The pontiff himself delighted in female society, but in his weakness permitted his lady, the Countess of Turenne, to extort enormous revenues by the sale of ecclesiastical promotions. Petrarch, who resided at Avignon at this time, speaks of it as a vast brothel. During all these years the Romans had made repeated attempts to force back the Papal Court to their city. With its departure all their profits had gone, but the fatal policy of electing Frenchmen into the College of Cardinals seemed to shut out every hope. The unscrupulous manner in which this was done is illustrated by the fact that Clement made one of his relatives, a lad of eighteen, a cardinal. For a time the brief glories of Rienzi cast a flickering ray on Rome; but Rienzi was only a demagogue and impostor. It was the deep impression made upon Europe, that the residence at Avignon was an abandonment of the tomb of St. Peter, that compelled Urban V. to return to Rome. This determination was strengthened by a desire to escape out of the power of the kings of France, and to avoid the free companies who had learned to extort bribes for sparing Avignon from plunder. He left Avignon, A.D. 1367, amidst the reluctant grief of his cardinals, torn from that gay and dissipated city, and in dread of the recollections and of the populace of Rome. And well it might be so; for not only in Rome, but all over Italy, piety was held in no respect, and the discipline of the Church in derision. When Urban sent to Barnabas Visconti, who was raising trouble in Tuscany, a Bull of excommunication by the hands of two legates, Barnabas actually compelled them in his presence to eat the parchment on which the Bull was written, together with the leaden seals and the silken string, and telling them that he hoped the Bull would sit as lightly on their stomachs as it did on his, sent them back to their master! In a little time—it was but two years—the absence from France became insupportable; the Pope returned to Avignon and there died. It was reserved for his successor, Gregory XI., finally to end what was termed, from its seventy years' duration, the Babylonish Captivity, and restore the Papacy to the Eternal City, A.D. 1376.

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Machiavelli, in his "Prince," makes the astute remark, "Experience has proved that the grandeur of the Church has been entirely owing to France:" he might with equal truth have added, that its misfortunes have been entirely owing to Italy. The acts of Philip the Fair colored all its subsequent history. If we consider philosophically the circumstances of the Great Schism, the co-existence of the three rival Popes, the successful assertion of the power of a General Council over the Pontiff, and the final breaking down of the whole system at the councils of Constance and Basle, which aimed at no less than the revolutionary act of converting the Papal autocracy into a constitutional monarchy—these, though provoked by the Italians, were the logical results of the acts of Philip the Fair. The discontent so widely spread was not without reason. The Church Universal had cause to be aggrieved when it had become apparent that the vast pecuniary Catholic patronage, and, above all, the appointments to the greatest of all human dignities, were perpetually confined to a few intriguing Italian and French families; that no matter what might be the learning and piety of a man, to that supreme position he could never aspire.

And yet it may be said that those councils worked instinctively rather than intelligently, the results they arrived at not being those they intended. Æneas Sylvius, the ablest man of those times, and who subsequently became Pope Pius II., was perhaps the only person who discerned the true posture of things, and saw the course of affairs from the general point of view. In a few terse words he has left us his opinion. Though so many years have elapsed since the event, it seems to us paradoxical, though it is none the less true, that the invasion of the Turks imparted new life to Rome. Their capture of Constantinople and conquest of Greece, their siege of Vienna and invasion of Italy itself, in an ominous manner indicated to Christendom that its crusading expeditions to Asia were not unlikely to be avenged by a Mohammedan conquest of Europe. Even the dull German clergy were made to comprehend that these were not times for Teutonic democratical enterprises, and that it behooved the Western nations to be up and acting like one man, though at the concession of a renewed lease of life to the power of Rome.

To the consideration of all these points I have now to turn, but none will be found of more importance than that which has formed the subject of the preceding pages—the removal of the Papacy to Avignon. In one sense it was a shifting of the intellectual centre of Europe from Italy to France; in another, it was the engendering of a new power; for in the interval, while the force which had compressed Italy was eccentrically diverted to the West, literature emerged into life. After the return of the Papal Court to Rome it was altogether too late to attempt the destruction of the love of learning which had taken root in the Northern Italian towns. The episode of Avignon is an epoch in the intellectual history of Europe.

THE O'CONORS OF CASTLE CONOR, COUNTY MAYO.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

I SHALL never forget my first introduction to country life in Ireland, my first day's hunting there, or the manner in which I passed the evening afterward. Nor shall I ever cease to be grateful for the hospitality which I received from the O'Conors of Castle Conor. My acquaintance with that family was first made in the following manner. But before I begin my story let me inform my reader that my name is Archibald Green.

I had been for a fortnight in Dublin, and was about to proceed into County Mayo on business which would occupy me there for some weeks. My head-quarters would, I found, be at the town of Ballyglass; and I soon learned that Ballyglass was not a place in which I should find hotel accommodation of a luxurious kind, or much congenial society indigenous to the place itself.

"But you are a hunting man, you say," said old Sir P—— C——; "and in that case you will soon know Tom O'Conor. Tom won't let you be dull. I'd write you a letter to Tom, only he'll certainly make you out without my taking the trouble."

I did think at the time that the old baronet might have written the letter for me, as he had long been a friend of my father's in former days; but he did not, and I started for Ballyglass with no other introduction to any one in the county than that contained in Sir P——'s promise that I should soon know Mr. Thomas O'Conor.

I had already provided myself with a horse, groom, saddle, and bridle; and these I sent down, *en avant*, that the Ballyglassians might know that I was somebody. Perhaps before I arrived Tom O'Conor might learn that a hunting man was coming into the neighborhood, and I might find at the inn a polite note intimating that a bed was at my service at Castle Conor. I had heard so much of the free hospitality of the Irish gentry as to imagine that such a thing might be possible.

But I found nothing of the kind. Hunting gentlemen in those days were very common in County Mayo, and one horse was no great evidence of a man's standing in the world. Men there, as I learned afterward, are sought for themselves quite as much as they are elsewhere; and though my groom's top boots were neat, and my horse a very tidy animal, my entry into Ballyglass created no sensation whatever.

In about four days after my arrival, when I was already infinitely disgusted with the little pot-house in which I was forced to stay, and had made up my mind that the people of County Mayo were a churlish set, I sent my horse on to a meet of the fox-hounds, and followed after, myself, on an open car.

No one but an erratic fox-hunter such as I am—a fox-hunter, I mean, whose lot it has been to wander about from one pack of fox-hounds to another—can understand the melancholy feeling

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which a man has when he first intrudes himself, unknown by any one, among an entirely new set of sportsmen. When a stranger falls thus, as it were out of the moon, into a hunt, it is impossible that men should not stare at him and ask who he is—and it is so disagreeable to be stared at, and to have such questions asked! This feeling does not come upon a man in Leicestershire or Gloucestershire, where the numbers are large, and a stranger or two will always be overlooked; but in small hunting-fields it is so painful that a man has to pluck up much courage before he encounters it.

We met on the morning in question at Bingham's Grove. There were not above twelve or fifteen men out, all of whom, or nearly all, were cousins to each other. They seemed to be all Toms and Pats and Larrys and Micks. I was done up very knowingly in pink, and thought that I looked quite the thing; but for two or three hours nobody noticed me.

I had my eyes about me, however, and soon found out which of them was Tom O'Conor. He was a fine looking fellow, thin and tall, but not largely made, with a piercing gray eye and a beautiful voice for speaking to a hound. He had two sons there also—short, slight fellows, but exquisite horsemen. I already felt that I had a kind of acquaintance with the father, but I hardly knew on what ground to put in my claim.

We had no sport early in the morning. It was a cold, bleak February day, with occasional storms of sleet. We rode about from cover to cover, but all in vain.

"I am sorry, Sir, that we are to have such a bad day, as you are a stranger here," said one gentleman to me. This was Jack O'Conor, Tom's eldest son, my bosom friend for many a year after. Poor Jack! I fear that the Encumbered Estates Court sent him altogether adrift upon the world.

"We may still have a run from Poulnaroe, if the gentleman chooses to come on," said a voice coming up behind with a sharp trot. It was Tom O'Conor.

"Wherever the hounds go I'll follow," said I.

"Then come on to Poulnaroe," said Mr. O'Conor. I trotted on quickly by his side, and before we reached the cover had managed to slip in something about Sir P—— C——.

"What the deuce!" said he—"what! a friend of Sir P——'s? Why the deuce didn't you tell me so? What are you doing down here? Where are you staying?" etc., etc., etc.

At Poulnaroe we found a fox; but before we did so Mr. O'Conor had asked me over to Castle Conor; and this he did in such a way that there was no possibility of refusing him, or, I should rather say, of disobeying him. For his invitation came quite in the tone of a command.

"You'll come to us, of course, when the day is over; and—let me see—we're near Ballyglass now, but the inn will be right away in our direction. Just send word for them to send your things to Castle Conor."

"But they're all about and unpacked," said I.

"Never mind—write a note and say what you want now, and go and get the rest to-morrow yourself. Here's Patsey: Patsey, run into Ballyglass for this gentleman at once. Now don't be long, for the chances are we shall find here." And then, after giving some further hurried instructions, he left me to write a line in pencil to the innkeeper's wife on the bank of a ditch.

This I accordingly did: "Send my small portmanteau," I said, "and all my black dress clothes and shirts and socks and all that, and, above all, my dressing things which are on the little table, and the satin neck-handkerchief, and, whatever you do, mind you send my *pumps;*" and I underscored the latter word, for Jack O'Conor, when his father left me, went on pressing the invitation. "My sisters are going to get up a dance," said he, "and if you are fond of that kind of thing perhaps we can amuse you." Now in those days I was very fond of dancing—and very fond of young ladies too, and therefore glad enough to learn that Tom O'Conor had daughters as well as sons. On this account I was very particular in underscoring the word pumps.

. "And hurry, you young devil!" Jack O'Conor said to Patsey.

"I have told him to take the portmanteau over in a car," said I.

"All right; then you'll find it there on our arrival."

We had an excellent run, in which I may make bold to say that I did not acquit myself badly. I stuck very close to the hounds, as did the whole O'Conor brood; and when the fellow contrived to earth himself, as he did, I received those compliments on my horse which is the nearest approach to praise which one fox-hunter ever gives to another.

"We'll buy that fellow of you before we let you go," said Peter, the younger son.

"I advise you to look sharp after your money if you sell him to my brother," said Jack.

And then we trotted slowly off to Castle Conor, which, however, was by no means near to us.

"We have ten miles to go—good Irish miles," said the father. "I don't know that I ever remember a fox from Poulnaroe taking that line before."

"He wasn't a Poulnaroe fox," said Peter.

"I don't know that," said Jack; and then they debated that question hotly.

Our horses were very tired, and it was late before we reached Mr. O'Conor's house. That getting home from hunting with a thoroughly wearied animal, who has no longer sympathy or example to carry him on, is very tedious work. In the present instance I had company with me; but when a man is alone—when his horse toes at every ten steps—when the night is dark and the rain pouring, and there are yet eight miles of road to be conquered—at such times a man is almost apt to swear that he will give up hunting.

At last we were in the Castle Conor stable-yard, for we had approached the house by some

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back way; and as we entered by a door leading through a wilderness of back passages, Mr. O'Conor said out loud,

"Now, boys, remember I sit down to dinner in twenty minutes." And then, turning expressly to me, he laid his hand kindly upon my shoulder, and said, "I hope you will make yourself quite at home at Castle Conor; and whatever you do, don't keep us waiting for dinner. You can dress in twenty minutes, I suppose?"

"In ten," said I, glibly.

"That's well. Jack and Peter will show you your room." And so he turned away and left us.

My two young friends made their way into the front hall, and thence into the drawing-room, and I followed them. We were all dressed in pink, and had waded deep through bog and mud. I did not exactly know whither I was being led in this guise, but I soon found myself in the presence of two young ladies and of a girl about thirteen years of age.

"My sisters," said Jack, introducing me very laconically. "Miss O'Conor, Miss Kate O'Conor, Miss Tizzy O'Conor."

"My name is not Tizzy," said the younger; "it's Eliza. How do you do, Sir? I hope you've had a fine hunt. Was papa well up, Jack?"

Jack did not condescend to answer this question, but asked one of the elder girls whether my things had come, and whether a room had been made ready for me.

"Oh yes," said Miss O'Conor, "they have come, I know, for I saw them brought into the house; and I hope Mr. Green will find every thing comfortable."

As she said this I thought I saw a slight smile steal across her remarkably pretty mouth.

They were both exceedingly pretty girls. Fanny, the elder, wore long glossy curls—for I write, O reader, of by-gone days, as long ago as that when young ladies wore curls if it pleased them so to do, and gentlemen danced in pumps, with black handkerchiefs round their necks—yes, long black, or nearly black, silken curls; and then she had such eyes!—I never knew whether they were most wicked or most bright; and her face was all dimples, and each dimple was laden with laughter and laden with love. Kate was probably the prettier girl of the two, but on the whole not so attractive. She was fairer than her sister, and wore her hair in braids, and was also somewhat more demure in her manner.

In spite of the special injunctions of Mr. O'Conor, Sen., it was impossible not to loiter for five minutes over the drawing-room fire talking to these houris; more especially as I seemed to know them intimately by intuition *before* half the five minutes was over. They were so easy, so pretty, so graceful, so kind; they seemed to take it so much as a matter of course that I should stand there talking in my red coat and muddy boots.

"Well, do go and dress yourselves," at last said Fanny, pretending to speak to her brothers, but looking more especially at me. "You know how mad papa will be. And remember, Mr. Green, we expect great things from your dancing to-night. Your coming just at this time is such a godsend!"

And again that *soupçon* of a smile passed over her face.

I hurried up to my room, Peter and Jack coming with me to the door.

"Is every thing right?" said Peter, looking among the towels and water-jugs.

"They've given you a decent fire, for a wonder," said Jack, stirring up the red-hot turf which blazed in the grate.

"All right as a trivet," said I.

"And look alive, like a good fellow," said Jack. We had scowled at each other in the morning, as very young men do when they are strangers, and now, after a few hours, we were intimate friends.

I immediately turned to my work, and was gratified to find that all my things were laid out ready for dressing. My portmanteau had, of course, come open, as my keys were in my pocket; and therefore some of the excellent servants of the house had been able to save me all the trouble of unpacking. There was my shirt hanging before the fire; my black clothes were spread upon the bed, my socks and collar and handkerchief beside them; my brushes were on the toilet-table, and every thing prepared exactly as though my own man had been there. How nice!

I immediately went to work at getting off my spurs and boots, and then proceeded to loosen the buttons at my knees. In doing this I sat down in the arm-chair, which had been drawn up for me opposite to the fire. But what was the object on which my eyes then fell?—the objects I should rather say.

Immediately in front of my chair was placed, just ready for my feet, an enormous pair of shooting-boots — half-boots, made to lace up round the ankles, with thick double-leather feet, and each bearing half a stone of iron in the shape of nails and heel-pieces. I had superintended the making of these shoes in Burlington Arcade with the greatest diligence. I was never a good shot, and, like some other sportsmen, intended to make up for my deficiency in performance by the excellence of my sporting apparel. "Those nails are not large enough," I had said; "not nearly large enough." But when the boots came home they struck even me as being too heavy, too metalsome. "He-he-he!" laughed the boot-boy, as he turned up the soles for me to look at. It may therefore be imagined of what nature were the articles which were thus set out for my evening's dancing.

And then the way in which they were placed! When I saw this, the conviction flew across my mind like a flash of lightning that the preparation had been made under other eyes than those of the servant. The great big boots were placed so prettily before the chair, and the strings of each were made to dangle down at the sides, as though

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just ready for tying. They seemed to say—the boots did—"Now, make haste; we at any rate are ready; you can not say that you were kept waiting for us." No mere servant's hand had ever enabled a pair of boots to laugh at one so completely.

But what was I to do? I rushed at the small portmanteau, thinking that my pumps also might be there. The woman surely could not have been such a fool as to send me those tons of iron for my evening wear! But alas! alas! no pumps were there. There was nothing else in the way of covering for my feet; not even a pair of slippers.

And now what was I to do? The absolute magnitude of my misfortune only loomed upon me by degrees. The twenty minutes allowed by that stern old paterfamilias was already gone, and I had done nothing toward dressing. And indeed it was impossible that I should do any thing that would be of avail. I could not go down to dinner in my stocking feet, nor could I put on my black dress trowsers over a pair of mud-painted top boots. As for those iron-soled horrors—and then I gave one of them a kick with the side of my bare foot which sent it halfway under the bed.

But what was I to do? I began washing myself and brushing my hair with this horrid weight upon my mind. My first plan was to go to bed, and send down word that I had been taken suddenly ill in the stomach; then to rise early in the morning and get away unobserved. But by such a course of action I should lose all chance of any further acquaintance with those pretty girls. That they were already aware of the extent of my predicament, and were now enjoying it—of that I was quite sure.

What if I boldly put on the shooting boots, and clattered down to dinner in them? What if I took the bull by the horns, and made myself one in the joke? This might be very well for the dinner, but it would be but a bad joke for me when the hour for dancing came. And, alas! I felt that I lacked the courage. It is not every man that can walk down to dinner, in a strange house full of ladies, wearing such boots as those I have described.

Should I not attempt to borrow a pair? This, all the world will say, should have been my first idea. But I have not yet mentioned that I am myself a large-boned man, and that my feet are especially well developed. I had never for a moment entertained a hope that I should find any one in that house whose boot I could wear. But at last I rang the bell; I would send for Jack, and if every thing else failed, I would communicate my grief to him.

I had to ring twice before any body came. The servants, I well knew, were putting the dinner on the table. At last a man entered the room, dressed in rather shabby black, whom I afterward learned to be the butler.

"What is your name, my friend?" said I, determined to make an ally of the man.

"My name? why, Larry to be sure, yer honor. And the masther is out of his sinses in a hurry, becase yer honor don't come down."

"Is he though? Well, now, Larry, tell me this, which of all the gentlemen in the house has got the largest feet?"

"Is it the largest feet, yer honor?" said Larry, altogether surprised by my question.

"Yes; the largest feet." And then I proceeded to explain to him my misfortune. He took up, first my top boot, and then the shooting boot, in looking at which he gazed with wonder at the nails, and then he glanced at my feet, measuring them with his eye; and after this he pronounced his opinion.

"Yer honor couldn't wear a morsel of leather belonging to ere a one of 'em, young or ould. There niver was a foot like that yet among the O'Conors."

"But are there no strangers staying here?"

"There's three or four on 'em come in to dinner; but they'll be wanting their own boots, I'm thinking. And there's young Misther Dollor, he's come to stay. But Lord love you"—and he again looked at the enormous extent which lay between the heel and the toe of the shooting apparatus which he still held in his hand—"I niver see sich a foot as that in the whole barony," he said, "barring my own."

Now Larry was a large man, much larger altogether than myself; and as he said this I looked down involuntarily at his feet, or rather at his foot, for as he stood I could only see one. And then a sudden hope filled my heart. On that foot there glittered a shoe—not indeed such as were my own, which were now resting ingloriously at Ballyglass while they were so sorely needed at Castle Conor, but one which I could wear before ladies without shame, and in my present frame of mind with infinite contentment.

"Let me look at that one of your own," said I to the man, as though it were merely a subject for experimental inquiry. Larry, accustomed to obedience, took off the shoe and handed it to me. My own foot was immediately in it, and I found that it fitted me like a glove.

"And now the other," said I, not smiling, for a smile would have put him on his guard; but somewhat sternly, so that that habit of obedience should not desert him at this perilous moment. And then I stretched out my hand.

"But yer honor can't keep 'em, you know," said he. "I haven't the ghost of another shoe to my foot." But I only looked more sternly than before, and still held out my hand. Custom prevailed. Larry stooped down slowly, looking at me the while, and pulling off the other slipper handed it to me with much hesitation. Alas, as I put it to my foot I found that it was old, and worn, and irredeemably down at heel; that it was in fact no counterpart at all to that other one which was to do duty as its fellow. But nevertheless I put my foot into it, and felt that a descent to the drawing-room was now possible.

"But yer honor will give 'em back to a poor

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man?" said Larry, almost crying. "The masther's mad this minute becase the dinner's not up. And, glory be to God, only listhen to that!" and as he spoke a tremendous peal rang out from some bell down stairs that had evidently been shaken by an angry hand.

"Larry," said I—and I endeavored to assume a look of very grave importance as I spoke—"I look to you to assist me in this matter."

"Och, wirra sthrue thin, and will you let me go? Jist listhen to that!" and another angry peal rang out, loud and repeated.

"If you do as I ask you," I continued, "you shall be well rewarded. Look here! look at these boots," and I held up the shooting-shoes, new from Burlington Arcade. "They cost thirty shillings—thirty shillings! and I will give them to you for the loan of this pair of slippers."

"They'd be no use at all to me, yer honor; not the laist use in life."

"You could do with them very well for to-night, and then you could sell them. And here are ten shillings besides;" and I held out half a sovereign, which the poor fellow took into his hand.

I waited no further parley, but immediately writhed out of the room. With one foot I was sufficiently pleased; as regarded that I felt that I had overcome my difficulty. But the other was not so satisfactory. Whenever I attempted to lift it from the ground the horrid slipper would fall off, or only just hang by the toe. As for dancing, that would be out of the question.

"Oh murther, murther!" sang out Larry, as he heard me going down stairs; "what will I do at all? Tare and 'ounds! there—he's at it agin as mad as blazes!" This last exclamation had reference to another peal, which was evidently the work of the master's hand.

I confess I was not quite comfortable as I walked down stairs. In the first place, I was nearly half an hour late, and I knew from the sign of the peals that had sounded that my slowness had already been made the subject of strong remarks. And then my left shoe went flop, flop on every alternate step of the stairs; by no exertion of my foot in the drawing up of my toe could I induce it to remain permanently fixed upon my foot. But over and above, and worse than all this, was the conviction, strong upon my mind, that I should become a subject of merriment to the girls as soon as I entered the room. They would understand the cause of my distress; and probably at this moment were expecting to hear me clatter through the stone hall with those odious metal boots.

However, I hurried down and entered the drawing-room, determined to keep my position near the door, so that I might have as little as possible to do on entering, and as little as possible in going out. But I had other difficulties in store for me. I had not as yet been introduced to Mrs. O'Conor, nor to Miss O'Conor, the squire's unmarried sister.

"Upon my word I thought you were never coming," said Mr. O'Conor, as soon as he saw me. "It is just one hour since we entered the house. Jack, I wish you would find out what has come to that fellow Larry!" and again he rang the bell. He was too angry, or it might be too impatient, to go through the ceremony of introducing me to any body.

I saw that the two girls looked at me very sharply; I stood, however, at the back of an arm-chair, so that no one could see my feet. But that little imp Tizzy walked round deliberately, looked at my heels, and then walked back again. It was clear that she was in the secret.

There were eight or ten people in the room, but I was too much fluttered to notice well who they were.

"Mamma," said Miss O'Conor the elder, "let me introduce Mr. Green to you."

It luckily happened that Mrs. O'Conor was on the same side of the fire as myself, and I was able to take the hand which she offered me without coming round into the middle of the circle. Mrs. O'Conor was a little woman, apparently not of much importance in the world; but, if one might judge from first appearances, very good-natured.

"And my aunt Die, Mr. Green," said Kate, pointing to a very straight-backed, grim-looking lady, who occupied a corner of a sofa on the opposite side of the hearth. I knew that politeness required that I should walk across the room and make acquaintance with her; but, under the existing circumstances, how was I to obey the dictates of politeness? I was determined, therefore, to stand my ground, and merely bowed from a respectful distance at Miss O'Conor. In so doing I made an enemy who never deserted me during the whole of my intercourse with the family. But for her, who knows who might have been sitting opposite to me as I now write?

"Upon my word, Mr. Green, the ladies will expect much from an Adonis who takes so long over his toilet!" said Tom O'Conor, in that cruel tone of banter which he so well knew how to use.

"You forget, father, that men in London can't jump in and out of their clothes as quick as we wild Irishmen!" said Jack.

"Mr. Green knows that we expect a great deal from him this evening. I hope you polk well, Mr. Green?" said Kate.

I muttered something about never dancing: but I knew that what I said was inaudible.

"I don't think Mr. Green will dance," said Tizzy; "at least, not much!" The impudence of that child was, I think, unparalleled by any that I have ever witnessed.

"But, in the name of all that's holy, why don't we have dinner?" And Mr. O'Conor thundered at the door. "Larry! Larry! Larry!" he screamed.

"Yes, yer honor; it'll be all right in two seconds!" answered Larry, from some bottomless abyss. "Tare an' ages! what'll I do at all?" I heard him continuing, as he made his

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way into the hall. Oh what a clatter he made upon the pavement, for it was all stone! And how the drops of perspiration stood upon my brow as I listened to him!

And then there was a pause, for the man had gone into the dining-room. I could see now that Mr. O'Conor was becoming very angry; and Jack, the eldest son—oh how often he and I have laughed over all this since!—left the drawing-room for the second time. Immediately afterward Larry's footsteps were again heard hurrying across the hall; and then there was a great slither, and an exclamation, and the noise of a fall! and I could plainly hear poor Larry's head strike against the stone floor.

"Ochone! ochone!" he cried, at the top of his voice. "I'm murthered with 'em now, and d—— 'em for boots! St. Peter be good to me!"

There was a general rush into the hall, and I was carried with the stream. The poor fellow who had broken his head would be sure to tell them how I had robbed him of his shoes. The coachman was already helping him up, and Peter good-naturedly lent a hand.

"What on earth is the matter?" said Mr. O'Conor.

"He must be tipsy," whispered Miss O'Conor, the maiden sister.

"I ain't tipsy at all, thin," said Larry, getting up, and rubbing the back of his head and sundry other parts of his body. "Tipsy, indeed!" And then he added, when he was quite upright, "The dinner is sarved—at last."

And he bore it all without telling! "I'll give that fellow a guinea to-morrow morning," said I to myself, "if it's the last that I have in the world."

I shall never forget the countenances of the Misses O'Conor as Larry scrambled up, cursing the unfortunate boots. "What on earth has he got on?" said Mr. O'Conor. "Sorrow take 'em for shoes!" ejaculated Larry. But his spirit was good, and he said not a word to betray me.

We all then went in to dinner how we best could. It was useless for us to go back into the drawing-room that each might seek his own partner. Mr. O'Conor, "the masther," not caring much for the girls who were around him, and being already half-beside himself with the confusion and delay, led the way by himself. I, as a stranger, should have given my arm to Mrs. O'Conor; but as it was I took her eldest daughter instead, and contrived to shuffle along into the dining-room without exciting much attention; and when there, I found myself happily placed between Kate and Fanny.

"I never knew any thing so awkward," said Fanny. "I declare I can't conceive what has come to our old servant Larry. He's generally the most precise person in the world, and now he is nearly an hour late—and then he tumbles down in the hall."

"I am afraid I am responsible for the delay," said I.

"But not for the tumble, I suppose," said Kate, from the other side. I felt that I blushed up to the eyes, but I did not dare to enter into an explanation.

"Tom," said Tizzy, addressing her father across the table, "I hope you had a good run to-day." It did seem odd to me that a young lady should call her father Tom, but such was the fact.

"Why, pretty well," said Mr. O'Conor.

"And I hope you were up with the hounds."

"You may ask Mr. Green that. He, at any rate, was with them, and therefore he can tell you."

"Oh, he wasn't before you, I know. No Englishman could get before you; I am quite sure of that."

"Don't you be impertinent, miss," said Kate. "You can easily see, Mr. Green, that papa spoils my sister Eliza."

"Do you hunt in top boots, Mr. Green?" said Tizzy.

To this I made no answer. She would have drawn me into a conversation about my feet in half a minute, and the slightest allusion to the subject threw me into a fit of perspiration.

"Are you fond of hunting, Miss O'Conor?" asked I, blindly hurrying into any other subject of conversation.

Miss O'Conor owned that she was fond of hunting—just a little—only papa would not allow it. When the hounds met any where within reach of Castle Conor she and Kate would ride out to look at them; and if papa was not there that day—an omission of rare occurrence—they would ride a few fields with the hounds.

"But he lets Tizzy keep with them the whole day," said she, whispering.

"And has Tizzy a pony of her own?"

"Oh yes, Tizzy has every thing. She's papa's pet, you know."

"And whose pet are you?" I asked.

"Oh, I am nobody's pet; unless sometimes Jack makes a pet of me, when he's in a good humor. Do you make pets of your sisters, Mr. Green?"

"I have none; but if I had, I should not make pets of them."

"Not of your own sisters?"

"No. As for myself, I'd sooner make a pet of my friend's sister—a great deal."

"How very unnatural!" said Miss O'Conor, with the prettiest look of surprise imaginable.

"Not at all unnatural, I think," said I, looking tenderly and lovingly into her face. Where does one find girls so pretty, so easy, so sweet, so talkative as the Irish girls? And then, with all their talking and all their ease, who ever hears of their misbehaving? They certainly love flirting as they also love dancing; but they flirt without mischief and without malice.

I had now quite forgotten my misfortune, and was beginning to think how well I should like to have Fanny O'Conor for my wife. In this frame of mind I was bending over toward her, as a servant took away a plate from the other side,

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when a sepulchral note sounded in my ear. It was like the *memento mori* of the old Roman—as though some one pointed, in the midst of my bliss, to the sword hanging over me by a thread. It was the voice of Larry whispering in his agony, just above my head,

"They's desthroying my poor feet intirely—intirely; so they is. I can't bear it much longer, yer honor."

I had committed murder, like Macbeth, and now my Banquo had come to disturb me at my feast, as another Banquo had once disturbed Macbeth.

"What is it he says to you?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, nothing," I answered, once more in my misery.

"There seems to be some point of confidence between you and our Larry," she remarked.

"Oh no," said I, quite confused. "Not at all."

"You need not be ashamed of it. Half the gentlemen in the county have their confidences with Larry, and some of the ladies too, I can tell you. He was born in this house, and never lived any where else; and I am sure he has a larger circle of acquaintance than any one else in it."

I could not recover my self-possession for the next ten minutes. Whenever Larry was on our side of the table I was afraid that he was coming to me with another agonized whisper. When he was opposite I could not but watch him as he hobbled in his misery. It was evident that the boots were too tight for him; and had they been made throughout of iron, they could not have been less capable of yielding to the feet. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart; and I pitied myself also, wishing that I was well in bed up stairs with some feigned malady, so that Larry might have had his own again.

And then for a moment I missed him from the room. He had doubtless gone to relieve his tortured feet in the servants' hall, and as he did so was cursing my cruelty. But what mattered it? Let him curse. If he would only stay away, and do that, I would appease his wrath, when we were alone together, with pecuniary satisfaction.

But there was no such rest in store for me.

"Larry! Larry!" shouted Mr. O'Conor. "Where on earth has the fellow gone to?" They were all cousins at the table except myself, and Mr. O'Conor was not therefore restrained by any feeling of ceremony. "There is something wrong with that fellow to-day. What is it, Jack?"

"Upon my word, Sir, I don't know," said Jack.

"I think he must be tipsy," whispered Miss O'Conor, the maiden sister, who always sat at her brother's left hand. But a whisper though it was, it was audible all down the table.

"No, ma'am; it ain't dhrink at all," said the coachman. "It's his feet as does it."

"His feet!" shouted Tom O'Conor.

"Yes, I know it's his feet," said that horrid Tizzy. "He's got on great thick, nailed boots. It was that that made him tumble down in the hall."

I glanced at each side of me, and could see that there was a certain consciousness expressed on the face of each of my two neighbors. On Kate's mouth there was decidedly a smile, or rather, perhaps, the slightest possible inclination that way; whereas, on Fanny's part, I thought I saw something like a rising sorrow at my distress. So, at least, I flattered myself.

"Send him back into the room immediately," said Tom, who looked at me as though he had some idea that I had introduced all this confusion into his household. What should I do? Would it not be best for me to make a clean breast of it before them all? But alas! I lacked the courage.

The coachman went out, and then we were left for five minutes without any servant, and Mr. O'Conor the while became more and more savage. I attempted to say a word to Fanny, but failed. *Vox faucibus hæsit.*

"I don't think he has got any others," said Tizzy; "at least, none others left."

On the whole, I am glad that I did not marry into the family, as I could not have endured that girl to stay in my house as a sister-in-law.

"Where the d—— has that other fellow gone to?" said Tom. "Jack, do go out and see what is the matter. If any body is drunk, send for me."

"Oh, there's nobody drunk," said Tizzy.

Jack went out, and the coachman returned; but what was done and said I hardly remember. The whole room seemed to swim round and round; and as far as I can recollect, the company sat mute, neither eating nor drinking. Presently Jack returned.

"It's all right," said he.

I always liked Jack. At the present moment he just looked toward me and laughed slightly.

"All right?" said Tom. "But is the fellow coming?"

"We can do with Richard, I suppose?" said Jack.

"No, I can't do with Richard," said the father. "And I will know what it all means. Where is that fellow Larry?"

Larry had been standing just outside the door, and now he entered gently as a mouse. No sound came from his footfall, nor was there in his face that look of pain which it had worn for the last fifteen minutes. But he was not the less abashed, frightened, and unhappy.

"What is all this about, Larry?" said his master, turning to him. "I insist upon knowing."

"Och, thin, Mr. Green, yer honor, I wouldn't be afther telling agin yer honor; indeed I would not, thin, av the masther would only let me hould my tongue." And he looked across at me, deprecating my anger.

"Mr. Green!" said Mr. O'Conor.

"Yes, yer honor. It's all along of his honor's

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thick boots;" and Larry, stepping backward toward the door, lifted them up from some corner, and coming well forward, exposed them, with the soles uppermost, to the whole table.

"And that's not all, yer honor; but they've squoze the very toes of me into a jelly."

There was now a loud laugh, in which Jack, and Peter, and Fanny, and Kate, and Tizzy all joined, as, too, did Mr. O'Conor, and I also, myself, after a while.

"Whose boots are they?" demanded Miss O'Conor, Senior, with her severest tone and grimmest accent.

"'Deed, thin, and the divil may have them for me," answered Larry. "They wor Mr. Green's, but the likes of him won't wear them ag'in afther the likes of me—barring he wanted them very particular," added he, remembering his own pumps.

I began muttering something, feeling that the time had come when I must tell the tale. But Jack, with great good-nature, took up the story and told it so well that I hardly suffered in the telling.

"And that's it!" said Tom O'Conor, laughing till I thought he would have fallen from his chair. "So you've got Larry's shoes on—"

"And very well he fills them," said Jack.

"And it's his honor that's welcome to 'em," said Larry, grinning from ear to ear now that he saw that the "masther" was once more in a good humor.

"I hope they'll be nice shoes for dancing," said Kate.

"Only there's one down at the heel, I know," said Tizzy.

"The servant's shoes!" This was an exclamation made by the maiden lady, and intended apparently only for her brother's ear. But it was clearly audible by all the party.

"Better that than to have no dinner," said Peter.

"But what are you to do about the dancing?" said Fanny, with an air of dismay in her face, which flattered me with an idea that she did care whether I danced or not.

In the mean time, Larry, now as happy as an emperor, was tripping round the room without any shoes to encumber him as he withdrew the plates from the table.

"And it's his honor that's welcome to 'em," said he again, as he pulled off the table-cloth with a flourish. "And why wouldn't he, and he able to folly the hounds betther un any Englishman that iver was in these parts before?—anyways, so Mick says."

Now Mick was the huntsman, and this little scrap of eulogy from Larry went far toward curing my grief. I had ridden well to the hounds that day, and I knew it.

There was nothing more said about the shoes, and I was soon again at my ease, although Miss O'Conor did say something about the impropriety of Larry walking about in his stocking-feet. The ladies, however, soon withdrew, to my sorrow, for I was getting on swimmingly with Fanny, and then we gentlemen gathered round the fire and filled our glasses.

In about ten minutes a very light tap was heard, the door was opened to the extent of three inches, and a female voice which I readily recognized called to Jack.

Jack went out, and in a second or two put his head back into the room and called to me: "Green," he said, "just step here a moment; there's a good fellow." I went out, and there I found Fanny standing with her brother.

"Here are the girls at their wit's ends," said he, "about your dancing. So Fanny has put a boy on one of the horses and proposes that you should send another line to Mrs. Meehan, at Ballyglass. It's only ten miles, and he'll be back in two hours."

I need hardly say that I acted in conformity with this advice. I went into Mr. O'Conor's back room with Jack and his sister, and there scribbled a note. It was delightful to feel how intimate I was with them, and how anxious they were to make me happy.

"And we won't begin till they come," said Fanny.

"Oh, Miss O'Conor, pray don't wait," said I.

"Oh, but we will," she answered. "You have your wine to drink, and then there's the tea; and then we will have a song or two. I'll spin it out, see if I don't!" And so we went to the front door, where the boy was already on his horse—her own nag, as I afterward found.

"And Patsey," said she, "ride for your life, now; and Patsey, whatever you do, don't come back without Mr. Green's pumps—his dancing shoes, you know."

And in about two hours the pumps did arrive, and I don't think that I ever spent a pleasanter evening or got more satisfaction out of a pair of shoes. They had not been two minutes on my feet before Larry was carrying a tray of negus across the room in those which I had worn at dinner.

"The Dillon girls are going to stay here," said Fanny, as I wished her good-night at two o'clock, "and we'll have dancing every evening as long as you remain."

"But I shall leave to-morrow," said I.

"Indeed you won't! Papa will take care of that."

And so he did. "You'd better go over to Ballyglass yourself to-morrow," said he, "and collect your own things; there's no knowing else what you may have to borrow from Larry."

I staid there three weeks, and in the middle of the third I thought that every thing would be arranged between me and Fanny. But the aunt interfered; and in about a twelvemonth after my adventures she consented to make a more fortunate man happy for his life.

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MARY REYNOLDS: A CASE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY REV. WILLIAM S. PLUMER, D.D.

FOR many years brief and meagre accounts of the remarkable case of Mary Reynolds have appeared in various quarters. In 1815 Major Elicott, Professor of Mathematics in the United States Military Academy at West Point, a relative of Miss Reynolds, communicated some of the facts of the case to the late Dr. Mitchell, of New York, by whom they were published in the *Medical Repository*. This statement is quoted by Professor Upham in his work on "Disordered Mental Action." A further notice of the case appeared in the *Alleghany Magazine*. The late Archibald Alexander, D.D., many years later, became interested in the subject, and secured materials for a full statement, which he proposed to place in the hands of Professor Henry, to be communicated to the American Philosophical Society. But the death of Dr. Alexander prevented the execution of this design. Dr. Wayland, in a note to the later editions of his "Intellectual Philosophy," refers to this case as "more remarkable than any that he had met with elsewhere," and copies a considerable part of the statement of the subject herself, other portions of which I am enabled to give. All the accessible details of a case so singular should be placed upon permanent record. The following statement, which is more full and complete than any which has heretofore been prepared, embodies, I believe, all that can now be known in relation to it. The venerable Mr. John Reynolds, who is honored by all who know him, the brother of Mary, and his son, the Rev. John V. Reynolds, D.D., of Meadville, Pennsylvania, in whose family the last years of her life were passed, will vouch for the minute accuracy of all that is here stated. Many others who are still living will testify to the general truthfulness of the statements which follow.

Toward the close of the last century William Reynolds, with his family, emigrated from England to America. He belonged to the Baptist denomination, and was an intimate friend of Robert Hall and other distinguished Dissenters, and in after years his house in what was then the "Far West" became a "stopping-place" for the pioneer missionaries in their laborious excursions into the wilderness.

William Reynolds, leaving the remainder of his family in New York, took his son John, a lad of fourteen years, and set out to find a new home. They pitched upon a spot in Venango County, in Western Pennsylvania, between Franklin and what is now known as Titusville —twelve miles from the former, and six from the latter. The whole surrounding country was an unbroken wilderness; the nearest white neighbors being, as far as he knew, the few inhabitants of Franklin on the one side, and Jonathan Titus, the proprietor of the land on which Titusville now stands, on the other.

Here, in the unbroken wilderness, William Reynolds and his young son built a log-cabin, in which the father left the lad while he returned to New York to bring the remainder of the family to their new home. For four months the boy remained alone in the cabin, rarely seeing the face of a white man, but being frequently visited by Indians. In due time the Reynolds family were reunited in their new Western home.

Of this family was a daughter, Mary Reynolds. She was born in England, and was a child when brought to America. Her childhood and youth appear to have been marked by no extraordinary incidents. "She possessed an excellent capacity," says her kinsman, Professor Elicott, "and enjoyed fair opportunities to acquire knowledge. Besides the domestic arts and social attainments, she had improved her mind by reading and conversation. Her memory was capacious, and well stored with a copious stock of ideas." Though in no respect brilliant, she seems to have been naturally endowed with an uncommonly well-balanced organization, physical, mental, and moral.

When she had reached about eighteen years of age she became subject to occasional attacks of "fits." Of the exciting cause and precise character of these no reliable information can be attained; for the new country in which she resided contained no physician competent to form a correct diagnosis of her case. An acute physiologist, taking account of the time when these attacks first appeared, and that of their final disappearance, would form an opinion as to their immediate physical cause.

One Sunday in the spring of 1811, when she was about nineteen years of age, she had an attack of unusual severity. She had taken a book and gone into the fields, at some distance from the house, that she might read in quiet. She was found lying in a state of utter insensibility. When she recovered her consciousness she was blind and deaf, and continued in this state for five or six weeks. The sense of hearing returned suddenly and entirely; that of sight more gradually, but in the end perfectly.

About three months after this attack, when she had apparently nearly recovered her usual health, though still somewhat feeble, she was found one morning, long after her usual hour of rising, in a profound sleep, from which it was impossible to arouse her. After some hours she awoke, but had lost all recollection of her former life. All the knowledge which she had acquired had passed away from her. She knew neither father nor mother, brothers nor sisters. She was ignorant of the use of the most familiar implements, and of the commonest details of everyday life. She had not the slightest consciousness that she had ever existed previous to the

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moment in which she awoke from that mysterious slumber. As far as all acquired knowledge was concerned, her condition was precisely that of a new-born infant. All of the past that remained to her was the faculty of pronouncing a few words; and this seems to have been as purely instinctive as the wailings of an infant, for the words which she uttered were connected with no ideas in her mind. Until she was taught their significance they were unmeaning sounds to her.

But in this state she differed from an infant in this, that her faculty of acquiring knowledge was that of a person in the possession of mature intellect, fully capable of dealing at once with the facts of existence. She therefore rapidly acquired a knowledge of the world into which she had, as it were, been so mysteriously re-born.

She continued in this state for about five weeks, when one morning she again awoke in her natural state, without any intimation from memory or consciousness that any thing unusual had happened to her. The five weeks that she had passed in her abnormal state were to her as though they had never been. All the knowledge and experience which has been so strangely lost were as strangely restored; and she took up life again at the precise point where she had left it when she fell into that slumber from which she had awoke to the new life. She was surprised at the change of the season and the different arrangements of the things around her, which seemed to her to have been wrought in a single night. Her friends rejoiced as if they had received her back from the dead, fondly trusting that her restoration would be permanent, and that the extraordinary occurrences of that mysterious five weeks would never be repeated. But their anticipations were not to be realized.

After the lapse of a few weeks she again fell into a profound slumber, from which she awoke in her second state, taking up her new life again precisely where she had left it when she before passed from that state. The whole previous life of which memory or consciousness remained was comprised in the limits of the five weeks which she had passed in this state. Her knowledge was confined within the narrow limits of what she had then acquired.

These alternations from one state to the other continued for fifteen or sixteen years, but finally ceased when she had attained the age of thirty-five or thirty-six, leaving her permanently in her second state, in which she remained without change for the last quarter of a century of her life.

In 1836, after these changes had wholly ceased, she wrote, at the request of her nephew, Rev. John V. Reynolds, D.D., of whose family she was then an inmate, a statement of some of the facts of her remarkable experience. As she was then in her "second state," in which she had no recollection of the feelings or incidents of her other state, she relied upon the testimony of her friends for the circumstances related concerning the "first state." She says:

"From the spring of 1811, when the first change occurred, until within eight or ten years, frequently changing from my first to my second, and from my second to my first state, I was more than three-fourths of my time in my second state. There was not any regularity as to the length of time that the one or the other continued. Sometimes I remained several months, sometimes only a few weeks, or even days, in my second state; but in no instance did I continue more than twenty days in my first state. The transitions from one to the other always took place during sleep. In passing from my second to my first state nothing special was noticeable in the character of my sleep. But in passing from my first to my second state my sleep was so profound that no one could awake me, and it not unfrequently continued eighteen or twenty hours.

"Whatever knowledge I acquired in my second state became familiar to me in that state, and I made such proficiency that I became well acquainted with things, and was, in general, as intelligent in that as in my first state.

"My mental sufferings in the near prospect of the transition from either state to the other, but particularly from the first to the second (for I commonly had a presentiment of the change for a short time before it took place), were very great, for I feared I might never revert so as to know again in this world, as I then knew them, those who were dear to me. My feelings, in this respect, were not unlike those of one about to be separated from loved ones by death. During the earlier stages of my disease I had no idea, while in my second state, of employing my time in any thing useful. I cared for nothing but to ramble about, and never tired walking through the fields and woods. I ate and slept very little. Sometimes for two or three consecutive days and nights I would neither eat nor sleep. I would often conceive prejudices, without cause, against my best friends. These feelings, however, began gradually to wear away, and eventually quite disappeared."

The two lives which Mary Reynolds lived for many years were thus entirely separate. Each was complete in itself, the fragments of which it was composed, though in reality separated by the portions of the other life intervening, succeeded each other in uninterrupted succession, as far as the evidence of her own memory or consciousness was concerned. The thoughts and feelings, the knowledge and experience, the joys and sorrows, the likes and dislikes of the one state did not in any way influence or modify those of the other. But not only were the two lives entirely separate, but her character and habits in the two states were wholly different. In her first state she was quiet and sedate, sober and pensive, almost to melancholy, with an intellect sound though rather slow in its operations, and apparently singularly destitute of the imaginative faculty. In her second state she was gay and cheerful, extravagantly fond of society, of fun and practical jokes, with a lively fancy and a strong propensity for versification and rhyming.

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though some of her poetical productions appear to have possessed merit of a high order. The difference in her character in the two states was manifested in almost every act and habit. Her handwriting in the one state differed wholly from that of the other. In her natural state the strange double life which she led was the cause of great unhappiness. She looked upon it as a severe affliction from the hand of Providence, and dreaded a relapse into the opposite state, fearing that she might never recover from it, and so might never again in this life know the friends of her youth, nor her parents, the guardians of her childhood. She had a great desire to retain a knowledge and memory of them. But in her abnormal state, though the prospect of changing into her natural state was far from being pleasant to her, yet it was for quite different reasons. She looked upon it as passing from a bright and joyous into a dull and stupid phase of life. Yet to her it was often a source of merriment, and the occasion of frequent humorous deceptions practiced upon her friends.

Having given a general outline of the facts of this singular case, I will now detail such separate incidents as I have been able to collect.

At the time of her first change her brother John was a permanent inhabitant of Meadville. Hearing of her remarkable change he visited her at the old homestead. Of course she did not recognize him. But having been told of his relationship to her, she soon became warmly attached to him, and her affection grew as he repeated his visits during her continuance in her second state.

In her second state she had strong feelings of fondness or of dislike to persons. During the early part of her change to an unnatural state her friends found it necessary to keep a watchful eye upon her, and often to put restraint upon her movements. This restraint was never that of physical force, but consisted in prohibitory commands. This excited her displeasure, so that for some time she affected to believe that those about her were not her relatives, as they affirmed that they were.

She became very anxious to visit her brother in Meadville, but her friends did not think it advisable to give her permission. Between one and two years after the first change, and while in her second state, she left home on horseback—an exercise of which she was very fond, and in which she was freely indulged—under pretense of visiting a neighbor. She made the visit—for she always carefully kept the letter of her word, though not always the spirit—but she made her visit very brief, and then rode on to Meadville, a distance of nearly *thirty* miles. Her family soon learned where she had gone, and allowed her to remain some weeks. During that time she was a guest of Mrs. Kennedy, whose husband, Dr. Kennedy, had recently died. At the same time a young lady, Miss Nancy Dewey, was a guest in the same family. Between her and Mary Reynolds a strong friendship sprang up. One night they agreed together to play off a practical joke on Mr. John Reynolds, who was boarding at the same house. But it happened that neither of the young ladies awoke at the right time, and when Mary awoke in the morning she had changed to her natural state.

She now found herself in a strange house, for she had never been in Meadville in her natural state. She had for a sleeping companion a person who was a total stranger. She saw nothing with which she was familiar, and could not imagine where she was. Being in her natural state quiet and reserved, and even shy, she asked no questions. Miss Dewey spoke of the trick which they had proposed to play but had not awaked to perform. Miss Reynolds made no reply. She remembered nothing of the trick, and knew not who it was that addressed her. Miss Dewey saw that something unusual had occurred. She probably suspected the true state of the matter, for she had been fully told of the singular changes to which Miss Reynolds was subject. So she became silent.

Miss Reynolds dressed herself and found her way down stairs, wondering and perplexed, but waiting to see what would happen, and hoping that something would soon occur that would solve the mystery. Mrs. Kennedy (afterward the wife of Mr. John Reynolds) came into the sitting-room, and spoke in her usually cheerful manner; but Mary knew her not. Soon after her brother John entered the room. Then all was at once explained. In both states she knew him. In both states she knew that he resided in Meadville. So she knew she must be in Meadville. She informed him of the occurrence of the change, though there was little need of it. The observation of a moment or two, and the change in her disposition, were sufficient to reveal to her friends the transition from one state to the other. She was then introduced anew to those among whom she had so strangely fallen. She remained at Mrs. Kennedy's, in Meadville, for some days, and then returned home.

Very soon after her return she awoke one night, and arousing a sister with whom she was sleeping, she exclaimed, "Come, Nancy! it is time to get up and play that trick on John!" She had changed into her second state, and supposed that she was still in Meadville and sleeping with Miss Nancy Dewey, and that it was the same night on which they had planned the joke. When she found she had returned to the "Nocturnal Shades," as she called her home in Venango when she was in her second state, she was much chagrined, for the larger society she found in Meadville was, in that state, much more to her taste.

The foregoing statement illustrates two things. One is, that she did not in one state recognize acquaintances of the other state; the other is, that there was a blank in her memory of the period, however long, passed in a given state when she passed into the other. Thus weeks and months disappeared during one sleep. And the sleep from which she awoke seemed to her but the continuation of that into which she had fallen long before.

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During the earlier period of these changes she manifested, while in her second state, many symptoms of wildness and eccentricity, amounting almost to insanity. Proof of this is found in her long abstinence from food and sleep, and in her indifference to, and even strong prejudices against, her best friends. "For some time," she writes, "after I had been in my second state, my feelings were such that, had all my friends been lying dead around me, I do not think it would have given me one moment's pain of mind. At that time my feelings were never moved with the manifestations of joy or sorrow. I had no idea of the past or the future; nothing but the present occupied my mind."

She was also very restless, and had a strong and uncontrollable inclination to wander off into the woods. Being utterly devoid of fear she could not be restrained by any representations her friends made to her respecting her perils from rattlesnakes, wolves, and bears, all of which were numerous in the vicinity. These things made her friends solicitous, and caused them to keep as close a watch as possible on all her movements.

It has been already stated that she was very careful to keep the letter of her word, though she did not feel herself bound by its spirit. She seemed rather to delight in finding some means or pretense of avoiding that, as giving her an opportunity of boasting of her smartness. She was very ingenious in finding such pretenses. But when once she promised to do or not to do a certain thing, her family and friends had perfect confidence that she would keep her word.

On one occasion in her ramblings she met a bear. She was on horseback riding along a path when she met it. In giving an account of the adventure on her return home, she said she had met a "great black hog," which acted very strangely. She said it grinned and growled at her, and would not get out of the way. She said her horse was frightened, and wished to turn back. She ordered the black creature to leave the path, but it would not mind her. "Well," said she, "if you will not get out of the way, I will make you." She was about to dismount and attempt to drive it from the path, when it slowly retreated, occasionally stopping, turning round, and growling. She used to insist that the bears with which her friends sought to frighten her from rambling off too far, were only "black hogs."

About the same time, in one of her rambles, she saw a rattlesnake, with the beauty of which she was struck. She attempted to capture it. Instead of making battle it attempted to escape. It ran under a heap of logs. She seized it by the tail just as it was disappearing. Providentially her foot slipped, and to save herself from a fall she let go the snake. She afterward thrust her arm into the hole, but it had gone beyond her reach. It was known to be a rattlesnake both by its appearance and by its rattle. She afterward became familiar with the species, and remembered that the one she had pursued was like those which she now knew.

During this stage of her history there was one person, a brother-in-law, who had complete control over her. This was another proof of an unusual, if not of an insane state of mind. She did not dare to disobey his commands, yet if he left any opportunity she would evade them. For instance, one morning he said to her, "Mary, you must not ride over the hills to-day." This he considered equivalent to telling her that she must not ride at all, as her home was surrounded with hills, and she could not avoid them if she followed any road. But as soon as he was out of the way she got a horse, left home, and was gone nearly all day. In the evening he said, "Mary, did I not tell you that you must not ride to-day?" She replied, "No! you told me I must not ride over the hills, and I did not; but I rode through all the hollows I could find."

Another singular fact should here be mentioned. During that same period in the history of her case, immediately after falling asleep, she would, in an audible voice, narrate the events of the day in which she had been an actor, sometimes laughing heartily at some joke she had played off. She would then lay out her plans for the next day. After this she would become silent. The next day, unless thwarted, she would attempt to do all she had proposed, and in the order she had marked out. It has been stated that none of the knowledge or experience which Mary Reynolds had acquired during her early life, or while she was in her "first state," remained in her memory or passed over into her consciousness while she was in her second state. To this, however, there was one remarkable exception, the nature of which can best be stated in her own words, contained in the narrative from which I have before quoted. She says:

"When I was for the first time in my second state, the family were one Sabbath preparing to go to Church at Titusville. I was very anxious to accompany them, though at that time I was wholly ignorant of what preaching meant. They told me it was impossible for me to go. So, much to my dissatisfaction, I had to stay at home. On the night following that day I had a singular dream. I have a more distinct recollection of that dream than of any other thing which happened about that time.

"I dreamed that I was on a large plain, where neither a tree nor a stump was to be seen. It was beautifully green. A great number of persons, all clothed in white, were walking to and from a large river which flowed through the midst of the plain, singing as they walked. The music was the most delightful I ever heard. As I was standing and gazing with admiration on the scene before me, I thought my sister Eliza (who was dead) came up to me from among the throng, which had by this time collected—for I thought they increased in number very rapidly—and, with a sweet smile on her face, talked with me. Among other things, she told me I should join that company after a while, but that I could not then. While she was conversing with me I saw a very majestic person approach

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and ascend a platform that was erected about the middle of the plain. He opened a large book which he held in his hand, and began to speak, giving out for a text, Revelation, iii. 20: 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' I was perfectly enraptured, for I thought he spoke to none but me. His eyes seemed to be directed toward me. 'Well,' I thought, 'this must be preaching;' for in my dream I remembered how I had been disappointed the day before at not being permitted to go to meeting, and I thought he knew my case, for he explained the Scriptures to me. The next day I repeated several passages, though at that time I could not read a word. It seemed that after that dream I regained all my knowledge of the Scriptures. I frequently repeated passages of Scripture; and when my friends, in reply to my assertion that they were contained in the Bible, would ask me how I knew that to be so, I told them the person whom I heard preaching in my dream made me acquainted with them.

"When I arose the next morning after my dream I related it to the family, and observed to them that I had been to a much more splendid meeting than the one at which they had been.

"In my dream I did not mingle with the company; but after I saw the person who ascended the pulpit, and when he commenced preaching, I became so interested that my attention was no longer attracted by the multitude, who were still moving about. But my sister remained by my side.

"After this I used frequently to dream of seeing her. Particularly if any thing troubled me, she would appear to administer comfort. I loved to dream of her, though when awake I had not the slightest recollection of her. It was a remarkable circumstance that my sister and another particular friend, also dead, used to be my almost constant companions in my sleep. I have not dreamed of them since the earlier periods of my changes. I have wished much that I could, though at this time I do not remember either of them except as they appeared to me in my dreams."

All her friends testified, and some still live to testify, that at the time mentioned by her she appeared to recover her lost knowledge of much contained in the Holy Scriptures, though, as she says, she could not then read, and did not know the Bible from any other book. She never recovered any other knowledge in the same or like manner.

Her parents were both very pious and intelligent—in sentiment Baptists. They had been, as I have before said, intimately acquainted with the Rev. Robert Hall and other distinguished ministers of the same persuasion in England. Among them was a maternal uncle. After the neighborhood had become somewhat settled her father, William Reynolds, used to invite those living near him to come to his house on Lord's Day. He would read a sermon to them, and offer prayer with them and for them. His house was a well-known stopping-place. Often the pioneer ministers, chiefly Presbyterian, during their laborious missionary excursions, rested and preached at his house. Under such influences Mary must have made large acquisitions of religious knowledge, and become familiar with the words of Holy Writ. What she had thus acquired and subsequently lost she recovered in the remarkable manner mentioned.

It should be stated that Mary knew the lady, who appeared to her in her dream, to be her deceased sister, not by recognizing her from memory, but by describing her appearance, and learning from her family that the description exactly suited the appearance of her sister. For in her second state, whether asleep or awake, she had no recollection of her sister as one whom she had previously known in everyday walks. One friend thinks also that he has heard Mary say that, in the dream, Eliza informed her that she was her sister. But this is not certain. It is certain, however, that she minutely described a person precisely corresponding to the appearance of her sister.

The indications of mental unsoundness which characterized the earlier portions of the time which she passed in her second state grew fainter, and at length wholly disappeared after these changes had ceased, leaving her permanently in her abnormal state. This occurred about the year 1829, when she had reached her thirty-sixth year. She lived twenty-five years after this, wholly in her second state. During this quarter of a century no one could have discovered in her any thing out of the ordinary way, except that she manifested an unusual degree of nervousness and restlessness; yet that was not sufficient to attract particular attention. She was rational, sober, industrious, and gave good evidence of being a sincere Christian. For a number of years she was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. For some years she taught school, and in that capacity was both useful and acceptable.

During the last few years of her life she was a member of the family of her nephew, Rev. John V. Reynolds, D.D. Part of that time she kept house for him, showing a sound judgment, and manifesting a thorough acquaintance with the duties of her position.

Her death occurred in January, 1854. In the morning she arose in her usual health, ate her breakfast with a good appetite, and after breakfast went into the kitchen to superintend some matters in that department. In a few minutes the servant girl called to Doctor Reynolds, saying that his aunt had fallen down. He hastened to her, and assisted the girl in carrying her into the parlor, where she was laid on a sofa. The girl said that while Miss Mary was engaged about some matter, she suddenly raised her hands to her head and exclaimed, "Oh! I wonder what is the matter with my head." She

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said no more, but immediately fell to the floor. When carried to the parlor she gasped once or twice, but never spoke, and then died. She was thus gratified in a wish which she had often expressed: "Sudden death, sudden glory!" She died at the age of somewhat more than sixty years.

The foregoing narrative embodies all that I have been able to gather which seemed to me to throw any light upon this case of Double Consciousness, the most remarkable which has been recorded. My object in preparing it has been to place before the public, and especially before those interested in mental philosophy the well authenticated facts in the case. That the case was a genuine one admits of no doubt. The leading facts are authenticated by a chain of testimony furnished by witnesses of unimpeachable character, covering the whole period. Mary Reynolds had no motive for practicing an imposture; and her mental and moral character forbids the supposition that she had either the disposition or ability to plan and carry out such a fraud; and had she done so, she could not have avoided detection in the course of the fifteen years during which the pretended changes alternated, and the subsequent quarter of a century, which she professed to pass wholly in her second state.

The phenomena presented were as if her body was the house of two souls, not occupied by both at the same time, but alternately, first by one, then by the other, each in turn ejecting the other, until at last the usurper gained and held possession, after a struggle of fifteen years. For not only did she seem to have two memories, each in its turn active, and then dormant; but the whole structure of her mind and consciousness, and their mode of operating seemed dissimilar, according to her state. Her sympathies, her method of reasoning, her tastes, her friendships, and the reasons which led to their formation, were in one state wholly unlike what they were in the other. She had different objects of desire, took different views of life, looked at things through a different medium, according to her state.

That her "second state" had its origin in, and was accompanied by physical disease, is evident from many considerations. She herself was conscious of this. In her narrative she writes: "Whenever I changed into my natural state, I was very much debilitated. When in my second state, I had no inclination for either food or sleep. My strength at such times was entirely artificial. I generally had a flush in one cheek, and continued thirst, which denotes inward fever." Physiologists, considering the time of life when the strange phenomena of her life began, and the time of their termination, will form some conclusion as to their ultimate cause; but that the brain was the organ immediately affected is rendered probable from the convulsions that preceded the first change, and from the manner of her death, which unmistakably indicated that the brain was disordered. But the facts, as far as ascertainable now, fail to explain the special features of her case; the two lives, covering fifteen years, wholly unconnected with each other, yet each continuous from state to state; and the final settling down into a state of being lasting for a quarter of a century, and accompanied by no special indications of either mental or physical disorder, yet which had no apparent relation to or connection with that which she had passed for the first nineteen years of her life, and which continued through a portion of the succeeding fifteen years.

The bearings of this case on the sanitive treatment of the insane, on questions of mental science beyond those alluded to, on questions of conscience or casuistry, and on the religious aspect of the matter, are left to the thinking world. None will be more ready than the author to receive light on any of these important and intricate matters.

WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, 1859.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

NEVER any more,
Till my broken dream of life
Is swallowed up in death,
Shall I look upon my wife.
I prayed that she might live,
But my prayers could not save;
For here I am alone,
And she is in the grave!

It seems an age to me
Since I saw the coffin there:
The lid was off, and lo,
A face within the square!
A pale and pensive face,
Sweet lips without a breath:
How beautiful if sleep,
How terrible if death!

I lifted up the child,
In her little mourning gown;
But she turned away her head:
The lid was then screwed down.
The coffin was borne out
In the blinding light of day,
The black hearse moved on,
And the coaches drove away.

We stood around the grave,
And the solemn prayers were read;
Then the heavy wet earth
Was shoveled on the dead!
As it struck the coffin-lid
With a dull and dreadful sound,
It seemed to strike my heart!
—They led me from the ground.

But all is over now;
And it almost soothes my pain
To think, whatever comes,
She can not die again!
The blow has fallen; I know
The worst that death can give:
The worst of life's to come,
For I must learn to live!

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What shall I do to live?
I will play a busy part,
Ply my subtle brain,
And forget my stricken heart:
Go again on 'Change;
Buy, and sell, and scheme;
Fit my ships for sea;
Do any thing but dream!

I know the day will pass,
In the bustle, and the light;
But how can I endure
The coming home at night?
No watching at the pane,
No meeting at the door,
No loving, wifely kiss,
No Alice any more!

Sad will be the nights,
In my silent room alone,
Before the ruddy grate
No chair beside my own!
No little hand in mine,
No tender word or sigh:
Only this broken life,
This barren prayer to die!

But I forget my child:
She shall sit upon my knee,
And I will talk with her,
For that may comfort me.
She has her mother's eyes;
Poor child! she little knew
When I kissed her so to-night
I kissed her mother too!

LOVEL THE WIDOWER.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER IV.

A BLACK SHEEP.

THE being for whom my friend Dick Bedford seemed to have a special contempt and aversion was Mr. Bulkeley, the tall footman in attendance upon Lovel's dear mother-in-law. One of the causes of Bedford's wrath the worthy fellow explained to me. In the servants' hall, Bulkeley was in the habit of speaking in disrespectful and satirical terms of his mistress, enlarging upon her many foibles, and describing her pecuniary difficulties to the many *habitués* of that second social circle at Shrublands. The hold which Mr. Bulkeley had over his lady lay in a long-unsettled account of wages, which her ladyship was quite disinclined to discharge. And, in spite of this insolvency, the footman must have found his profit in the place, for he continued to hold it from year to year, and to fatten on his earnings, such as they were. My lady's dignity did not allow her to travel without this huge personage in her train; and a great comfort it must have been to her to reflect that in all the country-houses which she visited (and she would go wherever she could force an invitation) her attendant freely explained himself regarding her peculiarities, and made his brother servants aware of his mistress's embarrassed condition. — And yet the woman, whom I suppose no soul alive respected (unless, haply, she herself had a hankering delusion that she was a respectable woman), thought that her position in life forbade her to move abroad without a maid, and this hulking incumbrance in plush; and never was seen any where in watering-place, country-house, hotel, unless she was so attended.

Between Bedford and Bulkeley, then, there was feud and mutual hatred. Bedford chafed the big man by constant sneers and sarcasms, which penetrated the other's dull hide, and caused him frequently to assert that he would punch Dick's ugly head off. The housekeeper had frequently to interpose, and fling her matronly

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"WHERE THE SUGAR GOES."

arms between these men of war; and perhaps Bedford was forced to be still at times, for Bulkeley was nine inches taller than himself, and was perpetually bragging of his skill and feats as a bruiser. This sultan may also have wished to fling his pocket-handkerchief to Miss Mary Pinhorn, who, though she loved Bedford's wit and cleverness, might also be not insensible to the magnificent chest, calves, whiskers of Mr. Bulkeley. On this delicate subject, however, I can't speak. The men hated each other. You have, no doubt, remarked in your experience of life, that when men *do* hate each other, about a woman, or some other cause, the real reason is never assigned. You say, "The conduct of such and such a man to his grandmother—his behavior in selling that horse to Benson—his manner of brushing his hair down the middle"—or what you will—"makes him so offensive to me that I can't endure him." His verses, therefore, are mediocre; his speeches in parliament are utter failures; his practice at the bar is dwindling every year; his powers (always small) are utterly leaving him, and he is repeating his confounded jokes until they quite nauseate. Why, only about myself, and within these three

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days, I read a nice little article—written in sorrow, you know, not in anger—by our eminent *confrère* Wiggins,* deploring the decay of, etc., etc. And Wiggins's little article which was not found suitable for a certain Magazine?—*Allons donc!* The drunkard says the pickled salmon gave him the headache; the man who hates us gives *a* reason, but not *the* reason. Bedford was angry with Bulkeley for abusing his mistress at the servants' table? Yes. But for what else besides? I don't care—nor possibly does your worship, the exalted reader, for these low, vulgar kitchen quarrels.

Out of that ground-floor room, then, I would not move, in spite of the utmost efforts of my Lady Baker's broad shoulder to put me out; and with many grins that evening Bedford complimented me on my gallantry in routing the enemy at luncheon. I think he may possibly have told his master, for Lovel looked very much alarmed and uneasy when we greeted each other on his return from the city, but became more composed when Lady Baker appeared at the second dinner-bell, without a trace on her fine countenance of that storm which had caused all her waves to heave with such commotion at noon. How finely some people, by-the-way, can hang up quarrels, or pop them into a drawer, as they do their work, when dinner is announced, and take them out again at a convenient season! Baker was mild, gentle, a thought sad and sentimental—tenderly interested about her dear son and daughter in Ireland, whom she *must* go and see—quite easy in hand, in a word, and to the immense relief of all of us. She kissed Lovel on retiring, and prayed blessings on her Frederick. She pointed to the picture: nothing could be more melancholy or more gracious.

"*She* go!" says Mr. Bedford to me at night—"not she. She knows when she's well off; was obliged to turn out of Bakerstown before she came here: that brute Bulkeley told me so. She's always quarreling with her son and his wife. Angels don't grow every where as they do at Putney, Mr. B.! You gave it her well to-day at lunch—you did, though!" During my stay at Shrublands Mr. Bedford paid me a regular evening visit in my room, set the *carte du pays* before me, and in his curt way acquainted me with the characters of the inmates of the house and the incidents occurring therein.

Captain Clarence Baker did not come to Shrublands on the day when his anxious mother wished to clear out my nest (and expel the amiable bird in it) for her son's benefit. I believe an important fight, which was to come off in the Essex Marshes, and which was postponed in consequence of the interposition of the county magistrates, was the occasion, or, at any rate, the pretext of the Captain's delay. "He likes seeing fights better than going to 'em, the Captain does," my major-domo remarked. "His regiment was ordered to India, and he sold out: climate don't agree with his precious health. The Captain ain't been here ever so long, not since poor Mrs. L.'s time, before Miss P. came here: Captain Clarence and his sister had a tremendous quarrel together. He was up to all sorts of pranks, the Captain was. Not a good lot, by any means, I should say, Mr. Batchelor." And here Bedford begins to laugh. "Did you ever read, Sir, a farce called 'Raising the Wind?' There's plenty of Jeremy Diddlers now, Captain Jeremy Diddlers and Lady Jeremy Diddlers too. Have you such a thing as half a crown about you? If you have, don't invest it in some folks' pockets—that's all. Beg your pardon, Sir, if I am bothering you with talking!"

As long as I was at Shrublands and ready to partake of breakfast with my kind host and his children and their governess, Lady Baker had her own breakfast taken to her room. But when there were no visitors in the house she would come groaning out of her bedroom to be present at the morning meal; and not uncommonly would give the little company anecdotes of the departed saint, under whose invocation, as it were, we were assembled, and whose simpering effigy looked down upon us over her harp and from the wall. The eyes of the portrait followed you about, as portraits' eyes so painted will; and those glances, as it seemed to me, still domineered over Lovel, and made him quail as they had done in life. Yonder, in the corner, was Cecilia's harp, with its leathern cover. I likened the skin to that drum which the dying Zisca ordered should be made out of his hide to be beaten before the hosts of his people and inspire terror. *Vous concevez*, I did not say to Lovel at breakfast, as I sat before the ghostly musical instrument, "My dear fellow, that skin of Cordovan leather belonging to your defunct Cecilia's harp is like the hide which," etc.; but I confess at first I used to have a sort of *crawly* sensation, as of a sickly genteel ghost flitting about the place, in an exceedingly peevish humor, trying to scold and command, and finding her defunct voice couldn't be heard—trying to reillume her extinguished leers and faded smiles and ogles, and finding no one admired or took note. In the gray of the gloaming, in the twilight corner where stands the shrouded companion of song, what is that white figure flickering round the silent harp? Once, as we were assembled in the room at afternoon tea, a bird, entering at the open window, perched on the instrument. Popham dashed at it. Lovel was deep in conversation upon the wine duties with a member of Parliament he had brought down to dinner. Lady Baker, who was, if I may use the expression, "jawing" as usual, and telling one of her tremendous stories about the Lord Lieutenant to Mr. Bonnington, took no note of the incident. Elizabeth did not seem to remark it: what was a bird on a harp to her but a sparrow perched on a bit of leather-casing! All the ghosts in Putney church-yard might rattle all their bones, and would not frighten that stout spirit!

I was amused at a precaution which Bedford took, and somewhat alarmed at the distrust to-

* To another celebrated critic. Dear Sir,—You think I mean you, but upon my honor I don't.

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ward Lady Baker which he exhibited, when, one day on my return from town—whither I had made an excursion of four or five hours—I found my bedroom door locked, and Dick arrived with the key. "He's wrote to say he's coming this evening; and if he had come when you was away, Lady B. was capable of turning your things out and putting his in, and taking her oath she believed you was going to leave. The long-bows Lady B. do pull are perfectly awful, Mr. B.! So it was long-bow to long-bow, Mr. Batchelor; and I said you had took the key in your pocket, not wishing to have your papers disturbed. She tried the lawn window, but I had bolted that, and the Captain will have the pink room after all, and must smoke up the chimney. I should have liked to see him, or you, or any one do it in poor Mrs. L.'s time—I just should!"

During my visit to London I had chanced to meet my friend Captain Fitzb—dle, who belongs to a dozen clubs and knows something of every man in London. "Know any thing of Clarence Baker?" "Of course I do," says Fitz; "and if you want any *renseignement*, my dear fellow, I have the honor to inform you that a blacker little sheep does not trot the London *pavé*. Wherever that ingenious officer's name is spoken—at Tattersall's, at his clubs, in his late regiments, in men's society, in ladies' society, in that expanding and most agreeable circle which you may call no society at all—a chorus of maledictions rises up at the mention of Baker. Know any thing of Clarence Baker! My dear fellow, enough to make your hair turn white, unless (as I sometimes fondly imagine) nature has already performed that process, when of course I can't pretend to act upon mere hair-dye." (The whiskers of the individual who addressed me, innocent, stared me in the face as he spoke, and were dyed of the most unblushing purple.) "Clarence Baker, Sir, is a young man who would have been invaluable in Sparta as a warning against drunkenness and an exemplar of it. He has helped the regimental surgeon to some most interesting experiments in *delirium tremens*. He is known, and not in the least trusted, in every billiard-room in Brighton, Canterbury, York, Sheffield—on every pavement which has rung with the clink of dragoon boot-heels. By a wise system of revoking at whist he has lost games which have caused not only his partners, but his opponents and the whole club to admire him and to distrust him: long before and since he was of age he has written his eminent name to bills which have been dishonored, and has nobly pleaded his minority as a reason for declining to pay. From the garrison towns where he has been quartered he has carried away not only the hearts of the milliners, but their gloves, haberdashery, and perfumery. He has had controversies with Cornet Green regarding horse transactions, disputed turf-accounts with Lieutenant Brown, and betting and backgammon differences with Captain Black. From all I have heard he is the worthy son of his admirable mother. And I bet you even on the four events, if you stay three days in a country house with him—which appears to be your present happy idea—that he will quarrel with you, insult you, and apologize; that he will intoxicate himself more than once; that he will offer to play cards with you, and not pay on losing (if he wins, I perhaps need not state what his conduct will be); and that he will try to borrow money from you, and most likely from your servant, before he goes away." So saying, the sententious Fitz strutted up the steps of one of his many club-haunts in Pall Mall, and left me forewarned, and I trust forearmed, against Captain Clarence and all his works.

The adversary, when at length I came in sight of him, did not seem very formidable. I beheld a weakly little man with Chinese eyes, and pretty little feet and hands, whose pallid countenance told of Finishes and Casinos. His little chest and fingers were decorated with many jewels. A perfume of tobacco hung round him. His little mustache was twisted with an elaborate gummy curl. I perceived that the little hand which twirled the mustache shook woefully: and from the little chest there came a cough surprisingly loud and dismal.

He was lying on a sofa as I entered, and the children of the house were playing round him. "If you are our uncle, why didn't you come to see us oftener?" asks Popham.

"How should I know that you were such uncommonly nice children?" asks the Captain.

"We're not nice to you," says Popham. "Why do you cough so? Mamma used to cough. And why does your hand shake so?"

"My hand shakes because I am ill: and I cough because I'm ill. Your mother died of it, and I dare say I shall too."

"I hope you'll be good, and repent before you die, uncle, and I will lend you some nice books," says Cecilia.

"Oh, bother books!" cries Pop.

"And I hope *you'll* be good, Popham," and "You hold *your* tongue, Miss," and "I shall," and "I sha'n't," and "You're another," and "I'll tell Miss Prior"—"Go and tell, tell-tale"—"Boo"—"Boo"—"Boo"—"Boo"—and I don't know what more exclamations came tumultuously and rapidly from these dear children, as their uncle lay before them, a handkerchief to his mouth, his little feet high raised on the sofa cushions.

Captain Baker turned a little eye toward me, as I entered the room, but did not change his easy and elegant posture. When I came near to the sofa where he reposed he was good enough to call out:

"Glass of sherry!"

"It's Mr. Batchelor; it isn't Bedford, uncle," says Cissy.

"Mr. Batchelor ain't got any sherry in his pocket: have you, Mr. Batchelor? You ain't like old Mrs. Prior, always pocketing things, are you?" cries Pop, and falls a laughing at the ludicrous idea of my being mistaken for Bedford.

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"Beg your pardon. How should I know, you know?" drawls the invalid on the sofa. "Every body's the same now, you see."

"Sir!" says I, and "Sir" was all I could say. The fact is, I could have replied with something remarkably neat and cutting, which would have transfixed the languid little jackanapes who dared to mistake me for a footman; but, you see, I only thought of my repartee some eight hours afterward when I was lying in bed, and I am sorry to own that a great number of my best *bon mots* have been made in that way. So, as I had not the pungent remark ready when wanted, I can't say I said it to Captain Baker, but I dare say I turned very red, and said "Sir!" and—and, in fact, that was all.

"You were goin' to say somethin'?" asked the Captain, affably.

"You know my friend, Mr. Fitzboodle, I believe?" said I; the fact is, I really did not know what to say.

"Some mistake—think not."

"He is a member of the Flag Club," I remarked, looking my young fellow hard in the face.

"I ain't. There's a set of cads in that club that will say any thing."

"You may not know him, Sir, but he seemed to know you very well. Are we to have any tea, children?" I say, flinging myself down on an easy-chair, taking up a magazine, and adopting an easy attitude, though I dare say my face was as red as a turkey-cock's, and I was boiling over with rage.

As we had a very good breakfast and a profuse luncheon at Shrublands, of course we could not support nature till dinner-time without a five o'clock tea; and this was the meal for which I pretended to ask. Bedford, with his silver kettle and his buttony satellite, presently brought in this refection, and of course the children bawled out to him,

"Bedford—Bedford! uncle mistook Mr. Batchelor for you."

"I could not be mistaken for a more honest man, Pop," said I. And the bearer of the tea-urn gave me a look of gratitude and kindness which, I own, went far to restore my ruffled equanimity.

"Since you are the butler, will you get me a glass of sherry and a biscuit?" says the Captain. And Bedford retiring, returned presently with the wine.

The young gentleman's hand shook so, that, in order to drink his wine, he had to surprise it, as it were, and seize it with his mouth, when a shake brought the glass near his lips. He drained the wine, and held out his hand for another glass. The hand was steadier now.

"You the man who was here before?" asks the Captain.

"Six years ago, when you were here, Sir," says the butler.

"What! I ain't changed, I suppose?"

"Yes, you are, Sir."

"Then how the dooce do you remember me?"

"You forgot to pay me some money you borrowed of me—one pound five, Sir"—says Bedford, whose eyes slyly turned in my direction.

And here, according to her wont at this meal, the dark-robed Miss Prior entered the room. She was coming forward with her ordinarily erect attitude and firm step, but paused in her walk an instant, and when she came to us I thought looked remarkably pale. She made a slight courtesy, and it must be confessed that Captain Baker rose up from his sofa for a moment when she appeared. She then sate down, with her back toward him, turning toward herself the table and its tea apparatus.

At this board my Lady Baker found us assembled when she returned from her afternoon drive. She flew to her darling reprobate of a son. She took his hand, she smoothed back his hair from his damp forehead. "My darling child," cries this fond mother, "what a pulse you have got!"

"I suppose because I've been drinking," says the prodigal.

"Why didn't you come out driving with me? The afternoon was lovely!"

"To pay visits at Richmond? Not as I knows on, ma'am," says the invalid. "Conversation with elderly ladies about poodles, Bible-societies, that kind of thing? It must be a doocid lovely afternoon that would make me like that sort of game." And here comes a fit of coughing, over which mamma ejaculates her sympathy.

"Kick—kick—killin' myself!" gasps out the Captain; "know I am. No man *can* lead my life and stand it. Dyin' by inches! Dyin' by whole yards, by Jo—ho—hove, I am!" Indeed he was as bad in health as in morals, this graceless captain.

"That man of Lovel's seems a d—— insolent beggar," he presently and ingenuously remarks.

"Oh, uncle, you mustn't say those words!" cries niece Cissy.

"He's a man, and may say what he likes; and so will I when I'm a man. Yes, and I'll say it now, too, if I like," cries Master Popham.

"Not to give me pain, Popham? Will you?" asks the governess.

On which the boy says, "Well, who wants to hurt you, Miss Prior?"

And our colloquy ends by the arrival of the man of the house from the city.

What I have admired in some dear women is their capacity for quarreling and for reconciliation. As I saw Lady Baker hanging round her son's neck, and fondling his scanty ringlets, I remembered the awful stories with which in former days she used to entertain us regarding this reprobate. Her heart was pin-cushioned with his filial crimes. Under her chestnut front her ladyship's real head of hair was gray in consequence of his iniquities. His precocious appetite had devoured the greater part of her jointure. He had treated her many dangerous illnesses with indifference: had been the worst son, the worst brother, the most ill-conducted school-boy, the

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most immoral young man—the terror of households, the Lovelace of garrison towns, the perverter of young officers; in fact, Lady Baker did not know how she supported existence at all under the agony occasioned by his crimes, and it was only from the possession of a more than ordinarily strong sense of religion that she was enabled to bear her burden.

The Captain himself explained these alternating maternal caresses and quarrels in his easy way.

"Saw how the old lady kissed and fondled me?" says he to his brother-in-law. "Quite refreshin', ain't it? Hang me, I thought she was goin' to send me a bit of sweet-bread off her own plate. Came up to my room last night, wanted to tuck me up in bed, and abused my brother to me for an hour. You see, when I'm in favor, she always abuses Lovel; when *he's* in favor she abuses me to him. And my sister-in-law, didn't she give it my sister-in-law! Oh! I'll trouble you! And poor Cecilia—why hang me, Mr. Batchelor, she used to go on—this bottle's corked, I'm hanged if it isn't—to go on about Cecilia, and call her . . . . Hullo!"

Here he was interrupted by our host, who said, sternly,

"Will you please to forget those quarrels, or not mention them here? Will you have more wine, Batchelor?"

And Lovel rises, and haughtily stalks out of the room. To do Lovel justice, he had a great contempt and dislike for his young brother-in-law, which, with his best magnanimity, he could not at all times conceal.

So our host stalks toward the drawing-room, leaving Captain Clarence sipping wine.

"Don't go too," says the Captain. "He's a confounded rum fellow, my brother-in-law is. He's a confounded ill-conditioned fellow, too. They always are, you know, these tradesmen fellows, these half-bred 'uns. I used to tell my sister so; but she *would* have him, because he had such lots of money, you know. And she threw over a fellar she was very fond of; and I told her she'd regret it. I told Lady B. she'd regret it. It was all Lady B.'s doing. She made Cissy throw the fellar over. He was a bad match, certainly, Tom Mountain was; and not a clever fellow, you know, or that sort of thing; but at any rate, he was a gentleman, and better than a confounded sugar-baking beggar out Ratcliff Highway."

"You seem to find that claret very good!" I remark, speaking, I may say, Socratically, to my young friend, who had been swallowing bumper after bumper.

"Claret good! Yes, doosid good!"

"Well, you see our confounded sugar-baker gives you his best."

"And why shouldn't he, hang him? Why, the fellow chokes with money. What does it matter to him how much he spends? You're a poor man, I dare day. You don't look as if you were over-flush of money. Well, if *you* stood a good dinner, it would be all right—I mean it would show—you understand me, you know. But a sugar-baker with ten thousand a year, what does it matter to him, bottle of claret more—less?"

"Let us go in to the ladies," I say.

"Go in to mother! *I* don't want to go in to my mother," cried out the artless youth. "And I don't want to go in to the sugar-baker, hang him! and I don't want to go in to the children; and I'd rather have a glass of brandy-and-water with you, old boy. Here, you! What's your name? Bedford! I owe you five-and-twenty shillings, do I, old Bedford? Give us a good glass of Schnaps, and I'll pay you! Look here, Batchelor. I hate that sugar-baker. Two years ago I drew a bill on him, and he wouldn't pay it—perhaps he would have paid it, but my sister wouldn't let him. And, I say, shall we go and have a cigar in your room? My mother's been abusing you to me like fun this morning. She abuses every body. She used to abuse Cissy. Cissy used to abuse her—used to fight like two cats . . . ."

And if I narrate this conversation, dear Spartan youth! if I show thee this Helot maundering in his cups, it is that from his odious example thou mayest learn to be moderate in the use of thine own. Has the enemy who has entered thy mouth ever stolen away thy brains? Has wine ever caused thee to blab secrets; to utter egotisms and follies? Beware of it. Has it ever been thy friend at the end of the hard day's work, the cheery companion of thy companions, the promoter of harmony, kindness, harmless social pleasure? Be thankful for it. Two years since, when the comet was blazing in the autumnal sky, I stood on the château steps of a great claret proprietor. "*Boirai-je de ton vin, O comète?*" I said, addressing the luminary with the flaming tail. Shall those generous bunches which you ripen yield their juices for me *moriturо?* It was a solemn thought. Ah! my dear brethren! who knows the Order of the Fates? When shall we pass the Gloomy Gates? Which of us goes, which of us waits to drink those famous Fifty-eights? A sermon, upon my word! And pray why not a little homily on an autumn eve over a purple cluster? . . . If that rickety boy had only drunk claret I warrant you his tongue would not have blabbed, his hand would not have shaken, his wretched little brain and body would not have reeled with fever.

"'Gad," said he next day to me, "cut again last night. Have an idea that I abused Lovel. When I have a little wine on board always speak my mind, don't you know. Last time I was here in my poor sister's time, said somethin' to her, don't quite know what it was, somethin' confoundedly true and unpleasant I dare say. I think it was about a fellow she used to go on with before she married the sugar-baker. And I got orders to quit, by Jove, Sir—neck and crop, Sir, and no mistake! And we gave it one another over the stairs. Oh my! we did pitch in!—And that was the last time I ever saw Cecilia—give you my word. A doosid unforgiving wo-

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man, my poor sister was, and between you and me, Batchelor, as great a flirt as ever threw a fellar over. You should have heard her and my Lady B. go on, that's all!—Well, mamma, are you going out for a drive in the coachy-poachy? —Not as I knows on, thank you, as I before had the honor to observe. Mr. Batchelor and me are going to play a little game at billiards." We did, and I won; and from that day to this have never been paid my little winnings.

On the day after the doughty Captain's arrival Miss Prior, in whose face I had remarked a great expression of gloom and care, neither made her appearance at breakfast nor at the children's dinner. "Miss Prior was a little unwell," Lady Baker said, with an air of most perfect satisfaction. "Mr. Drencher will come to see her this afternoon, and prescribe for her, I dare say," adds her ladyship, nodding and winking a roguish eye at me. I was at a loss to understand what was the point of humor which amused Lady B., until she herself explained it.

"My good Sir," she said, "I think Miss Prior is not at all *averse* to being ill." And the nods recommenced.

"As how?" I ask.

"To being ill, or at least to calling in the medical man."

"Attachment between governess and Sawbones I make bold for to presume?" says the Captain.

"Precisely, Clarence—a very fitting match. I saw the affair, even before Miss Prior owned it—that is to say, she has not denied it. She says she can't afford to marry, that she has children enough at home in her brothers and sisters. She is a well-principled young woman, and does credit, Mr. Batchelor, to your recommendation, and the education she has received from her uncle, the Master of St. Boniface."

"Cissy to school; Pop to Eton; and Miss Whatdyoucall to grind the pestle in Sawbones' back-shop: I see!" says Captain Clarence. "He seems a low, vulgar blackguard, that Sawbones."

"Of course, my love; what can you expect from that sort of person?" asks mamma, whose own father was a small attorney, in a small Irish town.

"I wish I had his confounded good health," cries Clarence, coughing.

"My poor darling!" says mamma.

I said nothing. And so Elizabeth was engaged to that great, broad-shouldered, red-whiskered, young surgeon with the huge appetite and the dubious *h*'s! Well, why not? What was it to me? Why shouldn't she marry him? Was he not an honest man and a fitting match for her? Yes. Very good. Only if I *do* love a bird or flower to glad me with its dark blue eye, it is the first to fade away. If I *have* a partiality for a young gazelle it is the first to —pshaw! What have I to do with this namby-pamby? Can the heart that has truly loved ever forget, and doesn't it as truly love on to the —stuff! I am past the age of such follies. I might have made a woman happy: I think I should. But the fugacious years have lapsed, my Posthumus! My waist is now a good bit wider than my chest, and it is decreed that I shall be alone!

My tone, then, when next I saw Elizabeth, was sorrowful—not angry. Drencher, the young doctor, came punctually enough, you may be sure, to look after his patient. Little Pinhorn, the children's maid, led the young practitioner smiling toward the school-room regions. His creaking highlows sprang swiftly up the stairs. I happened to be in the hall, and surveyed him with a grim pleasure. "Now he is in the school-room," I thought. "Now he is taking her hand—it is very white—and feeling her pulse. And so on, and so on. Surely, surely Pinhorn remains in the room?" I am sitting on a hall-table as I muse plaintively on these things, and gaze up the stairs by which the Hakeem (great, carroty-whiskered cad!) has passed into the sacred precincts of the harem. As I gaze up the stair another door opens into the hall; a scowling face peeps through that door and looks up the stair too. 'Tis Bedford, who has slid out of his pantry and watches the doctor. And thou, too, my poor Bedford! Oh! the whole world throbs with vain heart-pangs, and tosses and heaves with longing, unfulfilled desires! All night, and all over the world, bitter tears are dropping as regular as the dew, and cruel memories are haunting the pillow. Close my hot eyes, kind Sleep! Do not visit it, dear delusive images out of the Past! Often your figure shimmers through my dreams, Glorvina. Not as you are now, the stout mother of many children—you always had an alarming likeness to your own mother, Glorvina—but as you were —slim, black-haired, blue-eyed—when your carnation lips warbled the *Vale of Avoca*, or the *Angels' Whisper*. "What!" I say then, looking up the stair, "am I absolutely growing jealous of yon apothecary?—O fool!" And at this juncture out peers Bedford's face from the pantry, and I see he is jealous too. I tie my shoe as I sit on the table; I don't affect to notice Bedford in the least (who, in fact, pops his own head back again as soon as he sees mine). I take my wide-awake from the peg, set it on one side my head, and strut whistling out of the hall door. I stretch over Putney Heath, and my spirit resumes its tranquillity.

I sometimes keep a little journal of my proceedings, and on referring to its pages the scene rises before me pretty clearly to which the brief notes allude. On this day I find noted: "*Friday, July* 14.—*B. came down to-day. Seems to require a great deal of attendance from Dr.—Row between dowagers after dinner.*" "B.," I need not remark, is Bessy. "Dr.," of course, you know. "Row between dowagers," means a battle royal between Mrs. Bonnington and Lady Baker, such as not unfrequently raged under the kindly Lovel's roof.

Lady Baker's gigantic menial Bulkeley condescended to wait at the family dinner at Shrublands, when perforce he had to put himself under

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Mr. Bedford's orders. Bedford would gladly have dispensed with the London footman, over whose calves, he said, he and his boy were always tumbling; but Lady Baker's dignity would not allow her to part from her own man; and her good-natured son-in-law allowed her, and indeed almost all other persons, to have their own way. I have reason to fear Mr. Bulkeley's morals were loose. Mrs. Bonnington had a special horror of him; his behavior in the village public-houses, where his powder and plush were forever visible—his freedom of behavior and conversation before the good lady's nurse and parlor-maids—provoked her anger and suspicion. More than once she whispered to me her loathing of this flour-besprinkled monster; and as much as such a gentle creature could, she showed her dislike to him by her behavior. The flunkey's solemn equanimity was not to be disturbed by any such feeble indications of displeasure. From his powdered height he looked down upon Mrs. Bonnington, and her esteem or her dislike was beneath him.

Now on this Friday night the 14th, Captain Clarence had gone to pass the day in town, and our Bessy made her appearance again, the doctor's prescriptions having, I suppose, agreed with her. Mr. Bulkeley, who was handing coffee to the ladies, chose to offer none to Miss Prior, and I was amused when I saw Bedford's heel scrunch down on the flunkey's right foot, as he pointed toward the governess. The oaths which Bulkeley had to devour in silence must have been frightful. To do the gallant fellow justice, I think he would have died rather than speak before company in a drawing-room. He limped up and offered the refreshment to the young lady, who bowed and declined it.

"Frederick," Mrs. Bonnington begins, when the coffee-ceremony is over, "now the servants are gone, I must scold you about the waste at your table, my dear. What was the need of opening that great bottle of Champagne? Lady Baker only takes two glasses. Mr. Batchelor doesn't touch it." (No, thank you, my dear Mrs. Bonnington: too old a stager.) "Why not have a little bottle instead of that great, large, immense one? Bedford is a teetotaler. I suppose it is *that London footman who likes it.*"

"My dear mother, I haven't really ascertained his tastes," says Lovel.

"Then why not tell Bedford to open a pint, dear?" pursues mamma.

"Oh, Bedford—Bedford, we must not mention *him*, Mrs. Bonnington!" cries Lady Baker. "Bedford is faultless. Bedford has the keys of every thing. Bedford is not to be controlled in any thing. Bedford is to be at liberty to be rude to my servant."

"Bedford was admirably kind in his attendance on your daughter, Lady Baker," says Lovel, his brow darkening: "and as for your man, I should think he was big enough to protect himself from any rudeness of poor Dick!" The good fellow had been angry for one moment, at the next he was all for peace and conciliation.

Lady Baker puts on her superfine air. With that air she had often awe-stricken good, simple Mrs. Bonnington; and she loved to use it whenever city folks or humble people were present. You see she thought herself your superior and mine: as *de par le monde* there are many artless Lady Bakers who do. "My dear Frederick!" says Lady B. then, putting on her best Mayfair manner, "excuse me for saying, but you don't know the—the class of servant to which Bulkeley belongs. I had him as a great favor from Lord Toddleby's. That—that class of servant is not generally accustomed to go out single."

"Unless they are two behind a carriage-perch they pine away, I suppose," remarks Mr. Lovel, "as one love-bird does without his mate."

"No doubt—no doubt," says Lady B., who does not in the least understand him; "I only say you are not accustomed here—in this kind of establishment, you understand—to that class of—"

But here Mrs. Bonnington could contain her wrath no more. "Lady Baker!" cries that injured mother, "is my son's establishment not good enough for any powdered wretch in England? Is the house of a British merchant—"

"My dear creature—my dear creature!" interposes her ladyship, "it *is* the house of a British merchant, and a most comfortable house too."

"Yes, *as you find it*," remarks mamma.

"Yes, as I find it, when I come to take care of that *departed angel's children*, Mrs. Bonnington!" (Lady B. here indicates the Cecilian effigy)—"of that dear seraph's orphans, Mrs. Bonnington! *You* can not. You have other duties—other children—a husband, whom you have left at home in delicate health, and who—"

"Lady Baker!" exclaims Mrs. Bonnington, "no one shall say I don't take care of my dear husband!"

"My dear Lady Baker!—my dear—dear mother!" cries Lovel, *éploré*, and whimpers aside to me, "They spar in this way every night, when we're alone. It's too bad, ain't it, Batch?"

"I say you *do* take care of Mr. Bonnington," Baker blandly resumes (she has hit Mrs. Bonnington on the raw place, and smilingly proceeds to thong again): "I say you *do* take care of your husband, my dear creature, and that is why you can't attend to Frederick! And as he is of a very easy temper—except sometimes with his poor Cecilia's mother—he allows all his tradesmen to cheat him, all his servants to cheat him, Bedford to be rude to every body; and if to me, why not to my servant Bulkeley, with whom Lord Toddleby's groom of the chambers gave me the very highest character?"

Mrs. Bonnington, in a great flurry, broke in by saying she was surprised to hear that noblemen *had* grooms in their chambers: and she thought they were much better in the stables: and when they dined with Captain Huff, you know, Frederick, *his* man always brought such a dreadful smell of the stable in with him, that—Here she paused. Baker's eye was on her; and that dowager was grinning a cruel triumph.

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"He! he! You mistake, my good Mrs. Bonnington!" says her ladyship. "Your poor mother mistakes, my dear Frederick. You have lived in a quiet and most respectable sphere, but not, you understand, not—"

"Not what, pray, Lady Baker? We have lived in this neighborhood twenty years: in my late husband's time, when *we saw a great deal of company*, and this dear Frederick was a boy at Westminster School. And we have *paid* for every thing we have had for twenty years; and we have not owed a penny to any *tradesman*. And we may not have had *powdered footmen*, six feet high, impertinent beasts, who were rude to all the maids in the place. Don't—I *will* speak, Frederick! But servants who loved us, and who were *paid their wages*, and who—o—ho—ho—ho!"

Wipe your eyes, dear friends! out with all your pocket-handkerchiefs. I protest I can not bear to see a woman in distress. Of course Fred Lovel runs to console his dear old mother, and vows Lady Baker meant no harm.

"Meant harm! My dear Frederick, what harm can I mean? I only said your poor mother did not seem to know what a groom of the chambers was! How should she?"

"Come, come," says Frederick, "enough of this! Miss Prior, will you be so kind as to give us a little music?"

Miss Prior was playing Beethoven at the piano, very solemnly and finely, when our Black Sheep returned to this quiet fold, and, I am sorry to say, in a very riotous condition. The brilliancy of his eye, the purple flush on his nose, the unsteady gait, and uncertain tone of voice, told tales of Captain Clarence, who stumbled over more than one chair before he found a seat near me.

"Quite right, old boy," says he, winking at me. "Cut again—dooshid good fellosh. Better than being along with you shtoopid-old-fogish." And he began to warble wild "Fol-de-rol-lolls" in an insane accompaniment to the music.

"By Heavens, this is too bad!" growls Lovel. "Lady Baker, let your big man carry your son to bed. Thank you, Miss Prior!"

At a final yell, which the unlucky young scape-grace gave, Elizabeth stopped, and rose from the piano, looking very pale. She made her courtesy, and was departing when the wretched young Captain sprang up, looked at her, and sank back on the sofa with another wild laugh. Bessy fled away scared, and white as a sheet.

"TAKE THE BRUTE TO BED!" roars the master of the house, in great wrath. And scape-grace was conducted to his apartment, whither he went laughing wildly, and calling out, "Come on, old sh-sh-shugarbaker!"

The morning after this fine exhibition Captain Clarence Baker's mamma announced to us that her poor dear suffering boy was too ill to come to breakfast, and I believe he prescribed for himself deviled drumstick and soda-water, of which he partook in his bedroom. Lovel, seldom angry, was violently wroth with his brother-in-law; and, almost always polite, was at breakfast scarcely civil to Lady Baker. I am bound to say that female abused her position. She appealed to Cecilia's picture a great deal too much during the course of breakfast. She hinted, she sighed, she waggled her head at me, and spoke about "that angel" in the most tragic manner. Angel is all very well: but your angel brought in *à tout propos;* your departed blessing called out of her grave ever so many times a day; when grandmamma wants to carry a point of her own; when the children are naughty or noisy; when papa betrays a flickering inclination to dine at his club, or to bring home a bachelor friend or two to Shrublands—I say your angel always dragged in by the wings into the conversation loses her effect. No man's heart put on wider crape than Lovel's at Cecilia's loss. Considering the circumstances, his grief was most creditable to him: but at breakfast, at lunch, about Bulkeley the footman, about the barouche or the phaeton, or any trumpery domestic perplexity, to have a *Deus intersit* was too much. And I observed, with some inward satisfaction, that when Baker uttered her pompous funereal phrases, rolled her eyes up to the ceiling, and appealed to that quarter, the children ate their jam and quarreled and kicked their little shins under the table, Lovel read his paper and looked at his watch to see if it was omnibus time; and Bessy made the tea, quite undisturbed by the old lady's tragical prattle.

When Baker described her son's fearful cough and dreadfully feverish state, I said, "Surely, Lady Baker, *Mr. Drencher* had better be sent for;" and I suppose I uttered the digusting dissyllable Drencher with a fine sarcastic accent; for once, just once, Bessy's gray eyes rose through the spectacles and met mine with a glance of unutterable sadness, then calmly settled down on to the slop-basin again, or the urn in which her pale features, of course, were odiously distorted.

"You will not bring any body home to dinner, Frederick, in my poor boy's state?" asks Lady B.

"He may stay in his bedroom, I suppose?" replies Lovel.

"He is Cecilia's brother, Frederick!" cries the lady.

"Conf—" Lovel was beginning. What was he about to say?

"If you are going to confound your angel in heaven I have nothing to say, Sir!" cries the mother of Clarence.

"*Parbleu, madame!*" cried Lovel, in French; "if he were not my wife's brother do you think I would let him stay here?"

"*Parly Français? Oui, oui, oui!*" cries Pop. "I know what Pa means!"

"And so do *I* know. And I shall lend Uncle Clarence some books which Mr. Bonnington gave me, and—"

"Hold your tongue all!" shouts Lovel, with a stamp of his foot.

"You will, perhaps, have the great kindness

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to allow me the use of your carriage, or, at least, to wait here until my poor suffering boy can be moved, Mr. Lovel?" says Lady B., with the airs of a martyr.

Lovel rang the bell. "The carriage for Lady Baker, at her ladyship's hour, Bedford; and the cart for her luggage. Her ladyship and Captain Baker are going away."

"I have lost one child, Mr. Lovel, whom some people seem to forget. I am not going to murder another! I will not leave this house, Sir, *unless you drive me from it by force*, until the medical man has seen my boy!" And here she and sorrow sat down again. She was always giving warning. She was always fitting the halter and traversing the cart, was Lady B., but she forever declined to drop the handkerchief and have the business over. I saw by a little shrug in Bessy's shoulders what the governess's views were of the matter: and, in a word, Lady B. no more went away on this day than she had done on forty previous days when she announced her intention of going. She would accept benefits, you see, but then she insulted her benefactors, and so squared accounts.

That great, healthy, florid, scarlet-whiskered, medical wretch came at about twelve, saw Mr. Baker, and prescribed for him; and *of course* he must have a few words with Miss Prior, and inquire into the state of her health. Just as on the previous occasion, I happened to be in the hall when Drencher went up stairs; Bedford happened to be looking out of his pantry-door: I burst into a yell of laughter when I saw Dick's livid face—the sight somehow suited my savage soul.

No sooner was Medicus gone when Bessy, grave and pale, in bonnet and spectacles, came sliding down stairs. I do not mean down the baluster, which was Pop's favorite method of descent, but slim, tall, noiseless, in a nunlike calm, she swept down the steps. Of course I followed her. And there was Master Bedford's nose peeping through the pantry-door at us as we went out with the childen. Pray, what business of *his* was it to be always watching any body who walked with Miss Prior?

"So, Bessy," I said, "what report does Mr. —hem!—Mr. Drencher—give of the interesting invalid?"

"Oh, the most horrid! He says that Captain Baker has several times had a dreadful disease brought on by drinking, and that he is mad when he has it. He has delusions, sees demons, when he is in this state—wants to be watched."

"Drencher tells you every thing."

She says, meekly: "He attends us when we are ill."

I remark, with fine irony: "He attends the whole family: he is always coming to Shrublands!"

"He comes very often," Miss Prior says, gravely.

"And do you mean to say, Bessy," I cry, madly cutting off two or three heads of yellow broom with my stick—"do you mean to say a fellow like that, who drops his *h*'s about the room, is a welcome visitor?"

"I should be very ungrateful if he were not welcome, Mr. Batchelor," says Miss Prior. "And call me by my surname, please—and he has taken care of all my family—and—"

"And of course, of course, of course, Miss Prior!" says I, brutally; "and this is the way the world wags; and this is the way we are ill and are cured; and we are grateful to the doctor that cures us!"

She nods her grave head. "You used to be kinder to me once, Mr. Batchelor, in old days—in your—in my time of trouble! Yes, my dear, that is a beautiful bit of broom! Oh, what a fine butterfly!" (Cecilia scours the plain after the butterfly.) "You used to be kinder to me once—when we were both unhappy."

"I was unhappy," I say, "but I survived. I was ill, but I am now pretty well, thank you. I was jilted by a false, heartless woman. Do you suppose there are no other heartless women in the world?" And I am confident, if Bessy's breast had not been steel, the daggers which darted out from my eyes would have bored frightful stabs in it.

But she shook her head, and looked at me so sadly that my eye-daggers tumbled down to the ground at once; for you see, though I am a jealous Turk, I am a very easily appeased jealous Turk; and if I had been Bluebeard, and my wife, just as I was going to decapitate her, had lifted up her head from the block and cried a little, I should have dropped my cimeter, and said, "Come, come, Fatima, never mind for the present about that key and closet business, and I'll chop your head off some other morning." I say Bessy disarmed me. Pooh! I say. Women will make a fool of me to the end. Ah! ye gracious Fates! Cut my thread of life ere it grow too long. Suppose I were to live till seventy, and some little wretch of a woman were to set her cap at me? She would catch me—I know she would. All the males of our family have been spoony and soft to a degree perfectly ludicrous and despicable to contemplate— Well, Bessy Prior, putting a hand out, looked at me, and said:

"You are the oldest and best friend I have ever had, Mr. Batchelor—the only friend."

"Am I, Elizabeth?" I gasp, with a beating heart.

"Cissy is running back with a butterfly." (Our hands unlock.) "Don't you see the difficulties of my position? Don't you know that ladies are often jealous of governesses; and that unless—unless they imagined I was—I was favorable to Mr. Drencher, who is very good and kind—the ladies at Shrublands might not like my remaining alone in the house with—with—you understand?" A moment the eyes look over the spectacles: at the next, the meek bonnet bows down toward the ground.

I wonder did she hear the bump—bumping of my heart? O heart!—O wounded heart! did I ever think thou wouldst bump—bump again?

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BESSY'S REFLECTIONS.

"Egl—Egl—izabeth," I say, choking with emotion, "do—do—do you—te—tell me—you don't—don't—don't—lo—love that apothecary?"

She shrugs her shoulder—her charming shoulder.

"And if," I hotly continue, "if a gentleman—if a man of mature age certainly, but who has a kind heart and four hundred a year of his own—were to say to you, 'Elizabeth! will you bid the flowers of a blighted life to blcom

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again?—Elizabeth! will you soothe a wounded heart—?'"

"Oh, Mr. Batchelor!" she sighed, and then added, quickly, "Please, don't take my hand. Here's Pop."

And that dear child (bless him!) came up at the moment, saying, "Oh, Miss Prior! look here! I've got such a jolly big toadstool!" And next came Cissy, with a confounded butterfly. O Richard the Third! Haven't you been maligned because you smothered two little nuisances in a Tower? What is to prove to me that you did not serve the little brutes right, and that you weren't a most humane man? Darling Cissy coming up then, in her dear, charming way, says, "You sha'n't take Mr. Batchelor's hand, you shall take *my* hand!" And she tosses up her little head, and walks with the instructress of her youth.

"*Ces enfans ne comprennent guère le Français*," says Miss Prior, speaking very rapidly.

"*Après lonche?*" I whisper. The fact is, I was so agitated I hardly knew what the French for lunch was. And then our conversation dropped: and the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

Lunch came. I couldn't eat a bit: I should have choked. Bessy ate plenty and drank a glass of beer. It was her dinner, to be sure. Young *Blacksheep* did not appear. We did not miss him. When Lady Baker began to tell her story of George IV. at Slane Castle I went into my own room. I took a book. Books? Pshaw! I went into the garden. I took out a cigar. But no, I would not smoke it. Perhaps she—Many people don't like smoking.

I went into the garden. "Come into the garden, Maud." I sate by a large lilac bush. I waited. Perhaps she would come. The morning-room windows were wide open on to the lawn. Will she never come? Ah! what is that tall form advancing? gliding—gliding into the chamber like a beauteous ghost? Who most does like an angel show, you may be sure 'tis she. She comes up to the glass. She lays her spectacles down on the mantle-piece. She puts a slim white hand over her auburn hair and looks into the mirror. Elizabeth, Elizabeth! I come!

As I came up I saw a horrid little grinning, debauched face surge over the back of a great arm-chair and look toward Elizabeth. It was Captain Blacksheep, of course. He laid his elbows over the chair. He looked keenly and with a diabolical smile at the unconscious girl; and just as I reached the window he cried out, "*Betsy Bellenden, by Jove!*"

Elizabeth turned round, gave a little cry, and— But what happened I shall tell in the ensuing chapter.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S LAST SKETCH.

NOT many days since I went to visit a house where in former years I had received many a friendly welcome. We went in to the owner's—an artist's—studio. Prints, pictures, and sketches hung on the walls as I had last seen and remembered them. The implements of the painter's art were there. The light which had shone upon so many, many hours of patient and cheerful toil poured through the northern window upon print and bust, lay figure and sketch, and upon the easel before which the good, the gentle, the beloved Leslie labored. In this room the busy brain had devised, and the skillful hand executed, I know not how many of the noble works which have delighted the world with their beauty and charming humor. Here the poet called up into pictorial presence, and informed with life, grace, beauty, infinite friendly mirth and wondrous naturalness of expression, the people of whom his dear books told him the stories—his Shakspeare, his Cervantes, his Molière, his Le Sage. There was his last work on the easel—a beautiful fresh smiling shape of Titania, such as his sweet guileless fancy imagined the *Mid-summer Night's* queen to be. Gracious, and pure, and bright, the sweet smiling image glimmers on the canvas. Fairy elves, no doubt, were to have been grouped around their mistress in laughing clusters. Honest Bottom's grotesque head and form are indicated as reposing by the side of the consummate beauty. The darkling forest would have grown around them, with the stars glittering from the mid-summer sky; the flowers at the queen's feet, and the boughs and foliage about her, would have been peopled with gamboling sprites and fays. They were dwelling in the artist's mind no doubt, and would have been developed by that patient, faithful, admirable genius: but the busy brain stopped working, the skillful hand fell lifeless, the loving, honest heart ceased to beat. What was she to have been—that fair Titania—when perfected by the patient skill of the poet, who in imagination saw the sweet innocent figure, and with tender courtesy and caresses, as it were, posed and shaped and traced the fair form? Is there record kept any where of fancies conceived, beautiful, unborn? Some day will they assume form in some yet undeveloped light? If our bad unspoken thoughts are registered against us, and are written in the awful account, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, beauty, charity, which pass through the breast, and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find a remembrance too? A few weeks more, and this lovely offspring of the poet's conception would have been complete—to charm the world with its beautiful mirth. May there not be some sphere unknown to us where it may have an existence? They say our words, once out of our lips, go traveling in *omne ævum*, reverberating for ever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? If the Has Been, why not the Might Have Been?

Some day our spirits may be permitted to walk in galleries of fancies more wondrous and beautiful than any achieved works which at present we see, and our minds to behold and delight in master-pieces which poets' and artists' minds have fathered and conceived only.

With a feeling much akin to that with which I looked upon the friend's—the admirable artist's—unfinished work, I can fancy many readers turning to these—the last pages which were traced by Charlotte

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Brontë's hand. Of the multitude that has read her books, who has not known and deplored the tragedy of her family, her own most sad and untimely fate? Which of her readers has not become her friend? Who that has known her books has not admired the artist's noble English, the burning love of truth, the bravery, the simplicity, the indignation at wrong, the eager sympathy, the pious love and reverence, the passionate honor, so to speak, of the woman? What a story is that of that family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy northern moors! At nine o'clock at night, Mrs. Gaskell tells, after evening prayers, when their guardian and relative had gone to bed, the three poetesses—the three maidens, Charlotte and Emily and Anne — Charlotte being the "motherly friend and guardian to the other two" —"began, like restless wild animals, to pace up and down their parlor, 'making out' their wonderful stories, talking over plans and projects, and thoughts of what was to be their future life."

One evening, at the close of 1854, as Charlotte Nicholls sat with her husband by the fire listening to the howling of the wind about the house, she suddenly said to her husband, "If you had not been with me I must have been writing now." She then ran up stairs, and brought down, and read aloud, the beginning of a new tale. When she had finished her husband remarked, "The critics will accuse you of repetition." She replied, "Oh! I shall alter that. I always begin two or three times before I can please myself." But it was not to be. The trembling little hand was to write no more. The heart, newly awakened to love and happiness, and throbbing with maternal hope, was soon to cease to beat; that intrepid outspeaker and champion of truth, that eager, impetuous redresser of wrong, was to be called out of the world's fight and struggle, to lay down the shining arms, and to be removed to a sphere where even a noble indignation *cor ulterius nequit lacerare*, and where truth complete, and right triumphant, no longer need to wage war.

I can only say of this lady, *vidi tantum*. I saw her first just as I rose out of an illness from which I had never thought to recover. I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand, the great honest eyes. An impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterize the woman. Twice I recollect she took me to task for what she held to be errors in doctrine. Once about Fielding we had a disputation. She spoke her mind out. She jumped too rapidly to conclusions. (I have smiled at one or two passages in the "Biography" in which my own disposition or behavior forms the subject of talk.) She formed conclusions that might be wrong, and built up whole theories of character upon them. New to the London world, she entered it with an independent, indomitable spirit of her own; and judged of contemporaries, and especially spied out arrogance or affectation with extraordinary keenness of vision. She was angry with her favorites if their conduct or conversation fell below her ideal. Often she seemed to me to be judging the London folk prematurely: but perhaps the city is rather angry at being judged. I fancied an austere little Joan of Arc marching in upon us, and rebuking our easy lives, our easy morals. She gave me the impression of being a very pure, and lofty, and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Such, in our brief interview, she appeared to me. As one thinks of that life so noble, so lonely—of that passion for truth—of those nights and nights of eager study, swarming fancies, invention, depression, elation, prayer; as one reads the necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable history of the heart that throbbed in this one little frame—of this one among the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth—this great earth?—this little speck in the infinite universe of God—with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear! As I read this little fragmentary sketch, I think of the rest. Is it? And where is it? Will not the leaf be turned some day and the story be told? Shall the deviser of the tale somewhere perfect the history of little EMMA's griefs and troubles? Shall TITANIA come forth complete with her sportive court, with the flowers at her feet, the forest around her, and all the stars of summer glittering overhead?

How well I remember the delight, and wonder, and pleasure with which I read "Jane Eyre," sent to me by an author whose name and sex were then alike unknown to me; the strange fascinations of the book; and how, with my own work pressing upon me, I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through! Hundreds of those who, like myself, recognized and admired that master-work of a great genius, will look with a mournful interest and regard and curiosity upon this, the last fragmentary sketch from the noble hand which wrote "Jane Eyre."

W. M. THACKERAY.

EMMA.

[A FRAGMENT OF A STORY BY THE LATE CHARLOTTE BRONTE.]

CHAPTER I.

WE all seek an ideal in life. A pleasant fancy began to visit me, in a certain year, that perhaps the number of human beings is few who do not find their quest at some era of life for some space more or less brief. I had certainly not found mine in youth, though the strong belief I held of its existence sufficed through all my brightest and freshest time to keep me hopeful. I had not found it in maturity. I was become resigned never to find it. I had lived certain dim years entirely tranquil and unexpectant. And now I was not sure but something was hovering round my hearth which pleased me wonderfully.

Look at it, reader. Come into my parlor and judge for yourself whether I do right to care for this thing. First, you may scan me, if you please. We shall go on better together after a satisfactory introduction and due apprehension of identity. My name is Mrs. Chalfont. I am a widow. My house is good, and my income such as need not check the impulse either of charity or a moderate hospitality. I am not young, nor yet old. There is no silver yet in my hair, but its yellow lustre is gone. In my face wrinkles are yet to come, but I have almost forgotten the days when it wore any bloom. I married when I was very young. I lived for fifteen years a life which, whatever its trials, could not be called stagnant. Then for five years I was alone, and, having no children, des-

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olate. Lately Fortune, by a somewhat curious turn of her wheel, placed in my way an interest and a companion.

The neighborhood where I live is pleasant enough, its scenery agreeable, and its society civilized, though not numerous. About a mile from my house there is a ladies' school, established but lately—not more than three years since. The conductresses of this school were of my acquaintances; and though I can not say that they occupied the very highest place in my opinion—for they had brought back from some months' residence abroad, for finishing purposes, a good deal that was fantastic, affected, and pretentious—yet I awarded them some portion of that respect which seems the fair due of all women who face life bravely, and try to make their own way by their own efforts.

About a year after the Misses Wilcox opened their school, when the number of their pupils was as yet exceedingly limited, and when, no doubt, they were looking out anxiously enough for augmentation, the entrance-gate to their little drive was one day thrown back to admit a carriage—"a very handsome, fashionable carriage," Miss Mabel Wilcox said, in narrating the circumstance afterward—and drawn by a pair of really splendid horses. The sweep up the drive, the loud ring at the door-bell, the bustling entrance into the house, the ceremonious admission to the drawing-room, roused excitement enough in Fuchsia Lodge. Miss Wilcox repaired to the reception-room in a pair of new gloves, and carrying in her hand a handkerchief of French cambric.

She found a gentleman seated on the sofa, who, as he rose up, appeared a tall, fine-looking personage; at least, she thought him so, as he stood with his back to the light. He introduced himself as Mr. Fitzgibbon, inquired if Miss Wilcox had a vacancy, and intimated that he wished to intrust to her care a new pupil in the shape of his daughter. This was welcome news, for there was many a vacancy in Miss Wilcox's school-room; indeed, her establishment was as yet limited to the select number of three, and she and her sisters were looking forward with any thing but confidence to the balancing of accounts at the close of their first half-year. Few objects could have been more agreeable to her, then, than that to which, by a wave of the hand, Mr. Fitzgibbon now directed her attention—the figure of a child standing near the drawing-room window.

Had Miss Wilcox's establishment boasted fuller ranks—had she indeed entered well on that course of prosperity which in after years an undeviating attention to externals enabled her so triumphantly to realize—an early thought with her would have been to judge whether the acquisition now offered was likely to answer well as a show-pupil. She would have instantly marked her look, dress, etc., and inferred her value from these indicia. In those anxious commencing times, however, Miss Wilcox could scarce afford herself the luxury of such appreciation: a new pupil represented £40 a year, independently of masters' terms—and £40 a year was a sum Miss Wilcox needed and was glad to secure; besides, the fine carriage, the fine gentleman, and the fine name gave gratifying assurance, enough and to spare, of eligibility in the proffered connection. It was admitted, then, that there were vacancies in Fuchsia Lodge; that Miss Fitzgibbon could be received at once; that she was to learn all that the school prospectus proposed to teach; to be liable to every extra; in short, to be as expensive, and consequently as profitable a pupil, as any directress's heart could wish. All this was arranged as upon velvet, smoothly and liberally. Mr. Fitzgibbon showed in the transaction none of the hardness of the bargain-making man of business, and as little of the penurious anxiety of the straitened professional man. Miss Wilcox felt him to be "quite the gentleman." Every thing disposed her to be partially inclined toward the little girl whom he, on taking leave, formally committed to her guardianship; and as if no circumstance should be wanting to complete her happy impression, the address left written on a card served to fill up the measure of Miss Wilcox's satisfaction—Conway Fitzgibbon, Esq., May Park, Midland County. That very day three decrees were passed in the new-comer's favor:

1st. That she was to be Miss Wilcox's bedfellow.

2d. To sit next her at table.

3d. To walk out with her.

In a few days it became evident that a fourth secret clause had been added to these, viz., that Miss Fitzgibbon was to be favored, petted, and screened on all possible occasions.

An ill-conditioned pupil, who before coming to Fuchsia Lodge had passed a year under the care of certain old-fashioned Misses Sterling, of Hartwood, and from them had picked up unpractical notions of justice, took it upon her to utter an opinion on this system of favoritism.

"The Misses Sterling," she injudiciously said, "never distinguished any girl because she was richer or better dressed than the rest. They would have scorned to do so. *They* always rewarded girls according as they behaved well to their school-fellows and minded their lessons, not according to the number of their silk dresses and fine laces and feathers."

For it must not be forgotten that Miss Fitzgibbon's trunks, when opened, disclosed a splendid wardrobe; so fine were the various articles of apparel, indeed, that instead of assigning for their accommodation the painted deal drawers of the school bedroom, Miss Wilcox had them arranged in a mahogany bureau in her own room. With her own hands, too, she would on Sundays array the little favorite in her quilted silk pelisse, her hat and feathers, her ermine boa, and little French boots and gloves. And very self-complacent she felt when she led the young heiress (a letter from Mr. Fitzgibbon, received since his first visit, had communicated the additional particulars that his daughter was his only child,

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and would be the inheritress of his estates, including May Park, Midland County)—when she led her, I say, into the church, and seated her stately by her side at the top of the gallery-pew. Unbiased observers might, indeed, have wondered what there was to be proud of, and puzzled their heads to detect the special merits of this little woman in silk—for, to speak truth, Miss Fitzgibbon was far from being the beauty of the school: there were two or three blooming little faces among her companions lovelier than hers. Had she been a poor child, Miss Wilcox herself would not have liked her physiognomy at all: rather, indeed, would it have repelled than attracted her; and, moreover—though Miss Wilcox hardly confessed the circumstance to herself, but, on the contrary, strove hard not to be conscious of it—there were moments when she became sensible of a certain strange weariness in continuing her system of partiality. It hardly came natural to her to show this special distinction in this particular instance. An undefined wonder would smite her sometimes that she did not take more real satisfaction in flattering and caressing this embryo heiress—that she did not like better to have her always at her side, under her special charge. On principle Miss Wilcox continued the plan she had begun. On *principle*—for she argued with herself: This is the most aristocratic and richest of my pupils; she brings me the most credit and the most profit: therefore, I ought in justice to show her a special indulgence; which she did—but with a gradually increasing peculiarity of feeling.

Certainly the undue favors showered on little Miss Fitzgibbon brought their object no real benefit. Unfitted for the character of play-fellow by her position of favorite, her fellow-pupils rejected her company as decidedly as they dared. Active rejection was not long necessary; it was soon seen that passive avoidance would suffice; the pet was not social. No: even Miss Wilcox never thought her social. When she sent for her to show her fine clothes in the drawing-room when there was company, and especially when she had her into her parlor of an evening to be her own companion, Miss Wilcox used to feel curiously perplexed. She would try to talk affably to the young heiress, to draw her out, to amuse her. To herself the governess could render no reason why her efforts soon flagged; but this was invariably the case. However, Miss Wilcox was a woman of courage; and be the *protégée* what she might, the patroness did not fail to continue on *principle* her system of preference.

A favorite has no friends; and the observation of a gentleman, who about this time called at the Lodge and chanced to see Miss Fitzgibbon, was, "That child looks consummately unhappy:" he was watching Miss Fitzgibbon, as she walked, by herself, fine and solitary, while her schoolfellows were merrily playing.

"Who is the miserable little wight?" he asked.

He was told her name and dignity.

"Wretched little soul!" he repeated; and he watched her pace down the walk and back again; marching upright, her hands in her ermine muff, her fine pelisse showing a gay sheen to the winter's sun, her large Leghorn hat shading such a face as fortunately had not its parallel on the premises.

"Wretched little soul!" reiterated this gentleman. He opened the drawing-room window, watched the bearer of the muff till he caught her eye, and then summoned her with his finger. She came; he stooped his head down to her; she lifted her face up to him.

"Don't you play, little girl?"

"No, Sir."

"No! why not? Do you think yourself better than other children?"

No answer.

"Is it because people tell you you are rich, you won't play?"

The young lady was gone. He stretched his hand to arrest her, but she wheeled beyond his reach, and ran quickly out of sight.

"An only child," pleaded Miss Wilcox; "possibly spoiled by her papa, you know; we must excuse a little pettishness."

"Humph! I am afraid there is not a little to excuse."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Ellin—the gentleman mentioned in the last chapter—was a man who went where he liked, and being a gossiping, leisurely person, he liked to go almost any where. He could not be rich, he lived so quietly; and yet he must have had some money, for, without apparent profession, he continued to keep a house and a servant. He always spoke of himself as having once been a worker; but if so, that could not have been very long since, for he still looked far from old. Sometimes of an evening, under a little social conversational excitement, he would look quite young; but he was changeable in mood, and complexion, and expression, and had chamelion eyes, sometimes blue and merry, sometimes gray and dark, and anon green and gleaming. On the whole, he might be called a fair man, of average height, rather thin and rather wiry. He had not resided more than two years in the present neighborhood; his antecedents were unknown there; but as the Rector, a man of good family and standing, and of undoubted scrupulousness in the choice of acquaintance, had introduced him, he found every where a prompt reception, of which nothing in his conduct had yet seemed to prove him unworthy. Some people, indeed, dubbed him "a character," and fancied him "eccentric;" but others could not see the appropriateness of the epithets. He always seemed to them very harmless and quiet, not always, perhaps, so perfectly unreserved and comprehensible as might be wished. He had a discomposing expression in his eye, and sometimes in conversation an ambiguous diction; but still they believed he meant no harm.

Mr. Ellin often called on the Misses Wilcox;

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he sometimes took tea with them; he appeared to like tea and muffins, and not to dislike the kind of conversation which usually accompanies that refreshment; he was said to be a good shot, a good angler. He proved himself an excellent gossip—he liked gossip well. On the whole, he liked women's society, and did not seem to be particular in requiring difficult accomplishments or rare endowments in his female acquaintance. The Misses Wilcox, for instance, were not much less shallow than the china saucer which held their tea-cups; yet Mr. Ellin got on perfectly well with them, and had apparently great pleasure in hearing them discuss all the details of their school. He knew the names of all their young ladies too, and would shake hands with them if he met them walking out; he knew their examination days and gala days, and more than once accompanied Mr. Cecil, the curate, when he went to examine in ecclesiastical history.

This ceremony took place weekly, on Wednesday afternoons, after which Mr. Cecil sometimes staid to tea, and usually found two or three lady parishioners invited to meet him. Mr. Ellin was also pretty sure to be there. Rumor gave one of the Misses Wilcox in anticipated wedlock to the curate, and furnished his friend with a second in the same tender relation; so that it is to be conjectured they made a social, pleasant party under such interesting circumstances. Their evenings rarely passed without Miss Fitzgibbon being introduced—all worked muslin and streaming sash and elaborated ringlets; others of the pupils would also be called in, perhaps to sing, to show off a little at the piano, or sometimes to repeat poetry. Miss Wilcox conscientiously cultivated display in her young ladies, thinking she thus fulfilled a duty to herself and to them, at once spreading her own fame and giving the children self-possessed manners.

It was curious to note how, on these occasions, good, genuine natural qualities still vindicated their superiority to counterfeit, artificial advantages. While "dear Miss Fitzgibbon," dressed up and flattered as she was, could only sidle round the circle with the crest-fallen air which seemed natural to her, just giving her hand to the guests, then almost snatching it away, and sneaking in unmannerly haste to the place allotted to her at Miss Wilcox's side, which place she filled like a piece of furniture, neither smiling nor speaking the evening through — while such was *her* deportment, certain of her companions, as Mary Franks, Jessy Newton, etc., handsome, open-countenanced little damsels—fearless because harmless—would enter with a smile of salutation and a blush of pleasure, make their pretty reverence at the drawing-room door, stretch a friendly little hand to such visitors as they knew, and sit down to the piano to play their well-practiced duet with an innocent, obliging readiness which won all hearts.

There was a girl called Diana—the girl alluded to before as having once been Miss Sterling's pupil — a daring, brave girl, much loved and a little feared by her comrades. She had good faculties, both physical and mental—was clever, honest, and dauntless. In the schoolroom she set her young brow like a rock against Miss Fitzgibbon's pretensions; she found also heart and spirit to withstand them in the drawing-room. One evening, when the curate had been summoned away by some piece of duty directly after tea, and there was no stranger present but Mr. Ellin, Diana had been called in to play a long, difficult piece of music which she could execute like a master. She was still in the midst of her performance, when—Mr. Ellin having for the first time, perhaps, recognized the existence of the heiress by asking if she was cold —Miss Wilcox took the opportunity of launching into a strain of commendation on Miss Fitzgibbon's inanimate behavior, terming it lady-like, modest, and exemplary. Whether Miss Wilcox's constrained tone betrayed how far she was from really feeling the approbation she expressed, how entirely she spoke from a sense of duty, and not because she felt it possible to be in any degree charmed by the personage she praised—or whether Diana, who was by nature hasty, had a sudden fit of irritability—is not quite certain, but she turned on her music-stool:

"Ma'am," said she to Miss Wilcox, "that girl does not deserve so much praise. Her behavior is not at all exemplary. In the schoolroom she is insolently distant. For my part I denounce her airs; there is not one of us but is as good or better than she, though we may not be as rich."

And Diana shut up the piano, took her music-book under her arm, courtesied, and vanished.

Strange to relate, Miss Wilcox said not a word at the time; nor was Diana subsequently reprimanded for this outbreak. Miss Fitzgibbon had now been three months in the school, and probably the governess had had leisure to wear out her early raptures of partiality.

Indeed, as time advanced, this evil often seemed likely to right itself; again and again it seemed that Miss Fitzgibbon was about to fall to her proper level; but then, somewhat provokingly to the lovers of reason and justice, some little incident would occur to invest her insignificance with artificial interest. Once it was the arrival of a great basket of hot-house fruit—melons, grapes, and pines—as a present to Miss Wilcox in Miss Fitzgibbon's name. Whether it was that a share of these luscious productions was imparted too freely to the nominal donor, or whether she had had a surfeit of cake on Miss Mabel Wilcox's birthday, it so befell, that in some disturbed state of the digestive organs Miss Fitzgibbon took to sleep-walking. She one night terrified the school into a panic by passing through the bedrooms, all white in her night-dress, moaning and holding out her hands as she went.

Dr. Percy was then sent for. His medicines probably did not suit the case; for within a fortnight after the somnambulistic feat, Miss Wilcox, going up stairs in the dark, trod on something which she thought was the cat, and on

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calling for a light found her darling Matilda Fitzgibbon curled round on the landing, blue, cold, and stiff, without any light in her half-open eyes, or any color in her lips, or movement in her limbs. She was not soon roused from this fit; her senses seemed half scattered; and Miss Wilcox had now an undeniable excuse for keeping her all day on the drawing-room sofa, and making more of her than ever.

There comes a day of reckoning both for petted heiresses and partial governesses.

One clear winter morning, as Mr. Ellin was seated at breakfast, enjoying his bachelor's easy-chair and damp, fresh London newspaper, a note was brought to him marked "private," and "in haste." The last injunction was vain, for William Ellin did nothing in haste—he had no haste in him; he wondered any body should be so foolish as to hurry; life was short enough without it. He looked at the little note—three-cornered, scented, and feminine. He knew the handwriting; it came from the very lady Rumor had so often assigned him as his own. The bachelor took out a morocco case, selected from a variety of little instruments a pair of tiny scissors, cut round the seal, and read: "Miss Wilcox's compliments to Mr. Ellin, and she should be truly glad to see him for a few minutes, if at leisure. Miss W. requires a little advice. She will reserve explanations till she sees Mr. E."

Mr. Ellin very quietly finished his breakfast; then, as it was a very fine December day—hoar and crisp, but serene, and not bitter—he carefully prepared himself for the cold, took his cane, and set out. He liked the walk; the air was still; the sun not wholly ineffectual; the path firm, and but lightly powdered with snow. He made his journey as long as he could by going round through many fields, and through winding, unfrequented lanes. When there was a tree in the way conveniently placed for support, he would sometimes stop, lean his back against the trunk, fold his arms, and muse. If Rumor could have seen him she would have affirmed that he was thinking about Miss Wilcox; perhaps when he arrives at the Lodge his demeanor will inform us whether such an idea be warranted.

At last he stands at the door and rings the bell; he is admitted, and shown into the parlor—a smaller and a more private room than the drawing-room. Miss Wilcox occupies it; she is seated at her writing-table; she rises—not without air and grace—to receive her visitor. This air and grace she learned in France; for she was in a Parisian school for six months, and learned there a little French, and a stock of gestures and courtesies. No: it is certainly not impossible that Mr. Ellin may admire Miss Wilcox. She is not without prettiness, any more than are her sisters; and she and they are one and all smart and showy. Bright stone-blue is a color they like in dress; a crimson bow rarely fails to be pinned on somewhere to give contrast; positive colors generally—grass greens, red violets, deep yellows—are in favor with them; all harmonies are at a discount. Many people would think Miss Wilcox, standing there in her blue merino dress and pomegranate ribbon, a very agreeable woman. She has regular features; the nose is a little sharp, the lips a little thin, good complexion, light red hair. She is very business-like, very practical; she never in her life knew a refinement of feeling or of thought; she is entirely limited, respectable, and self-satisfied. She has a cool, prominent eye; sharp and shallow pupil, unshrinking and inexpansive; pale irid; light eyelashes, light brow. Miss Wilcox is a very proper and decorous person; but she could not be delicate or modest, because she is naturally destitute of sensitiveness. Her voice, when she speaks, has no vibration; her face no expression; her manner no emotion. Blush or tremor she never knew.

"What can I do for you, Miss Wilcox?" says Mr. Ellin, approaching the writing-table, and taking a chair beside it.

"Perhaps you can advise me," was the answer; "or perhaps you can give me some information. I feel so thoroughly puzzled, and really fear all is not right."

"Where? and how?"

"I will have redress if it be possible," pursued the lady; "but how to set about obtaining it! Draw to the fire, Mr. Ellin; it is a cold day."

They both drew to the fire. She continued,

"You know the Christmas holidays are near?"

He nodded.

"Well, about a fortnight since, I wrote, as is customary, to the friends of my pupils, notifying the day when we break up, and requesting that, if it was desired that any girl should stay the vacation, intimation should be sent accordingly. Satisfactory and prompt answers came to all the notes except one—that addressed to Conway Fitzgibbon, Esquire, May Park, Midland County—Matilda Fitzgibbon's father, you know."

"What! won't he let her go home?"

"Let her go home, my dear Sir! you shall hear. Two weeks elapsed, during which I daily expected an answer; none came. I felt annoyed at the delay, as I had particularly requested a speedy reply. This very morning I had made up my mind to write again, when—what do you think the post brought me?"

"I should like to know."

"My own letter—actually my own—returned from the post-office, with an intimation—such an intimation!—but read for yourself."

She handed to Mr. Ellin an envelope; he took from it the returned note and a paper—the paper bore a hastily-scrawled line or two. It said, in brief terms, that there was no such place in Midland County as May Park, and that no such person had ever been heard of there as Conway Fitzgibbon, Esquire.

On reading this, Mr. Ellin slightly opened his eyes.

"I hardly thought it was so bad as this," said he.

"What! you did think it was bad then? You suspected that something was wrong?"

"Really! I scarcely knew what I thought or

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suspected. How very odd, no such place as May Park! The grand mansion, the grounds, the oaks, the deer, vanished clean away. And then Fitzgibbon himself! But you saw Fitzgibbon—he came in his carriage?"

"In his carriage!" echoed Miss Wilcox; "a most stylish equipage, and himself a most distinguished person. Do you think, after all, there is some mistake?"

"Certainly, a mistake; but when it is rectified, I don't think Fitzgibbon or May Park will be forthcoming. Shall I run down to Midland County, and look after these two precious objects?"

"Oh! would you be so good, Mr. Ellin? I knew you would be so kind; personal inquiry, you know—there's nothing like it."

"Nothing at all. Meantime, what shall you do with the child—the pseudo-heiress, if pseudo she be? Shall you correct her—let her know her place?"

"I think," responded Miss Wilcox, reflectively—"I think not exactly as yet; my plan is to do nothing in a hurry; we will inquire first. If, after all, she should turn out to be connected as was at first supposed, one had better not do any thing which one might afterward regret. No; I shall make no difference with her till I hear from you again."

"Very good. As you please," said Mr. Ellin, with that coolness which made him so convenient a counselor in Miss Wilcox's opinion. In his dry laconism she found the response suited to her outer worldliness. She thought he said enough if he did not oppose her. The comment he stinted so avariciously she did not want.

Mr. Ellin "ran down," as he said, to Midland County. It was an errand that seemed to suit him; for he had curious predilections as well as peculiar methods of his own. Any secret quest was to his taste; perhaps there was something of the amateur detective in him. He could conduct an inquiry and draw no attention. His quiet face never looked inquisitive, nor did his sleepless eye betray vigilance.

He was away about a week. The day after his return he appeared in Miss Wilcox's presence as cool as if he had seen her but yesterday. Confronting her with that fathomless face he liked to show her, he first told her he had done nothing.

Let Mr. Ellin be as enigmatical as he would, he never puzzled Miss Wilcox. She never saw enigma in the man. Some people feared, because they did not understand, him; to her it had not yet occurred to begin to spell his nature or analyze his character. If she had an impression about him, it was that he was an idle but obliging man, not aggressive, of few words, but often convenient. Whether he were clever and deep, or deficient and shallow, close or open, odd or ordinary, she saw no practical end to be answered by inquiry, and therefore did not inquire.

"Why had he done nothing?" she now asked.

"Chiefly because there was nothing to do."

"Then he could give her no information?"

"Not much: only this, indeed—Conway Fitzgibbon was a man of straw; May Park a house of cards. There was no vestige of such man or mansion in Midland County, or in any other shire in England. Tradition herself had nothing to say about either the name or the place. The Oracle of old deeds and registers, when consulted, had not responded."

"Who can he be, then, that came here, and who is this child?"

"That's just what I can't tell you: an incapacity which makes me say I have done nothing."

"And how am I to get paid?"

"Can't tell you that either."

"A quarter's board and education owing, and masters' terms besides," pursued Miss Wilcox. "How infamous! I can't afford the loss."

"And if we were only in the good old times," said Mr. Ellin, "where we ought to be, you might just send Miss Matilda out to the plantations in Virginia, sell her for what she is worth, and pay yourself."

"Matilda, indeed, and Fitzgibbon! A little impostor! I wonder what her real name is?"

"Betty Hodge? Poll Smith? Hannah Jones?" suggested Mr. Ellin.

"Now," cried Miss Wilcox, "give me credit for sagacity! It's very odd, but try as I would—and I made every effort—I never could really like that child. She has had every indulgence in this house; and I am sure I made great sacrifice of feeling to principle in showing her much attention; for I could not make any one believe the degree of antipathy I have all along felt toward her."

"Yes. I can believe it. I saw it."

"Did you? Well—it proves that my discernment is rarely at fault. Her game is up now, however; and time it was. I have said nothing to her yet; but now—"

"Have her in while I am here," said Mr. Ellin. "Has she known of this business? Is she in the secret? Is she herself an accomplice, or a mere tool? Have her in."

Miss Wilcox rang the bell, demanded Matilda Fitzgibbon, and the false heiress soon appeared. She came in her ringlets, her sash, and her furbelowed dress adornments—alas! no longer acceptable.

"Stand there!" said Miss Wilcox, sternly, checking her as she approached the hearth. "Stand there on the farther side of the table. I have a few questions to put to you, and your business will be to answer them. And mind—let us have the truth. *We will not endure lies.*"

Ever since Miss Fitzgibbon had been found in the fit, her face had retained a peculiar paleness and her eyes a dark orbit. When thus addressed, she began to shake and blanch like conscious guilt personified.

"Who are you?" demanded Miss Wilcox. "What do you know about yourself?"

A sort of half-interjection escaped the girl's

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lips; it was a sound expressing partly fear, and partly the shock the nerves feel when an evil, very long expected, at last and suddenly arrives.

"Keep yourself still, and reply, if you please," said Miss Wilcox, whom nobody should blame for lacking pity, because nature had not made her compassionate. "What is your name? We know you have no right to that of Matilda Fitzgibbon."

She gave no answer.

"I do insist upon a reply. Speak you shall, sooner or later. So you had better do it at once."

This inquisition had evidently a very strong effect upon the subject of it. She stood as if palsied, trying to speak, but apparently not competent to articulate.

Miss Wilcox did not fly into a passion, but she grew very stern and urgent; spoke a little loud; and there was a dry clamor in her raised voice which seemed to beat upon the ear and bewilder the brain. Her interest had been injured—her pocket wounded—she was vindicating her rights—and she had no eye to see, and no nerve to feel, but for the point in hand. Mr. Ellin appeared to consider himself strictly a looker-on; he stood on the hearth very quiet.

At last the culprit spoke. A low voice escaped her lips. "Oh, my head!" she cried, lifting her hands to her forehead. She staggered, but caught the door, and did not fall. Some accusers might have been startled by such a cry—even silenced; not so Miss Wilcox. She was neither cruel nor violent; but she was coarse because insensible. Having just drawn breath, she went on harsh as ever.

Mr. Ellin, leaving the hearth, deliberately paced up the room as if he were tired of standing still, and would walk a little for a change. In returning and passing near the door and the criminal, a faint breath seemed to seek his ear, whispering his name—

"Oh, Mr. Ellin!"

The child dropped as she spoke. A curious voice—not like Mr. Ellin's, though it came from his lips—asked Miss Wilcox to cease speaking, and say no more. He gathered from the floor what had fallen on it. She seemed overcome, but not unconscious. Resting beside Mr. Ellin, in a few minutes she again drew breath. She raised her eyes to him.

"Come, my little one; have no fear," said he.

Reposing her head against him, she gradually became reassured. It did not cost him another word to bring her round; even that strong trembling was calmed by the mere effects of his protection. He told Miss Wilcox, with remarkable tranquillity, but still with a certain decision, that the little girl must be put to bed. He carried her up stairs, and saw her laid there himself. Returning to Miss Wilcox, he said:

"Say no more to her. Beware, or you will do more mischief than you think or wish. That kind of nature is very different from yours. It is not possible that you should like it; but let it alone. We will talk more on the subject to-morrow. Let me question her." . . . . . .

OUR CEMETERIES.

EVERY man of true feeling rejoices in the growing taste of the country in regard to cemeteries. A sentiment so sacred as the memory of the dead ought not to be merely cherished, it should be expressed; and society, as such, should have acknowledged forms of representing its depth and tenderness. The dead are not only ours personally, by virtue of those ties that carry the beauty and strength of immortality in them, but they retain a social value that a Christian community holds dear to its heart. The natural exhibition of this trait of moral refinement is in appropriate places of sepulture; and, in this way, cemeteries are types of public opinion, touching the dead. A grave never speaks its full pathos to more than one or, perhaps, two; but if it does not reach our profoundest passions, it is something, in the estimate of humanity, for it to address our gentler emotions and fix its images of repose within the mind. A landscape of death, presented by a cemetery where taste and scenery have combined to heighten the effect, is the counterpart of life's busy multitude; it is a departed world in close proximity to the stir and strife of animated being; and while it links us with the dust beneath our feet, it makes the earth itself something more than a material sphere by the redeemed treasures locked in its bosom.

It could not have been expected that cemeteries, so recently introduced among us, should conform at once to the genuine principles of Christian art. There was much to be learned here, as in every other department of religious taste. Speculating companies would naturally act on the laws of trade, and drive as good bargains as possible. To catch the popular eye, and minister to that love of show which, even in the sorrow of bereavement, seems to cling to the frail natures of so many, would prompt such outlays of money as should answer the end sought. Open, too, as they have been, to the display of private predilections for this or that style of ornament—often with no guide but a marble-mason—it is not surprising that the beautiful ideal of a cemetery should be so frequently disfigured. It is sad to find such evidences of whim, caprice, ambition, and vanity intruding on the sanctity of our great burial-places. The offense against good taste is the least of the evil. Our hearts are probed to the quick; our associations with the grave are violated; sentiment is dishonored; religion is degraded by these fanciful, morbid, extravagant efforts to pay homage to the dead. There is no real human nature in the matter. By far the most of them are the costly errors of those who are slaves to false ideas—creatures of conventionalism, where conventionalism is most unreliable. If we walk through one of these cemeteries, we can hardly fail to be painfully impressed. Half of the monuments seem to aim at something more than a memorial of the departed. The apparent object is to arrest the attention of the passer-by; to entice him into admiration; to levy a tribute on his contemplative wonder. At

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every turn of the graveled road we see fantastic iron, granite, marble. Here are devices from ancient heathenism, and there are imitations of memorials dug from Indian mounds. Fancy has been taxed and ingenuity strained to fashion things without soul or meaning.

Now, certainly, there ought to be but little appearance of Art, and that of the purest and highest simplicity about such spots. The Christian idea of a grave is nature's resting-place in nature's bosom. It is dust to dust, ashes to ashes. The range of creative art ought, therefore, to be strictly limited by the conditions of the primary thought inherent in the grave. How does Scripture illustrate this sentiment? How does our noblest sacred poetry elaborate it? The images of death are necessarily few; and even inspired pens, commanding the whole scope of delicate, truthful, and impressive imagery, rarely transcend the fading grass, the falling leaf, the withering flower. Jesus Christ was content with the metaphor of sleep. In harmony with these facts, and in obedience to the principle underlying them, Art ought to be content to keep itself entirely in the back-ground at the grave. Earth itself, and what earth offers as significant of the mournful event, ought to be the prominent idea. Art may justly undertake to embody this idea; but let it be done with the limitations that simplicity and sacredness impose on its conceptions.

The fact is, that most of our cemeteries are arranged and adorned on principles that are utterly incongruous with the nature and objects of these hallowed retreats. One who retires to them from the scenes of city show and splendor finds the same spirit of worldly folly and extravagance that builds for the eye and advertises the respectability of the purse. The visitors who walk or ride through them look and talk as if they were in a pleasure park. The moral power of the scene is enfeebled or lost. The glitter of marble, the open spaces for dazzling sunshine, the want of shade, the absence of scenery appropriate to death and the grave, torture the eye of one whose soul has felt the deep import of bereavement. Let any man of sensibility go into one of these fashionable public gardens called cemeteries, and, seating himself on a knoll overlooking a group of these splendidly-ornamented lots, let him read the chapter in St. John's Gospel in which the death and resurrection of Lazarus are recorded; or let him repeat the burial-service of the Church of England, or Bryant's Thanatopsis; and if he is not conscious of instant violence done to his sentiments and feelings by the breadth of contrast between the brilliant panorama before his eyes and the touching words just read, he will have reason to suspect that even his emotions have been conventionalized by the pomps and vanities of the world. Turning from such scenes, let him go into a neat, beautiful, old-fashioned grave-yard, where trees and shrubbery shade the graves of departed generations—where the grass is left to grow green, and then to wither and die—where the leaves fall just as autumn scatters them, and lie close-folded over the uplifted turf, and surely he will have a sacredness present in the still air—present in the sod, as his foot gently touches it, that is in holy unison with death and the grave. Why may not a great cemetery preserve these natural features? There is certainly no reason why walks, roads, flowers, trees, grass-plats should be so contrived and arranged as absolutely to dissipate the mind, and awaken ideas and feelings rather akin to a tasteful entertainment than to the deeply-pathetic scenery of a burial-place. Such ambitious things come between us and the dead. Friends buried thus seem beyond our reach. We can not clasp their last resting-place and look up to the peace of the blessed sky from their side. They have no whispers of watching angels, and the seal of God's Acre is overlaid by the devices of man's hand.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE proceedings in Congress during the past month have been characterized by even more than usual violence and disorder. Thus, in the House, Mr. Van Wyck, of New York, in the course of a speech, said: "One gentleman spoke of Massachusetts burning witches in ancient times. Does he not know that your own people [of the South] burn slaves at the stake, and it seems to waken no horror in your minds?" Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, pronounced the statement false—utterly false—and branded the member from New York as a "liar and a scoundrel," and asked if he "would go outside of the District of Columbia and test the question of personal courage with a Southern man?" Mr. Gartrell also pronounced the statement of Mr. Van Wyck to be false. The Chair appealed to the members not to violate the rules of the House; Mr. Davis would observe them, but would not permit the Southern people to be slandered; Mr. Van Wyck replied, that if gentlemen were so sensitive as to their own feelings they should regard those of others: if they had been so there would have been no such wholesale denunciations of the people of the North as had been made during the first eight weeks of the session of Congress.—Some days later Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, made a violent speech on the Slavery question. While speaking, he left his seat and advanced into the area, approaching the "Southern side" of the House, speaking and gesticulating with great violence. Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, sprang from his seat and approached Mr. Lovejoy, declaring that he should not come over to that side and "shake his fists in a menacing and ruffianly manner." Members of both parties rushed toward the spot; those upon one side declaring that Mr. Lovejoy should not speak from that place, while those on the other side supported him. Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, brandished a

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heavy cane, shouting to Lovejoy, "You lying scoundrel, come over here if you dare!" A general fight seemed imminent, the Chairman called in vain for order, the Sergeant-at-Arms was summoned; and at length comparative quiet was restored, Mr. Lovejoy finishing his speech from the Clerk's desk, being notwithstanding frequently interrupted by such remarks as, "You perjure yourself!" "You violate the Constitution!" "I hold no parley with a perjured negro!" "The meanest negro in the South is your superior!" "If you come to Virginia, we will hang you higher than we did John Brown!"

The proper business of Congress has, in the mean while, somewhat slowly advanced. The prominent measures upon which action has been taken are the following:

In the House a bill prohibiting and punishing polygamy, with special reference to the Mormons in Utah; the closing speech against the bill was made by Mr. Hooper, the delegate from Utah, who said that he himself was not a polygamist; that the number of people in Utah who practiced polygamy was not more than half of the whole population—probably not more than half had more than two wives; there were no laws to compel a man to have more than one wife, and there were no Church regulations compelling a woman to marry a man against her will. The passage of the bill, he said, would not be acceptable to the people of Utah, nor would it tend to put down polygamy; but it would unite the people in a common cause, and would revive the ill feeling between the Mormons and the General Government, which had so lately been extinguished. The bill was passed by a vote of 149 to 60.——The Committee, appointed on motion of Mr. Covode, for the purpose of investigating whether the President of the United States or any officer of the Government has sought to influence the passage of any law appertaining to the rights of any State or Territory; or has attempted to defeat the execution of any law; or whether the President has failed or refused to compel the execution of any law, has commenced its investigations. In reference to this Committee the President transmitted a Message to the House protesting against it. He says that, with the exception of the single case of impeachment, the House has no authority whatever over the President. He is, in fact, the only representative of all the States, and to them only is he responsible; and he will take care that the rights and prerogatives of the States shall not be violated in his person. The mover of the Committee is made a member of it; the accuser, therefore, occupies the position of judge, which is a violation of the principles of universal justice, and is condemned by the practice of all civilized nations. The charge is vague and indefinite. He protests against the Committee for no personal reason; he is conscious that there is no public act of his life which will not bear scrutiny. "I do, therefore," he says, in conclusion, "in the name of the people of the several States, solemnly protest against these proceedings of the House of Representatives; because they are in violation of the rights of a co-ordinate Executive branch of the Government, and subversive of its constitutional independence; because they are calculated to foster a band of interested parasites and informers, ever ready, for their own advantage, to swear before *ex-parte* Committees to pretended private conversations between the President and themselves incapable, from their nature, of being disproved, thus furnishing materials for harassing him, degrading him in the eyes of the country, and eventually—should he be a weak or timid man—rendering him subservient to improper influences, in order to avoid such persecutions and annoyances; because they tend to destroy that harmonious action for the common good which ought to be maintained, and which I sincerely desire to cherish between the co-ordinate branches of the Government; and finally, because, if unresisted, they would establish a precedent dangerous and embarrassing to all my successors, to whatever political party they might be attached."——Mr. Cochrane, of New York, has prepared a bill, making a complete codification of all the revenue laws of the United States, with emendations of detail and practical working, as adopted under the regulations of the Treasury Department, and practically approved under its authority, though without the sanction of law. The bill has been in preparation for a long time, and has passed under the supervision of two Secretaries of the Treasury and three Committees of Commerce.

The Senate have passed bills fixing the postage on drop letters at one cent instead of two, and authorizing publishers to print on the wrappers of papers the date when subscriptions expire; the West Point Academy Bill, with an amendment, making provisions to pay the expenses of the Texas volunteers; directing inquiry into the expediency of extinguishing the Indian title to the land about Pike's Peak; establishing mail routes in Kansas; directing advertisements for proposals to carry the overland mails to the Pacific by a single route; providing for the protection of female passengers on board emigrant ships; reducing by 25 per cent. the amount to be paid for Government printing, and providing that the binding be executed by book-binders elected by Congress. Animated debates have taken place upon the Pacific Railroad and the Homestead bills; but no action has yet been taken upon them.——The Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee have made little progress. Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York, who had been summoned as a witness, appeared, but refusing to answer the questions propounded, was by order of the Senate committed to prison.—Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, Massachusetts, through whose hands much of the money received by John Brown appears to have passed, and who it was supposed could throw light upon the plot, was arrested at his residence by the deputies of the United States Sergeant-at-Arms. A crowd of citizens prevented the officers from taking away the prisoner until a writ of *habeas corpus* could be issued. His counsel asked for his release upon the following grounds—1. That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States has no power out of the District of Columbia; 2. That the precept of arrest being directed to him, he alone can serve it; 3. That he can not deputize his power to others out of the District of Columbia. Chief Justice Shaw decided that the case presented no conflict of authority between the Executive of the United States and that of Massachusetts; the Court were not prepared to say that the Senate could not have its precepts served out of the District of Columbia; but there was not any doubt on the point that the Sergeant-at-Arms could not depute his authority to another person; a warrant of this sort must be limited to the person to whom it is given. The prisoner was thereupon discharged.

Hon. Edward Bates, of Missouri, who has been mentioned as a probable Opposition candidate for the Presidency, has published a letter defining his position on the leading question of the day. He has no opinions on the subject of slavery formed since the

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Missouri question of 1820. He regards slavery as an evil; but one over which the Federal Government has no control in the States; but it has in the Territories; holds that the policy and spirit of the Government should be opposed to its extension. The Constitution does not carry it into the Territories, and acts upon it only where it is established by local law. The only point decided in the Dred Scott case was that Scott was not a citizen, and the Court could not therefore act in his case; the opinions of the Judges on other questions were extra-judicial, and are of no authority. He advocates the colonization of the free blacks in the American tropics; is in favor of a homestead law, the construction of a railroad to the Pacific under the auspices of the Government, and the immediate admission of Kansas into the Union.——Aaron D. Stephens and Albert Hazlett, the last of the captured companions of John Brown, were executed at Charlestown, Virginia, the 16th of March. The bodies were delivered to their friends, and were buried at Englewood, New Jersey.

In *New Hampshire*, Mr. Goodwin, the Republican candidate, has been elected Governor by a majority of 4600 votes; the Republicans have a large majority in both Houses of the Legislature.——In *Connecticut*, Mr. Buckingham, Republican, has been re-elected Governor by a majority of about 600—only one-third of his former majority; the Legislature is Republican by a large majority, which secures to this party a United States Senator, who is soon to be chosen.——In *Rhode Island*, Mr. Sprague, Democrat, who was also supported by the "Conservatives," has been elected Governor by about 1500 majority. The Legislature is Democratic.——*Nebraska* has voted in favor of the formation of a State Government, and the Republicans have elected a majority of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention.

MEXICO.

The party of the Church has met with serious reverses. Miramon, with five thousand men and a numerous train of artillery, set out from the capital to make an attack upon Vera Cruz. Having reached the neighborhood of the city he made an assault, on the 5th of March, which was repulsed; the city was then bombarded for seventeen days without any very serious damage, the siege being finally raised on the 17th, Miramon's forces disappearing in the direction of the capital. In the mean while, as he had no naval force, and was not in possession of a single seaport, he had purchased at Havana two war steamers, the *Miramon* and *Marquez*, designing to use them in the attack upon Vera Cruz. They were placed under the command of Admiral Marin. They appeared before Vera Cruz on the 6th, but showed no colors. Commander Turner, of the United States ship *Saratoga*, with detachments from other vessels, in tow of two small steamers, proceeded to the anchorage to ascertain the character of the strangers; these attempted to escape, and upon a shot being fired ahead to bring them to, a fire was returned from the *Miramon*. This was replied to by a broadside from the *Saratoga*, when a general action ensued, which ended in the capture of the *Miramon* and *Marquez*. The prizes, with one hundred and fifty prisoners and a large amount of ammunition, were sent to New Orleans. Admiral Marin has issued a statement of these proceedings. He says that he did not fire upon the United States vessels until two shots had been fired against him. He protests against the "outrage committed without the least color of right or pretense of excuse, upon vessels and men belonging to the Mexican Republic in the waters of Mexico and within cannon-shot of the coast," while Mexico is at peace with the United States; against the capture of his vessels; against the slaughter of his men after all resistance had ceased; against their capture, conveyance to New Orleans, and their subsequent committal to prison.—The capture of these vessels, and the consequent loss of the ammunition on board is assigned as the cause of the failure of Miramon's attack upon Vera Cruz. Immediately after the capture of his steamers Miramon sent a decree to the capital confiscating all American property, and ordering Americans to leave the country.

EUROPE.

The interest of European affairs continues to be mainly centered in the settlement of the Italian question. The project of a general European Congress appears to be quietly dropped, and the Italian States, with the understood protection of France against foreign interference, are tacitly left to settle their government in their own way. The French Emperor has ostensibly favored a Confederation of the Italian States rather than their union into one monarchy, with the King of Sardinia as sovereign. The French Foreign Minister, M. Thouvenel, writes to Count Cavour that if King Victor Emanuel accepts the annexation of Tuscany he must do so at his own risk, without reckoning upon the support of France. Yet it would seem that there must have been an understanding between the Courts of Sardinia and France, since Count Cavour, in a dispatch to Baron Ricasoli, says, "France manifests no preference relative to the choice of a future sovereign; but the verbal and authentic assurances of the French Government show that the election of a Prince of the House of Savoy would not be opposed by France." The King of Sardinia would not accept the annexation of Tuscany unless the nation was in favor of it; he hoped that the vote would be taken in such a manner as to evince the popular will; and "whatever may be the result, the King accepts it beforehand." In Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, which had expelled their sovereigns, and in Romagna and other "Æmilian provinces" which had revolted from the Papal Government, the question of the new organization has been submitted to a popular vote. Every male beyond the age of twenty-one was allowed to vote. Of these, according to the returns, fully four-fifth availed themselves of the privilege; of the voters an immense majority voted in favor of annexation to Sardinia. Thus, in Tuscany there were 366,571 votes for annexation, and 14,925 for a separate kingdom; in Romagna the vote was for annexation 200,659, for a separate kingdom 224. The King of Sardinia has formally accepted the responsibility thrown upon him by these almost unanimous votes for annexation. To the representative from Romagna, who had presented the result of the vote, he said "I accept the solemn vote, and henceforth will be proud to call them my people. In uniting to my ancient provinces not only the States of Modena and Parma, but also the Romagna, which has already separated itself from the Papal Government, I do not intend to fail in my deep devotedness to the Chief of the Church." In reply to the Tuscan representative, who announced the result of the vote, the King said that he accepted the vote by which Tuscany had united her destinies with those of Sardinia. The Pope has formally refused to sanction the secession of his revolted provinces from the States of the Church, and is said to meditate the excommunication of the King of Sardinia. The French Emperor, in view of the formation of so powerful a

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kingdom in Northern Italy, which would hold all the passes of the Alps, claimed that the safety of his frontiers demanded that Sardinia should give up to France the provinces of Savoy and Nice, lying on the French side of the Alps. These provinces, which formerly belonged to France, and were separated from her at the peace of 1815, both by geographical position and by the character of the people, are French rather than Italian. After some diplomatic correspondence, the King of Sardinia replied that he could not refuse to take into consideration the changes which the events in Italy had made in the situation of the population of Savoy and Nice; and as he demanded that the people of Central Italy should have the right to choose their own rulers, he could not refuse the same rights to his subjects living on the other side of the Alps. The Emperor has announced that the reunion of Savoy and Nice to France has been agreed upon, the consent of Sardinia and the population having been obtained, and the negotiations with the Powers who signed the treaty of 1815 permitted the hope of a favorable examination of the question by the greater part of them. This project was at first received in Great Britain with strong disfavor, and speeches were made against it in Parliament, but it soon became evident that neither the Government nor the people were disposed to make it a ground for rupture with France. The annexation adds nearly a million to the population of the French Empire.

Literary Notices.

The History of France, by PARKE GODWIN. Vol. I. Ancient Gaul. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The apology for this work, if any such were needed in the present day of ambitious historical composition, might be found in the fact explicitly stated by the author in his preface, that it is intended to occupy a place which, strangely enough, has hitherto been left vacant both in the literature of England and of this country. Considering the central position in the civilization of Europe that has been maintained by France since the commencement of modern history, the deficiency is not a little remarkable, but may perhaps be accounted for by the familiarity of educated English readers with the French historians themselves, whose labors, to those who can read them, render any other attempt superfluous. This is no reason, however, for not preparing such a work for our own country, where an acquaintance with French literature is less general; and Mr. Godwin, accordingly, has addressed himself to the task, after a laborious investigation of the subject and with ample collection of notes and materials for several volumes. His plan embraces a narrative of the principal events in French history, from the earliest records to the epoch of the Revolution; treating consecutively of Ancient Gaul (to which the present volume is entirely devoted), terminating with the death of Charlemagne; Feudal France, closing with St. Louis; France during the national, civil, and religious wars; France under the ministries of Sully, Mazarin, and Richelieu; the reign of Louis XIV.; and the Eighteenth Century. The authorities on each of these periods are ample in extent and trust-worthy in character, and need only the hand of a master to be wrought into a historical monument of singular richness, beauty, and utility.

The country to which the name of Gaul was early applied was no less remarkable for its situation between two large oceans, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, two lofty chains of mountains, the Alps and the Pyrenees, and the most beautiful river of Europe, the Rhine, than for the salubrity of its climate and the fertility of its soil, although its physical characteristics were of a more austere character than those of France at the present day. It was covered, in certain portions, by extensive forests and morasses; the winters were more severe than now; animals like the elk, the bison, and others, which are found chiefly in the colder regions, were not uncommon; and the largest streams were frequently frozen so solid as to allow the passage of armies. In the north the thick forests of oak, beech, elm, and pine, often mingled with the gloomy yew and the box, shut out the genial rays of the sun, and the atmosphere was constantly damp. But toward the south the asperities of the season relaxed. The rich valleys and luxuriant plains were adorned with profuse vegetation. The climate softened into that of Italy, and even the fruits of the East came to maturity. The trees were gayly hung with wild vines, the fig, the olive, and the pomegranate flourished in the open fields; and millet, barley, wheat, and maize were easily cultivated. The population of this varied region has been estimated at from eight to ten millions, and bore in antiquity the common name of Kelts, or Gauls.

They are described by ancient writers as of large stature, light-eyed, yellow or auburn haired, of quick, irritable temperament, and very loquacious. They wore their hair long and flowing; their breeks were made of a variegated wool or plaid; their short cloaks of the same material clasped over the shoulders, and, falling to the hips, were often embroidered with gold and silver figures. The more opulent chiefs rejoiced in a profusion of rings, collars, bracelets, and chains twisted of a slender wire. It was chiefly on going to war that the Gaul put on his bravest apparel; a huge head-piece of feather or fur; a quadrangular shield, painted with all the colors of the rainbow; a great sabre, suspended to a belt of gold and silver inlaid with coral; and splendid ornaments of the neck, arms, and wrists. In the heat of battle, however, he would often cast off such superfluities, and fight as Nature made him.

The Gaul was fond of loud and metaphorical language, fluent in debate, but not over-scrupulous as regards the truth. Both in war and peace they were of a gregarious disposition, liked to move in masses, cherished a strong fellow-feeling, and in their intercourse with each other—when not provoked—were simple-hearted and kindly. But their chief trait was an impulsive and fiery courage, which inflamed the brain, and in the frenzy of excitement led to an utter recklessness of death. Their festivals seldom ended without a mortal fray; and sometimes they would allow themselves to be killed for a sum of money or a stoup of wine, which they previously shared with their friends. Still, with all their impetuosity, their enthusiasm soon evaporated. They were inconstant, fickle, and easily dejected. Their frivolity of character made them intolerable in victory and despondent in defeat. Always in extremes, there was no limit either to their audacity or their discouragement.

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The houses of the better classes among the Gauls were built of poles and wattle-work, plastered with clay and thatched with straw. Their villages were strongly fortified by walls composed of alternate courses of beams and stones, surrounded by ditches, and sometimes surmounted by turrets or towers. They cultivated wheat, barley, and flax, planted and dressed vineyards, and raised bees, cattle, swine, and sheep. Soap, butter, and salt were in common use, and their preserved meats and cheeses were celebrated abroad. They were the first European nation to leaven their bread with the foam of beer, to enrich the earth with calcareous marls and manures, to preserve wine in casks, to cleanse grain with a sieve, to plow with a wheeled plow, and to fill mattresses with wool instead of straw—all of which were processes of their own discovery. They were acquainted with several of the useful and even elegant mechanical arts. Their dyes were held in high repute; they extracted metals from mines, and fashioned them into articles of utility and show; they wove and embroidered carpets similar to the modern Turkey carpets; they understood the art of plating one metal upon another, of tempering copper to the hardness of steel, and of veneering woods; they made a woolen felt which resisted the stroke of a sword; and manufactured cloths of plaid and checkered linen of excellent quality. Commerce was developed among them to a very considerable extent; nor were they unacquainted with the art of building vessels of war.

Under the general divisions of Primitive Gaul, Roman Gaul, Roman-German Gaul, and German Gaul, the history of this remarkable people is succinctly traced down to the time of Charlemagne, who, of course, stands in the foreground of the historical canvas. His character and influence are portrayed in a few vigorous and effective touches. Karl the Great, as Mr. Godwin prefers to call him, is almost alone and apart in the annals of Europe. For nearly a thousand years before him, or from the time of Julius Cæsar, no monarch had won so universal and brilliant a renown; and for nearly a thousand years after him, or until the days of Charles V., of Germany, no monarch attained any thing like an equal dominion. Germany claims him as one of her most illustrious sons; France, as her noblest king; Italy, as her chosen emperor; and the Church, as her most prodigal benefactor. He was deemed the founder of the institutions of the Middle Ages, the source of the peerage, the inspirer of chivalry, the creator of the universities, and the endower of the churches. The genius of romance, kindling its fantastic torches at the flame of his deeds, lighted up a new and marvelous world about him, filled with wonderful adventures and heroic forms. The personal traits of Charlemagne, as delineated by Mr. Godwin, present an interesting and attractive study. In figure, he was tall and robust, but well proportioned. The top of his head was round; his eyes were large and piercing; his nose a little long; his neck short; his countenance open and lively; his presence full of dignity and command. He walked with a firm step, was an excellent rider where every body was on horseback, surpassed all his fellows in swimming, and, until the last four years of his life, enjoyed almost unbroken health. His tastes were remarkably simple; he preferred the rude costumes of his fathers to the Roman ornaments and robes, and plain fare to costly viands and exquisite wines. He was fond of conversation; his words were appropriate and eloquent; he was usually of a serious disposition, but at times not without a certain childlike glee. Toward his friends he was generous, placable toward his enemies, and but too indulgent to his children. In the domestic relations his conduct was not always exemplary, though in his edicts he severely denounced every form of vice. Nor can it be doubted, in the opinion of the historian, that he cherished a genuine regard for morality, a deep, inward love of truth and goodness. His piety was tinctured with the superstitions of the age, but was spontaneous, sincere, and earnest. He favored every thing that tended to human advancement. He delighted in literature, and was a devoted patron of music, architecture, and the more elegant arts. His own scholastic education had not been neglected. He spoke Latin, had a smattering of Greek and the Oriental languages, and to a certain extent was familiar with the sciences of his day. He wrote with difficulty, for the hand so used to grasp the sword could not wield the pen with ease; but he recorded the old traditionary poems of his race, and corrected the texts of the Greek Gospels by the Syriac versions. His favorite reading was St. Augustine's subtle and sublime treatise of the City of God. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable. Not warriors, but men of letters, were his favorite companions. He loved to tempt to his court rhetoricians, historians, and poets, and domesticate them in his family. They conversed with him in his hours of repast and leisure, instructed his children and the children of his nobles, and executed his generous purposes for restoring schools and letters.

Mr. Godwin's treatment of the general subject of his work is comprehensive and vigorous. He uses his authorities, of which he has evidently made a profound study, with discrimination and good judgment—not with too much deference, but in a manly and independent spirit, though free from defiance or audacity. The style is not remarkable for elaborate refinement, but is uniformly muscular, healthy, and effective. In the progress of his narrative he has occasion to consider several ethnological questions of not a little difficulty, and if he has not always succeeded in disentangling the complicated web, he has presented plausible reasons in support of his views, on which, after all, a great variety of opinion is a matter of course. His adoption of the German orthography for the principal proper names which have become familiar to us in the French form is hardly called for by the historical considerations alluded to in their behalf; and in a work expressly intended for popular reading will be apt to produce an injurious effect.

The Life of Daniel Wilson, D.D., by JOSIAH BATEMAN, M.A. (Published by Gould and Lincoln.) The late Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, whose memoirs are contained in this volume, was no less remarkable for his bold and original personal traits than for his position as a strenuous advocate of the Calvinistic or Evangelical element in the English Established Church. He was the son of a wealthy silk manufacturer in London, where he was born on the 2d of July, 1778. After receiving the rudiments of a good education at a private school, he was apprenticed, at the age of fourteen, to an uncle, also an extensive silk manufacturer, in whose warehouse he remained for about five years. Becoming the subject of profound religious impressions, he could not content himself in the ordinary routine of a secular calling, but was impressed with the irresistible conviction that he was called in duty to commence an education with a

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view to engaging in the ministry of the Gospel. In pursuance of this idea he entered St. Edmund's Hall, at Oxford, in 1798, where he soon became equally distinguished for his literary ardor, the success of his studies, and his devoted piety. Long after he had left his college traditionary stories were told of his studious habits. Among other illustrations of his zeal it is stated that, in order to acquire a good Latin style, and enable himself to converse familiarly in that language, he translated the whole of Cicero's Epistles into English, and then retranslated them into Latin.

His entrance upon the ministry was in a small agricultural village in Surrey, called Chobham, as curate to the celebrated Richard Cecil, between whom and Daniel Wilson there was a more than common affinity of character, as well as a union of religious sympathies and literary tastes. He remained in this parish for about two years, a model of apostolic devotion and strenuous activity, when in 1803 he accepted an appointment as tutor in the University of Oxford. Here his collegiate duties occupied him during the week, and he officiated as curate of the neighboring parish of Worton on Sundays. His connection with Oxford continued for more than eight years—from January, 1804, to June, 1812—while, in the mean time, he had exchanged the curacy of Worton for the charge of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, London, as successor to Mr. Cecil. During his service in this station he established a high reputation as an earnest, eloquent, and effective preacher. Crowded congregations hung upon his lips, listening to his commanding oratory and impassioned appeals. He possessed none of the usual arts of rhetoric that win the admiration of the multitude. There was not the slightest trace of affectation in his address, but he challenged attention by his earnestness and sincerity. His manner was natural; his voice singularly impressive and agreeable; his enunciation clear and distinct; and his action—now grave, now vehement, but always graceful and appropriate—varied with the character of his subject. "There was a seriousness in his manner before which levity shrunk abashed; an occasional vehemence, which swept all obstacles before it; a pathos and tenderness which opened in a moment the fountain of tears; and a command which silenced for a time the mutterings of unbelief."

At first he took but few notes with him into the pulpit, although his sermons were thoroughly prepared. He gradually enlarged his notes for the sake of lessening the strain upon his mind; and finally, his sermons were fully written, though not always preached as written. Argument was mingled with exhortation, and exposition of Scripture was varied by appeals to the conscience. "There were no set phrases to fill up gaps; no needless repetitions to spin out time; but all was clear, solid, natural, impressive, instructive. Occasionally there was hesitation for want of the right word; but the only effect of this was to excite the idea of fullness of matter and eagerness of purpose." His sermons were often long, and, as he had no parochial charge, were made the centre round which other duties revolved. He selected the texts on Sunday evening or Monday morning, and they thus became the theme of meditation during the week. If he met a brother clergyman in the streets the conversation would turn, not on the news of the day, but on the last or next Sunday's sermon. He was always curious to know what was the text, the mode of treatment, and the practical effect. No labor was deemed too great to give completeness to his discourses. He never shrunk from painstaking. He was always a student, and delighted in study. One side of his manuscript was covered with extracts from critics, commentators, fathers, divines, and devotional writers of all kinds. In one of his sermons, which had been several times preached, there were long quotations from eight different authors. Six or seven discourses, taken at random, show long extracts from no fewer than fifty-nine different authorities, including Vitringa, Luther, Lowth, Calvin, Scott, Henry, Maclaurin, Leighton, Davenant, Chrysostom, Cyprian, Daillé, Milner, Macknight, Clement of Alexandria, Bourdaloue, Horsley, Waterland, Lardner, Blomfield, Butler, Cecil, Hooker, Sumner, Witsius, and others of not less standard reputation. Before he went to St. John's he had preached six hundred and forty sermons. While at St. John's he preached one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven sermons. At Islington he preached eight hundred and twenty. At various places, between the years 1801 and 1832, he preached seven hundred and eighty. While at home, on a visit from India, seventy-eight. In India, two thousand three hundred and one; making a total of five thousand eight hundred and six sermons—many of them, however, not separate discourses, but having been preached several times. He was fond of courses of sermons, and preached them regularly on the Wednesday mornings during Lent, and at other times on the Sunday. Some of these courses were wonderfully effective in his hands.

Among the regular attendants at St. John's were John Thornton and his two sons—names identified with Christian activity and beneficence. There sat Charles Grant, with his family and two sons, who afterward attained high official position under the British Government. There also sat Zachary Macaulay, the celebrated philanthropist, accompanied by his son, since the still more celebrated essayist and historian. Dr. Mason Good was there, the distinguished physician and scholar, master of seventeen languages, who from a skeptical materialist had become a fervent Christian. Near him might be seen Mr. Stephen and family, Mr. Bowdler, Mr. Wilberforce, and many others of high repute in the religious world. The excellent Bishop Ryder often attended; and the Duchess of Beaufort, with many members of her family, took delight in "sitting under" his ministrations. Individuals of all orders and conditions were thus assembled—high and low, rich and poor together. Thirty or forty carriages might often be counted, during the London season, standing in triple rows about the doors; and though there were but scanty accommodations for the poor, yet they loved to attend, and every vacant sitting-place was filled by them the moment the doors opened.

In the spring of 1824 Daniel Wilson became vicar of Islington; and on the decease of Bishop Turner, in 1831, he was appointed his successor, leaving England on the 19th of June, 1832, for his residence in India, which was henceforth to be the scene of his self-denying and efficient labors. The bishopric of Calcutta at that time extended over territories which now constitute sixteen large and important dioceses. The duties were more than sufficient to call into requisition the energies of a single individual, but Bishop Wilson engaged in them with an alacrity which acknowledged no discouragement, and soon caused his influence to be deeply felt throughout every portion of British society in India. Though

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ardently devoted to the promotion of religion he was no ascetic or recluse. The Episcopal palace was furnished in a style of substantial, though simple elegance. His equipages were in accordance with the station of an official dignitary. A large, double-bodied close carriage, with Venetian blinds all round the sides to admit the air and a double roof to exclude the sun, was for his official visits and all occasions which required exposure during the heat of the day. For the short journey or the evening drive a light barouche was in readiness. The servants were designated by a simple and appropriate livery common in the East. The silver sticks which pertained to his rank were generally used. All the means were provided for entering into society and reciprocating its courtesies. He accepted invitations and gave parties. In company he was always cheerful and friendly, and his electric laugh often ran round the table. His personal habits were very simple and regular. He rose early, and took a morning ride on a small black pony, whose easy amble demanded little equestrian skill. Private devotions were succeeded by family prayers in the chapel which he had himself fitted up. His chaplain from the reading-desk read the appointed lessons; and he, from his seat, expounded and prayed. This was followed by a hearty breakfast of rice, fish, and a kind of porridge called soojee. The morning was occupied with business. At mid-day he indulged in a nap of two hours. Refreshed by sleep, he was ready for any business in the afternoon that required his attention. Then came the evening drive or ride, and the late dinner; family prayers and evening devotion closed the day.

Among the perplexing questions which Bishop Wilson was called on to decide was that of allowing the distinctions of caste to be retained by the native converts. In his treatment of this subject he exhibited his characteristic self-reliance and energy. Although prohibited by the early Protestant missionaries in India, the institutions of caste had gradually become incorporated into Christianity. Idolatrous usages were observed; Soodras and Pariahs refused to mingle in the exercises of public worship. At the administration of the Lord's Supper the higher caste first drew near, and would not touch the cup if a low caste man preceded them. A Soodra priest or catechist, though not refusing to minister in a Pariah village, would not live in it. And, on the other hand, a Soodra would not allow a Pariah priest to preach the Gospel to him or baptize his child. Christians attended at the heathen feasts; they bore the heathen marks upon their foreheads; they prohibited the marriage of widows; they would allow no marriages but in their own caste; and in many other ways were quite assimilated to the heathen. The whole matter was brought before Bishop Heber, as he was about to visit the southern churches, in which the evil was at its height. He took the subject into consideration, proposed inquiries in regard to it; but his sudden death took place previous to any decision. Such was the state of things on the accession of Bishop Wilson to his diocese. The subject had slept for several years, and he was by no means aware of the injurious extent to which the evil had spread. He was startled by the announcement made to him a few months after his arrival, by the official secretary, that no less than one hundred and sixty-eight Christians had apostatized to heathenism during the past year, of which the retention of caste was the only cause. The bishop clearly saw that there was no longer room for compromise, but that the time for decided measures had come. He at once accepted the responsibility of his position, rejected timid counsels, and disregarded future consequences. In an official letter to his clergy he announced his determination to abolish the distinctions of caste in the Church; and in subsequent communications insisted that "caste must be renounced decidedly, promptly, finally." Not a little excitement was produced by the decision; a large portion of the Soodras withdrew; but order was at length restored, and the triumph of the bishop was complete.

The health of Bishop Wilson was not proof against the insidious effects of the climate and the arduous labors of his office; and after a furlough of some months in England, in the year 1845, he returned to India, where he continued his efforts for twelve years longer; and finally died at Calcutta, January 2, 1858, at the ripe age of eighty years. He will long be remembered for the sterling qualities of his character, as well as for the vigorous impulse which he gave to the spread of the Gospel in the empire of the East.

A Knowledge of Living Things, with the Law of their Existence, by A. N. BELL, A.M., M.D. (Published by Baillière Brothers.) A popular view of the science of physiology is here presented in its most elementary principles, in connection with brief illustrations of the laws of hygiene. The substance of the work is founded on the physical discoveries which have rewarded the labors of scientific students within the last twenty years, while the simple and lucid style of the writer makes them intelligible and attractive to the general reader.

Letters from Switzerland, by SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) Without aiming at elaborate description or original remark, Dr. Prime has embodied in this volume a series of graceful sketches suggested by the experience of a summer's tour amidst the wild and romantic scenery of the Swiss Alps. His route led him to many localities not in the usual track of American travelers, and of which the descriptions are less numerous than of the more frequented haunts of fashionable tourists. With a lively impression of the poetic legends connected with the geography of Switzerland, he dwells enthusiastically on the spots that have been immortalized in story and song, imparting to his narrative a freshness and animation that enable the reader to share in the pleasure which the writer so keenly enjoyed in the moment of observation. Several curious incidents of travel and interesting personal recollections singularly enhance the zest of the volume.

Stories of Inventors and Discoverers in Science and the Useful Arts, by JOHN TIMBS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The spirit of the age finds its most striking illustration in the progress of chemical and mechanical discovery. While the achievements of the past are not overlooked in this volume, the principal portion of its contents is made up of an account of the inventions of Sir Humphry Davy, Watt, Cartwright, Brunel, Stephenson, and others, whose labors have so powerfully contributed to the development of industry and the increase of material comforts during the present century. The work will be found to be a rich store-house of valuable information, conveyed in an unaffected and pleasing manner.

Among the new editions published by Harper and Brothers during the past months are *Nicaragua*, by E. G. SQUIER; and *The Caxtons*, by Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

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Editor's Table.

DOCTORS.—When doctors—doctors of medicine, we mean—began to be, it is not very easy to say, although it is quite sure that if they were all, by universal, political proscription, to be set aside from their calling, or to be suppressed by a universal massacre at the hands of vindictive patients, the race would soon reappear, and the bolus would be seen to be quite as decidedly as the bullet one of the essential products of civilization. This poor body of ours, with its marvelous sensibilities and powers, is constantly open to harm, and every element of nature and every creature of God may, in one way or another, interfere with its health. Such wholesome elements as the light, the air, and the water may irritate delicate nerves, or chill or fever sensitive vessels and membranes, and, perhaps, most diseases that flesh is heir to come from mere disturbances of temperature, and in man as in nature, it is the play between heat and cold that makes storms; and diseases are to the body very much what tempests are to the atmosphere. The moment we begin to eat—a moment that comes very early and continues with great constancy in our career—we are invaded by a new host of enemies, and being by constitution omnivorous, or inclined to eat every thing, we proceed by degrees to take all nature into our stomachs, so that while the winds and rain beat upon the house from outside, the enemy at the same time is at work within, lashing us into frenzy with his stimulants or stupefying and stunning us with his surfeits. It is hard, indeed, to say what is the cause of many diseases—and the pestilence walks in darkness before the keen scrutiny of science as before the dull stare of ignorance—yet most diseases probably come from abuses of the common gifts of nature—abuses of light and air and water and food and drink—abuses, too, which are so easy and general as to be quite as much matters of moral certainty as the universal fact of sin. Then, in addition to the inroads of disease, we must consider the effects of violence upon our system—of violence whether from our rude contact with nature, beast, or man. In Eden itself a surgeon may have been needed before the forbidden fruit brought its qualms of indigestion to the stomach of our progenitors, and a little rough play on Adam's part with an antic lion, or a slight scratch on Eve's fair hand from the rose which she was culling (if roses then had thorns), may have made it a question in Paradise how a sprain should be abated or a wound healed. Now that we are not exactly in Paradise, occasions for surgery abound every day; and in a great city like ours not a day passes that does not call for the application of all the surgical skill as well as medical knowledge that has been growing in the world since time began.

It is well that the Paradise that we have lost has bequeathed to us so many blessings to remind us of the good that has been and shall be, and that nature, which exposes us to so many ills, is so full of balms and restoratives and anodynes. Every wood and field and garden, in its way, repeats the Gospel of God's mercy; and the flowers and leaves beneath our feet join with the forests that branch over our heads not only to celebrate the Creator's power but his love. Surely there is a promise of the Gospel in nature; and its wildest and hardest aspects sometimes surprise us with gleams of tenderness. The coarse sea-weed, that is blown by harsh winds upon the shore, will yield to us, if we seek it wisely, a rare substance that can rid the eye of its darkness, and iodine illustrates anew the old myth that beauty is born of the sea, by making this sea-waif unlock to our vision the whole world of loveliness. The cold iron itself is not dead to mercy; but when the dews of heaven, in its earthy bed, fall upon it, it yields a tonic of marvelous efficacy that braces anew many a stout man's overtasked frame, and puts a fair and not a hectic bloom upon the fading cheek of many a delicate child. In fact, Mother Nature herself may often be caught mixing medicine with our food; and if we consult her in our daily diet, we shall be under the care of the best physician in the world—a physician who combines all practices in one—using vegetarian, mineral, animal, hydropathic, allopathic, homeopathic, kinesipathic prescriptions in one grand catholicity. We sometimes think that we see some hints of the medical profession in the instincts of animals; and quite sure we are that cattle know how to take salts to correct the humors of the blood: and we have seen carnivorous animals, like cats and dogs, swallow grass that its blades may tickle their throats and stomachs so as to be a very effectual emetic. The parental, and especially the maternal instinct in animals, is evidently quite bent on the practice of medicine, and sometimes of surgery; always ready to pluck out the thorn from the foot of its young, or mollify a wound with the healing unction of the tongue. So then, while we do not think that doctors, as a class, are paragons of naturalness and simplicity, we do think that they are founded in the nature of things, and their craft has its charter from laws older than medical schools.

Whatever we may think, however, of the medical man, he has too strong a place in most households to be easily dislodged by changing opinion; and it is one of the paradoxes of society, that he who visits us in sickness and suffering, often compelling us to self-denial and pain, is one of the most welcome and cherished of guests. It seems to us that, on the whole, the doctor, as such, is very popular in the family, and is valued not only for his skill but for his social kindness; so that with him, as with the pastor, there is a large element of friendship in his professional relations. His calling, indeed, is often thought to blunt the gentle affections and destroy the spiritual aspirations, by fixing his mind on matter, and making more account of flesh and blood than of soul and spirit. It is true that there is temptation in the profession to this folly, and that the doctor may tend to forget the soul in the body as the theologian tends to forget the body in the soul. Yet the fact of temptation does not imply the necessity of yielding to it; and as the true theologian enables us to understand better the body by interpreting its offices as servant of the soul, so the true physician enables us to understand the soul by interpreting its jurisdiction over the body. Some of the noblest contributions to natural theology have come from anatomists. Without going back to the days when physicians were a priestly order, and pills and potions were made with incantations and administered with prayers and exorcisms, but appealing to the bold and free thought of modern times, we may say that within a century anatomy has been one of the strongest pillars of a spiritual faith; and we find no better arguments for the spirit that is in man that impress us more than those that we find in the pages of Swedenborg and Carus and Schubert and Bell and Wilkinson and their fellows. Certainly, if, as we believe, the human body is the crown of the natural

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creation, and having something of all nature in its composition, it is thus a world in miniature, it must gather and concentrate all the lessons of nature, and from its majestic temple declare the glory of God in all its wonderful organs, whether in the eye that sweeps the heavens, the foot that measures the earth, the hand that subdues the lion and the elephant, or the nerves and brain that, in their mysterious currents, receive and circulate the tidings that pour in without ceasing from every whispering wind and shining star.

Nor do we think that the argument from observation, any more than that from the nature of things, proves physicians to be an unbelieving, ungodly set. We have sometimes, indeed, thought medical students to be a somewhat exceptional class, and we have never seen gathered together a more untamed, odd-looking, oddly-dressed set of youth than we have seen at the lectures in our medical colleges. Nor is the reputation of medical students very good in the community, especially in the direction of the more ascetic virtues and austere practices. We are convinced, however, that most of their rudeness is in manner, and that thrown, as they are, into our great cities without the protection of their native homes, and with little means of self-adornment, they tend very naturally toward a very rough type of humanity, and sometimes seem to rival each other in sporting the most shaggy hair, or the most astounding hat or coat or cane. The first aspect of their studies, indeed, may not be very edifying; and the dissecting-room, which, after mature reflection, interprets the majesty of man, may seem at first to desecrate him, as the ghastly *cadaver* is ruthlessly cut to pieces, and the grim skeleton is all that remains of him whose pride it is to be little lower than the angels. But we believe that when the first principles of anatomy and physiology are mastered, and the various functions of our nature are interpreted in their combined life, and in the midst of home cares and blessings, there is a decided reaction toward more tender and spiritual views; and that physicians are, on the whole, an affectionate and reverential class of men. Churls, blackguards, and even blasphemers there will be in every calling; but as far as our observation goes, we can testify that many of the most successful physicians have an almost pastoral tenderness in their manner and mind, and that the profession seems to us quite ready to appreciate the practical value of religious convictions. In fact, how can a sagacious man, who is in the habit of considering the motives of action and the sources of consolation, fail to recognize the strengthening and soothing power of a devout faith and hope? and we surely must rank an ungodly and scoffing physician as ignorant of that noblest branch of the *materia medica*—the department of moral medicine. As to the effect of constant familiarity with pain in blunting the sensibilities, it depends wholly upon the spirit of the familiarity; and we can not believe for a moment that he who constantly visits the suffering to relieve them loses aught of his tenderness, or that his professional coolness is purchased by the sacrifice of his sympathy. It is commonly said, indeed, that active beneficence takes the place of emotional compassion, and the working will wins power at the expense of passive feeling. But we must distinguish between sensitiveness and feeling, remembering that a man's heart may beat all the more truly from being proof against fitful tremors, and the affections, like the blood which animates them, may be all the more vigorous when they flow with steady pulses without gusty heats or chills. A man whose earnest, honorable business it is to relieve pain, has not only a habitual purpose but a habitual feeling for his work; and we are confident that the surgeon who guides the knife with courageous mercy upon its agonizing errand, has really a stronger feeling for his patient than the novice who stands trembling at the sight of blood. There can be no greater mistake than to confound mere sensitiveness with benevolence; and when a sensitive nature is well disciplined, the sensibility that was quivering upon the surface has passed into the circulation, and is beating with brave constancy in every pulse.

Every profession exposes men to peculiar temptation, and, as a class, doctors, like all other classes of men, have their failings. If the clergy tend to priestcraft, and the lawyer tends to chicanery, the medical faculty tends toward charlatanism or quackery. In fact, a considerable proportion, perhaps the majority of patients, without being aware of it, set a bounty upon quackery by constantly tempting the physician to step aside from the truth of science and the simplicity of nature, to deal in pretentious nostrums, and to exaggerate the disease in order to magnify the cure. There are many persons who, as soon as they feel a little discomfort in the head or stomach, insist upon being put seriously upon the sick list, and drugged within an inch of their lives, and are mortally offended at being told that they have been a little remiss in exercise or careless in diet, and a few walks in the open air, a crust or two of bread for dinner, plentiful use of water, and ample sleep will set them up again. We remember well the chagrin of a country cousin of ours at the plain talk of our old family physician, who had a good deal of the Abernethy roughness as well as sagacity in his composition. If our rural friend had been ordered to incase his trunk in a stinging plaster, and to drench his stomach with emetics or cathartics, he would have felt himself in good hands, and on the high road to health, all the surer of reaching his journey's end from the jolting and straining of the process, as when one rides a fast horse with a hard trot. But to be told to be a little careful as to what he ate, and to be much in the open air —mercy, what an indignity! It was like telling a Hindoo widow, about to burn herself on the funeral pile of her husband, that she would serve God and her husband much better by living a worthy life, keeping the commandments, and taking good motherly care of her children. The passion for drugs in sickness is as great as the passion for penances and tortures in sin and quackery, and like priestcraft, comes as much from the dupe's appetite as from the impostor's wile. Man is a medicine-taking animal, and is everlastingly dosing himself to get well; and if we add ardent spirit to the list of drugs, where it belongs, alike by its usual adulteration and by the pretense of its votaries, who drink either to make them feel well or to keep them from being sick, we call drugs the bane of health and the physical curse of the world. We respect the worthy and judicious physician not so much for the drugs he gives as for those that he repels, and we are quite sure that on the whole the medical profession sets itself against the therapeutic superstition of the multitude, and tries to save men from their passion for eating dirt, and what is worse than dirt. "Doctor," said a stout Irish woman, once to a physician, "Doctor, my boy Pat is sick; he has got a dreadful stomach ache, and I want you to give him the *wickedest* medicine

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you have got." The boy perhaps had been regaling himself on green apples, and the mother would have been enraged at being told that the pain was the natural protest of the stomach against the forbidden fruit, and was proof that a process of ejectment was about being served. She must have sharper practice than Dr. Quiet and Dr. Diet follow, and finds no comfort for her maternal heart until some monstrous dose of calomel or jalap, senna or tartar emetic, half-kills the urchin in order to make a show of bringing him to life again. We once had a robust servant-woman in our family who was subject to headaches, and sought relief from them. The hint that less indulgence with the knife and fork might relieve her fullness of blood did not suit her taste, and rather roused her wrath; and she found no relief until a physician of her own country gave her a little medicine, very likely some very simple potion, and accompanied it with ocular demonstration of its efficacy. He first took the measure of her head, and told her that it had so opened as to be some inches, say three inches, too great in circumference. How could she doubt his word, as he showed her the measure before she took the medicine, and assured her that her head would gradually contract under the influence of his three "cures," in as many weeks, verifying each stage of the promise by a new measurement, and after the third dose had been taken, holding up to her wondering eyes the unerring string that proved the return of her cranium to its normal proportions! It did not seem to occur to the believing patient that if the tongue of a quack can lie he can make a string or tape-measure lie also. In the face of such follies, which are by no means peculiar to Irish servants, but which prevail in parlors as well as kitchens, it is highly creditable to our physicians that they are coming out so boldly against the passion for drugs and nostrums, and that some of the foremost of them have been ready to reveal the great secret of the profession—that it is Nature that cures many if not most diseases, and the best medical advice is generally that which lets Nature most effectually alone, and leaves her sanative powers to do their mysterious and blessed work. So far indeed as our observation goes, it seems to us that those families take the most drugs who are most in the habit of doctoring themselves—pursuing at leisure the comparatively economical business of devouring the greatest possible quantity of nostrums without cost of medical advice, and wondering that, in spite of much attention to their constitutions, with all their everlasting nibbling at infinitesimals, or gulping down pills and powders, they continue to *enjoy* so much poor health. If quack medicine cost only its money price, it would be a comparatively cheap investment; but money is its least cost, and the time and health wasted by the use of its violent and destructive nostrums, if counted in coin, would be enough to build and endow hospitals for the sick in every city in the land.

It is encouraging to note a decided disposition on the part of the medical faculty to insist upon moral rectitude in the professional code, and to condemn malpractice not only by professional but moral and religious principles. The startling statistics of criminal practice outside of the established code reveal the need of more stringent action, and few documents have alarmed our wary and conservative thinkers more than Dr. Storer's paper on the subject of birth and kindred matters. His statements lead us to feel more deeply the need of a thoroughly organized and disciplined medical faculty, who shall bring all offenders to the bar of an outraged professional conscience and public opinion. How many sins are committed under medical guidance or sufferance we are not able to conjecture, yet we are quite sure that most of them are to be laid at the door of interlopers and not of the regular faculties.

The community is more and more interested in the character and efficiency of physicians; and the same boldness that is reviewing the claims of the clergy and lawyers, has its eye upon the pretensions of the medical faculty, and is quite clear in the determination to be no longer hoodwinked by mere authority, nor to look upon the Latin of a prescription as carrying its infallibility in its obscurity. We like to know what our doctors are doing with us, and as the poor body is a dumb and almost unconscious creature, little able to interpret the action or use of medicines, it is well that the mind should come to its relief, and thus subject the physician's arguments to the same tribunal as the lawyer's and preacher's. Before this tribunal the physician is able to render an account of himself, and his calling is likely to rise instead of declining with the rise of intelligence. His work is founded in the nature of things, and the gifts that fit him for his service are quite as essential and providential as the occasions for their use. We claim no knowledge of the secrets of the craft, and in our definition of a good doctor we follow the ready hints of observation and reflection. We can not say that we never read a medical book, nor seen an amputation, nor frequented a hospital; but as any professional reader will readily perceive, we have never taken the vow of Hippocrates, and have neither the wisdom nor the folly of the faculty to answer for.

Probably the most effective men in all departments of intellectual labor need and apply very much the same gifts; and differ as their pursuits may, they all require the same solid foundations of common sense, and the same power to rise from this foundation into the upper air of daring reasoning and ideal imagination. Of all the professions the doctor's, we must confess, seems to us to be likely to become the most prosy, and his work to deal most in things material and directly practical and utilitarian. Common usage, that speaks with such emphasis of the *practice* of medicine, seems to imply this, and regard his labor as especially prudential and non-ideal. The lawyer does nothing with his jury without a little pathos and fancy, to say nothing of a touch of metaphysical reasoning, as he discusses the motives of men or the abstract principles of jurisprudence. The preacher who can not persuade as well as reason, illustrate as well as teach, and in his thought as well as style prove that beauty is the fair daughter of truth and love, is a poor expounder of the Gospel, and can hardly in these days hold a cultivated congregation together. Is the physician independent of these gifts, and master of his work, so long as he can give the right pills and prescribe the appropriate diet? We think not. To say nothing of the inventive and constructive departments of the profession that demand originality, we maintain that no man can be master of anatomy and physiology, in their applications to medicine, without having a good deal of the poet as well as the philosopher in his composition; and in order to enter fully into the idea of a disease and its treatment, one must have a vivid conception as well as comprehensive knowledge, so as to be able to summon before him the field of his combat, and bring his powers of healing, in skillful combinations, to bear upon the serried ranks and perhaps complicated evolutions of the enemy. In all

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disease, moreover, the mind is an important element to act upon; and a good physician, in his manners and conversation as well as his physic and régime, must know how to minister to the mind diseased, and deal out his pathos or his humor as the case may demand. No small matter is it to interpret symptoms, and he who can read all that is written upon the human face knows more than the master of a dozen languages. It is not to our point to maintain that physicians have been brilliant men of letters, and we damage our cause by quoting examples of doctors who have deserted medicine for literature and won laurels in poetry or eloquence. It is better to dwell upon the traits of men most eminent in medical practice; and while we must allow that they who make the most money often win popularity by tact and manner, either by the showy arts that propitiate fashion, or the substantial and effective fidelity that gains the love of families, we are persuaded that the intellectual leaders of the profession are bold thinkers, and often not a little gifted with fancy and imagination. The medical mind is surely eminently constructive; and the art that not only builds hospitals but aims also to reconstruct the shattered temple of human life—to rebuild or restore this marvelous human body—can surely rank as high as that which carved the Apollo, or painted the Madonna, or uplifted the Pantheon in mid air, to crown the grandest of cathedrals with that trophy of the subjection of the old idols to the new Gospel.

We are not making a plea for brilliant physicians or surgeons indeed—and in the treatment of a fever or a broken leg we seek not the most brilliant but the safest practitioner; and in our physician, as in our pilot or coachman or railway conductor, he who is safest is the man for us. But safety surely is not opposed to strong and even bold thinking; and the good guide in difficult passes must have something of the hero and discoverer in his composition, able, if need be, to seek safely a new path if the old road is impassable. In all skill there is an element of invention, since no two cases are alike; and to meet the claims of each requires not only quickness of contrivance but sometimes originality of conception. Medical skill implies at once knowledge and adaptation combined; and since the knowledge of a case requires not only learning but insight, and since adaptation requires not only tact but invention, we do not see how we can fail to ascribe the highest traits of our nature to the working powers of the skillful physician. Undoubtedly the same distinction exists among doctors that pervades all callings: and originals and imitators, masters and disciples are every where found; or they who have the power of appropriating and assimilating knowledge by their own force, and they who abandon themselves with adroit ease to the lead of surrounding intellects. Other distinctions there are, but this is the principal one. In fact, it has often seemed to us that this distinction is written emphatically upon the physiognomy of the medical profession; and taking the whole range of doctors, from the hardy tenant of the sulky that bears the country physician over his monstrous circuit to the elegant carriage that rolls the city practitioner to his *élite* round of stately mansions, we can see that one line divides the calling into the more dashing originals and meek followers. Manner, indeed, is not always the test of character, and we are aware that some very bold schemers have gentle mien and speech, and some very timid practitioners have a swaggering air. We recall specimens of the two classes—the more original and more yielding class—in the two physicians of our native town, who first taught us to respect their profession as a part of a civilized man's principles, and, in fact, as a point of a devout man's creed. The one was a stout, bluff gentleman, with a large share of grit and temper in his composition, strong in his likes and dislikes, and quite ready to own that he was not in all respects a paragon of amiability. No man did and said more kind things, and few men said harder things than he did when he was crossed. We shall remember his kindness to our dying day, and every gain in health and vigor is sure to be a *souvenir* of some wise counsel of his in early times. He was a bold head, and while a careful student he had a firm conviction that he who reads books has as good a right to think as they who make them. He did not hesitate to differ from his professional brethren on important points, and once to our knowledge he startled the whole sanhedrim of medicine by what was at first scouted as an absurdity, and finally acquiesced in as sober truth in the management of fractures. He perhaps lacked the social amenity that makes the practice of the profession generally agreeable—although no man could be more genial among his friends, more abundant in stories and jokes and laughter. Moreover his bold invention moved in some fields non-professional; and finding that he could heal the wounds and dislocations of great financial corporations by his sagacity, he sunk the doctor in the banker, and stands now, we believe, high on the list of moneyed men. Our other disciple of Galen was of wholly different build and temper, of snug person, most bland in address—the very model of a mild and complaisant gentleman of the old school, apt and fluent in speech, and by his ready language and kindly manner often chosen to preside over public assemblies. He usually rode a good horse on his round of visits, and there was an air of meek conquest about the mien of the man and the beast, as if before such an *entrée* all opposition must needs be disarmed. He was a public-spirited and most useful citizen—active in society, politics, and religion—and in his own way accomplishing as much as most men of more daring and original powers. He is still an institution in our native town, and, we believe, still rides pretty much the old circuit in spite of younger aspirants and younger methods of practice. We knew a son of his well, who had all his father's kindness, and who threw much sunshine over some trying passages in our early college days. As we wept over his premature grave we tasted almost our first grief of the kind, and Tennyson's words to the memory of Arthur Hallam are not too tender to express that first sorrow at the death of a faithful friend and kindly adviser. We have no doubt that the venerable father bears in his heart the death of that gifted and hopeful youth; and some of the furrows in that bland and smiling countenance are memorials of it, like the sepulchre that was in the garden of good Joseph of Arimathea.

What changes are to come over the medical profession we do not know, and shall not venture to predict. We have very decided hope, however, that all *isms*, all *specialisms* in medicine, will be combined under one comprehensive science, and that what so many earnest minds are seeking for in religion will be sought with equal and more effective zeal in physic; and however much the doctors *theological* may quarrel, we hope to see the doctors *medical* drawn together on one broad platform of catholicity. Belonging, as most of us probably do, to the old schools of practice, we are not to deny that there

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may be light in the new schools, and to us the science and the art of medicine cover the whole ground, and are bound to accept whatever is true or useful in any system, no matter by what name called, or in whatever quantity or quality prescribed, or from whatever element or quarter obtained. Nature is catholic, and has no sects in her school. Medicine, her disciple, should learn wisdom at her feet.

As to any change of the profession by the education of women to its practice, it is very clear that the experiment is to be tried, and to us equally clear how it will end. Woman is eminently qualified to comfort and cure the sick to a certain extent, and probably most of the work not only of nursing but also of curing is done by women, for our careful mothers prescribe for us ten times before calling a physician once. This ready gift should be cultivated, and women should be educated to the intelligent cure of the sick. We shall be glad to see the method carried out as far as practicable; and if any fair damsel shall arise to shine in medicine as Portia shone in law she will not need our poor word to swell the impatient list who wait at her door, or beg the approach of her liveried equipage to their expectant habitations. Yet we believe that there is a pretty stubborn and solid reason for every ruling custom and institution, and we have no idea that women are to take the place of men in the higher and more exacting walks of the profession. We regard woman as man's equal, and therefore, because superior to him in her way, inferior to him in his way. If she had her gifts and his also she would be his superior, not his equal. She is eminently gifted in her way with healing powers, and to her tact and skill as nurse she adds a peculiar magnetic power of soothing pain and unrest. In fact, what man who is not worse than a heathen is not ready to render grateful homage to the healing powers of the sex, and without any silly flattery acknowledge, in sober truth, that there is in her a sanative charm that no drugs nor arts can equal? A bright, sensible woman, with the grace of God in her heart, is a physician to mind and body of Heaven's own appointing, and we bow down to her power as reverently as poor Dante did in purgatory when Beatrice beamed upon him with that smile so freshly kindled from the face of the Mother of Mercy before the Eternal Throne. Our own good mother begins this loyal conviction, and wife, sister, and daughter deepen it. But why claim every thing for women? and because she is queen in her sphere, why maintain that she is king too? We do not think women constitutionally possessed of the nerve, logic, and force essential to the more exacting departments of medicine. Her mind is quick and intuitive, but her judgment, with all helps of education, is not man's; nor is her will as cool and persistent, nor her hand as true and strong, as his. We doubt her capacity for the more perplexing class of cases nearest the welfare of her own sex; and as to the more perplexing and fearful cases of surgery, we surely think the surgeon's knife as little in her province as the soldier's sword, and, perhaps, might sooner expect to see a female Napoleon at the head of her legions than a female Larrey at the head of her surgical staff. Woman is too impulsive and emotional to do man's hardest work, and the Victorias and Eugénies who sit on thrones would have but a sorry administration without man's cool head and firm hand to stand by them. There have been Queen Elizabeths indeed, but we do not care to see any more of them; for we like woman too well to wish to see a man's beard on her face or a man's head on her shoulders. Let her be herself and have fair play. The more she is herself the less she will be man.

We are running on somewhat freely—very much like a novice in a doctor's office who stays after his errand is done, and goes peeping into cases of skeletons and vials of specimens, and tasting and smelling of balms and ointments and essences. We hope that we have written with sufficient kindness of a profession to which we owe so much, and whose skill and knowledge makes us more secure every day of our lives by putting within our reach the whole transmitted medical experience and art of the human race. Think of an acute disease or a broken limb without a good physician and with one, and let the difference interpret our debt of gratitude. Think, too, of the worth of medical knowledge in keeping health and preventing disease, as shown not only in advising us as to the management of a delicate child or a feeble constitution, but in the magnificent equipments of our great hospitals and the sanitary arrangements of our best cities. We do not think that work of the profession is in danger of being exhausted, or the highest standard of professional excellence soon mastered. Not only are some departments of practice to be signally reformed, and a class of charlatans and not a few utter reprobates to be rebuked or ousted, but a higher mark of proficiency is to be held up. We certainly need more men who are masters of that important department of medicine that borders on the mind and the body, and who can be guides and teachers of communities, as well as of families, in mental and moral hygiene and therapeutics. We care less about physicians who are literary and philosophical outside their profession, and we need more of those who are thus accomplished inside their profession. We rejoice in the signs of improvement in this direction; and as lovers of our race and friends of humanity and religion, we welcome every effort to give to medicine its ancient alliance with devout faith, and interpret the body as the temple of a spirit which has its true life only in God.

We perhaps think enough of our eminent physicians, and pay them well enough, although fabulous stories are told of their princely incomes; and we do not believe that any regular practice yields more than half of what is popularly claimed. If some lucky specialist may harvest forty thousand dollars, no regular practice, probably, yields over one half that sum; and most physicians are obliged to work hard to make the ends of the year meet, while young doctors, as a general rule, unless they have money of their own, are half starved, and so apply to themselves, if not to their patients, the hunger cure that is so much talked of in certain quarters. We wish them all, or as many of them as are needed, reasonable patients and fair fees. Our best wish for them, however, is that they may estimate more highly than some of them do the moral position and influence of the faculty, and regard it as no small dignity to build up and adorn their profession in solid worth and social favor, so as to make it clear to all, as it is now clear to some, that in our physicians we have a class of men who enjoy our confidence as well as care for our diseases, and who rank with our clergy as friends of man and servants of God. We can never forget that the Great Master was the Good Physician, nor cease to rank those who bear in their calling the promise of His mercy as rightfully fellows of those who preach His word and interpret His life and spirit.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THIS golden May-day is a day of pardonable pride, for the present number completes the tenth year of the *Magazine*—one hundred and twenty numbers, each a volume, and all together making a valuable miscellaneous library, containing many celebrated, and innumerable useful and entertaining works.

Does the Easy Chair do more than state a universally conceded fact when he says that *Harper* is an institution throughout the country; that its name and aspect are familiar to men and women, to girls and boys all over the land; that its diocese is not limited by any political or sectarian lines, but rests upon the broad basis of good humor and literary entertainment; and that while it has yielded gradually to the changes required by differing tastes and demands in the world of readers, it has not departed from its original intention of a universal Magazine?

The permanent success of such a popular monthly Magazine is a literary phenomenon. Of course it has been savagely assailed, but never by the public, for the reason that it is by its character peculiarly rooted in public regard. Every body loves to be pleased. Whatever a man's religious sect or political party he loves to laugh—to follow a sprightly traveler—to shed the sympathetic tear over unhappy affections—to linger upon some literary reminiscence—to dabble gingerly in science—to listen to the story-tellers and the poets—to smile and chat and crack his little joke—all this every body likes, and just this *Harper* has supplied the opportunity of doing. Just this, also, explains its constant success.

Undoubtedly it is not enough to intend this—it must be done. Most Magazines, which are not professedly reviews, or religious or political partisans, profess this object. Thackeray's *Cornhill* takes it as its motto, and good luck to it!

But, somehow, a great many well-intentioned Magazines have come to naught. How gayly they put from port! With streamers yellow, or green, or brown, how gallantly they took the breeze! Where is their gayety now? Where that gallant freshness as every month came round? Vanished all. Laid away upon library shelves, like kings long ago entombed in state. Yes, the gay and gallant Magazines are mummies now. But not worthless, though they live no longer. For if you turn their dusty integuments, if you curiously unfold the leaves, which, like linen bandages swathing the shriveled monarchs, are yellow and dry and oft-times stained, you shall find upon the pages, as upon the dead king's fingers, gems and gold and hidden treasure. The tombs of Thebes are a mine of ore worked into fine gold—of precious stones polished and set—of exquisite fabrics of cloth and wood—spices, ointments, treasures—in fact, of royal riches. Are those heaps of old Magazines less so? Are they not dusty piles of riches upon dead men's fingers?

But the Magazine, which is alive and lusty, looks kindly upon the departed brothers of its own race. It has no ill word to say of them. Many a living loiterer among those Theban tombs secretly feels that he would not exchange with a whole dynasty of dead kings. So the blithe and prosperous Magazine may privately think itself better than all those that are gone. But it will be half-ashamed of the feeling—so ashamed that it will say nothing about it.

This, at least, *Harper* may truly say—that it spoke no ill word of any rival—if such they were—while they lived. It felt like Uncle Toby toward the fly. "Go—there is room enough for thee and me." Now if Uncle Toby thought that he was Uncle Toby, and that the fly was the fly, will you blame him for it? And if our *Harper* were the Uncle Toby of Magazines, could it have a sweeter spirit or more kindly name? Say, now, does it not treat the world as our precious Uncle (for surely Toby *is* the uncle of all the world) treated the Widow Wadman? If it investigate any defect, does it not contemplate society with the same tender solicitude that Uncle Toby looked into the widow's eye?

Dear Widow Wadman! dear Public! here, at the beginning of the eleventh year of our acquaintance, *Harper* salutes thee; wishes thee well; comes in as a not unexpected nor altogether unhonored guest; brings thee the best he has, the best so long approved and welcomed by thee; and brings with it the cheerful, vigorous resolution that the best shall be continually better.

A POET whose name, Aubrey de Vere, is scarcely known in America, and of whom the Easy Chair is going to say something in another month, published three years ago a volume of May-carols, in which he thus salutes the lovely month. It has undeniably a Tennysonian strain, but for all that it is the song and the sight of a poetic heart:

"When April's sudden sunset cold
Through boughs half-clothed with watery sheen
Bursts on the high, new-cowsliped wold,
And bathes a world half-gold, half-green,

"Then shakes the illuminated air
With din of birds: the vales far down
Grow phosphorescent here and there;
Forth flash the turrets of the town;

"Along the sky thin vapors scud;
Bright zephyrs curl the choral main;
The wild ebullience of the blood
Rings joy-bells in the heart and brain:

"Yet in that music discords mix;
The unbalanced lights like meteors play;
And, tired of splendors that perplex,
The dazzled spirit sighs for May."

WHEN this page is read the battle between Sayers and Heenan will probably have been fought; a great deal of money will have changed hands; and somebody may perhaps have derived a profound satisfaction from the performance. Why not, since a grave London journal—a journal claiming to be peculiarly English, manly, scholarly, and Christian, seriously and hugely enjoyed it in the mere prospect.

The London *Saturday Review* is a journal not more than five years old, which has attained a recognized position, and is a good deal read and approved in this country. It is a very clever and very conceited paper. You would say it was written chiefly by Henry Pelham and Vivian Grey. The men who write for it may be neither young, nor coxcombical, nor have especially crammed for their articles. But the articles do give this impression. There is quite as much of the air—"d'ye-see-what-a-jolly-smart-fellow-I-am?" as of "how-true-this-is!"—and that is an air which is presently very wearisome. It pervades a good deal of our modern literature, and lurks in the writing of very good

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men. Charles Kingsley, for instance, is infected with this spirit. His style occasionally taps the reader on the shoulder and says to him, "Say, you, don't forget, you know, how darned smart I am."

But the *Saturday Review* keeps up an incessant tapping. To read it is like dining with Vivian Grey. It is a brilliant business; he talks so much and so well. Every topic is grist for his mill of eloquence. He sparkles, and hits, and soars, and dives. He beards Brougham, quenches Sydney Smith, silences Macaulay, snubs Thackeray, pooh-pooh's Dickens, as it were. He is, unquestionably, capital company; but all the time you want to kick him.

It is this paper which, during the training of the prize-fighters, published an article which was reprinted extensively in this country, and which is peculiarly John Bullish. There is a passage in the article which ought to be attentively considered by the friends of humanity, decency, and religion.

"It may surprise some persons, but it is nevertheless true, that Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy furnish at the present moment an example which deserves to be generally imitated."

Now, taken by the strict letter, such a remark is innocent enough; for as the two men were then in process of training, they were compelled to be temperate in every way: and it is surely a good thing that people should be temperate, and a capital thing that they should have well-developed muscles, broad chests, habits of generous exercise, and plenty of air, light, and sleep. But in every statement there is a great deal more than the letter; and what were the two men doing when their example was so lofty?

They were developing all possible iron force in limb and body for the purpose of beating and bruising each other. They were coaxing their arms and fists into trip-hammers that they might smite each other with the more deadly power and effect. Their work in life, for which they were especially training, is one which develops all that is brutal in man at the expense of all that is God-like and human: which produces idleness, ignorance, and every kind of vice, and substitutes respect for the strength of an ox for admiration of intellectual and moral force. They were indeed technically temperate—yes, but literally only that they might make a bloody orgy more bloody. Their temperance was entitled to the same praise that a murderer's would be before his crime, and no more. He abstains from drink that his hand may not tremble, that the blow may be sure. Is he, because he is carefully training to gain steadiness of nerve and firmness of muscle, therefore "furnishing an example which deserves to be generally imitated?"

Muscle is just now in great danger of swamping morality in theory, as it has always swamped it in practice. There are books which have apparently no other conception of manhood than muscularity. Now it is good to see a man strong enough to fell an ox; but if that be the whole, or the best of him, he is much less interesting and admirable than the ox he fells. Temperance and all the sober virtues are splendid things, but when they are merely subsidiary to the most brutalizing encounters they are only like fine bindings upon obscene books. Two men training for a prize-fight present an example which deserves to be imitated, says the London *Saturday Review*. Then Fagin, in "Oliver Twist," walking briskly up and down the room personating an old gentleman upon the street whose pockets are to be picked by the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates, is an instructor to be encouraged. For surely nobody will deny that neatness, alertness, agility, are capital qualities, and those were in process of development by the excellent Fagin. In like manner nobody will deny that temperate habits are good—*argal*, prize-fighters in training offer a commendable example.

Better that men should have no muscle than that they should use it to spoil each other's bodies and the minds of the spectators. If the author of the article from which we have quoted be a father, would he probably wish his son to see the fight for which the men whose example he praises were preparing? And if not, why not? The answer includes the reason why the praise is really a mistake. St. Augustine and the Apostle John were probably not very stalwart men, but they were much manlier persons than Mr. Guy Livingstone or Mr. Ben Caunt.

The other morning—perhaps still—several statues were to be seen in the Dusseldorf Gallery in Broadway. There was the Dead Pearl Fisher of Paul Akers—there was the Fisher Girl of Barbee—there was the Evangeline of Miss Lander, and a bust of Hawthorne, by the same hand. So we ascended the dark stairs, a little party of critics, to look at the marbles.

The first was Evangeline, near the door. It was made by a woman, and any woman who heartily devotes herself to the pursuit of art at a time when it is hardly conceded that it is proper for her to do so, has by that step shown a certain resolution which commands respect and suggests the presence of force and talent. Yet it is not to be forgotten, however respect for resolution may plead for partial judgment, that genius is of no sex, the artist is not a man or woman, but a creator; his appeal is not to gallantry nor to extrinsic and extenuating considerations, but directly to the sense of beauty. His credentials to every spectator are the spectator's perception of his power and influence. You have created beauty, if it seem beautiful to the spectator; or you have grandly imaged, you have subtly suggested power, if the spectator feel it.

What a picturesque poem, what a tender love-tale is Evangeline! How the long low wail of "the misty and mournful Atlantic" sighs and whispers through the whole, the wavering, invisible thread of sound on which the melancholy story is strung! Evangeline is a heroine of patient devotion, of utter resignation, of triumphant faith. Her whole life has but a single strain—it is all love and confidence and tireless pursuit. Through wildernesses and among savage men, hermits, and the sharp edges of civilization—along lonely rivers grand in primeval solitudes—over vast prairies, mountains, and deserts—in poverty and sickness and desolation, she passes on, a figure of peace and dignity and consolation; with every step growing in the pensive imagination of the reader to the sweet full stature of an ideal womanhood; and—and—what is this? The marble image of a puny girl lying asleep and expressionless among elaborately chiseled flowers. There really is nothing here but a block of marble indifferently cut into the likeness of a recumbent human form upon a grassy, flowery mound.

But in the bust of Hawthorne, although the execution seems to be somewhat crude and clumsy, there is certainly a vital likeness of the individual and of the character. It is a little colossal, which is a pity; but every one familiar with the head of the author of the "Marble Faun" will immediately recognize the fidelity of this bust to the intellectual char-

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acter of the original. Hawthorne's head has a singular resemblance to that of Webster. It is the Websterian head refined, poetized, idealized. Webster's head was essentially unimaginative. Hawthorne's is the absolute reverse. Of course the marble can not reproduce the peculiar glimmering, evanescent play of expression which distinguishes Hawthorne's face, and which is perceived not so much by the mobility of feature as through it. But it is clear enough that the sculptor has seen the essential expression of the head and has given us that.

As an old Easy Chair says these things, he hopes that even the sculptor, if some day she should see what he has written, will not feel that he speaks too harshly. These are the first-fruits, he knows. But she knows that if she can do the work she has set herself to do no honest talk will hurt her or harm her work. The Evangeline is not good; the head of Hawthorne is. Evangeline is not a subject for sculpture, at least it seems so here. This young woman is any young woman asleep upon the ground. But here, close by, a story is told. This is a diver dead.

Paul Akers is one of our young sculptors who has not been very widely known at home, although his name is familiar to those who have been in Italy within a few years. He has made several admirable copies in marble of famous works; the Dying Gladiator, for instance, and the recently discovered head of Cicero, which has a curious resemblance both to the historian Bancroft and to Governor Banks of Massachusetts.

The Dead Pearl Diver is a handsome, almost feminine youth, stretched upon his back, which arches over a rock or bank, his long hair flowing in a matted mass heavy with water, his arms stretched above his head, his feet crossed, and his only garment the net around his loins, which is weighed down with shells that he had already gathered. A few shells also cling to the reef on which he lies. It is painless, unforbidding death. The youth has leaped into the water, has partly filled his net with the costly booty of the sea-caves, and Death, whose realm is every where, has seized him, a costlier booty—him, a human pearl of great price—and the watchers watch in vain, nor even see the bubbles in which his dying breath floats to the surface and is gone. That is the story, and the statue. You regard it without especial emotion. There is nothing tragical, nothing ghastly, nothing oppressively deathful in the figure. Indeed the crossed feet, and perhaps the whole position, excepting the fallen head, indicate sleep rather than its brother.* But there is an appealing, pathetic grace of youth in the statue—a feeling of superb disdain of the victor, which are very beautiful and striking. Otherwise the sentiment of the work is remote from particular sympathy. The dead body of a handsome youth—and a death caused by some accident, and by nothing which inspires heroic or poetic emotion—is a subject which must depend for its success upon the skill of its manipulation. And this is, in some points, very great. The knotted, twisted texture of the net, and the appearance of weight from the shells contained in it, are admirably done. This is a mechanical excellence which is witnessed in a greater or less degree throughout the work. But when all this is admitted and admired, does the statue seem to be a work of the creative imagination, of earnest significance, of representative or symbolic power? And ought not every sculpture to have these qualities, if it claim to be more than a mechanical triumph?

It is a difficult question. Pending its answer, the Dead Pearl Diver is one of the best statues we have recently seen in this country.

Barbee's Fisher Girl is less mechanically excellent than the Pearl Diver, and of no more imaginative reach. It is a girl mending a net. To be entirely successful, it should have been mechanically exquisite, which it is not. It should have given some national or local character, as, for instance, upon the Naples shore or the bay of Amalfi, which it does not. It is any girl mending a net any where. Now Murillo's Beggar Boys are not any beggar boys any where. They are not American, English, German, or Russian boys, they are young Spaniards: they have the look of Spain, and they are doing what Spanish boys do. Then the essential boyishness is there—yet they are local and characteristic; as in the Italian pictures, the monks and friars are men, but they are palpably Italian ecclesiastics. Then what color! what a revel of richness! How the picture is a fruit as pulpy and delicious to the eye of the spectator as the water-melon to the mouth of the urchin who sucks it, dripping down his chin. It is like a carving of Benvenuto Cellini, exquisite and perfect in itself, and all that it means to be. If an artist select a beggar-boy or a fisher-girl for his subject, he must accomplish it perfectly, or the mind is dissatisfied. As there is no thought in it, no especial earnest intention, but it is a simple description of a pretty and picturesque fact, it is nothing if it be not all it can be. Rosa Bonheur's horses and other animals are so capital—simply because they are such accurate portraits of the animals—not because she paints pictures, for she does not, she only copies the animals she sees. Yet it is so well done—you so listen for the neighing, and champing, and trampling, and lowing—you so expect to smell the straw, and the earth, and the stable-yard, that you have in the highest degree the only pleasure her pictures are capable of imparting, the sense of delight in an accurate and intelligent representation of things that every man likes to see.

Barbee's Fisher Girl, therefore, is not, according to all this, a fine work of art. And yet "all this" is only the fancy of one old Easy Chair. Despite Ruskin, there are no indisputable canons—or rather, although the canons may be indisputable, the interpretation will be as various as the commentators, and the opinions of particular works as diverse as the critics.

Here is Mr. Hawthorne, who has just published "The Marble Faun," which the Easy Chair has not yet read. It is full of Italy, he is told—full of the romance, and the color, and the rare, ravishing, indescribable charm of the South and its passionate life. "The book fullest of imagination we have yet had in the country," says one friend. "Too terrible to read," says another. "So full of art," says a third; "he praises statues and pictures with so much discrimination." And among the other things an Easy Chair, loving the growing laurels of its friends, is glad enough to hear that Hawthorne says of William Story's Cleopatra all that had been privately expressed of enthusiastic praise.

He hears that the romancer praises warmly other works—perhaps even the Dead Pearl Diver—and the Easy Chair is not less glad, because it shows that all art-criticism (despite Ruskin, as aforesaid) is an individual judgment. In fact, upon all high themes public opinion is little more than an individual judg-

* "Death and his brother, Sleep."

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ment enlarged. There are very few people who really read Shakespeare. But those few are relied upon by the great mass of people in the world, and their word becomes public sentiment. Shakespeare's phrases are household words, not because people at large have perceived their fitness to every occasion, but because the few who really read and reflect have detached the phrase and used it, and then the whole world can see how it fits.

Every man, however, accepts public opinion upon subjects of which he has his own thought, only so far as his mind approves the judgment. Opinions do not differ about Shakespeare, but they do about the Venus de Medici.

By the next month the annual exhibition of the National Academy will have become familiar to the public, and then we can return to our æsthetic discussion, and discover whether the new men promise, and the old ones perform, as well as we believe they will.

THE Feejee islanders have a great many droll superstitions—the Chinese and Hindoos have a great many singular habits; but then, all nations are perpetual jests to each other. We laugh at the solemnity of the Turks; and they wonder why we do not hire somebody to do our dancing for us. Goldsmith touches the whole matter with the most delicate and sparkling satire in his "Citizen of the World, or Chinese Philosopher." He is writing from London in the latter half of the last century, and he says: "The ladies here make no scruple to laugh at the smallness of a Chinese slipper; but I fancy our wives at China would have a more real cause of laughter could they but see the immoderate length of a European train. Head of Confucius! to view a human being crippling herself with a great unwieldy tail for our diversion. Backward she can not go; forward she must move, but slowly; and if ever she attempts to turn round, it must be in a circle not smaller than that described by a wheeling crocodile when it would face an assailant. And yet to think that all this confers importance and majesty; to think that a lady acquires additional respect from fifteen yards of trailing taffety! I can't contain; ha! ha! ha! This is certainly a remnant of European barbarity: the female Tartar dressed in sheep-skins is in far more convenient drapery."

The Chinese Philosopher was satisfied with China. If there were superstitions and follies there, so there were in all other countries. If the Chinese dandy wore his hair in a long queue, the English dandy powdered his and wore it in a bag. They were both equally absurd. The bag had no more right to laugh at the queue than the queue to crow over the bag. Sydney Smith says that if the elegant arts had come to us from the Chinese instead of the Greeks, the pug nose would have been held by us to be the type of beauty; and the round-faced English wit, speaking of the oval face, which is the classic form of beauty, has a neat fling at another nation in saying, "A man whose chin terminated in a point would be under the immediate necessity of retiring to America, he would be such a perfect horror."

Probably, like other nations, we have our little drolleries of fashion and our peculiar superstitions. We do not indeed tattoo ourselves, nor stick feathers in our hair, nor worship a jeweled doll, nor fry snakes for breakfast; but perhaps minds can be tattoed as well as bodies—superstition may masquerade in broadcloth as well as blankets. There is a story that the monkeys of Borneo laughed immoderately at the tails of the monkeys of Brazil; for they had become so used to their own that they forgot they had them.

In this country we worship an immediate, palpable success—a success of dollars—an outward and material success. Yes, but size is often enough bloat. When Rome was largest Rome was weakest; and fell apart, limb from limb, and sank, a mass of corruption. Sir William Jones was not a poet, but when he asked, "What constitutes a State?" and answered, "Men," he told the truth if he did not make poetry. But what makes men? An enlightened self-interest? Yes; but if so, it must be the interest of the whole self—of the part that thinks and feels and judges—of the brain, the heart, and the conscience, quite as much as the stomach. A state of things under which men can only make money is not an ideal state; for a man can make money while he is deprived of powers that money can not buy.

Hence there is something better than patriotism, in the limited, local sense in which the words are used. Men speak of patriotism as they do of that enlightened self-interest. They mean, in the one case, selfishness of the individual; they mean, in the other, the selfishness of the State. "Our country, however bounded!" cries the gurgling orator in his cups. But how if the confines of your country are to be extended by fraud, rapine, murder? You might as well and honestly cry, "My property, however acquired!"

This worship of vast success blinds us to the fact that what is true of an individual is often enough true of a crowd. A body of men can commit crime as well as any single man of them; and when it is committed the responsibility rests somewhere. Where does it rest? Of course upon each one. Each one is guilty of the whole offense, if he did not do all he could do to avert the catastrophe. Here, for instance, is a board of directors of a bank, of a railroad company—of whatever you will. It is their duty to sift and search the character of every man they employ. But they happen not to take this trouble upon some special occasion. The man is hired, betrays his trust, and widows and orphans lose their all. Is there any question who is guilty—who ought to pay the penalty?

What is our nation but a company in which we are all directors? and if wrong things are done who is responsible but we ourselves? Hence comes the duty of our interest in politics. It is not something we may or may not attend to, as the fancy takes us. It is not a matter of whim any more than a General's interest in a council of war. If he shirk, and the day be lost, so is he.

While other nations, therefore, laugh at us for our little differences from them, let us take care that the great differences shall excite their admiration and better resolution. Why should we not love men more than our fellow-citizens, and desire the welfare of all mankind rather than ten per cent. for our money?

We worship prosperity and success. We confound greatness with size, as Haydon, who was a poor painter, thought high art required pictures half a mile square. But we do not enlarge the national heart and conscience—which are, in cold fact, the nation—by merely extending our borders, any more than we gain in dignity and essential grace by broadening the hem of our garments. Our prosperity is dazzling, prodigious; but a wise man may well ask

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whether our prosperity will not conquer us if we do not subdue it. Many a people has asked aid of a powerful neighbor against an enemy; but when the neighbor had conquered the enemy, it consumed the substance of the people which summoned it. So, in America, we have taxed and are taxing all our powers—our ingenuity, our skill, our enterprise—to achieve commercial glory; but have not that very shrewdness and single-eyed devotion eaten out something of our heroism, our essential hardihood, our moral perception, and our political honor?

We laugh at the slowness, the crudity, the lethargy of other nations; but remember the monkeys of Borneo—remember the monkeys of Borneo!

Our Foreign Bureau.

THERE is something every way hopeful in the new conditions of trade as between France and England. But the hopefulness of the matter does not lie in the fact that the clubman of Pall Mall can now drink his *mouton* or his *haut brion* at less cost than before, or indulge more frequently in his olives or *pâtés:* it does not lie in the fact that adventurous British girls can replace their Honiton with Valenciennes: but the hopefulness lies in the larger consideration that two great nations have foregone and forgotten their prejudices, and have arranged their commercial exchanges as two sober-thoughted country neighbors might adjust the barter of their produce. It is one of the great practical conquests of civilization—not so noisy as that of Solferino, but its issues will reach farther. It is essentially humanizing, and it beats down the walls of war. The claret cup and the pewter beer tankard clink together in token of good fellowship. Another most noticeable and hopeful thing about the commercial treaty lies in the fact that the agents of its adoption and negotiation have been men of democratic instincts and practical common-sense breeding. Red-tape has had no more to do with it than simply to tie up the memoranda of the bargain—which is all that should ever belong to Red-tape to do any where. Plain Richard Cobden, with no retinue of servants, with no blazon of wealth even (since the Illinois Central has stranded him financially upon the mud-flats of Cairo), goes to talk with the Emperor-elect of a neighbor kingdom about the trade of the two nations they represent; and the result is a sudden treaty, which, for its liberalism, makes Europe stare, and all the old-time monopolists—whether of diplomatic blarney or pretty silk-weaving—hold up their hands in horror.

This is a good symptom; and it is good again that such treaty, making such master-fling at old prejudices of various and cumbrous sort, is accepted, and entertained, and defended, and made "budgetable" by one of the first scholars and orators of England—none other than the commoner William Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone can turn Horace into deft English rhyme; Mr. Gladstone can expound Homer as no other man in Great Britain can do; and Mr. Gladstone can recognize and sustain the humanizing reach of a great commercial treaty, planned and matured by plain Richard Cobden.

It is no wonder that Disraeli, the pet of the peers, should prove restive; and no wonder that Lord Derby should shudder at this foreshadowing of the waning influence of old prerogatives; and no wonder that democratic France and democratic England should both accept the proposed changes with rejoicing. The details of the arrangement are familiar already to those who care for them, and those who do not care may safely reckon the compact as a new bond for the world's peace, and a new vindication of the civilizing and humanizing tendencies of commerce.

The gigantic dimensions of the old land aristocracies, with their traditionary privilege, are fast becoming mere harmless bloat: the next aristocracy that shall grow into a stature to be feared will be a commercial one.

Such compliment as the Chancellor of the Exchequer pays to plain Mr. Cobden would have sounded strangely in the ears of the British *Times* readers a score of years ago. Hear him:

"I can not pass from this subject of the French treaty without paying a tribute of respect to two persons, at least, who have been engaged in it, or who are rather the authors of it. I am bound to bear this witness, at any rate, for the Emperor of the French, that he has given the most unequivocal proofs of sincerity and earnestness in the pursuit of this great work, not as a work mainly prosecuted for the sake of the English alliance, but as a great work of patriotism. [Cheers.] And on the part of Mr. Cobden, speaking now at a time when every angry passion which was once connected with his name has been appeased, I can not help expressing our sense of obligation to him for the labor which, at great personal sacrifice, he has gone through in bringing about a measure which he, not the least among the apostles of free trade, believes to be one of the greatest triumphs it has ever achieved. [Cheers.] Happy indeed is the man who, having once, fifteen years ago, rendered to his country one such great and signal service of almost inappreciable amount, has now again had it in his power, u decorated and unrewarded by the crown, severed by no distinction of rank or title from the people to whom he belongs, to confer upon the crown and the people another most important service."

Any of Mr. Gladstone's speeches trail the reader on, no matter what may be the topic: and, without thought of fatigue, we have gone through five columns of his budget speech, about excise, about income-tax, about duties on spirits, about the navy estimates—all which topics are so clearly discussed that the most indifferent are decoyed into knowledge of them. And where he comes to speak of the abolition of the duty upon paper, where a man of less learning and less good sense might have given way to idle rhodomontade about the spread of knowledge and encouragement of letters, he is as cool and clear and matter-of-fact as the sturdiest of the Manchester men.

"It is hardly possible to describe," he says, "except with a detail upon which I could not venture, the manner in which the paper duty obstructs industry and enterprise; but it has these two characteristics, to which I beg to call the special attention of the committee. In the first place, the material with which it deals is a material of almost boundless scope; for nearly every thing that is fibrous may in one manner or other be made serviceable for paper. [Hear, hear.] We have heard much of the manufacture of wines; and I have been told of an inland town where there is a large manufacture of British Champagne. [A laugh.] This British Champagne is made from rhubarb—[great laughter]—and the recommendation is that after you have got all the Champagne out of the rhubarb the remaining fibres shall be made into paper. [Laughter.] That I think is a very good recommendation. I have a

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list of 69 trades—not one of which would probably be guessed by the committee—in which paper is largely employed. There are anatomical case-makers, artificial florists, boot and shoe makers, cap makers (they use it for the foundations of hats and caps, and nearly all the peaks of caps, and many of the tops, which look like patent leather, are made of paper), makers of china vases, doll makers, shipbuilders (for sheathing the bottoms of ships), optical instrument makers, picture and looking-glass frame makers, portmanteau makers, Sheffield warehousemen, and teapot-handle makers. [A laugh.] One manufacturer states that he has made bee-hives from paper, superior to any other kind, panels for doors, and that he looks forward to building carriages of paper when the duty is off. [Laughter.] Another manufacturer says, and I think it is a very just and forcible remark—'We can fix no limit to ingenious combinations when we see India-rubber, for instance, being made into strong and durable combs and other articles of manufacture. Only this morning (he says) we are informed that paper pipes are being made, prepared with bitumen, and capable of sustaining a pressure of 300 pounds of water to the inch.' [Hear.] These are trifling but not uninteresting details; and I certainly think they bear witness to an unbounded capacity of extension in this trade."

Of course all this would sound very tamely in contrast with the Washington style of parliamentary speaking; but then Mr. Gladstone is not Mr. —— Buncombe.

And now, since we have gone over to London to listen to the Budget speech, and to the talk about the new treaty with France, let us look around us. And before we leave the House of Commons let us glance a moment at the man who bears the distinguished name of Sir Robert Peel. There is nothing in his look or manner which brings any thought of the great Premier. None of the dignity, none of the chivalrous courtesy, none of the indications of intellectual power. He might be a fast, elegant man of any nation—such a man as you might see in the "Jockey Club" saloons of Paris, or at the Court balls of Turin—a Chantilly man, who cultivates the look of one who knows all the pleasures of the world, and is half weary of them; in dress so perfect as to avoid the name of fogs, while he would be a study for the men-milliners. A fun lover, and in his frequent speeches sparkling into certain faint scintillations of wittiness (rather wittiness than wit); with no opinions that carry heavy weight in them, and only right by reason of the unavoidable gravitation (of a modicum of good sense born in him) in that direction. He might be, for his mustache and eye, a Pole or a Russian, at any rate a cosmopolite; and he affects cosmopolitan notions. The old friends and admirers of his father, who are the best men in the House, blush when he rises to speak; only a fast company of young men, who know of the great Sir Robert only by tradition, listen to him eagerly, and cheer him. To the manly and healthful mind of England he is odious by reason of the contrast. For the sake of a good joke or two he lampooned all his associates upon the great Russian Embassy at the date of the coronation of the present Emperor (De Morney and the French have never forgiven him). And now, for the sake of another string of jokes, he ridicules the volunteer system, than which nothing is just now nearer and dearer to the heart of out-of-door England. But what cares he? Money enough to buy retainers; with money to buy laughter for his poorest jokes; with money enough to secure hosts of friends, and prodigality enough to retain them. The father did a service to England that will not soon be forgotten; but the son is neither doing service to England nor to himself.

Another brother, Frederick Peel, also a member of the House, is of a different stamp. He is industrious, vigilant, painstaking, and though not possessed of half the quickness of the elder brother, he will accomplish more and serve the state better.

The mention of Peel brings to mind another great English name, of which a distinguished and honored possessor has just now passed off the stage: we speak of General Sir William Napier, author of the "History of the Peninsula War." Napier is a name known in science, known in warfare by sea and land, known creditably enough in diplomacy, and known in literature; for, to say nothing of the Peninsula War history, Henry Napier has given the British public the best existing English history of the old Republic of Florence.

But there is romance about the Napier family, and our readers will surely be glad to know what it is, and how far it reaches:

There were two fast men in England a long time ago—one the Duke of Richmond, who was the natural son of Charles the Second, and the other the Earl Cadogan. There have been better ancestors of England's brave men, and worse: both of these were ancestors of Charles and William Napier.

Between the two fast gentlemen named there was a gambling debt, which could not be acquitted till a happy thought struck the noble sires.

We quote now a bit from good authority:

"The Duke had a son, the boy Lord March; Cadogan had an angelic little daughter, Lady Sarah. It was determined that a marriage between the two should settle all differences. Young Lord March's comment on seeing the pretty child was, 'What a dowdy!' and he refused to carry out the family arrangement concluded by the respective sires. But it was strongly impressed upon him that he must be a good boy, and go and be married; and the two children were espoused accordingly. They were forthwith separated; and the stripling bridegroom was sent to school and dissipation on the Continent, where a 'run' of four or five years caused him to forget the little bride that had been brought to him from the nursery. He returned to London a handsome young fellow, and on the very day of his arrival commenced a gay bachelor career by going to the theatre. There he was fascinated by the extraordinary beauty of a young lady, whom, in a very few minutes, he discovered to be his own wife. The briefer the wooing! The errant bridegroom carried her triumphantly home—over which an atmosphere of happiness descended, and where the wife was voted supreme and permanent idol, for she was good and beautiful to the end. Of this marriage came, among other children, three daughters, remarkable for their personal charms, their happily directed self-will, and for the sons of whom they became the mothers. The first, Lady Caroline Lennox, was destined for a husband of high quality; but she loved Henry Fox. To frighten the nobler adorer she shaved off her eyebrows. The simpler lover was too happy to carry her off without them, knowing they would grow again, or not caring if they would not; and of that union was born Charles Fox. The second sister, Lady Emily, married in less romantic fashion; but she had a son, famous alike in romance and in reality—not quite such a hero, perhaps, as the former has made him, but still a man of mark

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and of misfortune—Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The third daughter, Lady Sarah, was the heroine of private theatricals at Holland House, where she enraptured old and young beaux by her matchless beauty and her graceful inexperience. The bewitching spectacle she presented, when making hay in a field near the house, as the young Prince, afterward George the Third, rode by, so shook his heart that he became wildly enamored, and is said to have made her an offer, which she is said to have accepted. If so, the course of these young loves was not a smooth one, and at the King's wedding Lady Sarah did not appear as his bride, but behind her! She was one of the 'maids' charged with the care of her rival and her Queen.

"Soon after this event, however, Lady Sarah enacted the principal part in a similar drama, and became the wife of Sir Charles Bunbury. When she was that baronet's widow, in mature years—between thirty and forty—but still very beautiful, she married the Hon. George Napier. Of this union were born the two brothers, Charles and William, men who loved each other deeply; both of whom possessed bold hearts, strong intellects, rare endowments of mind and body, and a mine of crotchets, which they stoutly worked—sometimes to profit, at others with results common to those who rashly engage in mining speculations. One of their harmless conceits was that a sort of feud existed between the Royal Family and that of Napier, on account of their mother's marriage—as if she who had won the affection of a King was not to bestow her own on an honest man. This feeling is most apparent in the letters of Charles to his mother in her old age. He evidently looked upon the good people on and about the Throne as *parvenus*. The condescending familiarity of the Prince Regent toward him at a levee was very much to his distaste. He, the younger man, ridiculed the Regent as a foolish *old* fellow. Who will readily forget the strange scorn of him scattered through that letter where he speaks of the Prince with a '*Marry come up, my dirty cousin?*'"

William and Charles are now both dead. The hero life of Sir William ran through many British fights, and through three years of the great war of the Peninsula; and he gave sixteen years of hero work to the story of it after it was ended. Latterly the brave old General has been living quietly near to London. Wellington, who had been his friend, and whose reputation had been made clear through the Peninsula history, was gone before him; and Tom Moore, the poet, who had been a neighbor, and with whom he had cracked many a dish of after-dinner nuts, was gone too. His only son was a deaf-mute, but there was a household of daughters; and among these, who made his last hours cheerful, he passed away.

From the hero of the wars it is a short step to the weapons of war; and from the funeral which toiled away with black plumes from "Scinde House" we go to the beach of Southport to see a trial of the Whitworth gun, which has proven itself superior in range even to the famous field-pieces of Sir William Armstrong. The bore is hexagonal in section, the degree of twist depending on the diameter of the bore. We should make a confused matter of it if we were to attempt to describe, from the specifications at hand, the details of its construction. In briefest terms, it is a rifled gun with breech-loading apparatus much more simple than any hitherto employed; and a three-pounder, weighing only two hundred and eight pounds—looking, in fact, more like a telescope than a gun—threw its projectile a distance of five miles and a half!

Think of it for a moment, that a gun which two men could easily handle, and load four times in as many minutes—requiring less than half a pound of powder—would throw a three-pound ball from your Central Park among the emigrants at Castle Garden! Thus it would seem that battles are to be determined either by long-range artillery or by cool breast-thrust. And why not? It is only a new statement of the old terms of arbitration—pluck or skill.

We are writing too much in advance of the time to talk knowingly of the pugilists, Sayers and Heenan; but with near a month to spare between us and the date of encounter, we may testify to the interest with which the people of the streets and chop-houses and club-rooms and newspapers talk of the fight. Earl Shaftesbury and all Exeter Hall can not stave the matter into silence. Two bullies, who will pound each other's faces into a bloody jelly, will have ten thousand backers, and engross a momentary regard which would not be given to the sudden death of the best man in England.

Well, what of it? Shall we lament and abuse the papers; or shall we accept it all quietly of that general interest with which the world watches a bold fellow who marches upon danger any where and all wheres? It is an animal instinct, and the animal is very strong in us all. Does any one suppose that any thing more than a blind, brute courage (with a little blood-greed added) makes the Zouaves thrust on into the very trenches where Austrians stand at bay? And yet this Zouave—who spikes his dozen breasts through, and wins the flag, and plants tri-color—gets a badge, and a great shout, and people point at him, and his children are proud. We are not so far gone in civilization yet as to distinguish between the conquests of brute courage and courage that is only moral; and until we are, the papers will print stories of prize-fights. Gunpowder and long-range guns may help civilization upon the road which a Shaftesbury and the peace reformers are traveling; but when it will be brought even with their maxims is doubtful. Virtuous railways (!) will stop their special trains, and clergymen will preach very safely and justly against bullyism and pugilism; but yet, next morning, railway directors and clergymen will read how the fight came off, and who drew the first blood. We don't go to see Lola Montez; but we ask our young friend, next morning at breakfast, "how she looked."

Meantime, in London (where we are), there is preaching in the theatres; among the preachers an American that the papers promise will come to rival Spurgeon. And who make up the audiences? Is it needful to tell? Is not every body reading the stories of an "Uncommercial Traveler?" Are not those away the preachers wish to reach, and those notably present whom the preachers have weekly opportunities of reaching? And yet there is a crowd; and in a crowd the devotional hymns, lifted by thousand voices, carry a kind of contagious sanctity which can work no harm, and which *may* work betterness. Who shall decide?

Over at St. George's in the East, meantime (the tale of those troubles is in all newspapers), there is a mob—two mobs, in fact: one earnest to sustain a clergyman who puts pictorial interpretation upon the Church canons; and the other more earnest to

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beat down with outcry and bludgeon (if need be) a revival of the formalities of Rome. The Prayer-book is read with hisses and applause; the anthems have chorus of hootings; the police arrest stalwart worshipers; the whole church is a Pandemonium. And between the theatre-preachers and the St. George bickerings, the question is turned—if vital religion in England is in the way of gain or in the way of loss? Shall form or no form measure it? To what but this does the question come? Shall there be intoning of the responses, or talk from beyond the foot-lights and no response at all? And what answer but the oldest and best one, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind?"

And while upon these topics, we may note the fact that a strong effort has just now been made in London to open the British Museum and National Gallery to Sunday visitors. As regards the Government property, Lord Palmerston has met all applications with a stern and swift denial; not that the noble Lord does not himself dine out on Sundays, and indulge in recreative observation of the choice pictures of his friends; but he says, "There can be no mistaking the wish of the present House of Commons in this regard; and the resolution of the Government is accordingly fixed." Whereupon the Earl of Shaftesbury congratulates his Lordship upon the decision, and says, "This is the way in which England should always be governed."

And yet in ten years' time the National Gallery of England will be opened of a Sunday: let the conservators see to it that the pictures they buy teach only wise lessons.

But if Lord Shaftesbury agrees with the Government upon this point, he certainly does not agree with their cool consideration of the Savoy projects of the Emperor of France; and he has made in that connection, just now, one of the most intemperate and strongest-toned speeches he has ever made.

What is the Savoy project? Let us lay it open somewhat. Savoy and Nice are the provinces in question; the first lies southward of Switzerland, taking in Mont Blanc and Chamouni, and the pass of Mont Cenis and Aix, with the lakes thereabout (which every reader of Lamartine's Raphael must recall) and Chambery; and Nice lies on the Mediterranean, including its own winter watering-place for Russian and English invalids, and Villafranca (a rarely good sea-port) and the pretty coast-region eastward, which every reader of the pretty romance of the Doctor Antonio will call to mind. Louis Napoleon suggests that, if the King of Sardinia is to extend his domain southward, he may ask (subject to a decision of the great European Powers) an *annex* of this territory to France. Whereat all the habitual vilifiers of the present Emperor revive their stories of his selfish intentions surviving the war, and now taking form in this covetous resolve to grapple the home of the Savoyards.

We are not among those who commend the wisdom of this project; we believe that France is strong enough without the strategic points which the western slope of the Alps would give to her; but surely never, in modern times, has a successful monarch made a more moderate statement of his desires; he suggests the plan, as one to be considered, and not carried into execution without the consent of the parties most nearly concerned, and without the approval of the Great Powers of Europe. There it stands. Of course room is given for a revival of all the old clamor against the pretensions of the Emperor; and very much valiant rhetoric takes that direction. What a wealth of words, from those of the young Sir Robert Peel down, to prove that the Emperor is no saint! As if any body believed that he was! What an iteration of the fact that he was elected President of a Republic, and made himself Emperor of an Empire! As if any body believed the contrary! But after all, dislike him as we will, this Louis Napoleon is an immensely shrewd man; the war showed it; the commerce treaty with England showed it; and possibly this Savoy project may show it yet. He has the Church war on his hands, which is an awkward thing (and all the more awkward because those who have been all their lives maligning the Pope, and attacking his arrogance, now join his failing forces in spending abuse upon the Emperor); but all the foremost and all the thinking minds of Italy are with him; ambition or no ambition, selfishness or no selfishness, he is doing more for the real health of Italy than any man or monarch has done in five centuries; he has swept a tyrant from its fairest meadows; Lombardy feels a joy and a life which is as large as its traditions of liberty; Tuscany has grown within the year, and virtually by French intervention, into the possession of a freedom that speaks like a sweet-voiced bell, from the towers of Florence to the tower of Pisa. Have you read how Breasoli spoke to the men of the old Tuscan sea-port, when they presented the banners to the National Guard? As if Savanorola with his rare voice had come again, and the best of the Medici; and Ugolino, after long starving, had found bread!

And the great Papal bugbear, with its hired bayonets, trembles; not enough force to stand alone; Spain trammeled with Morocco, and Naples not strong enough to keep down Etna and Vesuvius both; so the great Rome-power, all the bitterer as it sinks to the dregs, without stay or comfort, makes surly fight against the power whose bayonets form its police. Poor Pio Nono! there were good instincts in him once; he came bravely to place; the Transteveri shouted him a hundred welcomes; he put good men in authority. But his humanity proved a sentiment; and his purpose shriveled when it needed resolve to turn it into action.

And yet at this very time he stands in a position by virtue of which he could win more to the Romish faith than any Pope for centuries. And how? By simple abandonment of all temporal claim; not in obedience to any summation of an Emperor, but in submission to the wishes of his people.

What a glory for the successor of St. Peter to fling away the last shreds of accidental temporal authority, and ask only the obedience which is due to God's appointed, who bears the Keys and the Cross, and leads on to the Crown of promise!

By humility and submission Christianity has always won its grandest triumphs; yet it is hard for a human priesthood to believe it.

We all love power so much.

At home (which means Paris) the pleasant carnival has had its range: balls at the Tuileries; balls at the Ministers of State; balls every where. The men who do that work describe them prettily: such jaunty Breton head-dressings; such funny pierrots; such brave debardeurs; such mysterious dominoes who glide about noiselessly, and prove to be "distinguished personages." Most noticeable of all the *fêtes*, however, has been the little Pompeian one

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given by the Prince Napoleon. It was in the Pompeian palace of the Champs Elysées, a gem of a house (which might be Diomed's, except that it is richer), and which, in the midst of the whirl and blaze of nineteenth century luxuries, repeats the *atria* and the *atriola* of the days of Sallust. Within sight and sound of the Paris belfreys are the marble chambers, mosaics, and frescoes carefully copied from Horace and Herculaneum.

It was the anniversary of the Prince's marriage with Clothilde; only three hundred guests could come, for the Pompeian houses were not large. Among these were artists and literary men, and a troop from the French theatre, who played at the "*Réouverture après une relâche*," as the bills read, "*de* 1800 *ans, pour cause de réparations.*" There was a Horace, fat and turbot-loving as ever Flaccus, who intoned a pretty prologue to the old measure, "*Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus*," etc.; and this was Theophile Gautier. But Gautier is no toad-eater; and whatever else may be said in dispraise of the Prince, it is certain that he encourages in an honest, manly, hearty way both literature and art: there is no condescension in his treatment of the patrons of either.

And since Paris *fêtes* have suggested the Pompeian house, and Pompeii the old *amphoræ*, and the *amphoræ* Horace, let us give this rendering (by a new translator, Theodore Martin) of one of his odes:

"Swains in numbers
Break your slumbers,
Saucy Lydia, now but seldom,
Ay, though at your casement nightly,
Tapping loudly, tapping lightly,
By the dozen once ye held them.

"Ever turning,
Night and morning,
Swung your door upon its hinges;
Now, from dawn till evening's closing,
Lone and desolate reposing,
Not a soul its rest infringes.

"Serenaders,
Sweet invaders,
Scanter grow, and daily scanter,
Singing, 'Lydia, art thou sleeping?
Lonely watch thy love is keeping!
Wake, oh wake, thou dear enchanter!'

"Lorn and faded,
You, as they did,
Woo, and in your turn are slighted;
Worn and torn by passion's fret,
You, the pitiless coquette,
Waste by fires yourself have lighted.

"Late relenting,
Left lamenting—
'Wither'd leaves strew wintry brooks!
Ivy garlands greenly darkling,
Myrtles brown with dew-drops sparkling,
Best beseem youth's glowing looks!'"

There is a pretty Falernian jump and jingle in it. And there are those who will thank us for giving, from the same translator, this (ii. 3):

"Let not the frowns of fate
Disquiet thee, my friend,
Nor, when she smiles on thee, do thou, elate
With vaunting thoughts, ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For, Dellius, thou must die, become a clod of earth.

"Whether thy days go down
In gloom, and dull regrets,
Or, shunning life's vain struggle for renown,
Its fever and its frets,
Stretch'd on the grass, with old Falernian wine,
Thou givest the thoughtless hours a rapture all divine.

"Where the tall spreading pine
And white-leaved poplar grow,
And mingling their broad boughs in leafy twine,
A grateful shadow throw,
Where runs the wimpling brook, its slumb'rous tune
Still murmuring, as it runs, to the hush'd ear of noon;

"There wine, there perfumes bring,
Bring garlands of the rose,
Fair and too short-lived daughter of the spring,
While youth's bright current flows
Within thy veins—ere yet hath come the hour,
When the dread sisters three shall clutch thee in their power.

"Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
Thy lawns wash'd by the Tiber's yellow tide,
Each favorite retreat,
Thou must leave all—all, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.

"It recks not whether thou
Be opulent, and trace
Thy birth from kings, or bear upon thy brow
Stamp of a beggar's race;
Be what thou wilt, full surely must thou fall,
For Orcus, ruthless king, swoops equally on all.

"Yes, all are hurrying fast
To the one common bourne;
Sooner or later will the lot at last
Drop from the fatal urn,
Which sends thee hence in the grim Stygian bark,
To dwell for evermore in cheerless realms and dark."

Such rendering makes the old poet new again; and we could go on beating time to rare Horatian measure; but who would listen when the Whitworth guns are cracking their six-mile shots, and your Presidential candidates are rallying to the struggle of the autumn?

We hope there is no treachery in saying (as Heenan says upon his colors), "May the best man win!"

Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT away in the frozen zone, or the northern line of Vermont, from whom we hope to hear in summer also, wrote to us in February last, and thus he wrote:

"This region of ice and snow has, I believe, never been represented in the Drawer. This seems strange, when here (extremes meeting) nothing but *Harper* and cold weather dare come. The latter, with its chilly breath, sends the mercury abashed into the bulb, and spirit stands shivering at 40° below zero; while the former, with its Drawer full of good humor, raises, in all mercurial temperaments, the spirit to its boiling point.

"Charley is a 'six-year-old,' and last summer began to take particular interest in hearing me read and explain all the 'good things' in the Drawer, but would always cry when I finished because there were no more. One morning in December last, at the breakfast table, he was reckoning the number of days that were to elapse before the advent of the January number, and asking me questions about the Drawer, when suddenly dropping his knife and fork, he exclaimed,

"'Papa! papa! don't you think that in this cold weather *Harper* will have a *pair* of Drawers?'

"Two or three winters ago he was riding with me,

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when, after a prolonged silence, he broke out: 'If Billy (the horse) should fall down an' break one of his legs, wouldn't he be spoiled, farzer?'

"'Why so, Charley?' said I; 'he would then have three left.'

"'Yes, but you know it would *spoil the set!*'"

Well done for our Charley.

"In the January number of your Magazine, page 282, you have given place to a communication on the 'Installation of a Governor in Georgia,' which, in justice, requires a slight correction.

"The Senate, with their President, on the day and hour fixed upon for counting out the votes for Governor, proceed to the House of Representatives, the President of the Senate occupying the seat on the right hand of the Speaker. When the result of the ballot is ascertained and *reported*, the President of Senate announces in a loud voice the result. On the occasion under consideration the President, a warm personal and political friend of the successful candidate, arose and announced that 'Wilson Governor was Lumpkin of Georgia!'

"The struggle having been a severe one, and very doubtful until the votes were counted, there is no doubt but the President—a man of good understanding and fair education—was, as all were, 'a little nervous' when he made the announcement; which was promptly caught at by his and the Governor's political enemies, turning the announcement into burlesque and ridicule, when the only error was in placing Governor next his first name. Had he announced, which was his intention, 'Wilson Lumpkin Governor of Georgia,' all would have been beyond cavil or criticism.

"Your correspondent calls him Bartin, which is an error; but he justly remarks that Governor Lumpkin's administration proved highly satisfactory, and for several years afterward he represented the State in Congress, with much advantage to the State and satisfaction of the people."

A CALIFORNIA correspondent writes: "A couple of years since Jack B—— was employed by one of our citizens, Mr. Moon, to do a job. Jack faithfully performed his part of the contract, and told Moon he must have his money on the following Sunday morning. Accordingly, when Sunday came, Jack makes his demand; and Moon, looking very serious and much concerned, told Jack he had been to every man in town, and could not raise a dollar in coin for his dust. Jack owed a merchant a bill, and to him he goes and relates Moon's difficulties. The merchant, well knowing the short-comings of Moon, told Jack to go back and take the dust, and he would give him the balance, after paying his bill, in coin. Jack goes to Moon again, and tells him he will put him to no more trouble about coin, but would take his pay in dust. Moon raised his arm above his head, and bringing it down with a great swoop and a deeply concerned countenance, says, 'That's the trouble of it, Jack; *I haven't got the dust!*'"

A PLEASING picture of old-time life is here, with a ludicrous scene to close the description:

"Very pleasant is the old house in the valley, against which the rains and winds of half a century have beaten—the home of my grandfather. Very soothingly, across the meadow, stretching away from the front stile, comes the murmur of the brook at the base of the hill. In that meadow, one evening, 'the boys,' black and white, were sailing their hats after the bats flitting through the twilight. Among them was a raw Scotch laddie, who had lately come to the neighborhood. Somehow it happened that all the hats were at one time aimed at a single bat, which suddenly, no one could tell how, disappeared. Just then the conch sounded the call to evening prayers. All immediately repaired to the family room, 'wi' serious face;' for grandfather's stern Presbyterianism tolerated no levity at prayer-time. Each one took his seat. Down one side of the room, with 'Uncle Andrew,' their gray-haired leader, at the head, sat the servants, their toil-hardened hands resting upon their laps. In the corner, upon the other side, with her thin face shaded by a white, Quaker-plain cap, her hands folded devoutly, and her eyes bent upon the hearth-rug, sat grandmother. The boys were ranged upon the same side. By a little table in the centre, with two candles upon it, sat grandfather, with his snow-white head bent reverently over the old family Bible, 'hunting the chapter.' All at once the impressive silence was broken by 'Scotchie,' who exclaimed, as he turned his hat up and saw the lost bat sticking in it, 'Boys! here's that dom'd bat noo!' Imagine the effect."

WE are greatly indebted to our intelligent correspondent who communicates the interesting and graphic sketch below. It belongs to the history of the age:

"It was, I think, in the winter of 1816–'17 or '17–'18 that business called me to Trenton, New Jersey. While there I was informed that an interesting trial was in progress before the Chancellor, Mahlon Dickerson (who was also Governor), to test the validity of a will. By this will property to the amount of $100,000 had been bequeathed to a man whom we will call H——, who, if I remember aright, was not related to the testator, but who had been much with him during his last illness. The heirs-at-law determined to contest the will on the ground of fraud, and had employed as counsel Joseph Hopkinson, author of 'Hail Columbia,' and Alexander J. Dallas, both of Philadelphia—and both, as you know, of great celebrity.

"When I entered the court-room Mr. Dallas was delivering the closing argument for the plaintiffs. He was standing immediately opposite to the Chancellor, at a table some three feet wide, on the other side of which sat H——, his head resting on his hand, and looking directly in the face of the speaker; his countenance wearing an expression of mingled rage and anxiety, which he endeavored to conceal by a sort of sickly smile. All at once Mr. Dallas ceased speaking; a breathless silence of about half a minute succeeded, when the following episode took place:

"'Mr. Chancellor,' he resumed, 'ever since the commencement of my argument, in which I have endeavored, to the best of my ability, to trace and expose this most atrocious attempt to defraud my clients of their rightful inheritance, this man, the defendant, who during the whole of this trial has exhibited an effrontery that I have rarely seen equaled, has chosen to place himself in most offensive proximity to my person; and in the hope, I presume, that he may embarrass me, has been smiling and smirking in my face. May it please your Honor, smiles are as multiform as the characters and dispositions of men. There is the smile of conscious innocence, which sparkles in the eye and mantles on the cheek, and wherever encountered it exerts a

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power that is always irresistible. Whether in the marble palace or the lowly cottage that heaven-born smile unconsciously challenges, and as surely receives, the instinctive homage of every true-hearted man. But, Sir, there is another smile, and of a far different character. It is that which the blackest villainy can assume when it would hide the loathsomeness of its own deformity. It was that which sat upon the features of the regicide Claudius, whom Hamlet, if my memory serves me, thus apostrophizes:

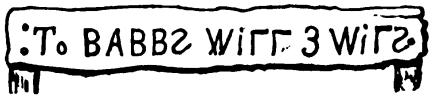
> Oh! villain, villain! smiling, damned villain!
> My tables—meet it is I set it down,
> That one may smile and smile, and be a villain!'

"The effect of this withering rebuke, deriving its force not more from the words than from the manner of the speaker, was electrical upon bench, bar, and auditory; and the pitiable creature against whom it was directed, his face reddening to the very roots of his hair, seized his hat, and elbowing his way through the dense crowd, made his escape, and was seen no more in that court-room. The will was set aside.

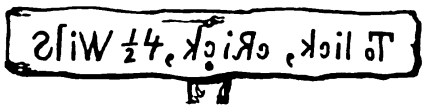
"That was the last public speech of Alexander J. Dallas. He was taken sick that night; the next morning he and Mr. Hopkinson started for home, but he died before he reached it; and then was lost to his country a man who, as orator, jurist, statesman, and patriot, has had but few superiors."

From a friend in Tennessee, near the Virginia line, we have the following:

"Your copy of the old sign-board near the Virginia and Tennessee line, between Abingdon and Blountville, suggests to me the idea of sending you two others from a neighboring county of East Tennessee. The first, which was taken down a few months ago, stood three miles to the southwest of the old site of Babb's Mill; and the wide notoriety of the mill in former days no doubt aided very much in its elucidation:



"The second, which was put up about a year ago, stands just by the site of Babb's old mill, where a road leaves the 'Babb's Mill road' in the direction of Lick Creek, and is after this fashion:



Some years since a letter directed to *Zrumfridavi* was received at the London Post-office. Unable to find such a person, it was referred to the *savans*, who found out at last that it was intended for *Sir Humphry Davy*, the great chemist.

One of our Georgia readers writes:

"I see some laughable coroners' inquests in your most excellent Drawer. One of the last brings to mind a good old man named Uncle Billy Johnson, who holds that important office in Whitfield County, this State. Three years ago there was a free negro who went backward and forward on the State road as general apple and candy man. At Dalton the trains up and down meet. The poor negro, in speaking to some acquaintance as the cars were moving off, made a misstep and fell with his neck across the track—his head fell on one side, his body on the other. The coroner was called. The learned officer arrived, put on one of his most dignified, knowing looks, walked around the body two or three times, slowly elevated his head, and said,

"'Gentlemen, I pronounce him a dead man!'

"Some by-stander suggested a jury as Uncle Billy was slowly moving from the scene of the accident.'

"'What's the use,' replies he, 'of gittin' a jury? Can't I see that the man is dead?'

"And the dignified coroner left the man in his blood."

Tennessee is coming on finely in her contributions to the Drawer. A friendly hand writes:

"Old Daniel —— and Monroe —— came from the same neighborhood in North Carolina to L—— County, Tennessee. Monroe had sown his wild oats rather abundantly, but being a popular man among the people, was elected sheriff of the county. Shortly after his election he met old Daniel in town, and of course was glad to see his old neighbor. Congratulations, etc., being over, old Daniel, cocking up his eye at him, said,

"'And you are high-sheriff of L—— County?'

"'Yes, Uncle Daniel.'

"'Well, Monroe, if I was to go back to old North Car'lina, whar we come from, and tell 'em you was high sheriff of L—— County, don't you reckon they'd ask me if any body lived here?'

"An illiterate fellow from the borders of the county was attending court as a witness in an assault and battery case. During his attendance at court many certiorari cases had been tried. His case at length came on, and being called to give in his evidence, he said:

"'Well, you see we hed all bin invited in to a log-rollin' and quiltin' at Jack Dullinger's. Well, we got through rollin' the logs and the gals got through quiltin' by night, and we cleared the floor for a dance. Well, after they had danced a while they got to quarrelin', and then into a gineral row. Well, I was standin' near the back door jest a lookin' on, when some feller come along *with a certiorari* and knocked me out the door, and I kept on goin' down the hill, and that's all I know 'bout the fight!'"

Here is a singular sentence:

"Sator arepo tenet opera rotas."

1. This spells backward and forward all the same.
2. Then taking all the first letters of each word spells the first word.
3. Then all the second letters of each word spells the second word.
4. Then all the third; and so on through the fourth and fifth.
5. Then commencing with the last letter of each word spells the last word.
6. Then the next to the last of each word; and so on through.

Make Sunday a cheerful day for the children. A distinguished citizen writes to us:

"Master Tommy T—— was a bright, mischievous little boy, not quite four years old. His mother found it necessary to keep him in the house on Sunday, and also to put him under her own watchful care.

"Although this maternal discipline was quite proper to restrain Tommy's mischievous propensities,

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yet its effect was to impress upon Tommy's mind the idea that Sunday was not a very pleasant day for little boys.

"The following Monday Tommy's mother sent him into the yard to call his older brother, Fred, from his play into the house because it was likely to rain.

"Tommy delivered his message, but his brother was rather slow to obey. Tommy remembered his experience of the previous day, and resolved to use the most powerful argument he could think of to quicken Fred's tardy movements. Drawing himself up, and pointing his finger to Fred, he addressed to him this earnest appeal:

"'Fred, you *must* come in the house right away this very minute. If you don't come, God will send four, five, six Sundays!'"

In Pennsylvania the constables of the different towns are required, at each session of the County Court, to make return to the Court of the condition and state of repair of the roads, bridges, etc., in their respective Townships, at the date of their returns.

Pursuant to said requirement, the following *verbatim et literatim* return was made at a recent session of the Court in the County of ——:

"To the honorable the Judges of the *Coart* of qurter sesions of the Peace for the County of ——.

"John Prince Constable in said County makes the following return to the Coart:

"the Roodsar in a Middlin Condistion
"The Taxas ar warcht out
"Hand bords Ginnerly up
"Britches Ginnerly up."

Not over a hundred miles from the city of —— is an institution of learning of some celebrity; close by it stands a church, in which a clergyman from the city sometimes officiates. One evening, shortly after the lunar eclipse of February, he came up to conduct the evening service accompanied by a Mr. R——, and of course they were both guests of the honored Principal. While at supper, Miss M——, one of the teachers, came in with the information that an eclipse of the moon was taking place, and the whole company immediately adjourned to witness it. Miss M—— was very much delighted with the appearance of the eclipse, thought it much finer than the one that occurred a short time before, and expatiated largely on its beauty, when the preacher threw a wet blanket on the lady's enthusiasm by quietly begging leave to suggest that it *might* be the *new moon*. Miss M—— was completely taken aback, and knew not what to say; but the next morning she informed the young ladies that *they* ought to know better than to look for an eclipse in the West!

"In our store, in Philadelphia, we have an Irish porter who is noted for being quick at repartee, and always ready to tell you he is reminded of something he heard in the 'ould country.' This morning, as the proprietor was reading the *Press*, James came in the counting-room.

"'Jemmy,' he said, raising his eyes from the paper, 'Mr. Hazlett don't like the idea of being hung; he says he would rather be in the wilds of Kansas than to be in his present condition.'

"'Sure, and is he to be hanged?' asked James.

"'Indeed he is, my boy; and he is to have his feet and hands tied to keep him from kicking.'

"James was silent for a moment, then scratching his head, he said, 'Sure, and that reminds me of the man they hung in Ireland. They put up the scaffold so he would hang over the millpond where he committed the murders, and when they was tying the knot the man they were going to hang said, Be sure and tie it tight, for the divil a bit can I swim!'"

"Among the most striking 'Contempts of Court' which have reached the knowledge of your correspondent, and for the veracity of which he is prepared to vouch, are the following, claiming origin in Buffalo, New York:

"One of the members of the Bar of that city, while arguing an appeal at the General Term of the Supreme Court of this district, was greatly irritated by the frequent expression of dissent made by the Court to his propositions of law. Pausing abruptly, at length, in the midst of his argument, he exclaimed, with marked emphasis,

"'I will, perhaps, be excusable in remarking that this Court strongly reminds me of a Demerara team.'

"'And what kind of a team may that be, Mr. ——?' asked the presiding justice.

"'It is said to be composed,' was the reply, '*of two mules and a jackass!*'

"The consequences of the comparison are not reported.

"A Recorder of the city, since deceased, was noted for his love of order in Court, the strict observance of which was always insisted upon. Upon one occasion a well-known lawyer appeared in the bar in a condition which conclusively showed that he had lately partaken by far too deeply of the cup which cheers *and* inebriates. As a consequence, the Court was several times interrupted by as many maudlin witticisms and vagaries of speech from the counselor spoken of. The Recorder had already once requested the gentleman to observe silence; and when another breach of decorum was perpetrated, he said:

"'This must be suffered no longer. If Mr. —— has any friends in Court, I advise his instant removal; otherwise, I shall instantly commit him for contempt.'

"This was an intimation not to be disregarded; and in pursuance of it, several persons present took the threatened 'object of contempt' by the arms and moved him forcibly to the door. Struggling to free himself as he was forced out, the latter sent a farewell shot toward the bench after this fashion:

"'Commit me, Judge—*me?* If you do, it will be the confoundedest *error you* ever committed!'

"The last relates to a Justice's Court of the same city. Becoming vexed at the functionary who there presided, a lawyer took occasion to remark that this Court was the 'greatest legal anomaly' he was acquainted with.

"'You will not repeat that remark,' the Justice observed. 'It is extremely offensive.'

"'I am of opinion,' rejoined the audacious pettifogger, 'that the Court doesn't understand the meaning of the word.'

"'Perfectly, Sir, perfectly!' was the indignant response. 'You mean to intimate that *the Court doesn't know beans!*'"

The pleasant contributor of the following anecdotes says, if they are esteemed worth printing "I shall feel that I have liquidated a small portion of the great debt I owe you. I believe the Drawer has saved me ten times the Magazine's cost for the last four years in doctors' bills and patent medicines:

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"A fellow was on trial before our Police Justice for stealing chickens. The proof was circumstantial, the main thing seeming to be that tracks were found in the snow near the roost exactly corresponding with prisoner's boots—patches, nails, and all. The prisoner's 'counsel' (called 'the saw-mill lawyer') thought he had a green one in the people's witness, who was apparently all that fancy painted him. 'Counsel' put this question:

"'Now, Sir, how do you know my client had on them boots last night? How do you know I didn't have 'em on?'

"The witness's face was demure as a Quaker's as he answered, 'Cause *you* didn't know they's any *chickens* there!'

"The prisoner was convicted.

"At a fireman's supper, about Christmas, several of the village clergy, among others, participated as invited guests. Squire D—— being called on for a speech, remarked that he was glad to see the ministers there; it was emulating the example of their Divine Master, who, while on earth, thought it his mission to *mingle with sinners!* As the worthy Squire didn't mean it as a joke, he was astonished at the 'undue hilarity' of the dominies which was thereupon exhibited.

"Old Dr. H—— flourished twenty-five years ago in D—— County, in this State, and many hundreds of people yet *live* to tell of his witty sayings and queer doings in the absent-minded way. One bitter morning in January the Doctor led his horse to the house by the mane (he never used a halter), proposing to make the nag carry a heavy grist to the mill. The bag was in the house, and the good man ran in, shouldered the two bushels of wheat, took his horse by the mane, and walked off half a mile to mill. He didn't know that he'd carried his grist *himself* all the way till he got home, and found 'the girls' enjoying a hearty laugh over his humanity in saving horse-flesh.

"An old maid complained tearfully to the doctor that the 'slugs' were destroying her rose-bushes, and that all the 'doctor-stuff' he'd given her did no good. 'Now,' said she, 'doctor, ain't there suthing that'll kill 'em *sure?*' 'Yes, ma'am,' said he, gravely, 'there *is*, but I dislike to advise it to every one. However, as you're a good customer of mine— Won't you tell *any body?*' 'No, oh! no; I won't.' 'Well, just you catch a slug, pinch him between your thumb and forefinger *till he cracks*, and I'll warrant you *he* won't trouble you any more.'

"Judge A——, then of our district, now in the United States Court, was holding Oyer and Terminer here, when a man was brought in to be sentenced for felony. The Judge, in his usual stern manner, asked him if he had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced? and was somewhat astonished at the answer: 'I don't know's I hev; I ain't got no money!' It pleased the bar, but not the Judge, who gave the fellow the 'long term.'

"One Hyde, a strapping bar-room politician, was in a blacksmith-shop, and, as usual, got into a wrangle with the smith, a little fellow, about the truth of the celebrated Roorbach story. Hyde finally said he'd give the smith ten dollars for the privilege of striking him. The bargain was closed offhand, and Hyde got most unmercifully whipped, prosecuted the smith for battery, failed to convict him, as he 'only acted in self-defense.' The smith sued Hyde for the ten spot, *and collected it;* the Justice (?) holding the contract valid. Hyde don't know to this day how it all happened, but thinks blacksmiths and law are mighty uncertain!"

CHARADE.

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to many a woman's slumber;
And yet it is a friend indeed,
A friend in time of want and need.
And "Woman in her hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"
Wife or mother—mistress, maid,
As pastime, courts its plastic aid.
In history's page, in Egypt's fame,
It's linked with Cleopatra's name.
By it the mariner his course directs,
And seas and oceans intersects;
Constant, unerring—it is, in sooth,
Fit emblem of unswerving truth.
But *singular* the change it makes
If it another letter takes;
For if to it you add an *s*,
Most strange the metamorphosis!
Plural it ceases then to be,
And *useful*, *useless* then you see.

The literary world will experience a feeling of profound relief in reading the gratifying communication below, that the authorship of Junius has been discovered, and that one of our own distinguished countrymen is entitled to the honor:

"A party of young ladies and gentlemen met at the house of an estimable planter in Shelby County, Tennessee. Two or three of the ladies were professed mediums, and as some doubts had been expressed with regard to the truth of spiritual revelations, it was proposed that an exhibition should be given which might confirm the wavering and silence the skeptical. To this the spiritualists at once consented, and a table was immediately placed before the mediums. A friendly correspondence was soon established with the land of spirits, and several messages were forwarded and answered, whether truly or falsely, we had no means of knowing. Among those present was a gentleman curious in matters of literary history, to whom it occurred that he had now an excellent opportunity of ascertaining the author of the 'Junius Letters,' and of putting to rest forever a question which has occasioned so much ingenious discussion for almost a century. Accordingly he desired 'the airy tongues that syllable men's names' to declare by authority who wrote those famous letters. While all were expecting to hear the honor assigned to Burke, or Tooke, or Francis, the spirits assured the company, to their great surprise and amusement, that the author was our esteemed countryman, Peter Parley!"

The danger of meddling with edge-tools is well-illustrated in the little story that follows:

"While waiting in the post-office for my mail, I heard the following short but sweet dialogue. Mr. B—— is a lawyer of considerable talent. The anxious inquirer after information, Mr. O——, is an extensive dealer in cattle.

"'Mr. B——,' said O——, 'the profession of a lawyer must be a very rascally business, is it not?'

"Mr. B—— straightened himself and looked grave.

"'Mr. O——,' said he, 'I always noticed, in my life, that when a man was rascally disposed he would

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be a rascal whether his profession was that of a lawyer or a drover.'

"Mr. O—— dropped the subject, seemingly convinced that if Mr. B—— was not right, at least he, Mr. O——, was no match for him."

A CHICAGOAN writes:

"'Speaking of 'Phil Hoyne's Coort' in your Drawer of February reminds me of an incident in this same Recorder's, or 'Phil Hoyne's Coort.'

"One day a prisoner was on trial for Grand Larceny, the jury duly empanneled and the case proceeded with, when the hour of adjournment for dinner arrived and the Court was duly adjourned. The officers who had charge of the prisoner hurried off, with those that were in attendance, to dinner, leaving the prisoner and the clerk (Phil Hoyne) in the court-room. The clerk at the time being busy in making out some subpenas, or other process, the prisoner, after waiting a moment, asked the clerk what he was to do. 'Why, go to dinner, and come back at two o'clock,' says the clerk, without looking up from what he was engaged upon.

"Two o'clock came, and with it judge, clerk, jurors, and by-standers, all *except the prisoner*.

"'Where's the prisoner?' asked the judge.

"'In jail,' says the officer who had him in charge in the morning; but upon searching the jail he was missing. Phil's round face beamed with intelligence about this time, and he stated to Judge Wilson what had taken place, and 'supposed the prisoner was still at dinner.'

"'Yes, I suppose so too,' said the Judge; 'if he is not, you might possibly find him in New York, at the Astor or St. Nicholas at dinner, about the day after to-morrow. Call the next case, Mr. Clerk, we can't wait for that prisoner.'"

"JUDGE H——, of Detroit, although celebrated in his profession, was noted among his acquaintances as being very dull of seeing a pun. One day, being at a dinner party, the following conundrum was given by one of the guests:

"'When is a young lady like a vehicle in common use?'

"*Answer*. 'When she is a little sulky.'

"The Judge, like all the rest of the company, thought it first-rate. The next evening, paying a visit to Miss Belle C——, the Judge thought it would please her as well, and gave it as follows:

"'When is a young lady like a vehicle in common use?'

"Miss C—— having given it up, the Judge replied, to her amazement and amusement,

"'When she is a little buggy!'"

A PENNSYLVANIA lawyer makes his first, we trust not his last, contribution to the Drawer, by sending the court scene below:

"There was a case on trial which involved quite a large amount of money, and of course the lawyers on either side were anxious. Mr. M'C——, who is rather deaf, but thinks he can hear first-rate, became very much excited, making violent gestures and working himself into a great fever. The opposite counsel, Mr. S——, who was slowly pacing back and forth in front of the judge's desk, as he was passing M'C——, said, *sotto voce*, but loud enough to be heard by the other members of the bar who were seated around, 'Mac, keep your shirt on!'

"M'C——, who did not hear what he said, but imagining that it was a caution to keep cool or something to that effect, turned upon him, and in a stentorian voice, exclaimed,

"'I won't do it, Mr. S——; I won't do it, Sir!'"

"COLONEL TOMPKINS, of our county," writes a Southern correspondent, "is an absent-minded man, but always good-natured and unassuming. He bought a new open carriage, and the first time he rode out in it he thought every one would take notice of it, as a matter of course. Presently he met Squire Post, who stopped with a

"'Good-morning, Colonel!'

"'I bought it only a day or two ago.'

"'How is your family?'

"'Two hundred and fifty dollars.'

"The Squire perceived that the Colonel's mind was in his carriage, and tried him once more.

"'Any thing new, Colonel?'

"'Yes, the harness is new, too; a new turn-out altogether.' And so they parted."

THE following is related of the celebrated Judge Peters, of Pennsylvania:

"When General Lafayette was on his last visit to this country, 'Independence Hall,' in the State House at Philadelphia, was opened, in order that the *οἱ πολλοί* might have a chance to shake hands with the friend of Washington.

"Judge Peters being appointed one of the Committee to introduce the 'great unwashed,' there was a circle formed, on one side of which stood the General and the Judge; those wishing to be introduced being obliged to walk across from the opposite side, and after paying their respects retire on either side, to make way for others.

"One individual—who, from his manner, evidently thought it the most important event of his life, being dressed within an inch thereof—was seen elbowing his way through the dense mass congregated near the door, and the pressure took off his coat-tails, leaving nothing but the body of his otherwise faultless dress-coat. In his excitement he knew nothing of his loss; but having gained the front of the circle he strode across the vacant space with the air of a man who thinks he is creating a sensation. And, Mr. Drawer, you'll better believe he thought right; for the moment the Judge saw him approaching he turned to the General, saying, 'I have introduced you to Tag and Rag, now here comes Bobtail!'"

"YEARS and years ago, at Madame R——'s French boarding-school for young ladies, Molly Tate was the most skillful, among a dexterous set, in eluding all Madame's attempts at driving knowledge into heads resembling sieves much more than knowledge-boxes. She was a dull scholar; but by borrowing here, and stealing there, and shirking always, she managed to pass over the shoals and quicksands that threatened to wreck and ingulf Madame's dull heads very well in general. But to write a composition was the cape she could never double. She, with the rest of us, had evaded the task with consummate ingenuity till one day we were all commanded to show our several abilities by writing in the very presence of our stern preceptress. The subject was 'True Greatness,' and we were all required to give our sapient opinions on this great theme. During the allotted hour many slips of paper passed secretly from hand to hand; and Madame might perhaps have been puzzled by the unanimity of ideas among her brilliant flock, had not she detected one awkward delinquent in the fact, and had her out as an example.

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The hour went by; and, first of all, Miss Molly Tate was called upon to make known her notions of True Greatness, which she did in the following style:

"'There is many kinds of greatness, but they're not all true greatness. Some people thinks true greatness consists in having a fine house and ekypage; but it don't. Washington and Napoleon and Wellington was probably the three greatest men America ever produced!'

"Madame R——, in a calm voice, that boded a storm, asked Miss Molly if she had any help about that extraordinary performance; and being triumphantly answered in the negative, proceeded to coop up Miss Tate and the rest of her unfortunates with about as much mercy as they use toward chickens in making a Thanksgiving pie."

A LADY that is a lady sends the following admirable passage of American history to be entered in the Drawer:

"Since the news of Lord Macaulay's death reached this country the papers of the day have been filled with notices and anecdotes of the great essayist—some new, some old; but the following is certainly new, and, as it is *true*, may possibly be worth a place in the Drawer.

"Some years ago I resided in a little village in the Wabash Valley, noted throughout Hoosierdom for the number of politicians and office-holders it had *turned out*. Among others, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State resided there. He was a man of good education and considerable literary taste; and his wife was looked upon as somewhat above the *common run* of women by her fellow-citizens, for she could write her name (the majority adhering to the primitive mode, and making their mark); and it was rumored that she had in early life read a book or two. I was calling upon the lady one day, and having used up the weather and village news, I was casting around for something to talk about, when my eye chanced to rest upon a small engraving of Macaulay cut from some magazine. I made some commonplace remark about it being a very intellectual head. 'Oh! yes,' replied the Judge's lady, 'that is the likeness of an old friend of Judge I——'s. He thinks a heap of Tom Macaulay; they went to college together at Bloomington. His folks were real nice people, and lived a little way out of town, down on the Creek like, and my husband thinks a heap on 'em all.'

"I could only express my gratification that the State University of Indiana should have been so honored, and wished the lady good-morning with a grave face, but indulged in a hearty laugh when at a safe distance."

JACK has so rarely been in the Drawer that one of his sea-faring friends down East sends us a brace of incidents very characteristic:

"A young gentleman recently returned from travels in Europe, Asia, etc., was relating to a large company in the parlor of a fashionable hotel in one of our Western States the wonders he had seen, particularly in Egypt. Among other wonders, he said he had seen a cannon so large that when it came on to rain the coach that he was in was driven, horses and all, into the muzzle of the gun, to get out of the way of the storm. One of his auditors (an old salt, in land toggery) smiled at this story; whereupon our gentleman, in no very good humor, remarked, 'Well, Sir! do you doubt my word?' 'Oh no, not at all,' was Jack's reply; 'it was the coincidence that caused me to smile. I know you are correct, for it so happened that I was inside of the gun in a curricle, and when you drove in at the muzzle I drove out at the touch-hole!'"

THE same correspondent adds the next story, which, however, is a fish story, old enough to be stale. Of its truth, however, no credulous individual will have a doubt:

"Several persons gathered around a large fire at a country inn, on a cold winter's evening, had been talking about the various tribes of Indians, strange animals, etc., when one of the company remarked that he should like to see a mermaid. One man stoutly denied the existence of any such being; whereupon an old salt, who happened to be present, being, as he said, on a cruise inland to see an old school-mate, stated that he knew they existed, for he had seen them.

"'Where, and when?' was the eager inquiry.

"'Well,' says Jack, with a hitch at his trowsers and a twist of the quid in his larboard cheek, 'I'll tell ye. You see as how I was on a pepper voyage, and one Sunday morning the ship was becalmed off the Island of Sumatra, close in-shore, and we let go an anchor to prevent the current from setting us on to the coral reefs. In a short time after the anchor was down a little *merboy* poked his sea-weedy head over the rail and said he wanted to speak to the captain. The captain came on deck. "Please, Sir," said the little fellow, "daddy says you have dropped your anchor right in front of the door to our cave, and he can't get out; and he and mam want to go to church." The captain being a religious man ordered the anchor to be hove up; and in a few moments the old merman, with his wife and a very pretty daughter, swam alongide of the ship and thanked the captain for his courtesy.'"

A TEACHER who has a vein of humor in him writes:

"Having tried repeatedly to impress on the minds of a junior class in arithmetic the definition of a unit—a single thing—I found all my efforts were of no avail; they wouldn't remember it. 'Why,' said I, '"*a single thing*" is just as easy to remember as any three words I know, and just as easy to repeat.' 'I know three easier to repeat than those,' said Ben S——, a bright lad in the class. 'What are they?' said I. '"*I don't know*,"' said he, with a *sang froid* that was inimitable."

AND the same teacher writes again: "The spelling-class was up. The word 'Rebutter' passed all around; none could tell the definition. At last little Joe P——, near the foot of the class, called out, 'I can tell, Sir!' 'What is it?' said I. 'It means,' said he, 'to butter on both sides!' 'How?' 'To butter on both sides. "Re" signifies a repetition; and if you butter it again, you must certainly butter it on the other side!' I *caved*."

THE late talented but eccentric Judge M——, of Mississippi, who has already been celebrated in the Drawer, was making a speech to a large crowd, in 1840, in behalf of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," when the following incident took place, much to the discomfiture of one of the parties:

General ——, a distinguished captain in his day, had made a very violent speech against General Harrison, and had accused him of cowardice in the battle of Tippecanoe—which battle, by-the-way, had given to General H. the well-known sobriquet of "Old Tippecanoe." In order to disprove this charge,

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coming as it did from such high authority, Judge M—— reviewed, in a masterly manner, the plan and order of that famous battle, and showed conclusively that the opinion of the General was entirely unfounded. He took particular pains to paint to the eye of his vast audience where General Harrison stood, what were his movements, and what his orders; at what point stood the gallant Daviess, and where he received his death-wound; at what point the enemy made their most deadly attack, and how and where they were repulsed; at what point the clarion-voice of the General gave confidence to the troops, and caused them to regain their confidence in the deadly fight. After dwelling upon all the stirring incidents of the battle, and depicting the glories of the triumphant victory, he asked the audience, in a high and indignant key, "if there was a man in the sound of his voice who, after hearing this vindication of General Harrison, could for one moment believe that the noble old hero of Tippecanoe acted cowardly on that glorious occasion? I repeat," said the Judge: "is there a man in this vast crowd who has the hardihood, after all I have said, to declare that General Harrison, the renowned warrior and statesman, was a coward in the battle of Tippecanoe?"

A voice from the outskirts of the crowd cried, in thunder tones, "I say it!"

"Who are you?" said the Judge. "Stand up, and let me see you! I wish to let the crowd see what sort of a man you are!"

The crowd around the person who had thus created a sensation so thrilling literally pushed him up, so that all could see him. While standing upon the bench opposite the Judge he proved to be almost a giant in size, fully equal to the Judge, who, like Saul, was a head and shoulders taller than his tribe. The Judge gazed upon the bold intruder with magnificent disdain. It seemed as though he was trying to blast him with a look, the crowd meantime looking on with intense interest, and wondering how it would end.

"Are you the man," said the Judge, "who says General Harrison acted cowardly at the battle of Tippecanoe?"

"I am!" said the man, in tones both loud and bold.

"Upon what grounds do you have the brazen impudence to make the charge?" said the Judge, in a higher and loftier key.

"Because I was there and saw him," said the man.

The Judge looked at him with scorn, and cried, "Do *you* say you were at the battle of Tippecanoe?"

"I do!" said the man.

The Judge raised himself on tip-toe, elevated both arms above his head, and thundered forth in the voice of Stentor, "You're a liar! for if you had been there *I'd have seen you!*"

The big fellow dropped from the bench on which he was standing as suddenly as though he had been shot through the heart. The vast crowd yelled with delight at his discomfiture. The bold assertion of the Judge overthrew the slanderer, and the people rejoiced. He not only made the Goliah of the base falsehood believe that he had been in the battle but the crowd too, when nothing was farther from the truth. He knew the intruder was gassing; and he went a stone's-throw beyond him, and beat him at his own game.

"'Counterfeit Detectors' are henceforth at a discount, and magnifying glasses below par. A new discovery has been made, and it was made in this wise:

"A citizen of a neighboring town went to market one morning, and having purchased a turkey of a countryman gave him in payment a bank-note. The countryman was doubtful of the genuineness of the bill, and ran across to old M'C——'s store to submit it to his inspection.

"Now M'C—— was very near-sighted, and so put the note close to his 'peepers.' The examination was satisfactory; for, handing the note back, he pronounced it genuine. The countryman's eyes grew big as saucers, and as he went out of the store he exclaimed, 'Well, I'll be whipped if ever I saw a man tell a good note before *by smelling of it!*'"

COUSIN KATE.

BY HENRY CATLEY, U.S.A.

I had a gentle Cousin Kate,
  I almost wish I had another;
So quick to love, so slow to hate,
  Who loved me as she'd love a brother.
Her eyes were such as poets love
  (I do not mean that I'm a poet);
Her foot was tiny; and her glove—
  I'm sure I any where would know it.

How oft I've held that little hand,
  And peered into those eyes entrancing;
Until she would no longer stand
  To bear my holding or my glancing;
But turned away with merry laugh,
  And left me like a fool in wonder,
To watch her tripping down the path,
  And shaking all her curls asunder.

Yet it were bliss to see her run,
  Or list to music of her laughter;
For though she ran away in fun,
  She knew that I would follow after.
I must not tell how oft I did,
  How oft I caught, how oft I kissed her;
Or how her blushing face she hid,
  Entreating—"I am but your sister!"

'Twas thus the time flew swiftly by,
  I thinking still some day to win her;
And she, with roguish laugh and eye,
  Declaring me a grievous sinner.
But still I hoped, as lovers will,
  Then asked her if she loved another?
Her only answer—"Now, be still;
  You know I always call you *brother*."

One day a fellow came—so fine,
  I thought him doctor, priest, or statesman;
I never dreamed but Kate were mine—
  I soon found out that he was Kate's man.
And then we had a little cry—
  My Cousin Kate and I together—
The while I kissed her eyelids dry,
  She begged me still to be her brother.

I learn that I'm an uncle now,
  And Cousin Kate a happy mother;
Yet she did not forget her vow
  To name her first boy for her brother.
One after one the years have flown:
  Now, as I gaze adown life's vista,
I dwell upon the joys I've known
  With Kate, my merry cousin-sister.

Western Pennsylvania produces a curious specimen of manners in court:

"Judge B—— presided in the Common Pleas of —— County, Pennsylvania. He was a sound lawyer and an upright Judge, but had two failings, of which the attorneys and court officials sometimes took advantage—he would occasionally fall asleep on the bench; and was particularly fond of strong beer.

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"One afternoon, while a case of unusual dullness was dragging its slow length along, the Judge began to nod. The Clerk, who sat immediately below the bench and was something of a wag, had, at the noon adjournment, procured a bottle of beer; and now, as the Judge was fully overcome, he held the bottle at an angle of forty-five degrees pointing over his shoulder, and quietly pushed out the cork with his thumb. The beer was lively, and as the cork flew out it spirted up in the Judge's face.

"His Honor started, and smelling the fluid, rubbed his eyes, wiped his face, and, looking over the bench, said, 'Mr. Clerk, that's pretty good beer; *when the Court adjourns we'll join you in a glass!*'"

ONE of our many friends in Canada sends a form of invitation to a ball in one of the gay places of the North. He calls attention to the special provision made for the clergy who do not dance:

BACHELORS' BALL.

CANADA WEST, *January* 20, 1860.

SIR,—You, *and as many friends as you think proper to invite*, are requested to attend a Bachelors' Ball, on Monday the 30th of January, 1860.

Dancing to commence at nine o'clock.

I would at the same time call your attention to a meeting of the Bachelors of this village held last evening, at the Town Hall, when the following resolutions were moved and seconded—viz.:

1*st*. That Dr. Man take the Chair, and E. W. Huse act as Secretary. Carried.

2*d*. That we, the Bachelors at this meeting assembled, feeling under great obligations to the several ladies and gentlemen who have invited us to their several private parties, resolve to make some small return to them by giving a Free Ball, at the "National Hotel," in this village. Carried.

3*d*. That the day selected by us shall be Monday, the 30th of January, 1860, to commemorate the anniversary of the "Beheading of King Charles the First." Carried.

4*th*. That a hot supper, with all the delicacies of the season, including oysters cooked and raw, be served up at 1 o'clock A.M. Carried.

5*th*. That *Euchre*, *Whist*, *Old Sledge*, *Draughts*, and *Chess* table be provided for the clergymen and non-professors of the *Terpsychorean* art. Carried.

6*th*. That we, the Bachelors, request some experienced married gentlemen to assist us by acting as stewards; and that Messrs. Wood, Kirkland, John A. M'Ausland, J. W. Campbell, H. Harkle, C. H. Huse, P. Harkison, and Joshua Doty be requested to assist Messrs. M. Toser, Dr. Pryce, D. Stuart, George Wood, Robert M'Donald, J. M'Ausland, and T. Man as stewards. Carried.

7*th*. That a vote of thanks be given to Dr. Man, M.D., for his dignified conduct in the chair. Carried.

E. W. HUSE, *Secretary*. M. P. MAN, *Chairman*.

Music will be under the direction of Professors Faulds and Schiller, assisted by Dr. Hyson.

FROM Illinois a new contributor writes:

"'Uncle Davie Watkins' is an old pioneer in these parts, having moved from 'Old Virginny' to this State long before the 'Black-Hawk War.' A more upright and honest man than Uncle Davie is nowhere to be found in Illinois. So proverbial is his veracity that it is not even considered necessary to 'swear him' when he testifies in court.

"Now if Uncle Davie is noted for any one thing more than another, it is for his strict adherence to the '*Dimocratic*' party. To him there is a *sacredness* about the name; and let parties change their principles and platforms as they will, to him 'Democracy' is ever the same.

"Now it happened that Uncle Davie, a few weeks since, was giving Colonel B—— 'fits' because the Republicans didn't 'organize the House.' Getting a little warmed up as the great wrong the Republicans were doing the country in not 'organizing' became more apparent, he exclaimed, 'Well, then, why don't your party organize?' The Colonel very modestly replied that it 'was because they *couldn't*; they did not have a majority.'

"'Yes,' replied Uncle Davie, 'you *have* got a majority. Didn't I read the vote? Didn't I see that Sherman got 109, while Bocock got only 91?'

"'Well,' replied the Colonel, 'you see, Uncle Davie, he has to have a majority *of all the votes*; and, you see, the South Americans they have 23 votes, you know.'

"'South Americans!' exclaimed Uncle Davie, in tones of thunder; 'do you think I am such a fool, Colonel, *as to believe that "South America" has Representatives in our Congress?*'

"The Colonel '*caved*,' and has not mentioned the 'Speakership' since.

"IN a certain county not a thousand miles from here the 'Township organization' was adopted about two years ago. Now be it known that by said 'organization' each town has one delegate in the 'Board,' which meets twice every year for the purpose of passing laws for the county, and attending to such other business as legislative Solons usually transact. At the first meeting of the Board about as green a set of legislators assembled in the Court-house in B—— as your correspondent ever beheld; and this will of course make a *strong case of it* when it is remembered that this same correspondent once spent a week at the 'Hoosier Capitol' while their Legislature was in session.

"It is but justice, however, to the Board to state that they *did not* spend nine weeks in balloting for 'Speaker,' but 'organized' at once, by the election of the Hon. T. B. Mason to that distinguished position. Now it should be borne in mind that Mason had once been a member of the Illinois Legislature, and of course was familiar with such parliamentary usage as 'adjourning,' 'going into Committee of the Whole,' etc. So, no sooner had he returned thanks to the 'House' for 'the distinguished honor conferred,' etc., than he informed them that, 'before proceeding to business, it would be necessary to adopt a set of rules to govern the body in session; and in order to do this it would be necessary to go into Committee of the Whole.' And calling the 'Member from Kickapoo' to the chair, and straightening himself with as much dignity as ever Tom Benton exhibited in a four days' speech on the Salt Question, he said, 'I move, Mr. *Char*man, that we now go into Committee of the Whole.' The motion, of course, *carried*; and 'in' they *went!* The rules being adopted, Mason again arose, and moved 'that *the Committee now rise*.' This was also *put* by the 'gentleman from Kickapoo;' but who can imagine the consternation of our fastidious friend *when he saw every member rise to his feet!*

"He has not been in 'Committee of the Whole' since."

"OUR little Emma, not three years old, hearing a noise in the yard, caused by some pigs which had escaped from their pen, she asked, 'Mamma, what is that noise?'

"'Not hearing the noise myself,' says her mother, 'I answered, "Perhaps it is the wind."'

"'*Well*,' she replied, with an unsatisfied expression upon her countenance, '*there is a pig in the wind then!*'"

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Master Charley's Prize-Fight.



Master Charley, having been much excited by the accounts of the great "International Prize-Fight," makes a match with Pat Dooly, "The Pet of the News-boys." He puts himself into a vigorous course of training, to get rid of superfluous flesh, improve his wind, and develop his muscles.—Fighting weight, 39 pounds.

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He becomes a diligent student of the *Clipper;* and on weighing day, being found by the Dutch groceryman's scales to be within weight, the "Affair" comes on. But before any of the "Events" are decided the Authorities interfere, and the fight is stopped.—Bets, payable in Pea-nuts and Taffy, are decided to be "off."

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Fashions for May.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Street Costume.

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FIGURE 2.—PROMENADE DRESS.

FROM the great variety of Burnous, Shawls, Mantelets, etc., we select for illustration two which we regard as especially pleasing. In all these articles laces are pre-eminently favorites.

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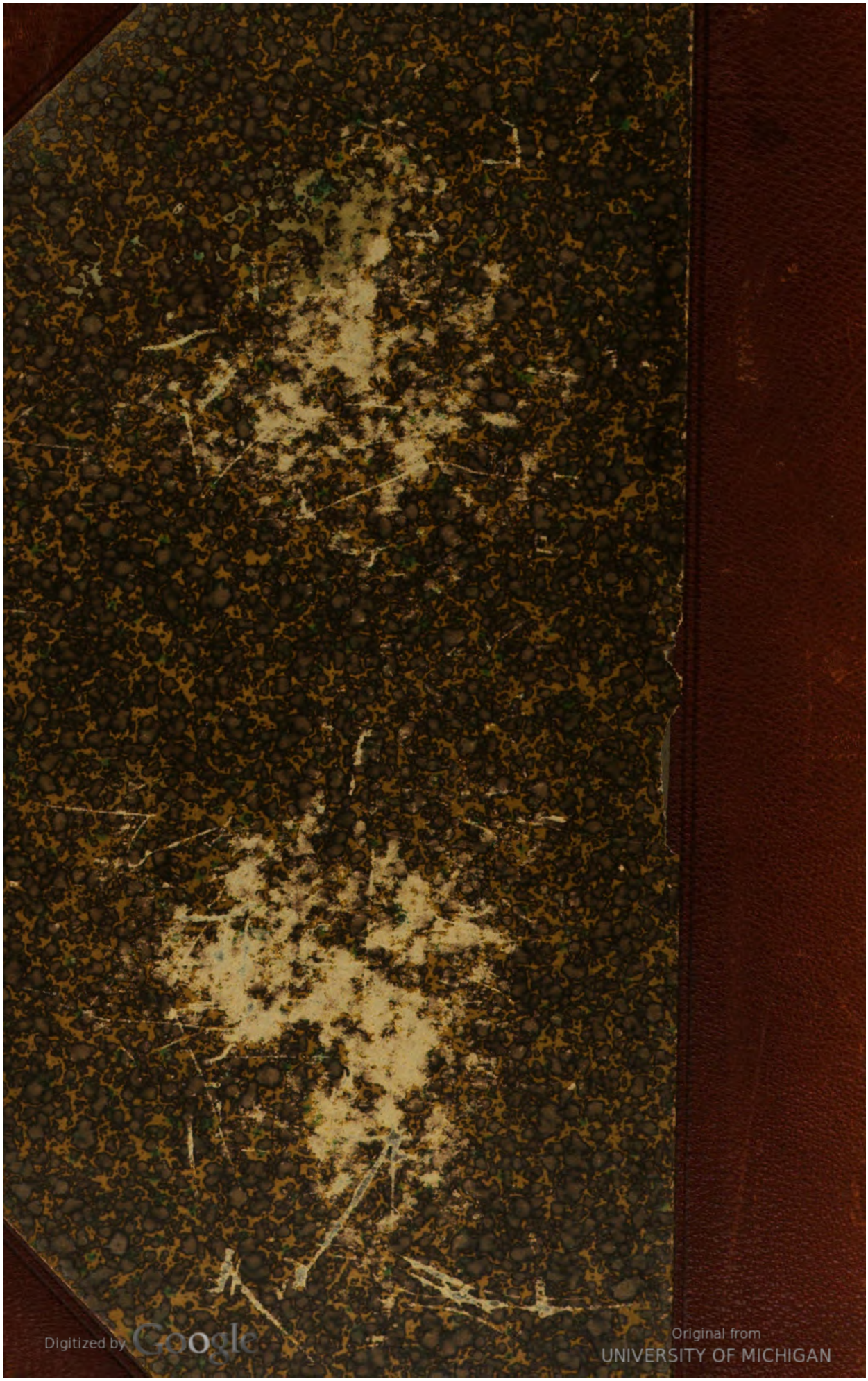
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